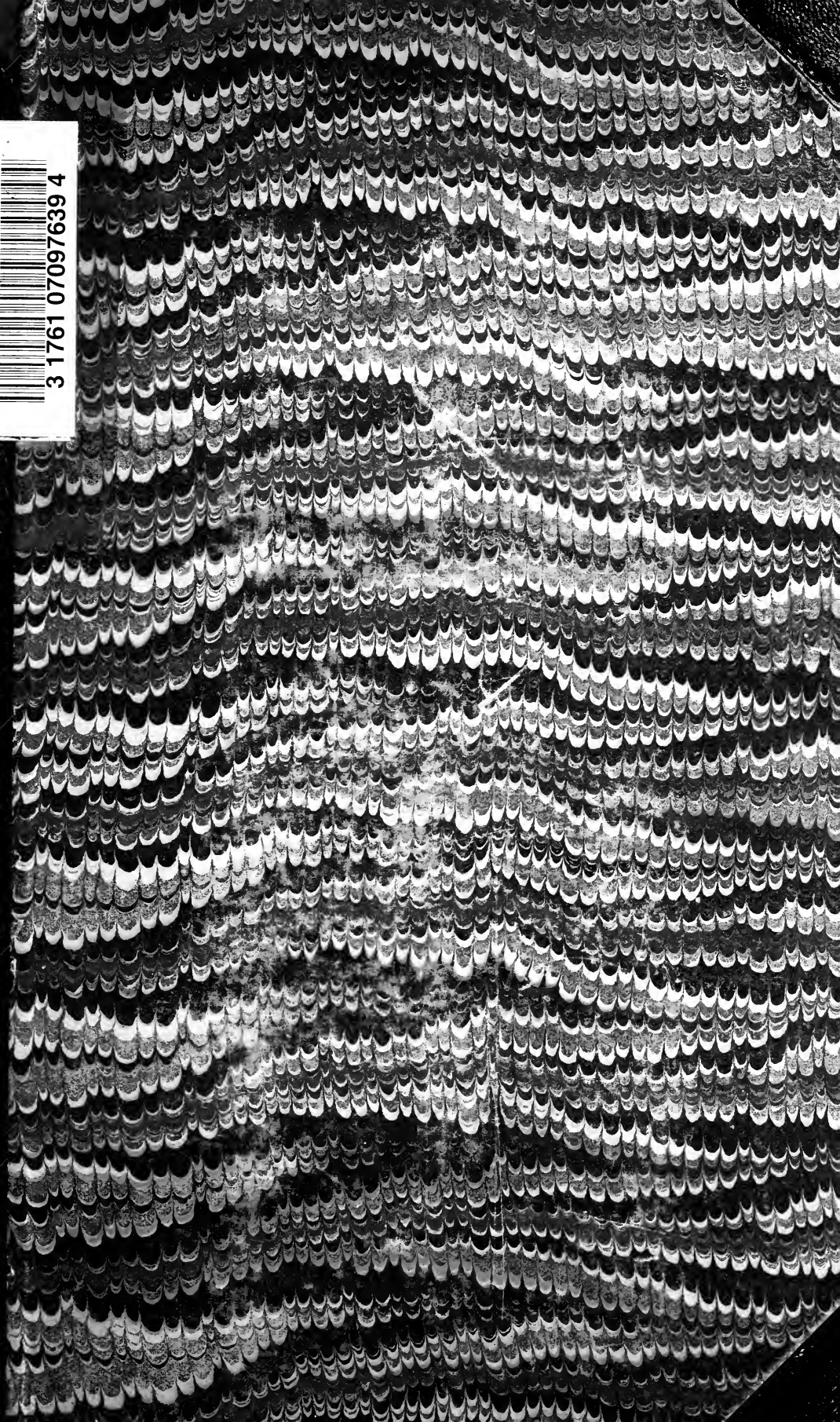
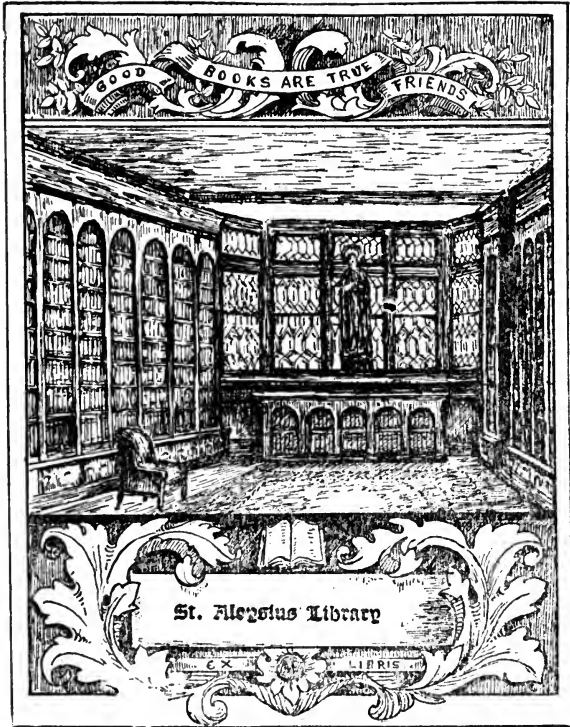


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(ROMEA RAVAZZI.)



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

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NO. 1.

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At Sunset.

OH, have I, then, so far to go
To reach the golden West?
And is there not on all the road
A place where I may rest?

The cold winds blow across the fields,
The clouds hang low and gray:
But for the shaft of sunset light,
I could not find my way.

O sunset, type of Heaven's gate,
Far in the golden West,
The long, long day shall close at last,
And I shall find sweet rest!

* * *

Recent Poems on the Blessed Virgin.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

MARIAN poets, like Marian painters, may be divided into the two main classes of those whose purpose is more largely devotional and of those who are more directly moved by the æsthetic aspects of Our Lady. Therefore, to one that has little difficulty in distinguishing the Madonnas of the Ages of Faith from the creations of modern studios, it will be an easy matter to classify such poems as the *Salve Regina*, the *Stabat Mater*, and such passionate outbursts as "The Prayer of Villon's Mother" under a different heading from what can be given to the less inspired Marian poetry of to-day.

Mr. Shipley, in his "Carmina Mariana," has shown how richly this tradition of Our Lady has been kept in

English poetry. Not even in the most anti-Catholic periods of history has it ever been altogether broken: on the contrary, we have had from Protestant sources not a few tender tributes to the Blessed Virgin since Elizabethan and Stuart times.

Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson; and among American poets, Longfellow and Harriet Beecher Stowe, are but a few of these non-Catholic singers whose influence and example—if tardy—are visible to-day in the remarkably Catholic tone of much of our best magazine poetry, particularly that which has a Christmas or Eastertide significance. Not a little credit for this is, of course, to be attributed to the distinction a number of Catholics have attained in later years in the annals of English poetry. The De Veres, Coventry Patmore, Father Faber, Adelaide Procter, Cardinal Newman, John Boyle O'Reilly, Lionel Johnson, Alice Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney, and Francis Thomson are some of the greater names of a great galaxy.

To older readers who remember the frigid religious attitude of the periodicals of ten or twenty years ago, and to those readers of to-day who mark the absence of any Catholic note and the avoidance of all reference to Marian poetry in the anthologies and collections that still preserve the colonial spirit in which they were made, this contrast should give no little pleasure.

It is the purpose of this article to offer some of the latest of this Marian literature for the collector's use. Most

of the following selections are from recently published volumes, and from such authors and magazines as might be overlooked by the seeker after tributes to Our Lady. Obviously, these sources are largely non-Catholic, which must explain the absence of the work of many of our coreligionists who are at their best in singing the praises of Mary.

Allowance, too, may be asked for the rather materialistic tone adopted by some of our contemporary poets. There is, in art and letters, so much reticence in regard to the divinity of Christ that we must not be surprised to find the Madonna approached not as the Queen of Heaven, but rather as the humble Mother of Nazareth. Instead of Fra Angelico, Della Robbia, and Raphael, we find Bouguereau and Dagnan-Bouveret; and instead of St. Anselm, Dante, Chaucer, Jacopone da Todi, there is the modern band of more or less materialistic singers, to the ranks of whom we would bring some interesting additions.

Our present Minister of the United States to Spain, Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, published some few years since a volume entitled "Songs of Two," which was characterized by unusual depth of feeling and fineness of expression. Among these poems was this "Lullaby":

O Mary Mother, if the day we trod
In converse sweet the lily-fields of God,
From earth afar arose a cry of pain,
Would we not weep again?—
(Sings) Hush, hush, O baby mine!
Mothers twain are surely thine:
One of earth and One divine.

O Mary Mother, if the day the air
Was sweet with songs celestial, came a prayer
From earth afar and mingled with the strain,
Would we not pray again?—
Sleep, sleep, my baby dear!
Mothers twain are surely near:
One to pray and One to hear.

O Mary Mother, if, as yesternight
A bird sought shelter at my casement light,
A wounded soul should flutter to thy breast,
Wouldst thou refuse it rest?
Sleep, darling, peacefully!
Mary Mother comforts me;
Christ, her Son, hath died for thee.

Mr. Post Wheeler, if he lacks somewhat the fine touch of Mr. Hardy, brings to his work a sincerity and freshness of feeling that go far to palliate the excessive materialism of his new volume of poems, "Love in a Mist." His "De Gustibus," which we quote, seems to be a cry out of the very heart of naturalism:

Out of the depths, Mother,—out of the depths!
The sadness of slow living! Heed my sigh.
I am so humble and thou art so high.
Bend down and listen, for—I die!—I die!
Mother of all and Mother of me—my Mother!

Out of the depths, Mother,—out of the depths!
The leanness of desire! Oh, hear my cry!
Lean out and look upon me where I lie.
Bend down and hear me, for—I die!—I die!
Mother of all and Mother of me—my Mother!

Out of the depths, Mother,—out of the depths!
The pain of love in darkness! Turn thine eye.
Bend down from out of thy implacable sky,—
Bend down and save me, for—I die!—I die!
Mother of all and Mother of me—my Mother!

How different in quality is Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's poem entitled "Virgo Gloriosa"! She has thrown the light of a Fra Angelico into her lines, until we almost miss from the page the gold and lilies of the mediæval illuminations. It is certainly a very individual note in modern Marian poetry, and breathes with a truly Catholic distinction:—

Vines branching stilly
Shade the open door
In the house of Zion's Lily,
Cleanly and poor.
O brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand,—
The King who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling band,
And sees her heavenlier smiling
Than stars in His command!

Soon mystic changes
Part Him from her breast,
Yet there awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest;
Yea, she, the first to ponder
Our ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall
Against that only sinless
Love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream

When the Tetrach shall abjure Him,
 The Thief blaspheme,
 And Scribe and soldier jostle
 About the shameful Tree,
 And even an Apostle
 Demand to touch and see?
 But she hath kissed her Flower
 Where the wounds are to be.

The name of Miss Ellen Glasgow is associated with several successful novels rather than with poetry. Yet her late volume, entitled "The Freeman and Other Poems," shows its author to be possessed of no little poetic charm and inspiration. In her poem "Mary" we return to a more earthy type of idealism. However, there is to be found in it considerable dramatic power and imagination:—

Daughter of dreams and visions,
 Flushed by the world's desire,
 Empress of priests' decisions,
 Priestess of altar fire;
 Treading a march immortal,
 As the Cross to the sunrise swings,
 Passing the inmost portal
 Over the crowns of kings:

*By the worship with which we woo thee,
 By the hymns that our hearts repeat,
 By the flames that have burned unto thee,
 By the prayers that have warmed thy feet;
 By the moons that have risen below thee,
 By the stars that have set on thy brow,
 By the saints that have suffered to know thee,
 We hail thee "Blessed" now!*

Mother of all the Sorrows,
 Pierced by the world's despair,
 Wearing a veil that borrows
 Gloom from our earthly air;
 Broken by ceaseless sighing,
 Ravaged by endless tears,
 Bearing thy pangs undying
 Into the dying years:

*By the sweat on thy brow that paleth,
 By the Cross where thy heart has lain,
 By the memory's pang that naileth
 Thy heart to the wood again;
 By the passions that rise below thee,
 By the sorrows enthroned on thy brow,
 By the hearts that have broken to know thee,
 We hail thee "Blessed" now!*

Another poem, "The Babe of Bethlehem," from Mr. Condé B. Pallen's new volume entitled "The Death of Sir Lancelot," suggests some interesting

correspondences with the "Mary" of Miss Glasgow. Both poems are in the form of an active appeal; both are intense and forceful; and yet we can not help feeling the Catholic reticence and reverence of Mr. Pallen, and the sense of over-familiarity in Miss Glasgow's treatment. Indeed, there are some emotional turns to Mr. Pallen's poem that sway the heart as though with gusts of devotion:—

O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak
 For the limbs of the Babe, my God!
 Soft little limbs on the cold, cold straw!
 Weep, O eyes, for thy God!

Bare is the floor,—how bare, how bare
 For the Babe's sweet Mother, my God!
 Only a stable for Mother and Babe,—
 How cruel Thy world, my God!

Dear little arms and sweet little hands—
 They stretch for Thy Mother, my God!
 Soft baby lips to her virgin breast,
 The Virgin Mother of God!

May I not come, oh, just to the door,
 To see the Babe, my God?
 There will I stop and kneel and adore,
 And weep for my sins, my God!

But Mary smiles and, rising up—
 In her arms the Babe, my God!—
 She comes to the door and bends her down,
 With the Babe in her arms, my God!

Her sinless arms in my sinful arms
 Places the Babe, my God!
 "He has come to take thy sins away."
 Break, O heart, for thy God!

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne is another of the present-day poets whose work presents strong religious qualities. For his late collection of poems he has taken the very style of Our Lady and called his volume "Ave Maria." Mr. Towne has succinctness that approaches that of Father Tabb's poems. If he lacks the intellectual grasp and expression of the "great master of the quatrain," he can, nevertheless, lay claim to a tenderness more simple and an appeal more direct to the heart. "The Mirror" perhaps illustrates these qualities:—

So oft He gazed both long and lovingly
 Into thine eyes so fair,
 That when I look therein, lo! I can see
 His own reflected there!

Another quatrain, entitled "Brotherhood," reveals an absence of affectation that almost places this poet with Emily Dickinson:

How can I draw more near to Him
 Than through this one so dear to Him?
 For if I call sweet Mary "Mother,"
 As He did, am I not His brother?

That charming poet whose name is a household word wherever a magazine is read, Mrs. Theodosia Garrison, has contributed several of her best inspirations to praise of the Blessed Virgin. These poems are marked with a richness of fancy and emotion and a reverence that are rare among non-Catholic Marians. Out of these songs, human at once and spiritual, we can find place for only "The Ballad of the Cross":—

Melchior, Gaspar, Balthazar,
 Great gifts they bore and meet:
 White linen for His body fair,
 And purple for His feet;
 And golden things—the joy of kings,—
 And myrrh to breathe Him sweet.

It was the shepherd Terish spake:
 "Oh, poor the gift I bring—
 A little cross of broken twigs,
 A hind's gift to a king!
 Yet haply He may smile to see
 And know my offering."

And it was Mary held her Son
 Full softly to her breast:
 "Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet,
 And wonders king-possessed;
 O little Son, take Thou the one
 That pleases Thee the best!"

It was the Christ-Child in her arms
 Who turned from gaud and gold,—
 Who turned from wondrous gifts and great,
 And purple woof and fold,
 And to His breast the cross He pressed
 That scarce His hands could hold.

'Twas king and shepherd went their way,
 Great wonder tore their bliss;
 'Twas Mary clasped her little Son
 Close, close to feel her kiss;
 And in His hold the cross lay cold
 Between her heart and His.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, in her new volume entitled "Afterglow—Later Poems," presents us with some Marian songs of an unusually high quality. Indeed, "After the Magnificat" is in many respects a remarkable poem—sincere, unaffected, devotional, well sustained. It is unfortunate that more space can not be given to it in its entirety; however, these few stanzas will in some sort reveal the great charm of Mrs. Dorr's work:—

But now, O Mother, I have grown too wise!
 What say the prophets old
 In Scriptures manifold?

A Dove that hath no rest beneath the skies;
 A Lamb to slaughter led;
 A King with uncrowned head;
 A Man acquaint with grief, who knows
 All human woes!

Despised, rejected, and that sharper word—
 Forsaken!—let me be,
 Ye who would comfort me!

That word strikes deeper than a two-edged sword.
 My little One, my Child,
 Forgive me that I smiled

When the proud Magi brought their gifts to Thee,
 On bended knee!

Dost Thou know what is coming? In Thine eyes,
 That seem to look afar,
 Where God's own secrets are,

There grows a kindling wonder and surprise.
 Thou art mine Holy One;

Yet, though high heaven be won,
 I am thy mother! Smile upon me, Sweet,
 Here at Thy feet!

Thus we see how our present-day poets run the gamut of Our Lady's praises from the humble prayer addressed to the Mother of Bethlehem and Nazareth, to the pæan chanted to her who sits in the penumbra of Divinity itself. And if we miss in general the giant chords of other ages, let us remember that our times are largely to blame. We live in a period that can by no means be called heroic: in fact, its only greatness lies in its exploitation of littlenesses; and its promise is remarkable mainly in that it seems to be preparing for a golden age when simple things and tenderness and faith shall be the vogue.

Therefore in developing the charm and

loveliness of the small and humble facts of life around us, the true poet of to-day is to an unusual degree utilitarian. In almost every instance he stands for universal peace, brotherhood, and the appreciation of the lowly.


From this one easily understands Our Lady's dominance in this crusade of soul. She, who is most exalted, most beautiful and lowliest of created beings, must needs be prime inspiration—whether avowed or not—to the small but earnest band of poets now pointing the world back to the reign of the spirit.

Kresstoffsky.*

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

I.—MYLES O'BYRNE.

 ONE glorious morning in June—a morning like an approving smile from Heaven—a young fellow attired in a grey Connemara homespun knickerbocker suit, with cap to match, and a pair of thick-soled russet shoes, a *kippeen*, or switch, in hand, strode sturdily along the serpentine path bordering the road that lies between the village of Annamore and the ever-famous Glendalough and its ruined Seven Churches, in the beautiful County of Wicklow,—one of God's gardens in the greenest corner of green Ireland.

He was six feet high in his stockings, that displayed a pair of calves as hard and round as Swedish turnips. He was broad chested and slender waisted, and his shapely head sat upon the shoulders of an athlete. His eyes were "deeply, darkly, desperately blue"; and his white glittering teeth helped to back up a smile that lit a face, honest, manly, and always serenely purposeful. This is the

hero of my story, and his name is Myles O'Byrne.

Myles, at the opening of this narrative, was twenty-five years of age, and a clerk in the Hibernian Bank, serving at the head offices in College Green, Dublin, facing the Bank of Ireland, once the Houses of Lords and Commons when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. He lived with his widowed mother at Sandymount, in a neat little cottage hard by the cockle-teeming sands. Its modest front garden commanded a superb view of Howth Hill—"Eternal Howth,"—Ireland's Eye, the Pigeon House Fort, seaward and along the shore of Booterstown, Black Rock, Salt Hill, and Kingstown Pier.

Myles walked to and from his office every day—an hour each way,—usually beating the tram car, to the intense chagrin of his fellow-clerks and friends on top, who viewed his passing them somewhat in the light of a personal affront.

His mother had been Miss Mary McCann, of Drogheda, a family widely known and much respected from Kells to the Boyne; and his father, a sub-inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, was killed when the boy was at school at Castleknock,—killed in one of those deplorable riots organized and fomented by Orangemen in their rabid, malignant, and inextinguishable hatred of Catholicity.

Mrs. O'Byrne; a staunch Catholic, was a veritable pillar—aye, and is to-day—of the beautiful Gothic church, the Star of the Sea; and Myles was the favorite altar boy of Father Tom Leahy, its genial and saintly pastor, who was wont to say of him: "He's the best boy that ever served Mass or humored a bell." Indeed, it was owing to the good Father's influence that Myles obtained the position in the Hibernian Bank,—a position of trust and respectability.

Up in the heather-clad mountains of the most picturesque part of lovely

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Wicklow, and close to the little village of Auchavana, dwelt Miss Catherine O'Byrne, a venerable lady of some seventy summers, wholesome, hale and hearty, whose proud boast it was that she never used spectacles, although it was her daily habit to read the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* from the notices of births, deaths and marriages to "High Water at Dublin Bar"; and, as a consequence, was the supreme authority upon all and every subject outside the tiny world of Auchavana. With this dear old lady, his father's only sister, Myles was wont to spend his months of summer vacation; and it is while he is striding along the fern-fringed stream that flows on to sweet, sad Glendalough that we join hands with the stalwart hero of my story.

"Good luck to ye, Masther Myles!" cheerily exclaimed the head waiter at Jordan's famous hotel, nestling beneath the shadow of one of those mysterious round towers so dear, yet so puzzling to the hearts of archæologists. "It's Miss Kate that's lookin' out for ye hard, sir. She has a letter from yer Uncle Dan, out beyant in Rooshia no less; and ye'll find her up and down the road on her bades. She's as smart on her feet as on the Rosary. Faix but ye're growin' a fine lump of a man, Masther Myles; an' it's meself that remimbers ye the height of a bee's knee."

"You are an evergreen, Joe, and a flourishing one. Keep it up! And so my aunt has received a letter from her brother? That is news. Once in about five years she hears from him. Writing is not in my uncle's line, Joe."

"Fightin' was more to *his* taste, sir,—fightin' an' divilment. Sure I remimber him well. He was just sixteen whin he run away an' listed up at Beggar's Bush Barracks in Dublin, an' was ordhered out to the Crimay for to fight the Rooshians. He was tuk prisoner, wasn't he, Masther Myles?"

"Yes, Joe: at the battle of Inkerman.

He was wounded too, and sent into the interior of Russia, where he settled down and married a Russian lady."

"Murder! murder! what a quare thing to do! I wouldn't put it past him. Was she a wild woman, sir?"

"Not at all," laughed Myles. "She was of a good race, and died a Catholic."

"Glory be to God for *that*! It will take a few bags o' coal from undher yer uncle in purgatory. Ould Andy Rooney, that listed too, an' was out there, is up wid yer aunt ever since she got that letter; an' there's no houldin' his gob wid stories of Rooshians an' Turks, bad cess to thim! An', on the stringth of his bould, brassy lies, Miss Kate gives him now an' thin a golliogue of that ould ancient whisky that Mither Jameson, the big distiller, sint her whin he was shootin' Gurtnabawn mountain, twinty long years ago. But won't ye step in, Masther Myles, an' take a sup just for to oil yer springs goin' up the mountain?"

"I'll take a pull at your buttermilk, Joe. I seldom take anything much stronger."

After punishing an "ilegant bowl" Myles set forth for the home of his aunt, situated about three miles distant, commanding a pass where many a bloody affray took place between the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles in days now happily gone down into history.

Myles found his aunt sitting in a wicker armchair of generous proportions, placed in the middle of the road, listening with earnest but wary attention to a little old fellow, all shreds and patches, whose small clothes were sustained at the waist by a *suggawn*, or rope constructed of hay.

"That will do, Andy Rooney," said the old lady. "I see Master Myles coming up the road."

"True for ye, Miss Kate"; adding in a tone of rapturous admiration: "*There's* eyesight for ye! Sure, Miss, ye have the eye of a covetin' hawk no less."

"God is very good to me, Andy." And Miss O'Byrne devoutly made the Sign of the Cross.

"Here I am again, Aunt Kate!" cried Myles joyously, giving his aunt what is commonly known as a "bear's hug." "Well," he added, holding her at arm's-length, "but you *are* as fit as a fish! So you have a letter from Russia?"

"Yes, dear child. And you will have to read it very, very carefully; for it may concern your future."

"Not much!" he laughed. "My future is manager at some flourishing county town where I can do the bills of honest farmers, and say 'No' to the grasping agents of absentee landlords—the curse and ruin of our country."

"More power, Masther Myles! Be jabbers, that's sed like Daniel O'Connell. I heard him, sir,—I was at the great meetin' at the Hill o'Tara—a bit of a gossoon, of coorse,—an' I seen the Liberathor wid a goold medal on his chist an' an ilegant broadcloth cloak over his shoulders. He'd as fine a pair of shoulders as yerself, Masther Myles—"

"Andy, Andy!—now!" interposed Miss O'Byrne. "Myles, I'll fetch that letter, and see to your lunch. Ballybawn Hill always makes you as hungry as a hunter."

And the old lady nimbly disappeared into the cottage, the thatch as yellow as honey, the wall white as a bridal veil, the tiny garden a very blaze of bloom and blossom.

"An' how's yer fine ould mother, Masther Myles? Is she able for to foot it wid Miss Kate? Musha, but ye're long livers. Yer uncle beyant in Rooshia must be close on eighty. Sure I was wid him in the Crimay. *He was* in the 'Faugh a Ballaghs'—the 'Connaught Rangers.' I was in the Welsh Fusileers. We were the first for to cross the River Alma. Yer uncle was in time for the bloody fight at Inkerman, whin the Rooshians stole out be night in a fog from Sebastopol, an' we were near bet

up. That same Sebastopol gev us a mort o'thrubble. Did ye ever hear the song that Docthor Nedley, the docthor to the Dublin police—composed out of his own head? He called it the 'Siege of Sebastopol.' I used for to sing it forty years ago. One verse is all that's left to me, Masther Myles; ye're welcome to it."

And Andy proceeded to pipe, in a cracked old voice:

"Whin the Tallaght boys seen the masther fallin',
Aich downed a Rooshian wid his deadly tool;
An' Harry Esmond an' Sergeant Redmond,
They tuk the siege of Sebastopool.

"I have one more verse bubblin' up in me mimory:

"An' Omar Pasher, he tuk a rasher,
In a goold dispatcher the mate was done;
While in the merits of a taste of sperits,
Lord Lucan toasted me bould Cardigan."

"Be off, Andy!" broke in Miss O'Byrne. "Here's the letter, Myles. Read it very carefully, and may the good God guide you in your decision!"

Andy, removing his battered *caubeen*, and giving it a sweep worthy of D'Artagnan, exclaimed, as he hobbled away with a bow of the deepest reverence:

"May yer only shadow be God's sunlight, Miss Kate! And good luck to *you*, Masther Myles! May bad luck follow ye—as you must have a taste of it,—but *never* overtake you!"

O'Byrne shifted the armchair to a coigne of vantage beneath a huge boulder, surmounted by a mountain ash; and, after a careful scrutiny of the small and attractive Russian postage stamp, proceeded to peruse the following letter, written in a bold, distinct hand and dated from Kresstoffsky, St. Petersburg:

SISTER CATHERINE:—I believe it is more than five years since I wrote you last. I did not see the use, as I supposed you were dead. Indeed, we ought to be, the both of us; but, as you would say, "That's the will of God." And so it is. I heard yesterday that you were alive

and well, and nimble as poor old Betty Brophy's goat that I used to hunt over to Corrig-na-Gleena in the old time. I hear, too, that you read the newspapers without glasses. I've been using them and losing them for over thirty years. I also learned that little Myles is a fine big young man, with a thousand rubles a year in a bank in Dublin; and that his mother is the biggest *voteen* in the parish where they live, nigh Dublin.

Now, who the Dickens told me this? Why, 'twas the nephew of Father Tom Leahy, that used to be parish priest at Phibsborough, Lord rest his soul! This young man is also a priest, and a very clever gentleman. He is on a sort of voyage round the world. He came here from London, and is going to Moscow, Odessa, and Constantinople; then to the Holy Land—and the Lord knows where besides. And where did I meet him now? Answer me that, Kate. I was at last Mass on Sunday in the Church of St. Catherine—your own saint. It is a fine church. (Tell that to the *voteen*, as I call Mary Anne.) And coming out of the door, who should shoulder me but poor Father Tom Leahy's nephew, in the black coat and Roman collar of a Catholic clergyman! The priests—or popes, as they call them—of the Greek church all wear dirty beards and dirtier long hair.

"You're English," said I.

"I'm better than that," said he: "I'm Irish, and so are you."

Then we colloquered. He knows the *voteen* well, and Myles too; and here is what I am coming to.

You know that I married a decent, good soul—may God be kind to her, amen! I've neither chick nor child. I have provided for you and Myles' mother, the *voteen*, in my will; and from what Father Tom Leahy's nephew told me, Myles has raised a cockle or two in my heart and I want to see the lad,—yes, see him out here. If Father Tom's nephew was going home straight, I could

have arranged it better; but, you see, he is going to *stravague* over the half of the globe. So that settles it.

And now, Kate, here's my proposition. If Myles likes to come out here for his vacation for a month or so, I'll cable four hundred rubles (forty pounds) to his bank. I have his address. He can take a return ticket from London, and come via Ostend by the North Express. He may leave by a station called Charing Cross any Wednesday or Saturday, and in fifty-three hours he will be here with me at my *datcha*. (That's what they call a suburban villa here.) Now he must act quick, while the potato in my heart is hot. If he wants to come he must cable me—O'Byrne, Kresstoffsky, St. Petersburg, Russia,—and within an hour the ready will be on the wire.

Your brother

DANIEL O'BYRNE.

P. S.—I thought it better to write to you than to Mary Anne, as you were always a very sensible sort of woman.

P. P. S.—Mind now, Kate! I promise nothing. I merely want to see the lad and give him a nice summer trip. He must not give up his porridge at the Hibernian Bank.

D. O'B.

Myles read this letter slowly, deliberately, and as though each page were a bank-note upon the face of which he was engaged in searching for forgery.

Springing to his feet, he cried aloud: "This is the chance of *my* life, and I am not going to lose it if I know it!"

At this moment Miss O'Byrne emerged from the cottage. She had been carefully watching him from behind the white dainty muslin blind; and, perceiving that he had finished the perusal of the letter, she said:

"Well, Myles, have you decided?"

"I have, Aunt Kate."

"What?"

"To gobble up my lunch, take a car from Jordan's to Rathdrum, catch the 2.30 to Dublin; cable from Bray, which

will save an hour; and leave for Kress—Kress—whatever it is—to-morrow night by the 7.50 boat, from Kingstown to Holyhead and up to London. This will give me a day in Dublin and two days in London. Dear Aunt, this is a splendid turn of the wheel! I'm afraid," he added anxiously, "that mother will howl; but the chance must not be flung aside. And I can get six weeks' leave—perhaps more; for I stand well with Mr. McNamara, the manager. Hurrah!" he cried wildly, seizing the old lady by the waist and making as though he would whirl her into the girlish giddiness of a waltz.

"It's God's will, Myles; and I feel sure that you have decided rightly. I knew that you were coming here to-day, and that was why I held the letter. I have had, on the chance, the Mooney girls knit you some very warm socks and a muffler and a—"

"But, Aunt dear, it's warmer in Russia in summer than here."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense! Russia is the coldest country in the world, winter or summer,—everybody knows *that*. And you must take my fur pelerine. But mind that bacon and cabbage; and you won't see such mealy potatoes till you come back. You've no time to lose. I'll do all the talking,"—as indeed the dear old soul did.

Myles carried out his program to the letter, arriving at Sandymount in time for supper. His mother became very much agitated at the announcement of his sudden departure, especially to Russia, which she unhesitatingly associated with all the terrors of Siberia,—the dismal Siberia of perpetual snow: bloodthirsty Cossacks, the knout, and every conceivable terrestrial horror. But by degrees she calmed down in the sunshine of the thought that her brother-in-law did not invite her son to perpetual exile, and that he had taken him up with the evident purpose of making him his heir.

"Now, honey!" she exclaimed after a very prolonged dissertation upon the danger of travel by sea and land, "I will give you before you start an old silver crucifix, which you must never put from you, day or night,—*never* under any consideration whatsoever. As long as you have it on your body, dear, you will never come to harm. It has a blessed relic inside. It was my mother's and my great-grandmother's. To-morrow morning Father O'Neill will be in his confessional before seven o'clock Mass. Go to your duty, my son; attend to that without delay. Get the blessed absolution, and approach the altar; and then sail away with the grace of God in your heart and soul."

The cable from Kresstoffsky duly arrived. Myles cashed his cheque, obtained six weeks' leave, with a hint that two weeks "additional" might, under stress of travel, be tacked on; and the 7.45 express from Westland Row depot landed him beside the mail steamer *Connaught*; while the *Wild Irishman* night mail bore him to Euston Square, depositing him in the modern Babylon that glorious June morning, soiled and begrimed by the smoke and dust of the great and solid and wicked capital of the world.

(To be continued.)

THERE be three truths, that is of life, of righteousness, and of doctrine. Truth of life is concordance of the hand to the tongue; truth of righteousness is concordance of the sentence to the cause; and truth of doctrine is concordance of the thing to the understanding. And the Gospel is ennobled by this treble verity, and this treble is showed in the Gospel.—*Caxton*.

Do not murmur if your life seems to be monotonous. The clock that stands still points the correct hour twice during the twenty-four, while others may keep continually going and be constantly wrong.—*Anon*.

Nantucket Notes.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—THE SUMMER SET.

THE sea was a disk of liquid light: shall I call it burnished silver and have done with it? The rim of it, where the sun and the moon and the stars rise and set, had utterly vanished. There was no visible horizon line. Ocean and sky were one, and for the moment we seemed to be voyaging in midair, suspended in the hollow of an immeasurable bubble of pale blue flame.

The masts and the sails of ships were etched in space, but whether upon sky or sea it were difficult to determine. They seemed equally to belong to sea and sky,—to be a part of these and fashioned of them. They really were so, from our point of view; for they were the sport of the miraculous mirage that creates a fairy world of its own, that at once fascinates and alarms.

Scattered about us on every hand there were sails hanging idly in the motionless air; and, though they were not far distant, the hulls of these vessels were rubbed out of the picture, as it were, or lost in a silvery mist; while below them were the duplicated sails, inverted as in a magic mirror.

Farther away there were ships whose sails vanished, ghost-like, into thin air. Two or three tugboats, trailing almost endless streamers of crape across the crystalline wall of sky, gave a little life to the marine tranquillity. But surely they were not real steamers,—steamers that work for their living and puff away from morning till night like busybodies: They belonged to the mythical fleet that one reads of; such craft as those that haunt the memory of the ancient mariner. They have slipped in here to complete a picture that is not at all a part of our workaday world, but a glimpse into that dream-world that we

sometimes visit in our sleep, and where all is a marvellous mirage, the haunt of phantom ships and Flying Dutchmen.

The steamer *Nantucket* had come on from New Bedford, touched at Wood's Holl where a Boston train-load of passengers was awaiting its arrival, and was now bound for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Probably the mirage destroyed our identity in the eyes of all anxious watchers at Cottage City; but we arrived on time, and exchanged passengers with neatness and dispatch. When Martha's Vineyard arose from the wave, as she seemed to on the day of our arrival, she wore proudly upon her bosom one of the drollest collections of human habitations ever invented by man. It is a colony of very small cottages, packed so closely together that one hears the breathing of one's slumbering neighbor next door or across the way. Every cottage is a house of cards; one good nor'wester should lay them low or scatter them all to the four winds; the incendiary's match might annihilate the town in a moment: it should flare up like a flash of powder and end in a puff of smoke.

It is thought a pleasure to leave one's own home during the summer heat and swarm in such hives as these. To be sure there is the sea at your feet, and over your head if you will have it so. But the sea is not all there; Cottage City and the cottage citizen have no monopoly, that I know of, save that of the habitable bandbox, about one to every square rod.

It is not heart-rending to turn one's back on Cottage City; though it is sometimes difficult to back out from the dock, where the black-and-tan summer girl blisters her bared skin and thinks it chic,—all of which does Martha's Vineyard an injustice; for Martha was a fine girl, and her vineyard—when you discover it—is enough to drive the little foxes crazy—"the little foxes that spoil the vines."

Beyond Martha's Vineyard is a wee island, a mere campus of sand and brush, where life-savers are stationed, and where a handful of fishermen keep them company. And beyond this island, Muskeget—which one doesn't often hear mentioned, though its islanders do not live in vain—is the isle of isles, the joy and the pride of those who haply know it—Tuckernuck. But Tuckernuck is not to be named in the same day with any of its rivals, and that is why we may not tarry longer on our way to Nantucket.

The truth is, Tuckernuck was a part of Nantucket, and not very many years ago either. But it was so choice a part of it—so quiet and refined and exclusive a part of it—that it might almost have been called the flower of Nantucket. That flower budded and bloomed, and from the heart of it grew something as perfect as a fruit: yes, as perfect as a fruit—a very peach! And then the sea rushed in and plucked it and enfolded it in its bosom, and there it is; unvisited save of the elect; in sight of, almost within reach of, Nantucket—yet not of it. Tuckernuck, the darling of the Deep!

Nantucket! How hard it is to get to her—to get into her heart! How hard to get out of it when you have once been in and taken a turn about her sweet, homely haunts, that are moss-covered, gray-shingled, wind-wracked and weather-beaten! The breakwater runs out beyond the shoals like a two-pronged fork. There are beacon lights on the tips of it, and mighty welcome they must be on a stormy night in a stiff breeze and a high sea. One wonders how any one dare venture so hazardous a passage save in the fairest of weather.

On and on we go, picking our way in the channel that is dotted with buoys, and finally swing up to a dock that is literally alive with summer colonists. You know there isn't so very much to do in Nantucket, even in the height of

the season. One can boat—two are better than one,—and there are always companies of volunteers awaiting your pleasure. Then there is bathing, driving over the moors; trips by the toy-train to 'Sconsit; fish dinners, fish breakfasts, and fish suppers—and great fishing. There is some shooting, some tennis and golf, and a great deal of wandering about bare-headed, and wondering who's who,—though, of course, one always pretends to be not in the least interested in any one else save one's companion.

Nantucket town, the metropolis of the island, has given hostages to fortune. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was born there; so was Lucretia Mott, the philanthropist; and Ferdinand C. Ewer, who established and edited the first and almost the best literary monthly ever published on the Pacific coast. I say nothing of the islanders who have distinguished themselves in the army and the navy; of the many others who have braved the sea and added to its romantic history whole volumes of picturesque adventure.

There are old pictures of the Harbor when it was filled with whalers—those full-bowed, flat-sterned, thick-waisted vessels, that used to go round Cape Horn and up the Pacific as far as the ice fields of Behring Sea, and were gone from home four years or longer on voyages as perilous as any on record. Look at the Harbor to-day! Not a whaler, nor even the ribs of a whaler, left in its sheltered waters. But the waters are just as crowded as in the ancient days when Nantucket was flowing—not with milk and honey, but with good old-fashioned whale oil, that was filling the coffers of the thrifty with solid round dollars, and the airs of heaven with a disagreeable odor.

Now these airs, as they sweep over the island, breathe of the boundless brine. There is also a suspicion of talcum powder borne upon the breeze.

One might almost fancy that some fairy fleet had drifted into the Harbor and shaken out its perfumed sails, to the joy of numberless crews of sea-men and sea-maidens who are making holiday and heyday while the sun shines.

O lads and lasses and wee boys and girls! It is a happy life you lead there for three or four months,—there are those who make it six, and like that best of all. How often have you not skimmed back and forth across the not too boisterous waters like sea swallows, your white wings almost grazing one another as you passed, your hull dipping perilously low as you rounded a buoy, and your hearts shouting in chorus while you slowly but surely pulled away from that college team, your rivals, as they lunged at your scudding heels in the long, stern chase!

One can not very well keep away from the Harbor in Nantucket: it attracts like the sea sirens of old; it has always attracted thus and lured many a sea-lover to his watery grave. Do we not ask ourselves every year—as the season opens—whose turn is first and who shall be the last to go? They have been swept down to death, there in Nantucket. But the course seems to be safe enough if one is a little cautious. Within the breakwater the waves dance many a bout; but just beyond it there is the “rolling deep,” and it is not advisable to fare forth in foul weather.

On shore, during the summer, the streets are as lively as if all the schools in Christendom had just been “let out” and pupils were enjoying a “recess.” The college boy and the “sweet girl graduate” are in evidence. Sweaters and blazers, golf stockings and turned-up trousers; bare arms that are almost blistered, and bare heads where the thick, fluffy hair is burned crisp, and the eyelids when they close down look like silver quarters on the eyes of a bronzed corpse,—these are what waken the streets of the town pretty early in the

morning, and keep them awake nearly all night.

The good old town is overrun; it is overwhelmed. It begins to lose its individuality as soon as the first guest arrives; it does not quite regain it until the last one has left the island. Of course there are shops for the sale of antique wares, genuine and spurious; one has those always with him. And there are the auctions, which become a kind of female forum, where meek man stands upon the outskirts and bids apologetically, if at all.

The old houses are there,—houses with a past, and with their past stamped indelibly upon their every feature; there are dear little streets that wind in and out among them, and creep up and down hill in the same old way, and a very jolly way it is; it is sometimes as if the children had made these short cuts just for the fun of it, and they had stayed there until they had become second nature and were fixtures forever. Streets, lanes and courts there are, that make it possible to cross the little town in almost every direction; yet the few streets are very much like lanes, and some of them are grass-grown; the lanes are like private ways where angels might fear to tread; and the courts—well, they are not courtly, and one backs out of them with an inaudible apology, and wonders how he ever came to get in there at all, at all.

Imagine, if you please, a country town with a population of 3268—in 1900—almost alone in the sea; she is thirty miles from the mainland; she is often fog-bound, sometimes tempest-tossed, occasionally cut off from all communication with the world at large,—her inhabitants are for the time being marooned. For a century and more she and her people have changed but little; the primitive manners and customs remain, in a great measure, in all their quaintness. Suddenly, like a swarm of locusts, the summer colonists fly over

the sea and descend upon this devoted land. The population of Nantucket at the hour of its greatest inflation is unknown to me. Let us call it the floating population; it must be ten or twenty times greater than is at all necessary.

What is left of the old town after the influx is so crusted with the crust of other society that it is no longer distinguishable. The islanders take a back seat and bide their time. The newcomers disport themselves with as much assurance as does the new farce-comedy company upon the boards of a theatre where lately the domestic drama was being played with a dignity that would have hallowed the boards of any stage. History is obliterated; ancient landmarks are irreverently ignored; the college song awakes a chorus that outrings the old refrains; and all is as it should not be.

Throughout this frolicsome summer there are but two voices that are ever known to awaken a memory of the past: these are the voice of the town-crier and the benediction of the curfew bell. The town-crier still cries, and no one seems to care to dry his tears. For more than forty years he has been at it—patrolling those little streets and lanes, fish-horn in hand; calling out, in a voice that can be heard blocks away, the latest scraps of news, local and foreign. Mr. Henry S. Wyer, in his delightful souvenir entitled "Nantucket: Picturesque and Historic," gives the following characteristic free translation of the town-crier's cry from day to day. The crier, William D. Clark, calls in a clear, loud voice that is still serviceable:

"*Monday.*—Now there's been a fearful flood out West. Mississippi River's all under water. Big murder in Chicago. Awful news in the paper to-day! [Aside, for Mr. Clark is a man-of-all-work] Does any lady or gent want to buy water-melons? Vessel at Straight Wharf.

"*Tuesday.*—There's been a rippin' fire

in St. Louis. Millions gone up. Big surf at Wauwinet. Steamer *Crosskaty* will leave at two o'clock.

"*Wednesday.*—Now what do you think o' Sampson? He's going to bombard Santiago to-day. How about Hobson? He's all right. Concert to-night. College boys' tickets twenty-five cents. Considerable going on now.

"*Thursday.*—What d'ye think they've been doin' in Boston? Stole three millions! [Aside] Yes, marm. Wash your windows to-morrow mornin'. Very busy—very busy now!

"*Friday.*—Now what do you think o' Smith? He's gone,—died last night. The Regiment Committee's goin' to give a grand ball to-night in Alfonso Hall, 'tother end of Newton. Tickets for gent and lady, twenty-five cents; for spectators, fifteen cents.

"*Saturday.*—Now there's been a young woman kidnapped in Lynn. Where is she? 'Nother severe murder in New York. Big auction of old furniture Monday morning on the Square—ten o'clock. Terrible hot off island. 'Nother wave comin'. Look out for it! Goin' off to-day? Well, good-bye! Don't forget my birthday—November 17. Anything but neckties!"

It is an odd smile that greets the town-crier as he pauses at the street corner and lifts up the voice that has been ringing in the ears of the islanders for more than forty years,—a smile that is half approving and half pitiful, and that in any case is never without the shadow of pathos in it.

The other voice—the voice of one crying in that wilderness of the sea? It is a sweet voice that at seven in the morning wakens the late sleepers; at twelve, high noon, calls the hungry to the rustic board; at nine in the evening sends the sleepy to their beds—and all is well. It is the voice of a bell hanging in the high tower of the Old South Unitarian church, the most conspicuous landmark in the profile of Nantucket

town. It hangs over the town-clock, which is the great, throbbing heart of the settlement. There are those who watch and wait and listen for the voice of that bell; some, perhaps, without realizing how much it means. But those who know its history are spirited away for the moment,—far away to that summer clime where the bell was cast and where it was intended to call its listeners to prayer.

This bell was brought from Lisbon, Portugal, in 1812. It was one of a chime of six bells cast for a convent near Lisbon. It has a note of peculiar beauty; connoisseurs are divided as to whether it be A or B. It bears this sweetly solemn inscription:

TO THE GOOD JESUS OF THE MOUNTAIN
THE DEVOUT OF LISBON DIRECT THEIR PRAYERS;
OFFERING HIM A COMPLETE CHIME OF SIX BELLS,
TO CALL THE PEOPLE TO ADORE HIM IN HIS
SANCTUARY.

JOSE DOMINGUES DA COSTA MADE IT
IN THE YEAR 1810.

The story is that Captain Clasby, bound for the Arctic Ocean in search of whales, chanced to touch at Lisbon and to hear these bells as they were being tested before their consecration. He had an ear for music; in some way—no one knows just how—he secured this bell and took it on board his ship. The bell was duplicated for the convent chime. Being still bound North, and not caring to take his treasure with him, he sent it to Nantucket in the care of Captain Cary, of the schooner *William and Mary*. After reaching the island, it lay three years in storage; was then purchased by the Unitarian Society for \$500, and suspended in their tower. The Old South Church in Boston coveted it and would have paid for it at the rate of one dollar per pound (it weighs 1575 pounds). But the people of Nantucket would be lonely without it; for if they were to lose it, how would they ever know when it was seven in the morning, twelve at noon or nine o'clock at night?

(To be continued.)

On the Night of St. Sylvester's.

BY MARION MUIR.

I HEAR twelve strike: clear, starry, blue and cold,
Night's banner over half the world is rolled.
Listen! The shaken bells in jarring notes
Pour jubilation from their brazen throats.
Bright eyes laugh welcome to the merry powers
That usher in the New Year's cradle hours.
Rich with all promise, yet dare we forecast
His word's fulfilment by the period past?
Turn back twelve moons the dial hand of Time,
And earth, as hopeful, hears the midnight chime:
Full of those dreams, as beautiful as vain,
Of sorrows fading in a fairer reign.

What hast thou done, old Monarch, passing now,
For the quick trust that hailed thy childish brow?
Thine is the record of all years bygone,
Since they were graven on the tablet stone,
In other modes, on old Chaldean plains:
A single pleasure and ten thousand pains;
Even as floods that desolate the land
Whirl downward paltry grains of golden sand.

Are there not lips that then saluted thee
With gay congratulation—woe is me!—
Scarce less in number than the stinging scales
Blown down the North by unrelenting gales,
Now sighing forth, 'How long, O Lord! how long,
Must Justice tremble and must Hell be strong?
Forever shall the hand of Evil strike
In coarse rebuke the hot cheek of the right?
Must the round world, on each revolving day,
Still show Thy sun the games that demons play:
Vales where the righteous lie, untimely slain,
Pale mortal harvest, lodged by iron rain:
Still by the hearth and altar's fallen roof
Crash reeking chariots and the charger's hoof?'

No gain: though one destroyer falls to earth,
His conquered ashes give successor's birth.
Or deadlier far than even War's red flame
Festers the evil of a Nation's shame,
The traitor's pride that, under all the charms
Of seeming honor, weaves its baser harms.
Fair world! if we must witness evermore
The breaking of such billows on thy shore,
We almost welcome the prophetic blast
Proclaim thy years, thy wrongs and sorrows past!

ALAS! the spirit of Bethlehem is but
the spirit of a world which has forgotten
God.—*Faber*.

The Other Side.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

"I SAY, Berthold, what is the meaning of it? Are you really packing up and tramping for good?"

"To Tally-ho Park,—to a hunting country, you know."

"But haven't you hunting enough? There's some other reason. I wouldn't have a secret from an old friend."

"Honor bright, and I'll tell you. I'm running away."

"From what? Duns, bailiffs? Stuff! You've tons of money."

"Not *tons*. A fair share, but not enough for two—with the hunters."

"And pray who wants to make two of you?"

"Hist, Teddy! I'm threatened with—marriage."

Teddy laughed out.

"She would be an Amazon who would be able to carry you off."

"Humph!" said Berthold.

"Has she proposed to you?"

"Not yet."

"Have you proposed to her?"

"She intends me to do so."

"What sort of person is she?"

"An attractive creature,—charming, and above everything clever. I don't mean that she squeaks the violin or writes novels; but she is clever like the spider who weaves his web."

"You must have made love to her. Are you in love with her?"

"I spoon a good deal when in her presence, because she expects it and challenges it. But I don't love her in the sense of making sacrifices to obtain her everlasting companionship. That is the sort of love I feel for my horses—"

"You would have money enough for all, Berthold."

"Not if she went on wearing so many awfully pretty frocks. And I couldn't admire her without the frocks."

"Does she care for you?"

"She intends to marry and she thinks I will do. I visit at the house because I know I am welcome. When she tells me she is going for a walk at a certain hour, I meet her as a matter of course; if she is travelling by train, I drop in at a convenient station. All this gratifies her and does not hurt me."

"Do you give her credit for no genuine feeling in the matter?"

"Don't flatter me so awfully, Teddy. What is there in me to excite genuine feeling? I have always avoided that thing as being the root of all uncomfortableness and the enemy of good humor. Never take anything seriously in this world if you want to be happy."

"Speak for yourself," piped the thin tenor of Teddy. "When I go in for being happy, I shall be in earnest about it. If a woman ever loves me, I'll be immensely grateful to her. Perhaps she never will, for I haven't either the physique or the money. However, I shall not meddle with wooing unless I mean to marry—if I can."

"You'll marry, Teddy,—see if you won't," said the musical baritone of Berthold. "You are going to the Bar. By and by the nice daughter of a rich solicitor will mark you for her own, and you will retire with her to a suburb of London. You will sit on the top of an omnibus for an hour twice a day, and your wife will sulk if the briefs are not many enough to give her all her frocks and hats and things. If you get on the Bench the omnibus will know you no more, and you will roll to court in your brougham; while your wife will require diamonds and rouge in proportion to the increase of your income. You entertain the deadly dull to dinner—"

"Hold!" cried Teddy. "I can read happiness between the lines. *Your* home will be the stable and the kennel."

"Horse and dog are the best friends of man," returned Berthold; "and man is their natural master. Marriage is

but a passing into bondage, an engagement to enslave and deny yourself to give a woman all she fancies."

There was silence for a few minutes; then Teddy said softly:

"I was thinking about that girl."

Berthold laughed.

"She will marry you after awhile, if you save up money enough," he replied.

"I meant your girl."

"So did I," said Berthold.

Having heard so far, I, an involuntary eavesdropper, congratulated myself that I had no knowledge of the speakers or of the subject of their conversation. The occasion of my eavesdropping had arisen in consequence of the stoppage of a train, the line being blocked with snow. Running up to Scotland to spend the Christmas with friends, this fate had overtaken me. I was not alone in misfortune: the inn of the country town to which passengers by the arrested train were obliged to repair was more than well filled. Thankful for a good fire and a cup of tea, I made no complaint of the chamber to which I was relegated, and gathered myself into an armchair to reflect on the humors of my position. I heard a good deal of grumbling up and down the passages, opening and shutting of doors, and a few lively masculine "swears."

Finally things quieted down; and when I had finished my letters, and reconciled myself to the disappointment of my friends from whom I was still miles away, I heard renewed tramping in the passage, and the opening of a door close beside my own. The next moment the voices of two men were so loud in my ears that I started up and looked around me. On examination I found that one of my walls was a mere partition, and that my wardrobe concealed a door,—facts accounting for the distinctness with which the words of my neighbors reached me, and for the aroma of smoke that came stealing to my nostrils. A few minutes later and

the conversation I have recorded was dropped into my ears.

The next morning I was asked to write my name in the visitors' book before leaving the inn; and as I left the breakfast room to do so I saw two young men in the hall, engaged in gratifying the innkeeper by also making record of their sojourn in his house. I followed on their movements; and as I took up the pen they laid down, my eyes fell on two masculine Christian names—Berthold and Edward—writ large on the open page in ink still wet.

I raised my glance and observed through the inn doorway the two young men who were then standing in the sun, which was shining on the melting snow. I easily made up my mind as to which was which. The large man of about five and thirty, with a countenance expressive of a self-satisfied good-humor which might be taken for good-nature, was Berthold. Teddy was a slender youth, almost fifteen years younger, with a look in his ingenuous eyes which reminded me of his pleading of the night before for the possible existence of genuine feeling, and his reading happiness between the lines of deadly dullness.

As I proceeded on my journey my mind was a good deal occupied with ideas suggested by the conversation I had so oddly overheard. Being particularly fortunate myself, I could comfortably pity my neighbors. And afterward my thoughts ran on to Lucy, whose bright eyes were watching for me,—my schoolmate of five years before, with whom I should even now have been exchanging confidences if the snow had not broken my journey. I was twenty-five, and Lucy only twenty-three; so, naturally, I felt like her mother; the more so as I was safely anchored in a happy engagement, while she was still tossing in the breakers which threaten the little adventurous bark of unappropriated maidenhood.

Something in the tone of Lucy's letters of late had made me feel uneasy about her,—suggesting that there was behind them a story which could be told, though hardly on paper. Having read for the fiftieth time a dear letter of which the writing was not Lu's, I thanked God that all men were not as Berthold, and wondered whether I ought to despise or commiserate the girl from whom he was escaping.

That night Lucy and I retired to our bedrooms like sensible, sleepy persons; but the small hours found us with our heads together over a waning fire. Lucy looked sweet in her white dressing-gown; though I thought she was paler than she used to be. I had forgotten how long was her bonny hair,—thick, brown, glossy locks, with a natural wave and curl when let loose on her shoulders. What Lu was saying to me was this:

"I know he loves me,—I know it,—I know it. But there is a mystery."

"A mystery?"

"He does not speak."

"How, then, do you know?"

"How should I know? How does any one know? How did you yourself know?"

"By words,—sacred, urgent, memorable words."

"And yet you wonder if I expect to hear words?"

"I don't. I only wonder how you can be so sure without the words."

"Do you think me a girl to imagine a man in love with her if he is not? There are looks and acts and words that are so very nearly—yet not quite."

"I should distrust them."

"Perhaps I have distrusted too much," said Lucy. "I may not have given him enough encouragement, opportunity."

"Where do you see him, usually?"

"Everywhere. He has been coming here constantly for the last two or three years. He sits beside me, he follows me about. If by chance I say that I

am going for a walk, he joins me. When I take the train, he drops into my carriage at the station."

"Then why do you feel so uneasy lest the words you want to hear should not be said in time?"

"Because—suddenly, he is going to leave this part of the country."

I felt a shock, as all at once the conversation overheard through the partition in the inn chamber rushed on my memory.

"Let him go, Lu. Give it up."

"And feel to the end of my life that I hurt and disappointed him?" cried Lucy. "Give me better counsel. Tell me how to put an end to misunderstanding before it is too late."

"Does any one know about all this?" I asked after a pause,—“any of your own people?"

"I think Frank suspects, has observed. My father sees nothing,—how could he? He believes me too precious for any man. If my mother had lived—"

Lucy's bright eyes, usually more bright than tender, took a wistful expression which made her lovely. Ordinarily that was not the word to describe her, though she was rich in attractions. I knew that it would do no good to tell her that I felt like a mother toward her. She would only laugh.

She went on.

"Berthold—"

I started. The girl's keen eyes were instantly fixed on mine.

"Do you know him? I did not intend to mention his name."

"I am not acquainted with him; but I think I know the type. Dear, you have been too—too—"

"Bold—forward—silly? What would you say to me?"

"Only too ready to trust and believe. If I were you I would resolve never to see him again."

"But I *will* see him again,—try to discover what it all means."

Lucy stood up to leave me.

"I have—"

Her pride would not allow her tongue to utter more. Her face said: 'I have refused other men, I have chosen him. I am beautiful, I am not dowerless. Am I one to be silently cast aside?'

She bade me good-night, and left me thinking. I was powerless to help her. I dared not tell her of my informing experience. She would have held me, at the best, as having pointed to a cruel coincidence; at the worst, as being anxious to interfere because I had dreamed an inconvenient dream.

The next morning was bright and crisp with frost. Sitting at an open window, I saw two young men come walking up to the open hall door: Berthold and Lucy's younger brother Frank.

"I've come to say good-bye, you know," I heard Berthold saying to Frank. "If you ever come down my way, I can give you a mount—"

Then Lucy's voice rang out sweet and clear, and there was a little lively talk among the three; and very soon Berthold, Lucy, and Frank went strolling leisurely down the avenue, laughing and talking, and took a path together across the park. Presently I saw Frank strike off through the grass with his dog, while the other two went on and disappeared among the trees.

I sat for half an hour watching for Lucy's return. She came back, as I had expected, alone. Her face as she approached the door was as white as her ermine fur. Involuntarily I withdrew from the window. The name of Berthold has never been mentioned between us since that morning.

I have never quite made up my mind as to whether Lucy ever would have cared for Berthold had she not been constrained by her belief in his imaginary devotion to herself. She has been married to Teddy for a good many years, and certainly she loves her husband. I believe Teddy sought her

at first from the purest sympathy, and he still finds her adorable. Berthold's favorite horse threw him badly some time ago, and he hunts no longer.

The secret of what I learned by involuntary eavesdropping of two masculine ways of looking at a girl's conduct has always been kept from the three persons concerned in my curious experience while snowed up in a village inn.

Concerning M. Combes.

BY MANUEL DE MORIERA, PH. D.

WHEN, last June, President Loubet was confronted with the difficulty of forming a new cabinet, one choice came as a great surprise to politicians and to citizens alike. Many persons had been regarded as probable successors to the calm and unyielding Waldeck-Rousseau, but no one had given a thought to M. Combes, although he had been known in the political field for the past fifteen years. He was not, in the eyes of reflecting citizens, the man for the position.

Born in the south of France, Combes possesses in a marked degree the aggressiveness and restlessness which the sun and the heat seem to give to Southern peoples. A second Voltaire—not in talent but in his dislike of Christian truth,—he was, like the author of the phrase "*Ecrasez l'infame*," a pupil of the clergy. The little city of Albi—which has passed through so many religious troubles, and which, erected as an episcopal see in 1678, was suppressed at the Concordat in 1801 only to be re-established in 1873,—was the place selected by M. Combes for his student career. While there he went further than the man he strives to imitate; for he took Minor Orders and was appointed Professor of Philosophy in the Collège de l'Assomption.

Little is known of his success in that

line. It may be that his lively French temperament became disgusted with the deep problems of philosophy; it may be that visions of victories more stirring than those won in the intellectual arena danced before his eyes. But the fact is that suddenly and, as far as is known, without giving any reasons, he, who to obtain his degree of Docteur ès Lettres had written his thesis upon "The Psychology of St. Thomas Aquinas," left the seminary, forsook the line of life he had traced for himself and began to study medicine.

There is scarcely a profession in France more powerful than the physician's, especially in the rural districts. His influence is great and his opinions are regarded by the simple-minded peasants almost as articles of faith. Very cleverly, M. Combes selected for his new field of work the little town of Pons. The population, partly of Huguenot stock, partly of Bonapartist feeling, was the best soil for the promulgation of the new program to which he had just given his entire support. His popularity grew daily. In 1875 he was elected Mayor of Pons, and in 1879 he became a member of the Conseil General. The year 1886 saw him a proud member of the Senate, and nine years later M. Bourgeois placed him by the side of Berthelet and Cavaignac in his famous Radical ministry. Up to that time, however, the only work in which he had attracted attention was his carefulness in the details of committee service, especially with relation to educational matters.

Like many who having once left the Church seem impelled by some invisible force to fight relentlessly against her, M. Combes, from the moment he had influence and authority in his hands, has tried by all possible means to injure the religious body in which he was born and reared. As a member of the Cabinet Bourgeois, his hostility to the clergy and his spirit of opposition in clerical matters grew daily in strength.

Afterward, under the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, Combes was appointed chairman on the Law of Associations.

On the resignation of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the former seminarian accepted the portfolio with eager joy. Here was a chance at last to show his power and to display to the world his intense bitterness against the religious societies. Not satisfied with the expulsions hitherto ordered, and in spite of the authorization given to certain communities, M. Combes became an ardent participant in a determined campaign against the Religious Orders. He would expel them all.

One Order alone escaped his fury, and that Order would go to-morrow if he dared to expel it. But he dare not; for the man who has outrivalled Herod in conduct, who has started the revolution in some provinces, dare not put the climax to his iniquities by expelling the Sisters of Charity. And why? Because on every battlefield where the French soldiers have been these women have followed, and, in the midst of a rain of bullets, bombs and shell, have ministered to the wants of the wounded and closed the eyes of the dying. By their courage and heroism these fearless nuns have received on the battlefield the medal of the brave, the Legion of Honor. The poor infants left without parents are gathered by these true-hearted Christians, fed, clothed, and later taught a trade; and all this not at the cost of the Government but at the cost of sacrifices. The poor and the sick have always found assistance at their hands. M. Combes does not dare to expel the Sisters of Charity.

Now, what can be the causes of his actions? After giving much thought to the question, I have come to the conclusion that there must be a power behind him that makes him act. My reason for thinking this is that, after all, M. Combes is intelligent and therefore must see that fanaticism on a point of such vital importance for France is very

dangerous to the nation. He sees that he is inviting riots, courting revolution. Still he goes on. What can be the tremendous power that makes him go forward in his destruction of France? It must be some occult power, the existence of which is demonstrated by the charges brought against the French Religious Orders. These charges were that they were disloyal to the Government of their native country and disobedient to its laws; that they unduly interfered in politics and aimed at forming a state within a state; that their doctrines and influence were pernicious.

This accusation led to the publication of documents which reveal the character of the accusers. M. Proche presented to the eleventh Parliamentary Commission his report on modern French Freemasonry. In it he proves beyond a doubt that French Freemasonry is illegal, because it is a secret and international society prohibited by French law, because it dominates the State, and because it deprives free citizens of their just rights and liberties.

As far back as 1882 the lodges were projecting the Association Bill. The anti-religious program is modified according as the adepts are more or less ready for it. The Convention of 1893* declared that no Freemason could be elected to the council of the order without a previous written engagement renouncing all religious practice for himself and his children under age. M. Combes freely admits that he belongs to the Masonic Order. Can one wonder, then, that the power which makes him commit the outrages of which he stands guilty is this very lodge? "Our brothers, whom our confidence has placed over the affairs of the Republic, must do the will of their Alma Mater."† Can one be surprised, then?

* *Bulletin of the Grand Orient*, 1893. pp. 368-372.

† *Chaîne d'Union*, p. 51; Circular No. 3, Council of 1893. *Bulletin*, 1893. p. 4.

The Reunion of Christendom.

THERE are indications in this country, in England, and on the Continent as well, that Protestant leaders are at last beginning to realize that the only hope for the continued existence of their different churches is in the union of their much-scattered forces. The Episcopal Church of the United States has been making what a contemporary secular journal styles a "demonstration of aggressive vitality" with the avowed object of causing that church to be considered a "national church." According to its leading organ, the *Churchman*, the supreme demand on English-speaking Christianity at present is for the sweeping away of the barriers of Protestant sectarianism, so that the scattered divisions of Christian people, "forced by their own convictions to give up their mutual isolation at any cost, at any sacrifice, may at last live together in one family."

Simultaneously with this movement we have a canon of Westminster Abbey strongly advocating the reunion of the English churches on the broad lines of Christianity through a "reversal of the Anglican Church's long-accustomed attitude of exclusiveness." He does not scruple to stigmatize that exclusiveness as illiberal and absurd, and declares that "reunion must speedily become the leading question of the time."

Now, unless Protestantism throws overboard its cardinal principle as to the right of private interpretation of the Bible, it is difficult to understand how the various sects are to be drawn together in any union that will be other than nugatory and fantastic. Apart from the fact that they all style themselves Christians—though not all admit the Divinity of Christ,—their distinctive doctrines are clearly incompatible with one another,—are, in a multitude of instances, absolutely contradictory.

United Protestantism is, and from the nature of Protestantism's fundamental principle must be, a pure chimera, hardly conceivable in theory and assuredly not practicable in fact. The only real union of Christendom logically possible will occur when the multifarious Protestant sects humbly submit, as sooner or later they will, to the One True Church which Christ founded and which His legitimate Vicar has uninterruptedly ruled through more than nineteen hundred years.

That this solution of the problem is not an extravagant one is clear from a paper recently published in the *Cologne Gazette*, Dr. Huppert's interesting study of "German Protestantism in the Twentieth Century." In the course of the paper we find the following extracts from an article by Dr. Stoecker, the famous court preacher of Berlin:

German Protestantism is so divided, there reigns in it such discord in matters of doctrine, that it has no longer power to act as a moral agent. It depends so entirely upon the State and authority that it is forbidden to think freely even on social questions.

It is commonly said that Rome is a spiritual power, and that this is why she is antagonized and is contemned by the world. Now, the Roman Church doubtless has in her character something which resembles worldly policy; but no one can deny that she dominates the multitudes by means which are absolutely religious. Be that as it may, it is a fact that Rome exerts an enormous influence in Germany, while the Evangelical Church is impotent.

Significant admissions, these, from a Protestant leader. Nor are they merely the exceptional views of an individual, as is clear from this avowal of the *Gazette of the Cross*, the official organ of the Evangelical Church:

The more the world moves, the more does the Protestant Church go on losing contact with the people; and this because she does not act sufficiently upon the masses and in no way concerns herself with their needs.

The simple fact is that so much of rationalism has filtered into Protestant theology that the latter has now become, as Dr. Stoecker admits, "mutilated and reduced to a formless trunk." German

Protestant ministers have recognized for some time back that their church has been deteriorating. In a synod held at Dresden a few years ago they made this acknowledgment:

"We can no longer remain in our present condition; everything with us is crumbling into decay: we have no longer a basis, a symbol or a sacrifice. Look at the Church of Rome! Despite the incessant persecutions of which she is the object, she remains ever the same—always strong and vigorous, the divine sap circulating in her bosom and her members; forever young, exhaustless, and exuberant."

Of the Church's action on the social question, another leading Protestant organ is constrained to confess that "in Germany, thus far, the Catholic Church has understood how to prevent, in those regions in which she is paramount, the birth of subversive political parties"; and that "she has, moreover, succeeded in holding the multitudes of the laboring class docile to her voice; has kept them aloof from the red flag,—has enrolled them rather under the banner of her own social polity."

Weighing these different and quasi-authoritative statements with judicial prudence, and studying the various conditions that more than justify the discouraging prophecies ament the decadence of Evangelicalism, Dr. Huppert is moved to exclaim that "all these wounds revealed by Dr. Stoecker and others would be immediately healed if Protestant Germany should return to the religion of its fathers—the Catholic Church."

With all due respect to our Episcopal and other non-Catholic brethren in America and England, we venture to suggest that only the like action on their part can bring about any real reunion of Christendom.

STRIVE manfully: habit is overcome by habit.—*Thomas à Kempis*.

Notes and Remarks.

The courtesies of controversy are not too much in evidence in Sir Robert Anderson's new book, "The Bible and Modern Criticism." The "Roman Catholics" and "Higher Critics," as they are styled, are treated in a way, however, which neither will probably consider it worth while to resent. Free criticism of the Bible has forced the defenders of Inspiration to proclaim the Church as the authority in matters of faith; and yet Sir Robert will have it that before the Reformation "every truth of the Bible had been perverted or darkened,"—an assertion that may be classed, remarks a reviewer in the *Athenæum*, with the statement that the Higher Criticism "systematically ignores the science of evidence." Catholics will not be disturbed by Sir Robert's abuse, nor will the Higher Critics be silenced by his arguments. Their worth may be judged by this remark of the *Athenæum*: "The Church of England, as an authority for the truth of events which happened in the first Christian century, may not be above suspicion." Which is good, also humorous after the manner of our staid and scholarly contemporary.

There are some subjects on which the police are better entitled to a hearing than any other class of persons, and they have convictions about many things concerning which most others have only opinions. A policeman, who states that he has been "on the force" for fifteen years, assures us that very few parents seem to have any idea of the demoralizing effect on the young of low theatres, street fairs, and a certain class of advertisements that appear in yellow journals and not unfrequently in journals regarded as reputable and considered fit reading for the family circle. "Pick up almost any daily paper and examine the advertise-

ments to which I refer. Can there be any wonder that, instead of genuine boys and girls, we have a generation of little old men and women? I have seen sailors and backwoodsmen blush at the indecency of these same advertisements."

On the subject of low theatres and street fairs our correspondent expresses himself vigorously, and we are not disposed to weaken his words. "The fiends of hell could invent nothing more destructive of the morals of young people than the street fairs so often held in our cities. No words in the English language, or in any other language, could describe the demoralizing effect of the midway on boys and girls. I know it by experience. The shows at many theatres are no better. We hear much about elevating the stage: it ought to be elevated—with dynamite! In newspapers, at street fairs and in theatres boys and girls read and see things they should never learn and never set eyes on. These are the most degrading influences in the country to-day."

Referring to a recent article in these columns advocating separate courts for youthful criminals, our correspondent adds: "You can not be too strong on that point. I would like to say to my 'brothers in blue' all over the country, 'Never arrest a boy or girl for a first offence unless it be a very serious one.' A young person's first trip to jail has often sent him to State prison. After fifteen years of experience I know something about these matters."

That most interesting of newspaper correspondents, Mr. F. R. Guernsey, informs the readers of the Boston *Herald* that other forms of misbelief have failed as completely as Protestantism to fasten themselves upon Mexico. "Buddhists and New Thought preachers," he says, "may buzz about, but the priests are not alarmed." Unconsciously, this broad-minded and acute Protestant observer

puts his finger on one of the chief causes of Mexican loyalty when he observes that "the Catholic clergy and the religious Orders are educating a great part of the children." Again, as often heretofore, Mr. Guernsey lauds the priests of Mexico, some of whom, he says, are "very saintly men, always doing good, and doing it so unobtrusively as to excite no man's remark. Some of them have sold all they had and given it to the poor, and among them are the happiest faces one may hope to see on this earth."

But even if this verbal eulogy were wanting, the works of the Mexican clergy—and notably their care of the children—would praise them in the gates. In no other way does priestly zeal manifest itself more convincingly than in the careful organization and supervision of the parish school. If any American Catholic still wants an impressive argument for religious education, let him reflect that the astute infidels who misgovern France have staked the success of their whole anti-religious campaign on the expulsion of religious teachers.

The attitude of Germany and England toward Venezuela is not easy of justification; and the representatives of both countries are pretty much in the same fix as M. Combes, who has been trying to assign plausible reasons for his campaign against religion in France. But the Frenchman has learned to throw dust with dexterity. The German and English governments have begun a war to compel the payment of claims which have not been judicially established, and they are at a loss how to conceal the fact. Venezuela is impoverished and disrupted, and it looks bad thus to take advantage of circumstances. The willingness to draw our government into the affair is a tribute to the kind of diplomacy in which Americans are supposed to be adepts. It is thought that the Venezuelans, in spite of their poverty,

would settle all demands if some way were found of forcing them to do so; and that Uncle Sam and President Castro might "fix up" the matter without having too much consideration for wealthy people in Venezuela, whose lives are naturally more precious to them than what money they may be possessed of.

Mr. William E. Curtis is a press correspondent whom we have learned to distrust; but one little story of his, illustrating American methods of diplomacy, may be true, and is doubtless a familiar one in diplomatic circles abroad. Some years ago when Mr. Russell of Massachusetts was minister to Venezuela, he wrote Secretary Evarts that the only way to collect several hundred thousand dollars due a citizen of the United States was to offer Guzman Blanco, then President, a third or a half of it. That dispatch got into the newspapers. Venezuela was very indignant. Guzman Blanco handed Mr. Russell his passports and sent him aboard a steamer of the Red D Line then lying in the harbor, and had him guarded until the vessel sailed.

The attitude of Germany and England toward Venezuela is generally condemned in this country; and, as our interests are not involved in the contest, it is probable that any action on the part of President Roosevelt will be influenced rather by public sentiment at home than by diplomatic desires abroad.

The sons of St. Paul of the Cross celebrated at the close of the year the Golden Jubilee of their first foundation in the United States. It was at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and the honor of introducing the Congregation of the Passion into this country belongs to Bishop O'Connor, the first incumbent of the See with which his name is forever identified,—though he resigned it to enter the Society of Jesus. At the time of the coming of the Passionists there

were only three dioceses in the whole State of Pennsylvania: now there are six. Meanwhile from a handful they themselves have become a host. Arriving in this country at a time when the bishops had urgent need of their assistance, and laboring as they have done all these years, there is no telling how much the Passionist Fathers have contributed to the progress of religion in the United States. Not the least important of the services which they have rendered is the generous help and encouragement afforded to various religious Orders of women who have become an inestimable power for good in countless ways. The priests of the Congregation of the Passion were among the first to realize the need of more sisterhoods in the United States, and no missionaries have done more to promote the interests and increase the efficiency of these communities. We join with the friends and beneficiaries of the sons of St. Paul of the Cross in wishing them a great increase in numbers and still more fruitful harvests in the golden years to come.

Under the heading *Que Faire?* (What's to be Done?), Count de Mun publishes in the *Gaulois* a masterly article on the means by which Catholics may hope to ameliorate the situation in France. He counsels effective organization of religious forces, and would have oppression confronted with a resistance which, while firm and permanent, shall, nevertheless, be perfectly legal. Adopting O'Connell's plan, he advises unanimous protestation, but no disobedience to the laws. Incidentally, M. de Mun explains the Catholic defeat at this year's French elections in a way that inspires hope of future triumph: "True," he says, "a great effort was made at the elections; and as it was not successful, there are some who throw the handle after the hatchet and say: 'There's nothing to be done.' That is not my opinion. We

began our work three months before the elections—not longer; and yet even that amount of preparation was sufficient to determine an immense movement. The radical members were elected by very small majorities; and, all calculations made, there was throughout France but very little difference between the numbers of our adversaries and our supporters. The conclusion is that in three years and a half, with a solid organization, we can and we will succeed."

This is sane reasoning, and we trust that the organization will be speedily perfected in every department of the republic. A change of forty or fifty members from the radical to the Catholic benches in the next Assembly of Deputies would be the inevitable result, and what that would mean need not be explained.

When Oliver Cromwell passed in triumph through London after Blake's victory over the Dutch fleet, he gazed stolidly on the cheering multitudes that lined the streets, and said to those about him: "A still greater crowd would turn out to see me hanged." Admiral Dewey no doubt understands the fickleness of Fortune better than he did when the populace idolized him and gave him a house; and one wonders how long it will be before certain other celebrities will be called upon to experience the changefulness of all things terrene.

The young King Alfonso of Spain is just now experiencing it in a more pleasant way. After venomously assailing him as a profligate and unfilial son, the newspapers have suddenly changed front: they hang a halo over his crown and acclaim him as a statesman and a model ruler. His masterful interposition in a recent cabinet crisis reveals him as the strong hand that Spain needs. And what strikes us as most remarkable in all this is the brazen effrontery of the editor-men who now fling up their caps for him without a word of explanation or apology for their former calumnies.

In his own country, too, King Alfonso's popularity is steadily growing. One who claims to have enjoyed "an intimate acquaintance with his Majesty during the character-forming years" writes in the *Independent* that "his conduct up to the present has been most exemplary"; that "his devotion to his mother is exceeded only by her devotion to him"; and, finally, that "he is the most democratic of kings, and is beloved accordingly."

There is a general feeling that John Alexander Dowie—the Chicago man whose followers believe him to be the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah, and who says so himself—is riding rapidly to a fall. Through the simple and not wholly original device of collecting ten per cent of the income of all good Dowieites, "Lige," as the newspapers irreverently call him, is now in control of eight millions of dollars, with which he operates lace factories and sundry other industries. In fact, he is a trust, and he talks like one. He opposes trades unions "because they represent a great, ignorant and irresponsible power, guided by hard and unscrupulous men." Clearly, the rank and raucous prophet is jealous of the growth of any other "great, ignorant and irresponsible power" than the power of Elijah. Of all the monumental fakirs that have flourished and floundered in this country before or since Brigham Young, Dowie is the most prosperous and the most prodigious.

At a metropolitan missionary meeting held recently in Carnegie Hall, New York, one reverend doctor is reported to have said: "I do not know whether pagans will be damned or not. I will qualify that by saying that I do not believe God will punish those that have committed sin innocently." So extraordinary a statement was sure to provoke comment, and a correspondent of the *Sun* draws these logical conclusions:

"Then the future state of the pagans will not be improved by sending missionaries. The case stands thus: If no missionaries are sent to the pagans, all the pagans will be saved. If missionaries are sent to the pagans, such of those heathen as have the Gospel preached unto them and do not accept it will be damned. Send no missionaries and no heathen will be damned."

The domine might have qualified his statement by saying that there is such a thing as the natural law, which even pagans are bound to observe; that its transgression is a sin, and that paganism proffers no means—so far as Revelation has informed us—by which to secure the forgiveness of sin. For that matter, however, neither does Protestantism; so, on the whole, the mission field had better be left to its only legitimate occupiers—Catholic priests, to whom alone Christ said: "Go ye and teach all nations."

A life of exceptional devotedness and eminent usefulness, full of years and of merits, was that of the Very Rev. Dr. Magnien, S. S., who passed to his reward on the 21st ult. For twenty years or more he had been president of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; but his important labors in the education and training of ecclesiastical students were by no means the whole of his life-work. As the trusted friend and adviser of many prelates, who admired his wisdom and disinterestedness and appreciated his virtue and learning, he exercised an influence as powerful as it was far-reaching. Rarely are prudent zeal, enlightened wisdom, deep learning, wise conservatism, and safe untraditionalism, so happily combined with strength of character and solidity of virtue as in the case of Dr. Magnien. He was a great priest, and he rendered services to the Church in this country the importance of which it would be hard to exaggerate. May he rest in peace!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

My Baby Brother.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I HAD a little brother,
A precious baby boy;
He was my dearest treasure,
My playmate and my joy;
His hair so bright and golden,
His eyes so soft and grey,—
But Jesus sweetly called him,
And so he went away.


As, racked by pain and fever,
He tossed upon his bed,
A hundred times I kissed him
And bathed his burning head.
But when I would have held him,
He did not want to stay;
He murmured: "God is waiting,—
I'm going to heaven to-day."

O darling baby brother!
You are an angel bright;
We long for you and miss you,
Who were our hearts' delight.
But Jesus smiled upon you,
Our lily pure and fair,
And plucked you for His garden,
To bloom forever there.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.



T was New Year's Eve. The last sun of the old year was sinking slowly behind the western hills with the fading glory of a king discrowned. The sky glowed clear and cloudless, while gathering shadows crept over the white wintry earth. But the flush of the sunset was on the western hills; the blue curve of the frozen creek glittered like burnished steel; the icicles on the great cedars of Wycherly flashed

and sparkled like the pendant jewels of some giant Frost Queen.

It was a pretty picture; and Tessie Neville, skipping down the broad stair-case of her uncle's home, stopped at the great west window to look out; for this white frozen world was still new to her. She came from a balmier shore, where the grass lay green beneath the fleeting snowdrifts, and Jack Frost was a good-natured fellow, who never nipped a nose. But here he held everything in a tyrant's grip. Every twig of the cedars was stiff in ice, and the creek that swept through the hills to the sea could bear a coach and four.

But what a Christmas week it had been at Wycherly! What skating and sleighing and coasting! What merry gathering about big wood fires! What fun and frolic and feasting from morning till night!

Tessie had never seen anything like that Christmas holiday before. True, that is not saying much; for, though she was twelve years old, this was her first venture into the world after six years in the Convent of St. Anne, where her wildest dissipation had been a trip to town with Sister Martina to spend her five dollars Christmas money, discreetly as wise little girls should. "And it would be a sin and shame to throw good money away on nonsense, Tessie dear!" Sister Martina had warned when the little purchaser's eyes had turned to *bonbonnières* and belt pins. So Tessie had invested in silver thimbles and needlebooks for her best friends, and a book for her sailor papa. What would Sister Martina say to the nonsense here? Really Tessie dared not think.

More than once during this bewildering week she had been obliged to pinch herself to make sure she was wide awake,

and that all around her was not another wild fever dream. For Tessie had had some experience of such dreams. In the fall she had been ill with a dangerous fever, that had kept the Sisters watching day and night by her pillow, while her young soul drifted very near to the gates of Light. When at last she had come back, with pale face and cropped curls and trembling feet, to walk earth's ways again, the doctors had said she must have change of air; and, as her papa was cruising thousands of miles away, Uncle Ben had come by his request and brought her to Wycherly, where the wind that swept up salt and strong from the not far-distant sea was already making her cheeks glow and her veins tingle with new, glad life.

A strange, gay, wonderful life it seemed to Tessie, trained from early childhood to the simplicity, the obedience, the spirituality of sweet St. Anne's. There were no prayers, no rules, no study, no silence; but Uncle Ben was the very kindest and dearest of uncles; Aunt Marian, in her beautiful trailing gowns and falling laces, the very loveliest of aunts; and though Tessie felt a little shy of the big boys, Ted and Wynne, she was already a prime favorite with little "Joe."

Here, too, was all that earth could give of beauty, pleasure and luxury. House parties, hunting parties, and coaching parties, filled the house with guests; and the Christmas festivities were to end to-night in a ball, "to dance the Old Year out and New Year in." And Tessie was to go, in a beautiful new white gown, all frilled and flounced and ribboned,—a dress that would fairly take good Sister Martina's breath away. She was also to wear white slippers and a broad, beautiful sash. All this splendor was spread out in her own pretty little room now. Six times since luncheon had Tessie stolen upstairs to feast her eyes on it. Not even the graduates on Commencement Day had anything so

fine as this. Six lace-trimmed ruffles and a silk underskirt! And Aunt Marian had promised to lend her a spangled fan. And visions of frills and flounces and fans were still flitting delightfully before her mind as she looked out at the frosty sunset, when a small voice piped softly:

"Sun's most down: will the Old Year be gone then, Tessie?"

"No," answered Tessie, as little Joe, a pale delicate boy of ten, pressed close to the window at her side. "It doesn't go until midnight, when the clock strikes twelve."

The soft grey eyes, that were the only beauty of little Joe's pale face, turned wistfully to the western sky.

"I don't like years to go, do you, Tessie?"

Tessie hesitated: it was a subject she had never considered. Little Joe had a way of considering things that seldom troubled young people of his age and size.

"They never come back," he continued. "I don't like things to go and never come back."

"Oh, but New Year is just the same!" replied Tessie, cheerily.

"No, it isn't," said little Joe. "Papa sold old Dobbin last year and bought Black Bill. Of course Black Bill is a better horse, but I couldn't look when Dan drove poor Dobbin away never to come back. You see, I had known him so long, and I was sure he wouldn't shy or kick. I don't think new things are ever the same, Tessie."

"Sometimes they are nicer," replied Tessie, consolingly. "Maybe this New Year will be nicer than the Old. You know I am going to stay three whole months—until spring. And we shall have a fine time together, Joe. I like you best of all the boys."

"Better than Ted?" said Joe, with a long breath of surprise; for his sixteen-year-old brother was Joe's ideal of perfection.

"Oh, a great deal better! Ted is so

big, and Wynne laughs at me and calls me 'Sister Suzarina.' I like little boys best. We will play checkers and dominoes, and read together. We will be fast friends, like Nellie Digges and I were at St. Anne's,—only—only—” Tessie's voice sank a little regretfully,—“I wish you were a Catholic. My best friends have always been Catholics, except Loulie Dunn; and she was only eight years old when she left our school. Nellie Digges and I made our First Communion together last May. Oh, if you only knew how lovely it was, Joe! I will never forget that day if I live to be a hundred years old. And when I was so ill with the fever and everybody thought I was going to die, it was almost the same. Oh, it's the best thing in the world to be a Catholic, Joe! I wish you were one!”

“But I can't ever be,” answered Joe, shaking his head. “Mamma wouldn't let me, Tessie.”

“I know”—Tessie gave a comprehending little nod. “There's no use in talking about it, Joe. Sister Patricia told me not to talk religion,—it would do no good, and only make things unpleasant. It's forbidden at school. 'No disputes on religion or politics' is in the rules. So don't let's talk religion, Joe. What have you been doing all the afternoon?”

“Setting traps,” replied Joe, brightening up. “I've been up on the hills with Jim Duncan, and he showed me how. You can catch lots of birds this weather, they are so hungry. Jim caught twenty-four last night.”

“Caught twenty-four birds!” echoed Tessie, in breathless surprise. “What did he do with them?”

“Ate them, of course,” answered Joe. “His mother made a potpie, and Jim said it was fine. I'll get Susan to make me one to-morrow.”

“A pie of birds!—dear little birds! Joe Neville! I'd as soon eat babies!” cried Tessie, aghast. “Oh, I did not

think you could be so cruel, so horrid! To trap poor little starving birds!”

“Oh, it's only just for fun,” said Joe, apologetically.

“Fun!” echoed Tessie, indignantly. “Is that what you call fun? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Joe Neville! How would you like a great, awful giant to sneak around and trap and eat you?”

“There are no giants,” said Joe, with feeble triumph.

“Yes, there are. You are a giant to the poor dear little birds.”

Tessie's voice had broken and tears stood in her pretty eyes.

“Don't—don't cry,—don't, Tessie!” said little Joe, quite dismayed. “I'll never set a trap again.”

“Will you let all the little birds go that are caught to-night?” asked Tessie.

“I can't: Jim Duncan will get them early to-morrow morning,” said Joe.

“Then—then you must break those horrid traps right now,” said Tessie, determinedly. “I'll go with you, Joe. We will run right there and be back before it is dark.”

“Oh, we can't!” said little Joe. “It's away up on Barker's Hills—”

“Yes, we can,” answered Tessie, impetuously. “I'll get my coat and hood and we will run fast. It won't be dark for an hour yet.”

And before little Joe could say another word Tessie had darted upstairs and was back again, in the quaint little grey coat and hood, warmly lined and quilted, that Sister Patricia had provided against the bleak winds of this northern shore. Aunt Marian had laughed at the “funny” convent garb, and ordered a fur-trimmed coat and hat and feathers; but this French finery had not as yet arrived, and Tessie still went capped and cloaked as teasing Wynne had christened her—“Sister Suzarina.” And, indeed, it would have been hard to find anything more becoming than the close little grey hood, from which

Tessie's new crop of golden curls and sweet young face peeped out like a softly framed picture.

"Come on quick, Joe!" said Tessie, eagerly.

And Joe, who was sturdy in soul if not in body, made no further protest, but pulled on his fur-lined coat and cap and led the way, past lawn and garden, barn and stable, over white stretches of field and meadow, off to Barker's Hills, that rose behind the fair slopes of Wycherly in bleak, fierce, untamed strength, rocky and almost pathless; a bit of wilderness held for years by a fashionable hunting club of the city, for autumn sport, and now classed as "irreclaimable."

But of late the huntsmen had sought wider range, and Barker's Hills had attracted less desirable characters. Squatters, who preyed more or less legitimately on their wealthier neighbors on the ridges, made the hill their temporary home; and there were rumors that more than one fugitive from the strong arm of the law had found a hiding-place in their rugged recesses until he could escape by creek or sea.

But nothing of this was known to the two children hurrying on through the winter sunset. Tessie had roamed the cloistered glades of St. Anne's without a thought of danger or fear; and little Joe lived in the dream-land of a delicate child. And the snowy hills were still flushed with roseate hues; the ice-sheathed pines flashed and sparkled cheerily; the frosty air was clear and bracing. High above them in the opaline sky one pure star trembled, as if to tell them night was near. But, with their young faces turned to the sunset, Tessie and little Joe hurried on.

(To be continued.)

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.—FINDING THE OTHER GLOVE.

One can not say, "This boy will do great things, because he has wealth and powerful friends"; or "This girl will never succeed, for she is poor and there is no one to help her." On the long track history has made there is much to encourage us when we stumble, and there are many lessons that make us less sure of ourselves when we proudly try to interpret the designs of God.

Many of the true stories about people begin, "A long time ago—" Indeed, this happens so often that one, if he did not know better would think, "There are no helpful or interesting lives lived nowadays." What I have to tell you shall have another beginning.

At a period which most of your fathers and mothers can remember a little boy was born far over the sea, in the land Germans love to call the Fatherland. He was very poor: he knew what it was to be hungry and he knew what it was to be cold. He got on very well in summer, but in winter it took a great deal of courage to be happy; for he was never rich enough to wear shoes and stockings except in the coldest weather; and his other garments were always thin and worn.

One day he was trudging along the street, whistling to keep up his spirits—for things were not going well at home—when he saw a glove lying on the sidewalk. He looked about for its owner; finding none, he put it on one of his little hands and ran home to his mother, proud of his treasure.

His mother looked at him and said: "My dear little boy, you will have to work very hard to find the other glove." In his simplicity, he did not then know what she meant, but he found out afterward.

THE Three Magi were called Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. Gaspar means "the white one"; Melchior, "king of light"; Balthazar, "lord of treasures."

The struggles of his young years almost overcame him, but there was something so sturdy and hopeful in his heart that he never gave up,—never became discouraged. And, besides, I am sure he never forgot what his mother said about the other glove.

Well, to make a long story short, he determined to be a surgeon; and when thirty years old he had become first assistant to a great professor whose fame spread all over the world. Our little boy's dream seemed about to come true: he was the trusted instructor of many pupils, and people were sending for him from far and wide when there was a particularly fine piece of surgery to be done. "I think I shall soon find the other glove," he said.

Then what seemed to him the greatest calamity came into his life. He contracted a peculiar form of the skin disease known as eczema, one in which no moisture could be allowed to touch his hands, and he could no longer perform the simplest surgical operation. He tells us that he was in the most awful state of despair. All his study, his toil, his long and trying years had gone for nothing, and he was filled with despair.

He went to his master, Professor Albert, and confided to him his sorrow. "Do not be discouraged," said that good man. "If you can't get on with wet surgery, try dry surgery." Here was an idea! The young man *did*, for twenty years, try dry surgery—that is, surgery with no loss of blood,—and succeeded so well that to-day in that branch of knowledge he leads the world.

Lately he has been called to Chicago to place in position the bones of the little daughter of a very wealthy man, who, out of gratitude, it is said, will build a hospital where poor children afflicted like his child may be healed by the new bloodless method, free of charge. So you see the affliction of little Solita Armour also is a help to the world

and not a hindrance, as for so long a time it seemed to be.

The name of the wonderful surgeon is Dr. Lorenz, and more praiseworthy than his bravery or his skill is the fact that no poor child brought to him for treatment has ever been turned away. He takes money from the rich, never from the poor. Surely now he has found the other glove.

Watermarks on Paper.

Watermarks are indentions made on paper, in various shapes, during the process of manufacture; the pulp being compressed by an engraved device called a dandy. The earliest known watermark is a globe surmounted by a cross found in an account book at The Hague, bearing the date 1301. Many early undated Italian manuscripts contain a plain cross as watermark. The fleur-de-lis, the Peter's cock, and the Paschal Lamb are all found in books of the fourteenth century. The marks of the dolphin (the symbol of Christ) and the anchor (expressive of hope) are of later date.

A Riddle.

An ancient riddle, to which the answer is, of course, "The Year," runs as follows: There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have about thirty daughters apiece, each having one cheek white, the other black; who never see each other's face, nor live more than twenty-four hours.

AMONG popular customs of Christmas-tide are those of eating mince pies and plum puddings. The latter comestibles are emblematical of the offerings made by the Magi. Mince pies represent the manger in which Christ was laid, the upper crust having once been made in the shape of a hayrack.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A pleasing variant on the annual reissue of old and forgotten books, many of which are not worth rejuvenating or worthy of remembrance, is "The Mount of Olives, and Primitive Holiness Set Forth in the Life of Paulinus, Bishop of Nola," by Henry Vaughan, Silurist. It is edited by L. I. Guiney and published by Henry Frowde, London.

—Lady Rosa Gilbert is engaged in writing a life of her distinguished husband. Sir John was devoted for so many years to works of great importance, leaving such valuable results behind him in this world, that the task is one of much laboriousness. We learn that it will not be completed until the end of the year.

—An interesting and important feature of the memorial volume of the late Archbishop Corrigan, just issued by the New York Cathedral Library Association, is the biographical sketch contributed by Mr. John A. Mooney, who writes sympathetically of the early and the inner life of Mgr. Corrigan, and informingly of the diocese of Newark and the archdiocese of New York. Catholic readers, by the way, are indebted to Mr. Mooney for many valuable contributions to current history and biography. He wields an industrious pen, which has always been at the service of his coreligionists.

—It is especially deplorable that a religious journal should be convicted of any kind of dishonesty. Such a stigma not only destroys its own power for good, but in a measure lessens the influence of all its class. The *Irish Catholic*, published in Dublin, is perhaps the most dishonest paper in the language—a disgrace to Ireland and a dishonor to the Catholic name. Time and again the *Irish Catholic* has been convicted of violating the rights of ownership and of defrauding authors, whose writings are as much their own as anything they possess. Readers, subscribers and advertisers should know that by giving the *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, support they are making themselves accomplices in dishonesty and abettors of fraud.

—Four thousand pounds was the price paid for a Mazarin Bible the last time (in 1817) a copy of this precious volume—"the most important and distinguished article in the whole annals of typography"—came into the market. Being the first book printed from movable metal types, it ought rather to be called the Gutenberg Bible. There is no date on this great edition of the Scriptures, and the precise year in which it was printed can not be determined; it is generally supposed to have been issued before 1456. It is a folio of 641 leaves, and is printed in black-letter in double columns, without title-page or pagination. That the inventor of printing chose the Bible for the

introduction of his art is a point that has often been noted. As Hallam has put it, we may see in imagination the venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by "dedicating its fruits to the service of Heaven."

—Messrs. Foley & Bockmann, New York, have issued an engraving of the Angelical Salutation, designed by Mr. J. T. Foley and printed in brown ink. The design includes six pictures, with the text in the centre. We are at a loss to know why it should be in a foreign language. The engraving is large enough for framing.

—It will gratify a host of persons who say the Little Office of Our Lady to learn that the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton has written a theoretical, practical and exegetical treatise on this subject, which is soon to be published by Messrs. John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, of London. The book will need no recommendation to those who have read the articles on the Little Office which Father Taunton contributed to THE AVE MARIA. The long-felt want of a complete and solid hand-book for the use of those who are privileged to join in the Liturgical Prayer is now adequately supplied,

—While it is the part of wisdom not to judge a book by its cover, there is no denying that handsome binding, good paper, clear printing, and generous margins are advantages which enhance not a little the pleasure one receives from even the best expression of thought. Father Faber's translation of Bacci's "Life of St. Philip Neri," published half a century ago, was an interesting and a valuable work, but not a typographically beautiful one; the same work, edited by Father Antobus of the Oratory, and published by Kegan Paul & Co., is a delight to the eye as well as the mind. The two volumes have been made as attractive as their contents deserve, and that is saying much for their beauty.

—The *Month* is to be congratulated on the completion of its one hundredth volume. It was established by the late Mother Taylor, foundress and first Superior-General of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, a well-remembered contributor to this magazine, who was widely known to the Catholic reading public as the "Author of 'Tybourne.'" Since the second year of its existence, the *Month* has been owned and edited by the Jesuit Fathers. It has had distinguished contributors and editors, and published a great many notable articles, not a few of which are now in book form. The *Month's* greatest distinction is that "The Dream of Gerontius" was first published in its pages, having been rescued from a waste

basket — so the story goes — to accommodate an embarrassed editor. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" refers to this latest and longest poem by Newman as "the happiest effort to represent the unseen world that has been made since the time of Dante."

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich—he of the ethereal humor—has noticed that the deceptive Mr. False, the volatile Mrs. Giddy, Steal the burglar, and Palette the artist, are no longer tolerated in modern stories, though they figured numerously in the pages of seventeenth and eighteenth century fiction: "A name indicating the quality or occupation of the bearer," says Mr. Aldrich, "strikes us as a too transparent device. Yet there are such names in contemporary real life. That of our worthy Adjutant-General Drum, for example. Neal and Pray are a pair of deacons who linger in the memory of my boyhood. The old-time sign of Ketchum & Cheetam, Brokers, in Wall St., New York, seems almost too good to be true. But it was once, if it is not now, an actuality."

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.

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

The Night before Christmas. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.50.

From Canterbury to Rome. *B. F. De Costa.* \$1.25, net.

Later Lyrics. *John B. Tabb.* \$1, net.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. *R. J. Meyer, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

The Harmony of the Religious Life. *Rev. Hermann J. Heuser.* \$1.25, net.

Jean François Millet. *Julia Cartwright.* \$3.50.

The Wyndham Girls. *Marian Ames Taggart.* \$1.50.

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Historic Highways of America. Vol. I. and II. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net, each.

Thoughts on Education. *Mandell Creighton, D. D., etc.* \$1.60, net.

The Lukewarm Christian. *Massillon—Percy Fitzgerald.* 60 cts., net.

Cecilia. A Story of Modern Rome. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

A Short Rule and Daily Exercise. *Blosius.* 20 cts.

Ways of Well Doing. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 35 cts., net.

The Treasure of the Church. *Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D. D.* \$1

Monuments of the Early Church. *Walter Lowrie, M. A.* 1.75, net.

Tales of Destiny. *Elizabeth G. Jordan.* \$1.50.

Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories. *Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S.* \$1.25.

The Death of Sir Launcelot and Other Poems. *Condé Benoist Palten.* \$1, net.

Corinne's Vow. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Michael Abbott, of the diocese of Peoria; Rev. Luke O'Reilly, diocese of Syracuse; Rev. Henry Havermann, S. J.; Very Rev. Dr Magnien, S. S.; and the Rev. Kilian Schill, C. P. P. S.

Mr. John Love and Mrs. J. B. Lane, of Montreal, Canada; Mr. John Reilly, Clearfield, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Martin, Waterford, N. Y.; Mr. Edward Harrigan, Rochester, N. Y.; Judge McIsaac, Antigonish, N. S.; Mr. W. H. Traut, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Nellie Ryan, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Julia Geus, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. Michael Foley, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Alice Brown and Mrs. T. Butler, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Dennis Hannon, Vale, Iowa; Mrs. Johanna Cusick, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. H. T. Thomas, Hamilton, Canada; Mrs. Eliza McConnell, Greensburg, Pa.; Mrs. Gertrude Gerlach, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. William McGrath and Mrs. William Barry, Vista, Iowa; Mr. George Fried, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. Michael Donovan, Auburn, N. Y.; and Mr. John White, Norwich, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: Friend, \$10; Subscriber, 50 cts.; Friend, 45 cts.; J. H. B., \$1; W. J. M. \$10.

For the Indian and Negro Missions: Mc., \$10; J. H. B., \$1.

The Propagation of the Faith: J. J. C., \$1; J. H. B., \$1.

To promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars: Friend, \$1.



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

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Memory.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ENCHANTRESS fair, she waves at my behest
 Her magic wand and conjures up each scene
 That, years ago, enthralled with rapture keen:
 The midnight tempest on Atlantic's breast,
 The sunrise gilding rugged Alpine crest;
 Killarney, Beauty's own approved demesne;
 Bewitching Venice, 'neath whose starry sheen
 Romance lies sated; nor prolongs her quest.
 Again the wand is waved, and swift return
 Those hours supreme that consecrate the past:
 The pilgrim's days at Lourdes; the brief sojourn
 Where Rome spreads out to view her splendors vast;
 And, blessed fruition of an eager hope,
 The converse luminous with Leo, Pope.

A Famous Abbey of Our Lady.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS T. LLOYD.

THE traveller to Rome from Florence by the modern route joins the valley of the Tiber just below Orvieto, and until he arrives at his destination the river keeps him company. The great mass of Soracte comes into view on the right hand, rising in solitary grandeur,

and from out the plain

Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing.

It is an outpost of the central chain of the Apennines, which has been thrown forward in advance across the river, and may serve as a landmark in our excursion. For just after passing the

mountain there is a little station, named Fara Sabina, at which none of the ordinary through-trains stop, but at which, nevertheless, we must alight if we wish to penetrate into the remote and wild country where the ancient Abbey of Farfa is situated. Down a wide side valley on the east bank comes the river, known even in classical times as the Farfa, from which the abbey takes its name.

We are in a land which had a very important part to play in the early history of Rome; for this is the true Sabine country, and close by are the ruins of Cures, where Numa Pompilius, the Solon of the early Roman Kingdom, was born. Our destination, however, is not the birthplace of the great legislator, but the far more interesting memorials of Christian antiquity. Our road, therefore, lies up the valley of the rushing stream, which it crosses once or twice before we come in sight of the monastery. It occupies a jutting plateau on the side of the mountain, and so forms a conspicuous object from afar.

The valley is rich and fertile, like all the district of Sabina. The first founder of the abbey was said to have been a bishop of the Sabina. It is noteworthy that this diocese, which forms one of the six suburban sees of Rome whose occupants come next after the Pope in the order of the sacred hierarchy, and who are cardinal bishops, is not called after any particular town, like most other dioceses, but after the name of the whole countryside. But Farfa itself dates

long before cardinal bishops had come to the possession of their exalted rank.

Nearly fifty years before St. Gregory the Great came to the throne of St. Peter, a holy monk hailing from Syria settled at Spoleto in Umbria. Here he was made bishop; but retired after a short time from his see, and took up his abode in a hermitage that occupied the site of the monastery which we can see standing out on the hillside before us. This was about the year 550. A quaint old legend relates how St. Laurence—for that was his name—found the vast forest which covered the land infested by a great dragon, which he overcame by the help of her whose foot crushed the serpent's head. He, therefore, dedicated his chapel to Our Lady, and it has remained under her protection ever since.

We can not be far wrong in interpreting this legend by what is related, in a similar case, of St. Benedict. Lovers of that great saint will remember how, when he came to Monte Casino from Subiaco, he overthrew the altar of the heathen god and cut down his grove on the place where he built his new monastery. St. Laurence probably found many traces of heathen superstition when he came to the valley of the Farfa; for he was a contemporary of St. Benedict, though he died thirty years after him. It is to his victory over paganism that we owe the story of the great dragon. This auspicious beginning and the sanctity of its founder soon attracted many disciples to the new house, and all went on prosperously during the twenty years that it was under his government. After his death many pilgrims visited his tomb. But evil times were in store for the new foundation.

It was the age when the old civilization was crumbling to pieces under the shock of barbarian invasion from the North. The Huns and Goths had already overrun the land, and now it was the

turn of the Lombards. The results of this third invasion were much more permanent than those of the previous ones. They reduced nearly the whole of Italy to their rule; and their king, who made Pavia his capital, governed the conquered land by dividing it into duchies and setting up his lieutenants as dukes. In the first fury of conquest they swept away most of the religious houses; amongst others, both Monte Casino and Farfa. But the Church of God, rising above the flood of invasion, subdued the invaders unto herself; and we have now to see how one of these Lombard dukes co-operated not a little in the re-establishment of what his immediate ancestors overthrew. But the story of how Farfa rose from its ruins is worth telling in detail.

Thomas, a native of that part of Gaul now called Savoy, made, with some companions, a pilgrimage to the Holy Land about the year 674. He tarried in Jerusalem three years, spending his time in prayer at the Sepulchre of Our Lord. One night, when he had protracted his prayers beyond his bodily powers, he fell asleep at the holy shrine, and was refreshed by a heavenly vision. The Blessed Mother of God appeared to him and assured him that his prayers for the safety of his soul had been heard; but commanded him to return to Italy and seek out her forsaken monastery in the Sabine land; there, she added, by his example he should lead a multitude of brethren to the Kingdom of God. Three cypresses, he would find, marked the site of the former church.

He forthwith set out on his return; and, passing through Asia Minor, he visited at Ephesus the tomb of St. John the Evangelist. Here again—for what cause we know not—he dwelt three years. At last, however, after seven years' absence in the East, he arrived in Italy. He passed through the Sabine province on his way to Rome. But while resting on the wayside before the

midday refection, he was again warned in a dream of Our Lady's purpose in his regard; and, waking up, he saw before him the three cypresses of his former vision. With great joy he made his way to the spot through the dense forest, and found the church of the monastery yet standing. Accordingly, with a few companions, he established himself in the ruins of St. Laurence's house. But the question soon arose how they were to provide for themselves in that remote and almost inaccessible spot. The ancient legend relates how Mary supplied the wants of her clients.

At Spoleto at that time Duke Faraldus ruled. He was one of the Lombard leaders who had succeeded to the first invaders of that part of Italy. Being about to make a journey to Rome, he had gathered together a large supply of provisions of all kinds, when Our Lady appeared to him and told him of the needs of her monks in the Sabina. He forthwith ordered all the stores which he had collected to be sent to them. The memory of the monastery had almost passed away from men's minds; but after diligent inquiry it was found, and Thomas and his companions were discovered in the deserted church. From that time, under the protection of the Duke of Spoleto, the new house prospered exceedingly; the sanctity of the new monks, and particularly of their Abbot Thomas, became widely known, and many flocked to join them. Among these new recruits were three noble youths from the duchy of Beneventum in Southern Italy. Their history is worthy of more than a passing notice: it illustrates so clearly the fine character of St. Thomas.

Their names then were Baldo, Taso, and Tato,—evidently of Lombard origin. Taso and Tato were brothers, and Baldo was their cousin. They formed, unknown to their parents, a joint resolution of visiting Gaul and there embracing the religious state. Fearing

the opposition of their friends, they mentioned their intention of visiting the tombs of the Apostles in Rome, and set out on their journey with an ample retinue. But when they had come to the confines of the duchy of Beneventum, they dismissed their servants and declared their intention of continuing the pilgrimage on foot. On their way they met some beggars with whom they exchanged clothes,—giving up their rich apparel for the tattered rags of the mendicants. Thus they came into the duchy of Spoleto.

It was the time when the fame of St. Thomas was widespread, and so the holy youths heard of the new monastery and went to visit it. They presented themselves as poor wayfarers at the gates and asked for shelter and food. The holy abbot received them with great kindness and performed all the usual rites of hospitality: he washed their feet, as the chronicler says, according to the command of the Lord; and in this act he discovered their rank, which he had already been led to suspect from the refinement of their features. So they disclosed to him all their intentions. While he did not attempt to dissuade them, he yet acted with the greatest prudence, and proposed that, before leaving Italy for Gaul, they should make their pilgrimage to Rome. He himself accompanied them to the holy city; and, after they had finished their devotions at the tombs of the Apostles, induced them to return with him to Farfa, that they might there make a trial of the monastic life. Within a short time they became models of religious fervor.

In the meantime their parents and friends were overwhelmed with grief at the disappearance of the three youths, and in their search naturally turned their steps toward Rome. There they heard of the visit of the Abbot of Farfa and his young disciples from the very widow in whose house they had lodged when in Rome on their pilgrimage. They

immediately with all haste made their way to the monastery, and to their great joy discovered their children under the care of the Abbot. But joy is soon changed into sorrow; for though they consented to see their parents at the command of St. Thomas, they firmly refused to return to their homes, and persisted in their desire to retire into Gaul and there dedicate themselves to Almighty God. Entreaties, tears even, left them unmoved. But the venerable Abbot intervened, and we get a glimpse of his sweet, gentle, though prudent character, which explains much of the veneration in which he was held.

He was ready, he told them, to show how they could unite the fulfilment of their holy purpose with the duty which they owed to their parents. There was in the territory of Beneventum an oratory, lost in the midst of a dense forest near the source of the Vulturnus, which was dedicated to the holy martyr St. Vincent. There they could fulfil their vow and yet not be absolutely lost to their parents in their old age. The holy youths, acquiesced in the counsels of St. Thomas; and thus Farfa gave rise to the ancient monastery of St. Vincent, on the banks of the Vulturnus, in the country of the Samnites.

St. Thomas died in 715, after ruling the monastery of Our Lady for thirty-five years. There are still extant letters in which Pope John VII. (708) confirms the possessions to the monastery which had been granted to the Abbot by the Duke of Spoleto. The abbey now took its place among the great religious houses of Italy. It retained for long its connection with the Lombards; and when they fell before the Franks, it entered into close relations with the Carolingian dynasty. Its possessions were repeatedly confirmed to it by solemn charters granted by the French kings and emperors. When they came to Rome to be crowned by the Pope in St. Peter's, they would call at the

monastery and confer on it new privileges. The abbots in their turn visited the imperial court. Thus Benedict, the eleventh abbot, whom the old chronicler calls "blessed" in fact and in name, made a long and toilsome journey to Frankfort to obtain the ratification of its privileges.

But after two centuries of glorious prosperity a terrible misfortune befell Our Lady's Abbey of Farfa, from which only with great difficulty it recovered. This was its destruction by the Saracens in 889. Some considerable time before, Leo IV. had been compelled to fortify St. Peter's and the Eternal City against the attacks of these fierce marauders, who for centuries held command of the Mediterranean Sea. They used to land from their galleys, sweep rapidly through the country and leave nothing behind them but blackened ruins and desolation. Our monastery, which had escaped during a long period, perhaps from its remote situation in the mountains, at last fell a prey to their fierce hatred of the Christian name. But the Abbot Peter, who then governed the house, received timely intimation of their approach, and was able to save many of the treasures which the monastery possessed, which were distributed among the fortified cities of the neighborhood. He, however, died of grief at the destruction of his monastery, which by that time had become second only to Monte Casino among the great Italian abbeys.

Desolation again reigned in Farfa for many years. Though some of the monks returned after about fifty years, and the monastery was partially rebuilt, yet the distracted condition of public affairs found echo among the brethren. They were without a legitimate abbot, and a band of profligate men took occasion from the ruined condition of the abbey to set themselves up as rulers, and to expel or refuse admission to any who wished to follow regular observance.

At this time the possessions of the house were wasted or squandered. But at last the help of the Emperor Otho was invoked, and peace was restored about the year 972.

Soon again prosperity smiled upon the community, and we have a description of some of the buildings of this epoch which shows what a magnificent monastery it had become. The church was 280 feet long and proportionately lofty; it was notable for the number of its glass windows. The other parts of the abbey were very complete and well appointed. What would specially attract our attention, however, were the workshops for the goldsmiths and silversmiths and the makers of glass. The *inclusorii* also formed a special feature in this section of the buildings. They were artists who inserted jewels and precious stones into vestments, church ornaments, missals, and copies of the Gospels. Some of this work has survived, and it evidences the great skill and artistic taste of the monks.

Early in the eleventh century Hugo became abbot. He was a man of great worth. He is called *humilis presbyter, eximius monachus, angelicus abbas* ("an humble priest, as a monk most excellent, but an abbot who ruled like an angel"). Under him the abbey participated in the great reform of Cluny, the constitutions of which he introduced into Farfa. He was an energetic defender of the rights and possessions of the monastery, and appealed both to Emperor and Pope against the encroachments of the great nobles, especially of the house of the Crescentii, who loom so large in the history of Rome at this period.

With one more event in the history of this famous abbey we must be content to close our account. When Eugene III., the disciple and friend of St. Bernard, was elected Pope in 1145, and was about to be crowned in St. Peter's, a tumult took place in Rome which compelled him to leave the city. He betook

himself to Farfa, and was there consecrated and enthroned. The Imperial Abbey, as it was sometimes called, continued to grow in dignity and importance; but its chronicle is not different from that of other religious houses during the times of peace. Down to our own day, though in diminished splendor, it has continued its great work. When Mabillon, however, made his tour through the monasteries of Italy, he found that the monks were obliged to leave their house in the summer on account of the insalubrity of the site, and that the abbot then resided at Fara, on the hill overlooking the monastery. This was in 1686.

But our visit—to return to it after this long digression,—made in these degenerate days, was a source of pain to us. For, filled with thought of its glorious past, we came only to find desolation again reigning in Farfa. The community had been dispersed, and not a solitary representative of the long and glorious line of Benedictines was there to show to us the beauties of the place or to dilate upon the memories of the past. The church remained and the great buildings, but beyond them there was no voice to welcome us, no one to dispense the traditional hospitality.

We clambered up to the summit of the steep hill which rises above; and there we found Fara, the old castle which protected the abbey. The view from there is enchanting, and we felt some compensation for our disappointment in the hopes to which the sight of that beautiful and historic country gave rise in our hearts. Far below we could see the monastery and its church, ready there for the new generation which will surely spring up.

Across the valley of the Tiber was Soracte, which, with its association with St. Sylvester and the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, was still another reason for hope. Looking down the river to the south, we could trace

it on its way to the Eternal City, whence Popes so often came to visit the great monastery of Our Lady; and we knew that Farfa had only for a time suffered an eclipse; for Rome and the Papacy impart the eternity which is their own special gift to those institutions which are closely connected with them. The emperors of old who passed down that valley on their way to be crowned in Rome, and to pay their homage at the Apostles' tombs, and who often turned aside to Our Lady's Abbey, which was under their own special patronage, seem to us now only the forerunners of many greater and better men who in the glorious future which is before God's Church will follow in their footsteps and restore and add to the magnificence of the Ages of Faith.

The time may come when we shall make another journey to "the holy and imperial" Abbey of St. Mary of Farfa, and there pay homage at the tombs of St. Laurence the Syrian, and St. Thomas the Venerable, whose bodies still repose in chapels to the right and left of the high altar, and whose presence there may encourage the sons of St. Benedict once again to gather round that holy shrine and take up the interrupted strains of the sacred chants of the Church, and restore for the third time to Our Lady her beloved monastery.

THERE has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanction to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite Maiden, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and Holy is His name."

—"Fors Clavigera," Ruskin.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

II.—ON THE ROAD.

BYRNE, being a steady, frugal young fellow, instead of calling a hansom—which at that early hour meant half a crown,—flung his rug on his arm, and, portmanteau in hand, sought an omnibus, which he caught on Euston Road, and lightly clambered to the roof. From this coigne of espial he beheld the elderly, shabby-genteel houses which invariably cling to the neighborhood of railway termini; the smart shops along the Tottenham Court Road,—in nowise smart at this time of morning, all shutters being still up; and, crossing Oxford Street, speedily became engrossed in the magnificent prospect of Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, and venerable Westminster Abbey in the distance.

Arriving at the Strand, of which he had been hearing since his boyhood, depicting it in his very youthful mind's eye as resembling the flat and tawny abode of the cockle at Sandymount, he alighted and, crossing over to the imposing depot at Charing Cross, deposited his *impedimenta*, had a "tupenny wash," and forthwith proceeded in search of breakfast.

After thoroughly satisfying the inner man, and being well posted on London by map—having studied it the night before with the aid of his anxious mother, who knew as much about the bewildering city as of the Desert of Sahara,—he experienced no difficulty in finding Cook's Travel Bureau in Ludgate Circus, where he purchased his return ticket, and sagaciously changed five pounds into rubles to save despoilment at the fron-

tier. He then walked up Ludgate Hill, to the magnificent Cathedral of St. Paul, where he spent a good hour in digesting English history through the medium of the statues and monuments erected to the memory of Britons famed in song and story. Boarding a penny-boat at Blackfriars Bridge, he was swiftly borne to Westminster Stairs, beneath the shadow of Big Ben, the gigantic clock in the tower of the Houses of Parliament. Entering the House of Commons, he became keenly interested in the coming and going and busy eagerness of the occupants of the outer lobby: everybody with an ax to grind, everybody seeking somebody to aid and abet; place-hunters, office-seekers,—all in quest of favors great and small.

As he was amusedly watching the bursting pomposity of an overdressed M. P. engaged in laying down the law to a group of ruddy, agricultural-looking constituents who would not be denied, and of whom he was evidently much ashamed, a gentleman in a grey frock suit, high silk hat, a lordly red rose in his buttonhole, and a card in his hand, asked him:

"Are you Mr. Tweedmouth?"—with a glance at the card as he spoke.

"No, sir," replied Myles, smiling. "I have not the good luck. But I know," he added, "that you are Mr. T. P. O'Connor,—I heard you speak at the Rotunda in Dublin last spring. And I should be enormously obliged if you would pass me into the House. I am in the Hibernian Bank at Dublin, and my name is Myles O'Byrne. This is my first visit to London."

Now, Myles is a very earnest person, who looks you square in the eye, and woos, wins and holds your attention.

"Indeed I will take you in with much pleasure," said Mr. O'Connor; adding, a merry twinkle in his bright, dark eye: "I have a friend who has an account in that bank; but every time he draws on it, it faints, it is so weak. Follow

me! When did you come over? Are you related to the O'Byrnes of Ballybawn? We had *the* O'Byrne of Cabinteely in the House some years ago,—a fine fellow. He represented Wicklow."

And, chatting as he alone knows how, O'Connor led Myles to the inner lobby, and thence into the sacred precincts of the House, courteously pointing out celebrities, while interchanging speech with the numerous members, who each and all had something to say to the ever-popular and charming "Tay Pay," as he is familiarly known at St. Stephen's.

"I have to turn you out now," said the M. P. "That's the 'division' bell, and all strangers must withdraw. When you return safe from the paws of the Russian bear" (Myles had told him of his projected visit to the dominion of the Tsar); "come in and see me *here*, if the House is sitting."

Myles, in common with other visitors, withdrew to the outer lobbies, where he became fascinated by the frescoes and statuary. The white marble statues of Hampden and Falkland, the two heroes of the great Civil War, held him in willing thrall; while that of Henry Grattan literally spellbound him.

"Admiring our glorious countryman, Mr. O'Byrne?" exclaimed the rich, dulcet voice of T. P. O'Connor from behind.

Myles wheeled round to encounter the M. P., accompanied by two ladies attired in the very highest fashion.

"By the way, this young gentleman is on his way to Siberia, Madame. Mr. O'Byrne, I want to present you to Madame de Lacey and Mademoiselle de Lacey."

The elder lady was tall, colorless, and calm of feature. She carried hand glasses, which she invariably waved twice before bringing them up to her dark and searching eyes. Mademoiselle de Lacey was the exact counterpart of her mother, even to the eyeglasses and the waving thereof.

"I hope that you will be pleased with Russia, sir," said Madame.

"I am prepared to be fascinated," answered Myles, with a low bow.

"I am glad to hear you say that. Russia is my country. When do you propose to start and by what route?"

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock, from Charing Cross to catch the North Express at Ostend."

Turning to Mr. O'Connor, she spoke to him rapidly, in a low tone.

"Oh, no objection in life, Madame! O'Byrne, Madame de Lacey has a small parcel she wishes delivered if possible into the hands of her niece. Here's a chance for you, you *spalpeen!*"

"Which I jump at, Mr. O'Connor," retorted Myles.

"Where are you stopping, sir?"

"At present, Madame, nowhere; but I purpose sleeping at Morley's Hotel, where if you will kindly send your parcel, I shall receive it, and I will hold myself accountable for its safe delivery."

"Thanks very much, Mr. O'Byrne! You will find my dear niece as Irish as you are, and full of very flighty ideas as to Ireland's future. How long will you remain in Russia?"

"About six weeks, Madame."

"Oh, absurd!" laughed Mademoiselle. "You could not do St. Petersburg in six weeks. Why, the Hermitage, where there are miles of paintings by the most renowned painters of the world, will take you a week; and then the Winter Palace and Moscow and the fair of Nizhnee-Novgorod! Oh, absurd!"

"Here are your tickets for the ladies' gallery," said Mr. O'Connor, taking an envelope from the hands of a gentleman who came breathlessly forward. "Thanks, McDermott! That's a very remarkable man,"—as Mr. McDermott disappeared into the house. "He has been in prison as many as twenty-seven times, merely for rashly but honestly upholding his convictions,—and a plank bed every time."

"You must not fail to tell my cousin about this gentleman, Mr. O'Byrne," said Mademoiselle. "She will add him to the list of her Irish heroes. Indeed, she acknowledges no other."

"I shall send the parcel—do not be alarmed: it is quite a tiny one—to Morley's Hotel this evening. Thanks! A pleasant trip and *au revoir!*"

"*Au plaisir*, Mr. O'Byrne!" added the younger lady.

"Very nice people," thought Myles as they moved away. "I wonder what this niece is like?"

Crossing Palace Yard in the direction of Westminster Abbey, he chuckled as he thought over this strange turn of the wheel, that not only put him in touch with one of the most popular members of the Irish party and the foremost journalist of the period, but gave him an introduction to a Russian family evidently of light and leading,—a chance not to be met with save in rare circumstances. A right royal beginning; and if luck like this would only stand by him for a little, his trip to the Empire of the Tsar might bear strange and fateful fruit.

Spellbound in the glorious Abbey, every stone, every beam, saturated with the undying glory of the old Faith, he tore himself away; and, stopping for a moment to gaze upon and shake his formidable fist at the statue of Oliver Cromwell, he strolled over to the Foreign Office to obtain his passport; for into Russia no man or woman enters without this official letter of introduction.

At the door of the F. O. Myles was confronted by a bulky commissioner, whose breast was literally covered with medals and decorations, including the much-coveted Victoria Cross.

"Passport, sir? Yes, sir! First turn on the right, sir."

Following instructions, Myles found himself in a very large apartment, furnished with table desks, an inordinate quantity of stationery, and piles of

official flat baskets. Three languid young gentlemen, attired in the highest fashion, in garments fitting like postage stamps lounged at the tables,—one of them engaged in slowly writing with a gigantic, old-fashioned goose quill; the two others gazing vacantly into space through rimless monocles. The two worthies had focused their respective monocles upon O'Byrne, as though they were favoring a waxwork at Madame Tussand's; and then relapsed into a silence broken only by the scratching of the gigantic goose quill, the feathers occasionally obscuring the inane visage of the gentleman engaged in working it.

Considerably amused at first, Myles gazed stolidly in return; but after a few moments patience fretted itself, and he asked, very deliberately:

"Is this the office for issuing foreign passports to British subjects?"

The gentleman attached to the goose quill pointed its affluent plumage in the direction of a printed notice conveying the information that passports for foreign countries were issued between the hours of two and four o'clock.

"I want a passport for Russia."

"Really!" drawled the elder monocle.

"Yes, *really!* I suppose that I can have it before Tibb's Eve?"

"Your name is Tibb?" demanded monocle junior.

"Oh, bother!" said Myles. "Here's my name and occupation and all the rest of it!"—placing his card on the counter, over which he now leaned very much at his ease.

"Really!"

The two monocles took the card in hand; and, after a prolonged conference behind a scarlet screen adorned with the royal arms, emerged, one bearing the card, the other a printed form.

"Would you mind filling this up, Mr. Tibb?"

"Can't you read? That's *my* name!"—pointing to his card. "I know what *yours* is—or ought to be."

"Really?"

After O'Byrne had filled in the form, which the monocles bore away in serious triumph behind the screen, fully a ripe quarter of an hour passed ere his passport was handed to him and he was free to depart; the Right Honorable, the Most Noble Marquis of Salisbury, K. G., requesting that Myles O'Byrne, a British citizen travelling in Russia, should be given all facilities and every protection.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen!" he said to the monocles, who stared sadly. "You have done a good day's work *to-day*, at all events."

Myles now mounted a 'bus, that took him past Whitehall Palace, and the window through which the ill-starred Charles I. moved calmly to the scaffold; past the Horse Guards, the two guards like cast-iron men on cast-iron horses; past the Admiralty and into the Strand; past Somerset House and Temple Bar, into Fleet Street; past the new Law Courts, and the Temple where Oliver Goldsmith rests; and the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, wherein he, together with Dr. Johnson, Steele, Addison, and others of that wondrous galaxy, puffed churchwarden pipes and imbibed beeswinged port; up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Cathedral, into Cheapside; past the Church of Bow,—the fact of being born within sound of its bells constituting the doubtful prestige of Cockneyship; past the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as the Bank of England is facetiously known; past the Mansion House, the residence of the first citizen of London town, the Lord Mayor; past the Royal Exchange, through Lombard Street, the depot and centre of the wealth of the whole wide world; past banks with honored and honorable records of three and four centuries, until he arrived at Great Winchester, the office of the Russian Consul General, where he had a brand-new crisp passport duly *visé* by a pretty-visaged Russian official with a searching and suspicious eye.

Transferring his baggage to Morley's Hotel, Myles turned out for a stride before dinner. Passing up the Haymarket into Piccadilly, through Bond Street to Oxford Street, he arrived at the Marble Arch, and here he beheld Vanity Fair in its fullest swing. Being an Irishman, he knew a horse when he saw a good one; and he reaped the harvest of a quiet eye as the superb equipages passed slowly along in Hyde Park, with their magnificent horses, flashing harnesses, emblazoned servants, elegantly attired occupants; and from beneath the friendly shade of a giant elm enjoyed a spectacle such as London only can display in the height of its glittering and butterfly and Balthasar season.

The manager of the bank having advised Myles to dine while in London at Simpson's on the Strand—for nearly one hundred and fifty years famous for its turbot and saddle of mutton,—he passed down Piccadilly to St. James' Street; gazing with awe at the four "swellest" clubs in the world—Arthur's, Brooks', Boodle's, and White's; down to St. James' Palace; past Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, who was just emerging on foot to cross Pall Mall and enter the Marlborough Club, to which, *on dit*, his Royal Highness was in the habit of having certain elected who had been sagacious and considerate enough to "help him out" on sundry and trying occasions,—the financial times being sadly out of joint.

Pall Mall being "paved with clubs," Myles, guidebook in hand, readily found the Carlton, the stronghold of the Conservative party; and the Reform, that of the Liberals; and the Athenæum, the Bishops' Club, and the Traveller's, of which the following amusing story is told. In order to be eligible for election to the Traveller's, which is about one hundred and fifty years old, the candidate should have already made "the grand tour of Europe." As travelling facilities

became greater, the would-be candidate was compelled to go farther afield; and, later still, to have done something remarkable or eccentric in the way of travel. One candidate, of irreproachable social position and character, was black-balled upon as many as four occasions. On the fifth he was elected, as he had walked around the Dead Sea—*backward*.

Passing along Cockspur Street into the Strand, O'Byrne found himself at the world-renowned Simpson's, in a very large room, old oaken high partitions along the sides, each "box" capable of containing six diners; the tables narrow, the garniture of the very simplest.

An obsequious old waiter, red as to nose, bibulous as to eye, hoarse as to voice, pounced upon Myles.

"Sole, salmon, turbot, h'eels, sir! Saddle, boiled beef, Bath chops!"—standing with his head upon one side, in a respectful, hopeful, expectant attitude.

"Turbot and saddle of mutton," ordered O'Byrne, mindful of the bank manager's "stable tip."

"Right, sir! *You* know how to dine, sir!"—shouting: "Turbot on No. 4; lobster sauce, saddle to follow."

A man in a cook's cap and apron wheeled the turbot up to the table on a sort of triumphal chariot, and, removing the silver cover with a flourish, revealed a large turbot.

"First comer, sir, first slice. A fine fish, sir!" And, with the hand of an expert, he placed a cut upon a red-hot plate, adding a slice of the fin; while the anxious waiter busied himself with the lobster sauce, Irish potatoes and greens.

The repast having fully qualified the bank manager's encomiums, O'Byrne started for a walk to the Oratory at Brompton, where he reverently uttered his *Ave Marias* during Vespers; the service being conducted by Father Sebastian Bowden, at one time a captain in the Grenadier Guards, now an humble priest, seeking with all his heart and soul for the love of God.

Returning to his hotel, Myles found Madame de Lacey's parcel, with a very dainty, polite and grateful little note, a monogram in Russian characters at the left-hand corner.

Amid the crash and bustle of a well-dressed but frenzied crowd, half foreign, all frantically beseeching stolid porters to look to their respective *impedimenta*, my hero carried his own portmanteau, quietly took his place in a first-class compartment; and, selecting a corner seat, his face to the locomotive, prepared to enjoy the two hours' run through the picturesque county of Kent to Dover.

The express flew past Rochester, with its ancient keep and cathedral; the residence of the immortal Charles Dickens, Gadshill, within a mile; past Chatham and its humming dockyard; past Canterbury, alongside the road traversed by Geoffrey Chaucer's historical pilgrims,—the glorious cathedral standing like one of God's sentinels "espying o'er the land"; and through Dover town to the Pier, where a superb steamer—albeit somewhat small, as steamboats are built nowadays,—awaited them; from the deck of which Myles O'Byrne enjoyed a last, lingering look at Dover Castle perched on those white cliffs, so often gazed at with tear-dimmed, agonized eyes by the parting, and with joyful, beaming glances by Britons returning to Merrie England from every clime under the sun.

Four hours' steaming brought the *Leopold* to the jetty at Ostend, where the North Express stood in readiness to bear them via Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Berlin, and Königsberg, to the frontier—Eidkuhnen on the German, and Wilbollen on the Russian side. Myles kept staring out of the windows, being deeply and fervently impressed by the devout evidence of Catholic Belgium in the churches, calvaries, and above all the shrines erected to the honor of our Blessed Lady, abounding on every side; while the tiny little cemeteries planted

with crosses, at this season festooned with garlands of roses, filled the heart of the young man with the ever-prayerful *Ave Maria*.

To his great disappointment, he missed even a peep at Cologne's noble cathedral, as the train sped past in the night; and Berlin was lost to him in consequence of his oversleeping himself.

The journey was simply uneventful, the travellers for the most part being composed of German and French commercial men, who slept all day except at meals; and a slight sprinkling of Russians, lard-complexioned, silent and observant. At ten o'clock on the second night Eidkuhnen was reached, and in ten minutes the frontier was passed. The travellers alighted at Wilbollen, where the grim Russian officials of the Customs warily and stolidly awaited them.

(To be continued.)

Nantucket Notes.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

IT is written—but so faintly that one can hardly read it with the naked eye—that five centuries before Columbus braved the unknown sea in quest of a new world two Norsemen coasted down the North American continent on a voyage of discovery. They gave names to bays, rivers, inlets, islands; and among the latter was Nanticon, long since better known as Nantucket.

Nantucket is doubtless an Indian word, but its meaning is not certain. Probably neither Lief nor Bjorne Herjulfson, those daring navigators from the far North, ever dreamed of it; indeed, we are not sure that they ever saw the island and named it Nanticon. The map-makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries spelled Nantucket in a dozen different ways. The name may mean "The Place of the Hills"—though

the hills are the merest hillocks; or it may mean "It is heard," or "It is sounding"—that is the sea or the shoals of the sea. There are legends concerning other Norsemen who may or may not have passed that way. One fact is evident—they did not settle in Nanticon. The oldest inhabitant was doubtless the "noble red man." From the Col. Mass. Hist. Soc., Vol. V., I quote the following:

"In former times, a great many moons ago, a bird, extraordinary for its size, used often to visit the south shore of Cape Cod, and carry from thence in its talons a vast number of small children. Maushope, who was an Indian giant, as fame reports, resided in these parts. Enraged at the havoc among the children, he, on a certain time, waded into the sea in pursuit of the bird, till he had crossed the sound and reached Nantucket. Before Maushope forded the sound, the island was unknown to the red men. Maushope found the bones of the children under a large tree. He then, wishing to smoke his pipe, ransacked the island for tobacco; but finding none, he filled his pipe with poke—a weed which the Indians sometimes used as a substitute. Ever since this memorable event fogs have been frequent on the Cape. In allusion to this tradition, when the aborigines observed a fog rising they would say: 'There comes old Maushope's smoke!'"

That is the story as the earliest English settlers heard it.

Soon after the settlement of the island by the English, an attempt was made to convert the Indians, and they all became nominal Christians. But in 1763-64 they were ravished by disease, and more than half the tribe was swept away. In 1822 the sole survivor paid the debt of nature; the camp fire burned out forever, and the folklore of the aborigines has been suffered to pass into oblivion. They have left us nothing save an ample store of Indian appellations as picturesque and expressive as the poetry

of Nature's children is ever bound to be.

The records of the early navigators, with rare exceptions, are as evasive as "ships that pass in the night." For example, it is expressly stated that Bartholomew Gosnold, famous in his day, was the first white man to discover Nantucket. Of course we are looking upon the alleged discovery by the Norsemen as a myth. Captain Gosnold, in 1602, sailed from England with a number of passengers bound for Virginia, with the intention of settling there. On that voyage he discovered and named Cape Cod and Nantucket.

Bancroft the historian says: "Doubling Cape Cod and passing Nantucket, they again landed on a little island now known as 'No Man's Land.'" This would seem to imply that Gosnold had been in those waters before, knew that Nantucket was an island, and also knew it by its name. One historian looks in vain for any definite record of the island from the time of its discovery in 1602 until 1641, when it was deeded to Thomas Mayhew and son. Another writes of a war among the Indians, and adds that the island was covered with forest trees, mostly oaks; and that it was repeatedly visited during the early part of the seventeenth century. Still another historian observes: "The first Englishman to leave a distinct record of Nantucket was Captain Dermer, who was there in 1620; though Weymouth probably became entangled among Nantucket shoals in 1605." Is this not the romance of history? Listen!

Toward the close of the year 1659 a small, open boat, containing two men, a woman and six children, put out from the village of Salisbury and made for the open sea. They were bound for an island of which they knew nothing, save that it lay yonder on the rim of the horizon and was inhabited by Indians. The way was long, the weather threatening; they had to traverse two hundred watery miles in an open boat that was

overladen, and when the wind increased to a gale the woman of the party implored her husband to return to land. This husband, Thomas Macy, having put his hand to the helm, would not turn back; and, according to the historian, he struck a proper attitude and said: "Woman, go below and seek thy God! I fear not the witches on earth nor the devils in hell." Now, if this valiant captain had paused to consider his words, he would have realized where he was sending his wife, and perhaps have given her another address,—for there was no "below" in that boat. Had he been a seafaring man, it may be that he would have put back and awaited fairer weather before risking the lives of his wife and family. Thomas Macy was a weaver by trade; his mate on this adventurous voyage was Edward Starbuck, a yeoman. Macy had left his home in Salisbury "because he could not, in justice to the dictates of his own conscience, longer submit to the tyranny of the clergy and those in authority."

After a tempestuous passage they arrived in Nantucket, where they were kindly received by the Indians, of whom there were about three thousand living there. These Indians aided them in preparing winter quarters; and thus Thomas Macy and his family may be called the first white settlers of Nantucket, though other whites had visited the island before his time.

The poet Whittier, in his poem "The Exiles," refers to Macy's flight in a light wherry, taking his wife and children to the wilds of Nantucket in order to escape the persecutions of the Puritans. But Mr. Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, Massachusetts, an acknowledged authority on the history of Nantucket, says: "That our ancestors fled from persecution to enjoy on the island that civil and religious liberty the colony of the Massachusetts Bay denied them, is very pretty poetry, but an

historical absurdity." Joshua Coffin, the historian, adds: "It will perhaps be new to some people to know that Thomas Macy went back from Nantucket and lived in Salisbury again, and sold his land, house, and so forth, in Nantucket."

Shall we believe any or all of these statements? How shall we decide which of the presumed authorities is the most trustworthy? Oh, how much easier it is to write fiction than to sift facts and string them together!

All the islands fringing the New England coast were claimed by England. In 1641 Lord Sterling, acting for the English Government, deeded Nantucket to Thomas Mayhew "for a consideration." In 1659 Mayhew deeded the island to "the Ten Original Purchasers" for the sum of thirty pounds sterling, and two hats—one for himself and one for his wife.

The names of these original ten are worth recording; for they are the names of the first families of Nantucket, the blue-bloods; and they are the names most frequently heard in the island to-day. They are: Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Christopher Hussey, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain, William Pile, and Thomas Mayhew.

Each of the foregoing chose an associate with whom to settle the island. These were: Tristram Coffin, Jr.; John Smith, Robert Pike, Robert Barnard, Thomas Coleman, Edward Starbuck, Nathanael Starbuck, Thomas Look, James Coffin, Thomas Mayhew, Jr.

They settled the island. Tristram Coffin had nine children; of these five sons and two daughters married. Of the married sons and daughters, Peter became the father of nine children; Tristram, Jr., the father of ten, and when he died he left one hundred and seventy-five descendants. James was the father of fourteen, Lieutenant John of eleven, and Stephen of ten. The two daughters,

Mary Starbuck and Elizabeth Greenleaf, were each the mother of ten children.

It is said that some summer visitors once sought board and lodging at a certain house in Nantucket. The house, which was crowded at the time, chanced to be next door to one occupied by a Coffin family. The applicants were not a little startled upon being told that they could take their meals at that house, but they would have to "sleep in the Coffins"!

In 1765 William Rotch built the first ship ever owned at Nantucket. She was called the *Neptune* and was commanded by Nathan Coffin. She sailed on her first voyage to London with a load of spermaceti oil, and was followed by the *Bedford* and *Dartmouth* in 1772, also the *Beaver*. The *Beaver* and the *Dartmouth* were the ships that brought the famous cargoes of tea into Boston harbor; and after the tea party on December 16, 1773, they returned to Nantucket and were fitted out as whalers and sent to the Brazil Banks. As for the *Bedford*, as soon as the War of the Revolution was ended and peace had been declared, she was loaded with oil at Nantucket, dispatched to London, and had the honor of being the first vessel to hoist the American flag in any British port—February 3, 1783.

Reuben Chase was born at Nantucket in 1754. He was an able seaman at the age of twenty; shipped with Paul Jones in the *Ranger*, and was in action in foreign waters; shipped in the *Alliance*, which carried Lafayette to France in 1779; was midshipman on the *Bon Homme Richard* during her engagement with the *Serapis*, his conduct evoking the commendation of her commander, Captain Paul Jones; was at sea for six years, and during these he was chiefly engaged in privateering; then settled down to a captaincy in packet ships or whalers, and died at Nantucket in 1824. He was six feet four inches in height, and, as "Long Tom Coffin," has become

known to the world through the fascinating pages of Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Pilot."

Reziah Folger, daughter of Daniel and Abigail Folger, was born October 9, 1723. She married John Coffin, built a mansion in town and a house in the country. I say *she* did it, for she was evidently the head of both houses. She was a woman of extraordinary business ability; she owned many ships in the merchant service; was suspected of lending assistance to the British during the Revolution, and also of practising smuggling on a pretty extensive scale; for this she was tried and acquitted in Watertown, Massachusetts. She is the heroine of a novel by Colonel J. C. Harte, entitled "Miriam Coffin; or, The Whale Fishermen." She came to a sudden and unromantic end by falling downstairs, March 29, 1790. Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter and Mary Folger, born August 15, 1667, married Josiah Franklin of Boston, and became the mother of Benjamin Franklin.

As for the Indians, they vanished, as they always vanish, at the approach of the Pale Face. Their lands were purchased from them by the settlers, and paid for in rations of tobacco and whiskey. The whites and the redskins seem to have gotten on pretty well together; though the redskins, who are the natural rovers of the forest and the prairie, had, under the new régime, to toe the mark.

William Root Bliss, in his "Quaint Nantucket," presents many curious facts relating to the Indians of the island. There was an Indian preacher named Steven who was accused of stealing a barrel and seven gallons of oil; the court gave Steven the option of paying five pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence or serving Richard Gardner—from whom he stole the oil—four whole years.

They were much given to strong drink, and were in the habit of going over to Tuckernuck, where they could indulge

in excesses; for Tuckernuck was not yet under the jurisdiction of Nantucket. Rum was given to Indians in payment for services rendered; and then they were fined, pilloried, imprisoned, whipped on the naked back, or branded with a red-hot iron, for doing acts which they might not have done had they not been under the influence of liquor.

In 1665 King Philip, the sachem, landed at Nantucket with a little company of warriors. He was in search of a culprit who had sought refuge there. The authorities, fearing a disturbance, threatened to kill him and exterminate his people if they did not at once retire. They retired.

Obed Macy, in his history of the island says: "From the best information that can be obtained, ten persons have been hanged on the island since it was settled by the English. They were all native Indians, and the crime of each was murder. The first execution of which we have any particular account took place in 1704, the last in 1769."

The last full-blooded Indian died in 1822. Abram Quarry, a half-breed, died in 1854, at the age of eighty-two. In the Athenæum Library hangs a fine oil portrait of this half-breed; the face is mournful and thoughtful, and seems to tell the sad story of his tribe. In him perished the last drop of Indian blood on the island of Nantucket. History says for many years Quarry dwelt in a small house on Abram's Point, a short distance up the harbor. During the latter part of his life he was summoned to appear in court to answer the charge of shooting at a man who was digging for relics near his house, on land which was once an Indian burial ground. He admitted the act and said: "The man came to disturb the bones of my ancestors, and I fired at him. If he or any other man comes again for the same purpose, I shall kill him." After being cautioned, he was discharged. He was the last of his race.

Nantucket was at first a part of New York. That was when a portion of it was conveyed to Tristram Coffin and Thomas Macy; the consideration was "four barrels of merchantable codfish to be delivered in New York annually." An act of Parliament in 1692 transferred all the islands purchased by Mayhew in 1641 to Massachusetts Province.

Says Sarah Winthrop Smith, in her "Sketch of the Physiography and Botany of Nantucket": "Nantucket is an island belonging to Massachusetts, but in its physical constitution does not belong to New England. It is a portion of New Jersey thrust up into New England, and really belongs to the coast line extending west and south. One finds evidences of glacial action in every walk. Arctic shells on Sankoty Cliff and Academy Hill are certainly a glacial deposit." In geological times, according to Wyer, Nantucket was covered with a great ice-sheet. The action of the glacial period is plainly marked upon its physiography. These glacial evidences prove that the island is a terminal moraine.

The first lighthouse built in America stood on Brant Point, Nantucket; and was for forty-five years supported by the merchants of the town.

(To be continued.)

 To Lionel Johnson.

BY RODERICK GILL.

CAME one with flaming torch to guide us round
 The mazéd galleries of a midnight hall,
 Whose tapestries with storied forms abound,
 With armor, plate and faded flowers for all.
 Now fell his light upon some poet's wreath
 Or dingier crown of jewels: now on swords
 And poniards bloody in their velvet sheath;
 Now on a jester's wand, and now a lord's.
 At times betwixt this ancient pageantry
 Some casement showed the starlit seas outspread,
 Or thunder crashed its mountain revelry
 Or lutes were heard—hushed now the torch is dead.

The Mysterious Mr. Berger.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

ONE beautiful morning in May, 1877, the door of a small house in the environs of the Dutch village of H— was seen to open and a fine-looking gentleman appeared on the threshold. Casting his eyes toward the hamlet, he remained motionless for a few moments; then, turning his back upon it, he began to walk in the opposite direction.

This gentleman had come to the place a few months before. All that was known of him was that he had arrived from Germany, accompanied by three persons—his sister and two domestics. The three last named attended Mass regularly, but the master of the household had never been seen to enter a church. If he had been a Protestant, nothing would have been thought of this circumstance; but the rumor having gone abroad that he was an unfaithful Catholic, the simple and pious folk of the village were as anxious to avoid his company as he seemed desirous of shunning theirs.

On this bright morning the stranger walked slowly in the direction of the convent which stood in the middle of a large and beautiful garden, at the extremity of which was a miniature Grotto of Lourdes, always open to the devotion of the public, and very much frequented by the people of the neighborhood. When he reached the spot, his attention was drawn to the sound of a human voice in fervent and tearful prayer. It was that of a woman in distress, and this was the burden of her supplication:

“O Holy Mother of God, hear the prayer of a poor mother! You also had a Son for whom you shed many tears. Ah! you know the depth and breadth of the anxieties of a mother for her orphan

children—” The rest was lost in sobs. Mr. Berger advanced a few steps. On her knees in front of the statue a poor woman stretched forth her supplicating hands, tears falling from her sunken eyes, hollowed by poverty and care.

She rose immediately, having heard him approach. Recognizing him at once, she was seized with apprehension, fearful that this irreligious man would make light of her devotion. But much to her surprise, he extended a kindly hand and said to her, in a sympathetic voice:

“My good woman, I have heard your prayer. Tell me your troubles. Perhaps the Mother of God, who sometimes uses human means to answer her clients, has sent me to you in order to aid you with regard to your children. Tell me what is wrong with them. I shall be glad to assist them by every means in my power.”

What! This strange, silent mysterious man, who avoided everybody, whom everybody avoided,—could it be that the Blessed Virgin had sent him to her in her need? She looked into his calm, serene eyes, filled with compassion and benevolence, and wondered whether he had not been calumniated. Surely such a clear, untroubled gaze could not belong to a renegade and unbeliever. With a feeling of confidence inspired by that gentle, kindly face, the woman replied:

“Mr. Berger, you do not know me, and I had taken the resolution to confide my troubles to Heaven alone. But I feel that I must be frank with you. Perhaps it is the will of God that I should confide my anxieties to you. Five years ago I lost my husband. He was so ambitious, he had worked so hard, and we had already begun to make plans for our daughter Trine and our little Klaus. Unfortunately, he fell ill and died. All our savings went to pay the doctor and the funeral expenses. I redoubled my efforts, aided by my good daughter—little Klaus being still at school,—and we were not so badly

off as I had feared we should be. But now there is something else: yes, two new crosses seem to menace us. Little Klaus has finished the village school and he wishes—he has always wished—”

The humble peasant woman hesitated, blushed, fumbled with her apron, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

The gentleman waited a moment, then said, encouragingly:

“He wishes to—?”

“It is a presumption, sir, perhaps,” she said, “but he has set his heart on becoming a priest.”

“Is he pious?” inquired Mr. Berger.

“Pious! He prays night and morning like an angel. I am poor,” she went on: “I can not pay his expenses, even if he would be received. And Klaus weeps night and day, refusing to eat and drink, because he can not study the things he is so anxious to learn in order that one day he may become a priest. I do not know what I shall do.”

“Send your little Klaus to me,” said Mr. Berger, after a moment’s reflection. “I will see if I can not do something for him. And now pray what is your other cross?”

“Trine my daughter has been asked in marriage by John Klarsen, whom she has known for a long time. He has a fine farm and has asked for Trine’s hand several times, but I can not give my consent.”

“And why, my good woman? Does your daughter not like the young man?”

“She likes him very much.”

“It seems to me, then, that you are unwise in rejecting his addresses. Will you not tell me your objection?”

“I do not like to tell you, Mr. Berger. It might offend you.”

“No, not at all. How could it? Speak to me with perfect freedom.”

“Well, Klarsen is not a religious man. For a long time he has been reading infidel books lent to him by a comrade with whom he served his three years in the Conscription; and lately he has

ceased going to church altogether. Indeed, he has been heard to ridicule holy things. It would be impossible for me to give my Trine to such a man.”

“Not if he promised never to meddle with her own faith? She might in time convert him, you know.”

“It would be too great a risk, my dear sir. Sooner would Trine and I endure any poverty than take such a risk. We could not do it.”

The gentleman regarded the woman with silent admiration, which she, in her trepidation, mistook for reproach.

“O sir!” she exclaimed, “forgive me if I have said anything of which you do not approve, as no doubt I have—if all reports be true. But my faith and that of my children is the dearest thing in the world to me. I dare not place it in jeopardy.”

“You have not offended me,” was the reply. “On the contrary, nothing that I have heard in a long time has pleased me so much as this evidence that firm and steadfast faith still exists in the hearts of the Dutch people. For as you are, so must your compatriots be.”

“I trust in God they are,” said the woman, fervently. “How could any Catholic feel otherwise?”

“Send your little Klaus to me,” continued the stranger. “I pledge you my word not to tamper with his faith or morals in any way. On the other hand, I may be able to further his desires.”

“Thank God and His Holy Mother!” said the happy woman. “I will send him, as you request. After all, you can not be an enemy to religion, or you would not do this.”

“I am not an enemy to religion,” answered Mr. Berger, with a smile. “I hope soon to convince you of the fact.”

With these words he departed.

II.

The next morning Mr. Berger was walking up and down his modest sitting-room, wrapped in deep thought, from which he was finally roused by a

exile. And I pray you to pardon, and I ask the same grace of your parishioners, the seeming scandal given during the first period of my residence among you. My strange conduct was necessary in order that I might guard my secret and direct my diocese without inconvenience. I beg that you will accept for yourself and will convey to your people the blessing of old Mr. Berger—

✠ JEAN BERNARD BRINKMANN,
Bishop of Münster.

MÜNSTER, Feb. 18, 1884.

Many of our readers are doubtless ignorant of the fact that during the Kulturkampf the Bishop of Münster, confessor of the Faith, went into exile across the Dutch frontier. He was obliged to conceal the place of his sojourn, his position, and his real name, in order to be able to hold correspondence with his diocesans. No doubt he adopted the name of Berger from its meaning, which in French is *shepherd*; as, though absent from them, he truly remained the faithful shepherd of his flock. In order still further to disguise his identity, he did not attend the parish church, but daily celebrated Mass in the private chapel which he had arranged in his home. To guard against compromising the *curé*, he had preserved the same secrecy with him as with the parishioners. Later, when he felt confident that he had found a place of safety, he became satisfied that his excessive solitude might become a cause of suspicion; so he began to frequent the church and mingle in the devotions of the peasants; on occasions of great feasts omitting his private Mass and going to Holy Communion with the faithful.

To this day the memory of Mgr. Jean Bernard Brinkmann is cherished in that little Dutch village; and the mourning of the people was deep and universal when it was announced, some years later, that God had called the holy prelate to Himself.

Quatre-Vingt-Quatorze.

A WAGON, heavily laden, was stalled in the middle of a rutty road. The driver, a strong and powerful man, was using every effort to extricate it,—that is, every effort known to charioteers of his class: blows of the whip on the knees of the horses, oaths without number, loud, deep and horrible; but all to no purpose: the horses refused to budge. The blows grew more violent, the imprecations more frightful; the man stamping about, his face purple, his eyes bloodshot, his lips livid with rage.

Suddenly a meek-looking priest came upon the scene; his soul shrinking at the blasphemies proceeding from the mouth of one of God's creatures.

"My dear man," he said in the gentlest accents to the angry peasant, "I am not astonished that you can accomplish nothing. Pardon me!—you are a Christian, are you not?"

"Well, yes, Father, I claim to be one," replied the man, rather embarrassed.

"In your anxiety about your horses it is likely you have forgotten it," said the priest; "otherwise you would never have been willing to offend the good God so deeply. Do not swear and everything will go well. Come now, I am going to help you."

The peasant once more began his work with the horses, the priest assisting him; but the man, to whom cursing and swearing had become second nature, resumed his oaths and imprecations.

"Oh, no!" said the priest, in the same gentle voice. "Nothing can be accomplished by such conduct."

"But if I don't do it the horses will never stir," answered the man.

"Let me try by myself," said the priest, "and you will see."

The man growled something. The priest took the whip from his hand and, cracking it with great noise through the air, cried out in a powerful voice:

"Get up, *Quatre-vingt-quatorze!*"

The words had a magical effect. The horses lifted their feet from the mud, the wagon creaked and moved, the first step was taken. In a few moments the bad place lay behind, while priest and driver walked, well satisfied, beside the team.

"Now you see, my friend," said the priest, returning the whip, with that rarely beautiful smile which so distinguished his benevolent face,—“you see everything goes better when one does not use profane language. Just choose some sonorous word—no matter what, so that it be not an imprecation; crack your whip loudly in the air instead of upon the horses' knees, and you will not offend the good God, while your horses will go without any trouble.”

Since that time, the good missionary who told this story went on to relate, the laborers in that parish spur on their beasts, and that effectually, with the magical *Quatre-vingt-quatorze*. The priest was the venerable Don Bosco.

Praise of the Blessed Virgin by a Presbyterian.

SOMEWHERE among our books is a small catechism of the Presbyterian religion, published twenty years or more ago. It has been a burden to our memory all this time. We would not quote the answer it gives to the question, “Who was the Virgin Mary?” though it is well remembered. Putting the book aside with a shudder, we said to ourselves, ‘Some day, please God, they will know better!’ Last week we received from an esteemed friend in Dayton, Ohio, a report of a sermon on “Mary: Reasons why the Christian World should Revere Her Name,” by the Rev. Dr. M. E. Wilson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. The text is, “But Mary kept all these things pondering them in her heart”; and the concluding words are “Hail, Mary! Blessed art thou among women!” Every reader of THE

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There is one paragraph of this remarkable sermon which we must quote entire. Although it contains calumnies a thousand times refuted, there is evidence that at long last even ultra-Protestants have begun to realize the Blessed Virgin’s incomparable dignity,—that veneration for the Mother goes with true worship of the Son:

But because one church has exalted Mary to a place that the Gospels never claim for her is no reason why others should utterly neglect her memory or be fearful of ever mentioning her name. Does honor for Christ forbid a proper honor for His Mother? Can it be necessary to suppress all the sweet idyl of a mother’s love

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and sacrifice in order to exhibit the greatness of her son? Would Christ Himself have pardoned this tacit contempt put upon His Mother on the ground that we sought by that contempt to exalt His separate and sublime dignity? But this is, in truth, a case in which extreme theological prejudices have done injury both to truth and right feeling. The Protestant has seen Mary advanced to even more than equality with her Son; and in his revolt from what is little less than idolatry he has grown shy of mentioning the name of Mary at all. Yet is she blessed forever among women; yet is her character so full of grace and charm that the world has little to compare with it; yet is the story of her love for her Son an idyl of motherhood so sweet and noble that it has sown the heart of generations with the seeds of a thousand tender and reverent thoughts. The Protestant need not worship Mary, but he should at least honor her. He may justly resent Mariolatry, but he is bound to reverence the Woman who carried the Hope of the world in her bosom. The same Holy Ghost who prepared the Son for His redeeming mission prepared the Mother for her sacred motherhood; and the same lips that address the Son as "My Lord and my God!" may also cry, "Hail, Mary! Blessed art thou among women!"

Dr. Wilson would not, we think, knowingly bear false witness against the Church. He has yet to learn that to "the most numerous body of Christians" Mary is—ever has been—regarded as a creature; and that they pay supreme worship only to God. It ill becomes those who on their own confession have hitherto 'utterly neglected the memory of Mary,' have even been guilty of 'tacit contempt of Christ's Mother,' to accuse Catholics of 'exalting Mary to a place that the Gospels never claim for her.' As if there were any danger of honoring too much one whom the Almighty honored so highly!

It is a very exalted place that the Gospels claim for Mary. St. Matthew relates that when the Wise Men from the East (our forefathers in the faith) came to Bethlehem, "they saw the young Child with Mary His Mother, and fell down and worshiped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold and frankincense and myrrh." (We quote

from the Oxford Bible, a fair copy of which lies before us.) A moment's reflection on this passage ought to be enough to make any one realize the exalted mediatorship of the Blessed Virgin. By her the Infant Messiah was presented to the Wise Men for their adoration, and through her their gifts were offered to Him and accepted. Is it not plain that Christ would have His followers approach Him through the same medium by whom He came to them? If it be said that when Our Lord began His public life His Mother is lost sight of in the Gospel narrative, be it remembered that dying on the Cross even an Apostle was committed to her as a child to its mother. The Redeemer, indeed, as He expired exclaimed, "It is consummated!" thereby declaring that the price of Redemption had been paid; the sacrifice of propitiation offered; the meritorious cause of all subsequent effects fully established. Yet much remained to be accomplished, else why should He have spent forty days more in laying the foundations of His Church? Why send His Holy Spirit to teach the Apostles "all truth," and enable them to be "witnesses unto Him even to the uttermost part of the earth"?

Surely the most suitable instrument in consummating those effects of Christ's Redemption which still remained unaccomplished was the Blessed Virgin, who represents to us the most stupendous miracle that the world has ever witnessed. Already "full of grace," she shared the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, and was left on earth to bear witness to Christ and to co-operate in the work of His Apostles. Because He is adored, praised and loved throughout the world, still is His Mother honored, venerated and invoked by all who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

It was correspondence to grace which was Mary's grandest grace.—*Faber.*

Notes and Remarks.

The Arbitration Commission appointed to consider the grievances of the miners of Pennsylvania seem to be doing their work with a thoroughness which leaves nothing to be desired. Much of the later testimony is of a kind to impress the country very strongly against the operators and in favor of the strikers,—indeed, some of the reports submitted to the Commission could hardly be surpassed in the quality of pathos. No one doubts the far-reaching importance of whatever decision will be arrived at by the arbitrators; hence it is reassuring to know that they are profoundly impressed with the solemnity of their office. Recently Dr. Rice, one of the independent operators who had testified before the Commission a short time previously, died rather suddenly; and in expressing the regret of his colleagues, the chairman of the Commission, Judge Gray, said: "It should be a reminder to us all that in these controversies, necessarily attended with some acrimony, we should keep in view the shortness of our lives and the certainty with which we must all appear before that Great Tribunal which will do exact justice to all."

If all the diamonds held in storage were put on the market, they might be worn by almost everyone. Rare as gratitude is supposed to be, and in spite of what the cynics say, we feel sure there is more of this beautiful virtue in the world than it is credited with. Many grateful hearts have no way of showing what they feel, and many are deterred from expressing gratitude through fear of not being able to do so fittingly. A striking instance of benefits long remembered and of gratitude admirably expressed was afforded during the holidays by Col. George S. Beck, of Reading, Pa. In a gracious letter

addressed to the Sisters of Charity in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital, he states that thirty years ago he was a poverty-stricken victim of yellow fever in a Brazilian port, thousands of miles from home,—a friendless stranger among people of whose language he was ignorant and with whose religion he was not in sympathy. But he was kindly received at a hospital of the same sisterhood, and nursed back to health and strength. Meantime he has prospered, and, in grateful remembrance of the charity shown him, he has fitted out two fever wards in St. Joseph's Hospital. The benefaction is graciously referred to as "a small interest instalment." Admitting that gratitude is rare and that benefits are easily forgotten, it must be said of Col. Beck that he finds it easier to remember them.

"Moral illiteracy" is not a happy collocation for such an artist in felicitous phrase as the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis; however, we can condone the expression for the sake of the wise counsel that went with it. Speaking at the recent Convocation of the University of Chicago, Dr. Hillis said:

No republic was ever great that represented moral illiteracy. We send our children to Sunday-school, where incompetent teachers for fifteen minutes try to inculcate moral lessons. The father of a family is willing to be a tailor for his boys, the mother is willing to be a cook; but when it comes to giving any moral and religious education to the children, both withdraw and leave it to any one who will attempt it. This law carried out for one generation brings us to the pitiful condition of moral illiteracy in which we find ourselves.

We welcome Dr. Hillis to the distinguished and ever-increasing company of those who have witnessed for the religious training of children; but we are at a loss to know how else than through denominational schools his wishes can be realized. "The greatest weakness of this nation is the lack of religious instruction of the young." Very true; but the sectarian clergymen make no

effort toward supplying the want; the "incompetent" Sunday-school-teachers admittedly do not supply it in the weekly fifteen minutes; the average parent is even more incompetent, and obviously less willing, than the Sunday-school-teacher. Where, then, except in the schoolroom can the training be imparted? And how can it be imparted there except by a reformation in our whole school system? Yet, in spite of many sectarian pronouncements vaguely advocating the religious training of children, we seldom find a sectarian clergyman of prominence speaking out plainly for a denominational school system such as obtains in England.

The State of New Hampshire signaled the closing days of the year 1902 by removing from her statute-books the last traces of anti-Catholic legislation left over from the strenuous days of old. New Hampshire is by no means the only State in which a Catholic is shut out from high office by theological ropes; but in New Hampshire no Catholic was even legally qualified to hold office until 1876. And until the 17th ult. a clause in the New Hampshire Bill of Rights read thus: "Legislature may authorize the several towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies within this State to make adequate provision at their own expense for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion and morality." Until a few days ago, therefore, any town in New Hampshire could have had an authorized and official religion, provided only that religion were not Catholic. The word "Protestant" has now been stricken from the clause.

It is perhaps true, as the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* suggests, that the rarity of leprosy in Europe and America is one reason why there is no general realization of the part leprosy plays in

the charitable offices of the Church throughout the world. The number of lepers in British India is 150,000; in Burmah, 30,000; in New Caledonia, 4,000; in Egypt, 2,000; in Columbia, South America, 18,000. In China lepers are said to be "innumerable," and large numbers of them are to be found in the West Indies, the Canaries, Madagascar, Ceylon, Tonkin, Cochin China, Persia, Siberia, Algeria, and a few considerable colonies in the United States. "Indeed there is scarcely a foreign mission in any of the continents," says our missionary contemporary, "that has not to make provision, often on a very large scale, for the physically repulsive, though spiritually beautiful, work of caring for these outcasts of humanity,—these 'despised and most abject of men,'—these men 'struck by God and afflicted,' to whom our Blessed Lord in prophecy deigned to compare Himself, and whom He ever treated with special kindness."

A letter from our correspondent at Kalawao informs us that leprosy is decreasing in the Hawaiian Islands. Some years ago the number of segregated lepers on Molokai amounted to 1200, now there are only about 800. And it is claimed that all lepers in Hawaii are now closely gathered. Furthermore, the disease is of a very much milder form than it was eight or ten years ago.

The Rt. Rev. James Laird Patterson, titular Bishop of Emmaus, who passed to his reward at the close of the year, was a prelate of more than local repute. Associated in his youth with Newman, he followed that great leader into the Church in 1850; and after four years of study in Rome was elevated to the priesthood. In those days Dr. Patterson was an eloquent and dynamic preacher, with a reputation for delicate literary taste and peculiar conversational charm. It was he who managed the difficult Errington case in Rome for Cardinal Wiseman. In 1880 the See of Northamp-

ton became vacant, and Dr. Patterson was consecrated bishop by Cardinal Manning. Ill health, however, prevented him from assuming the duties of the episcopal office. His dominant characteristic—one commonly met with in converts who are not inclined to insubordination—was a sensitive loyalty to the Holy See. Indeed, he stood so very straight that it might be said he almost leaned over backward in this matter. His scholarship was acknowledged with considerable enthusiasm even by those who never forgave him for becoming a Catholic. *R. I. P.*

It has been somewhat of a surprise to us that Catholic journals, in England especially, have had so little to say about the late John Hungerford Pollen, who, besides being among the first and most prominent of the Oxford converts, was an accomplished artist and man of letters. He was an intimate friend of Thackeray, Aubrey de Vere, Rossetti, William Morris, and other celebrated authors and artists. Besides publishing several books of much value, he contributed frequently to the *Saturday Review*, "Chambers' Cyclopædia," and other publications. He concerned himself almost wholly with art, but his books include an account of the terrible outbreak of cholera while he was residing at Leeds. At that time he was an Anglican parson, and showed much devotion.

The *Athenæum* testifies warmly to Mr. Pollen's sincere and honorable character, his numerous accomplishments and considerable learning, his excellence and generosity as a friend, and his unfailing diligence as a student. To the same journal Mr. W. Tuckwell contributes personal reminiscences of the eminent "Newmanite." We make room for an extract:

An early captivated Newmanite, he had yet remained steadfast when his master fled; but the Gorham judgment told on him as on many more. We were all prepared for his secession, nor surprised

to read in the *Times* one day that he had joined the Church of Rome.... I can not even now without a pang recall that ancient time. These men, with such as shared their voluntary exile, were the flower of the Anglican as of the Oxford flock; no one can estimate their loss to the University, to the Church [the Establishment], and in most cases, through the consequent narrowing of their careers, to the community. Men of note remained, but the heart had gone out of the Movement: it became decadent and superficial; declined, as Liddon used sadly to acknowledge and bewail, from aspirations to observances; its beneficent constructive side, its exuberant energy, unworldly mysticism, studious enthusiasm, colossal erudition, passionate self-devotion, passed into channels not shaped and not available for their distribution. When I compare some "skipping" clerics of to-day, exhaling themselves in unproductive locomotion, confessing sadly or defiantly that they have no time to read, and by consequence uninstructed, confident, and commonplace, with the race of giants whom—*progenies vitiosior*—they have succeeded, I feel how fearful a gift, in religion as in politics, is the possession of commanding influence. "Bad men," says a great satirist, "are bad, do the bad, go to the bad, and there is an end of them; but who shall measure the abiding mischief which a very good man can do?"

The men who write the humorous paragraphs assure us that the process of "naming the baby" is often one of storm and stress; the effort to gratify the pride of relatives and to evolve a suitable and euphonious cognomen at the same time often proving too much for the ingenuity of the family council. The process of changing the infant's name when the first choice was unfortunate seems to be equally embarrassing; at least our Protestant Episcopal friends are finding it so. More than three hundred years ago their swaddling sect was named, but it has undergone so many changes since then as to seem a new entity and to deserve a new name. One large section of its membership wants it to be called "Catholic," another equally large and earnest thinks it ought still to be called "Protestant." It has remained for a lady in Michigan, hailing from the town of Coldwater, to suggest "Protestant Catholic" as a suitable title. "The appellation would

accord with the policy of the Episcopal Church to please all parties, no matter how opposite in belief." A Protestant Catholic Church! Thus simply is the reunion of Christendom effected. We shall have no difficulty after this in believing in a benevolent blizzard or a sedentary Will o' the Wisp.

Catholics in many lands have good reason to remember gratefully and prayerfully the late Dr. Woodlock, formerly Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise; for he shared with the memorable Father Hand the honor and the difficulty of founding the missionary college of All Hallows, which has sent good priests to almost every section of the world. On his own country, too, he had claims to special gratitude; for it was he who introduced the beneficent Society of St. Vincent de Paul into Ireland; and when Dr. Newman resigned the rectorship of the Catholic University in 1861, Dr. Woodlock was chosen to succeed him. In 1879 he was consecrated Bishop of the united sees of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, which he resigned after sixteen years of fruitful labor, to spend his last days at All Hallows; Those who knew him best were most impressed with his deep piety, his tireless activity, and the childlike simplicity of his life. *R. I. P.*

Statistics are not infallible, but they are the best means available for the study of current tendencies in social, political and religious life. It must, therefore, arouse concern to be told that the number of suicides during the year just closed exceeds that of the preceding year by a thousand. On account of the prosperous condition of the country, presumably, the proportion of suicides attributable to business reverses is smaller than hitherto; but the number arising from disappointed affection and marital unhappiness is growing alarmingly. The most startling feature of

the year's statistics, however, is the remarkable increase of suicide among women, which can be explained only on the supposition that the emotions are dominating the life of women more, and religion less, than was formerly the case.

While discussing statistics it may be as well to say that moralists, police authorities, and legislators are confronted with a serious problem in the increase of homicides committed by burglars, thieves, and highwaymen. The number of these crimes for the past year is considerably more than the largest ever hitherto recorded.

Although M. Brunetière is not so frequently quoted in our secular periodicals nowadays as he used to be before he became a thoroughly loyal and even aggressive Catholic, his views on current French history are none the less interesting and important. In a recent discourse delivered in Paris, the distinguished publicist said: "I am a partisan of the Congregations: first, because they are indispensable to the life of Catholicism; secondly, because they are necessary for the solace of suffering humanity,—there will never be too many Daughters of Charity or Little Sisters of the Poor; thirdly, because the great work of popular instruction has need of them; and, fourthly, because they contribute to the maintenance, throughout the world, of the prestige of France."

Touching on the subject of the liberty to teach, M. Brunetière maintained that the right to give primary, secondary, or "superior" instruction is unalienable, because it is a consequence of one's right to think; because it is a corollary of the rights of a father of a family; and finally, because it is essential to social progress. Competition keeps the university from going to sleep. Claude Bernard and Pasteur, because of the free institutions, were able to revolutionize the medical art.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Legend of the Hawthorn.

WHEN fast and far, 'neath both sun and star,
In trembling haste and dread,
From Herod's wrath, o'er a desert path,
The Virgin Mother fled;
The Holy Child on her bosom smiled,
Round hers His fingers twined;
Their faithful guide from Mary's side
Cast many a glance behind.

The sun was high in the midnoon sky
Of hard, untender blue;
On either hand the desert sand
Far spreading met the view;
The Mother's strength was spent at length;
St. Joseph, sore distressed,
Proposed that they awhile should stay
On their weary path to rest.

On the arid sand of that desert land
No shrub, no plant was seen;
Yet o'er the three sprang a spreading tree,
And its leaves were of freshest green;
And white as the rime of a polar clime
Were the blossoms that it bore;
And the sweet perfume of the snow-white bloom
Was ne'er felt on earth before.

'Neath the pleasant shade its branches made
The fugitives tarried long;
And a singing bird in the green boughs stirred
And lilted a merry song.
And the seed of this tree o'er land and sea
By the birds of the air was borne,
And its blossoms fair bloom everywhere,
And its name is the White Hawthorn.

M R.

THE first city in the United States was York, in the State of Maine. It was made a city in 1640, and was then called Gorgeana, after its founder, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. York contains the oldest public building in this country—the old King's Gaol (or jail), built in 1653, and still in a good state of preservation.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—BARKER'S HILLS.



LITTLE Joe led the way over the Wycherly field, where in summer time the cows stood knee-deep in the pink-topped clover and the bees feasted on honey the live-long day. Now all was a white frozen waste; hedges and fences buried under snowdrifts, roads and pathways lost.

"It's pretty far to the traps," said Joe, as he pattered along the crisp, glittering way. "Jim pulled me to the foot of the hills on his wood sled. He built it himself and it goes fine. Jim is a very nice fellow. He says he will make me a water-wheel, and dam the brook for me when spring opens, if I will give him some of Ted's old boots. He has not even an overcoat, only a knit jacket. And they don't have Christmas turkeys or plum puddings or pies, or anything nice, at his house,—just salt pork and corn-bread all the time. Oh!"—little Joe drew a long, shivering breath,—"it must be dreadful to be poor, Tessie."

"Oh, I don't know!" answered Tessie, skipping over a snowdrift. "Lots of nice people are poor. Nellie Digges is; she is studying to be a teacher. And there is Mrs. O'Farrell at the convent gate,—they have only two rooms in the house and six children. But they have lots of fun, making mud pies and sailing boats in the duck pond. And they have a grandmother who is a saint," added Tessie, impressively.

"A saint!" echoed little Joe, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes: Father John said so," replied Tessie. "She is awfully old and wrinkled,

and has had rheumatism for twenty years so she can not leave her chair. And she smokes a pipe. She doesn't look like a saint, but of course Father John knows. Are you sure this is the way, Joe?"

"Yes: right up the hill," Joe answered, confidently; and they scrambled on up the heights that, dark and frowning as they looked in the leafy summer time, were now a very Frost Fairyland,—snow wreath and icicle flushing and glittering in the sunset's glow.

The sharp teeth of the rocks were hidden, and the black hollows filled; brambles and briars were weighted with snow blossoms, while the gaunt, sombre pines were decked out like apple-trees in early June. Ah, it was a dazzling, treacherous way, this sunset climb up Barker's Hills! But the keen air was crisp and bracing, and the rebound of young life was in Tessie's nerves and veins, giving her new vigor and bloom every day.

Higher and higher Joe led until at last he stopped where a rocky ledge rose sharp and steep in their way.

"There's the place Jim set the traps,—up on those rocks, so no one would stumble into them. Don't you try to climb up, Tessie: it's too steep," added Joe, who, despite his frail form, was as gallant a little cavalier as ever bore the Neville name. "I'll go up and break the traps alone."

"O Joe, can you?" inquired Tessie, daunted somewhat, we must confess, by the eight feet of rugged snow-veiled rocks before her; for climbing was not one of the accomplishments taught in the smooth slopes and velvety glades of St. Anne's.

"Of course I can! It's no sort of a climb for a *boy*," replied Joe, pluckily. "You stay here, Tessie. I'll be back in two minutes."

And the little speaker valiantly began the ascent of the rocks, sharp and jagged even under the veiling snow. But there

was no Jim Duncan with strong arm and steady foot at his side now. Almost at the top the little climber's foot slipped—there was a cry, a crash and blur of falling snow, and Joe lay in a white heap at Tessie's feet.

"O Joe!—poor Joe! Are you much hurt?" she cried, bending over him.

"N—n—not much," faltered the little fellow, bravely. "It's—it's only my—my ankle. Just catch hold of my hand and pull me up, Tessie."

Tessie obeyed. It was a strong pull, and little Joe rose to it, only to fall back with a low moan, limp and white.

"Oh, he has fainted!" cried Tessie, desperately. "What shall I do? What shall I do? Here help, help, somebody, please! Help!"

But her cry rang out unanswered save by the mocking echoes in the gorge below. And the rosy flush had faded from the hills now: they had grown cold and gray.

"Joe, wake up,—try to wake up!" Tessie pleaded. "It's growing dark—oh, he can't hear me, and he looks so white and cold maybe he is dying or— or dead! Joe, dear Joe!"

And Tessie's voice broke as she chafed the little icy hands and called in vain. The brief wintry twilight was passing; already the east was dark with the shadow of night; and, oh, how wild and strange the hills began to look in the gathering gloom!

Tessie was a plucky little woman, who had never known fear of shadow or darkness; but she was conscious of a chill now that was not altogether the nip of the frosty air. No one knew where they were; it might be hours before they would be missed. Little Joe had outgrown a nurse's care, and Wycherly Hall was not one of those cosy nests where the little ones are gathered at twilight under a watchful mother's wing. Bold Ted and merry Wynne had flown without heed, and Aunt Marian never quite realized that it was different

with little Joe. And there was the dance to-night, with all its gay distraction; and the lace on Aunt Marian's dress was not yet arranged to her liking. Tessie had heard her scolding Mélanie about it as she came down the stairs. Mélanie might have missed *la petite Mademoiselle*, who could chatter to her in her own tongue in a way that had won the little French maid's heart. But, with Aunt Marian's dress to alter, missing any one would be quite unlikely.

All these things flashed through Tessie's mind quicker than they can be told, chilling her heart with an icy fear. They might be left out here all night to freeze,—nay, even worse; for had not Ted said something about a wild cat out on Barker's Hills that he and Rob Ellis were going to hunt down?

"Help, help!" cried Tessie again, her voice sharp with terror now. "O dear Lord, please have pity on us! Blessed Mother, send some one to save us! Help, help! Dear Saint Joseph, don't let us die here all alone!"

And Tessie's prayers and cries rose like the chirp of the snowbirds she had come to save; while the shadows grew blacker around her, and the one pure star that had watched her flight shone clear and radiant as the beam of the silver lamp swinging in the sanctuary of St. Anne's.

But there was another watcher besides the star on these darkening heights. Crouched in an opening between the same rocks that little Joe had essayed to climb was a man, ragged, unkempt, unshorn,—a man who, peering cautiously from this eyrie over the sunset hills, had quickly dropped into hiding at the children's approach. Invisible to them, he had seen and heard all. Two or three times he had stirred uneasily; at last he rose and stretched himself like some hunted creature venturing from his lair. Tessie heard the crunch of heavy footsteps on the snow, and looked up with a start to find a huge,

shadowy figure looming up beside her. "Hello!" he said, roughly. "What's the matter up here?"

"O sir," cried Tessie, all shock at this rude greeting lost in a rapture of relief, "we are in such dreadful trouble! Help us, please! Poor little Joe has fallen down the rocks, and is hurt awfully. He can't move or speak. I am afraid he is dead."

"Dead, is it?" said the stranger, bending down and giving the boy a rough but not unkindly shake. "Never a bit of it. Here!"—and pulling a flask from his pocket, he poured some of its contents between little Joe's lips. "Another sup—so now!"—as the patient choked and sputtered over the fiery draught. "That's the stuff that puts the life in ye, me lad! Another drop! It's wide awake ye are now in earnest."

"Tessie! Tessie!" came faintly from the rousing boy. "Where is Tessie?"

"I'm here—right here beside you, Joe. Poor, dear little Joe! I am so glad you can speak again! I thought you were dead." And, the nervous strain removed, Tessie burst into a very tempest of sobs and tears.

"Don't, Tessie! I'm—I'm all right now," faltered little Joe. "It was only my leg that turned somehow,—and—and it hurt so. I—I fainted, I guess. I've fainted before, so don't mind it, Tessie."

"And it's a fine pair of young geese the two of ye are," said the newcomer, grimly. "What call had ye to a place like this in the black of the night?"

"It was not night when we came," explained Tessie, eagerly. "I thought we would get back before dark. Oh, it was all my fault! I made Joe come. He had set a trap here in the rocks."

"A trap?" the stranger echoed, with a sudden fierce change in his tone. "A trap, ye murdering young villains! Where and for what?"

"Snowbirds," explained Tessie. "Joe did not think until I told him how cruel and wicked it was; and we came

up here to break the trap before night."

"I see!" said the man, in a softer voice. "And where d'ye come from, ye 'babes in the wood'?"

"Wycherly Hall," answered Joe.

"Not—not Judge Neville's?" gasped the stranger, hoarsely.

"Yes: he is my father," said Joe; "and Tessie is my cousin. She is going to spend the winter with us."

"Judge Neville's kids! Faix an' it's quare company ye've fallen into this night!" said the big man, with a harsh laugh. "Hasn't the Judge sinse enough to keep ye at home whin he knows the hunt is on and the bastes at bay?"

"Uncle Ben did not know we were coming," replied Tessie. "No one knows where we are; but Wycherly Hall is not very far. If you will be so kind as to take a message there that little Joe is hurt up in the hills, Uncle Ben will send Dick or Dan for us. And he will thank you very much for your trouble, I am sure."

"Small doubt of it," said the man, with another harsh laugh. "Sure I would get a welcome that I wouldn't soon forget, I well know. But I'm not looking for such compliments to-night. Besides, mebbe if I was to lave ye here the wolves might ate ye, for the pair of tinder innocents ye are. So we won't call aither for Dick or Dan, but I'll carry ye down the hill meself. Aisy now,—I'll not hurt ye."

And, bending down, the speaker lifted Joe in his strong arms with the tenderness of a woman.

"Grip me neck tight, for it's a rough road. But never fear: ye'll go as aisy as if ye were in yer own daddy's cushioned coach. Ye can folly on," added the speaker to Tessie. "The saints will take care of ye. Sure I haven't heard such hard praying since me poor old grandmother died."

And, with a grim chuckle, Joe's bearer took his way down the hill; Tessie keeping close behind him, for it was very

dark and cold now. All the glory of the heights was gone; even the pure, bright star that had watched the children's flight was sinking low in the west, as if its work were done; only Wycherly Hall, aglow with festive light from roof to ground, blazed like a beacon through the gloom.

But Joe's bearer did not take the short cut across the open meadows: he followed the pine-shaded road farther on, that led to the Duncans' little cabin. When he reached it he panted.

"Now I must lave ye here," he said. "Young Jim will take ye safe home."

He knocked at the cabin door: it was opened by Jim's mother—a tall, thin woman in a faded calico gown. She held a flaring candle, the light of which fell full upon the big stranger's face.

"Holy Mother of God!" she gasped, starting back in terror. "Murdoch Connor, what are ye doing here?"

"Whisht!" was the fierce, low answer. "Keep yer tongue, woman! I'm bringing back these kids of Nevilles that were straying out on the hills beyant. Have Jim or the old man take them home."

(To be continued.)

Named by Mistake.

When the early explorers of Canada heard from the Indians of a great river that cut the continent in two, they believed that it ran east and west, and that by following it they would at last reach China. After thirteen years of toil and privation they discovered their mistake, finding that the river ran north and south and emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. Lachine Rapids, near Montreal, bear in their name a reminder of this error: the word *chine* meaning China.

MAY the little Star of Bethlehem
Shine o'er your New Year way,
With joy and peace and gladness
In every golden ray!

With Authors and Publishers.

—The largest library in the world is not, as many suppose, the British Museum, but the Bibliotheque National in Paris. It contains three millions of volumes—a million more than the library of the British Museum. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg comes third, with a million and a half; and the Berlin Library is the only other in the world that reaches the million mark.

—The London *Daily News* states that the publisher of a new edition of the "Imitation of Christ" has received a laudatory letter from an enthusiastic admirer of the work, to be forwarded to "The Rev. Thomas A. Kempis." The statement seems less incredible when one remembers that a woman convicted of witchcraft in the Cumberland County Court (Pa.) was lately released from jail, after an imprisonment of three months.

—"Irish Mist and Sunshine," Father James B. Dollard's charming collection of ballads and lyrics, first issued some two years ago, comes to us again in a form more befitting the excellence of the musical, love-inspired lines than was its former typographical dress, or undress. Critical readers of Father Dollard's poetry may occasionally discover instances of imperfect technique; but they will in the main agree with Mr. William O'Brien who, in his eloquent preface to this volume, awards to the author a very high measure of praise.

—Mr. Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish critic and author, announces, as the result of careful calculations that "there is not a library in the world large enough to contain all the books published during a period of ten years." There is no reason to deplore the fact; for hardly a measurable fraction of the books of to-day are worth storing in a garret, not to speak of a library. The amount of fiction published is disappointingly large. We do not commonly think of Japan as a fiction-producer, for instance; but Dr. Brandes assures us that Japan is responsible for almost as many novels each year as France. India furnishes two hundred novels annually, Egypt a dozen, and Syria about the same number.

—A new history of Ireland "from the earliest times to 1547" is forthcoming, provided the author, the Rev. E. A. D'Alton, receives a sufficient number of subscriptions to encourage him to undertake the expense of the publication. Father D'Alton claims to have investigated the sources more thoroughly than any of his predecessors, and he promises an accurate, readable and impartial history, not a panegyric nor an invective. If we may judge from a prospectus, we should say that Father D'Alton has a truer conception of the

nature of historical writing than the generality of either Irish or English historians. If his work evolves along the lines he himself lays down, it will unquestionably be an improvement over any existing treatise on the same subject. The author's address is Belcarra, Castlebar, Ireland.

—The *Catholic Book News*, noticing a new edition of "The Revelations of Divine Love," makes this comment, which it is a pleasure to reproduce: "It is as remarkable as it is gratifying to note the welcome given to the writings of pre-Reformation Catholics, presented as they are by various publishers in an attractive form."

—Teachers of drawing will find much practical help in "Pattern Drawing and Design" by John Carroll (Burns & Oates). It contains illustrated lessons in geometrical drawing, and is arranged in graduated order, so that young pupils may begin the construction of designs. The models in the book are intended for "flat" decoration, not "relief" ornament; though some are available for both.

—An amusing story is told of a late Shah of Persia. The ruler had an idea that he was a poet and was in the habit of reading his verses to his courtiers, who listened politely and praised without stint. After awhile, however, the Shah appointed a new Poet Laureate, and found him a man who disdained to flatter. On one occasion the sovereign read to him one of his new poems and demanded an opinion of it.

"Shall I tell the truth, your Majesty?"

"Most assuredly," answered the Shah, having no doubt but that the truth would be very complimentary.

"Well, then, I must say that I could not see any poetry in the lines you read."

The Shah, much insulted, cried out to those standing near, "This fellow is a donkey. Take him to the stable!"

After some time the Shah, who really valued the Laureate's opinion, produced a new set of verses and ordered his unfavorable critic to be again brought before him.

"Here are some new verses," he said. "I will read them to you,"—which he did. After he had concluded the Laureate started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked the Shah.

"To the stable, your Majesty."

It is said that the Shah was won by the simple frankness of the Laureate and heartily enjoyed the joke, but read no more verses.

—The Arthur H. Clark Co. announce an important work with the following self-explanatory title: "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1903: Explorations by Early Navigators; Descriptions of

the Islands and their History; Records of the Catholic Missions as Related in Contemporaneous Documents; and Religious Conditions of those Islands from their Earliest Relations with European Nations to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century." The material for the work, we are informed, has been gathered from unpublished manuscripts in the archives of eight different nations. Miss Blair, who helped to edit the "Jesuit Relations," and Mr. J. A. Robertson will annotate the new work; the introduction is by Dr. Bourne of Yale. It is commonly said that librarians the country over are seriously embarrassed by their inability to supply their patrons with information on the Philippines; if this work is carried out as projected, it will more than supply the wants of American students. But the subject is not without perils; breadth of view, scholarly impartiality, the historical sense, and a capacity to sympathize with the pioneers in an arduous and discouraging undertaking are required to prevent this large enterprise from becoming a monumental failure. The work will be in fifty-five volumes, of which the first will appear this month, and the edition will be limited.

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.

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

The Night before Christmas. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.50.

From Canterbury to Rome. *B. F. De Costa.* \$1.25, net.

Later Lyrics. *John B. Tabb.* \$1, net.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. *R. J. Meyer, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

The Harmony of the Religious Life. *Rev. Hermann J. Heuser.* \$1.25, net.

Jean François Millet. *Julia Cartwright.* \$3.50.

The Wyndham Girls. *Marian Ames Taggart.* \$1.20.

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Historic Highways of America. Vol. I. and II. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net, each.

Thoughts on Education. *Mandell Creighton, D. D., etc.* \$1.60, net.

The Lukewarm Christian *Massillon—Percy Fitzgerald.* 60 cts., net.

Cecilia. A Story of Modern Rome. *F. Marion Crawford.* \$1.50.

A Short Rule and Daily Exercise. *Blosius.* 20 cts.

Ways of Well Doing. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 35 cts., net.

The Treasure of the Church. *Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D. D.* \$1

Monuments of the Early Church. *Walter Lowrie, M. A.* 1.75, net.

Tales of Destiny. *Elizabeth G. Jordan.* \$1.50.

Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories. *Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S.* \$1.25.

The Death of Sir Launcelot and Other Poems. *Condé Benoist Pallen.* \$1, net.

Corinne's Vow. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25, net.

The Convents of Great Britain. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$2, net.

The Faith of Old England. *Rev. Vincent Horn-yold, S. J.* 45 cts., net.

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. *Rev. Ferdinand Kittell.* \$1.20, net.

A Brief for the Spanish Inquisition. *Eliza Atkins Stone.* 10 cts.

The Destruction of Ancient Rome. *Rudolfo Lanciani.* \$1.50, net.

Wild Life of Orchard and Field. *Ernest Ingersoll.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Pütz, of the diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Florimond De Bruycker, diocese of Hartford.

Mr. Arthur Braden, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. J. A. Hayden, Frederick, Md.; Mrs. James Stewart, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Edward Hanlon, Medina, N. Y.; Mr. Walter Furlong, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. Valentine Browne, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. J. P. Hanley, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. James Dale and Mrs. Anna Ryan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. M. A. Gloster, Holyoke, Mass.; Mr. Arthur Gloster, Springfield, Mass.; Michael and Brigid Nugent, Ardee, Ireland; Mr. John Wallace and Mr. William Culligan, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Joanna Shorb, Mrs. Eliza Baumgardner, and Miss Annie Bunty, Littlestown, Pa.; Mr. — Minghini, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Miss Katherine Burns, Mrs. Mary Quinn and Miss Mary McManus, Dover, N. H.; Mr. Henry Lansfield and Mr. F. D. Grant, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. LVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 17, 1903.

NO. 3.

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The Holy Name.

NAME of Jesus, ever blest,
Hallowed in my memory rest!
Gifts Thy presence doth impart
Sweet as honey to the heart.

Song so blithe was never sung,
Tone more glad was never rung;
Nor the mind, beloved Lord!
E'er conceived so sweet a word.

Hope of those that contrite are,
Winning souls that wander far;
Crowning with enjoyment blest
All who come to Thee and rest.

Pen of man is all too weak,
Human lips may never speak,
E'en the hearts inflamed by Thee
Dare not tell Love's ecstasy.

Here below my only Love,
My Joy be Thou in heaven above;
And everywhere my voice ascend
To bless Thee ages without end.

R. O'K.

Ostrich Logic.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.



AMONG memories of my school-days in England which are "matter for a flying smile" are certain sayings of a London showman. One of these is a droll bit of information about the ostrich. "This noble bird of Hafrica, ladies and gentlemen, when 'otly pursued by the ruthless 'unters, 'ides 'er 'ead in the sand—wainly imagining that so long as she cawn't see nobody, nobody cawn't see *she!*"

Here, then, we have what I call "ostrich logic." Nothing can be more absurd than the mental process attributed to this African bird by the showman: yet how many rational beings there are who act in a way very similar!

To cite a case from British India. It is a Brahminical doctrine that we may never lawfully kill or consume a living creature for food. A Protestant missionary, as I was told, showed a Brahmin a drop of water under a microscope, to prove to him that he could not even drink water without destroying a number of living creatures. But the Brahmin, instead of acknowledging the error of his creed on this point, borrowed the microscope and broke it up,—as though he did away with those living things in the water by refusing to see them there. Here, I say, is a good instance of ostrich logic.

However, we need not go to India, or to any other distant portion of the globe, to find ostrich logicians. There are plenty of them around us. Let us look at two or three prominent specimens.

I. The professed atheist, or pantheist, has recourse to ostrich logic. (Pantheism is only "atheism in domino," as Disraeli calls it in "Lothair"; or, again, *plausible* atheism.) This kind of infidel ignores the proofs of God's existence to which St. Paul appeals—"clearly seen from the things that are made"; and equally rejects the witness of conscience to a Supreme Lawgiver and Judge—the evidence which Cardinal Newman lays so much stress upon in his "Grammar

of Assent"; evidence, again, which even Deists have acknowledged, and none more forcibly than Lord Byron — in "The Island":—

But still there whispers the small voice within—
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din.
 Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

Bacon remarks admirably that we read in Holy Scripture, "'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' It does not say he hath *thought* so; for he *knows better.*" Yes, he knows better. Both reason and conscience are close upon him like hounds or hunters; but he insists on playing ostrich logician.

And our modern "agnostic" is in the same category; for agnosticism is practically atheism. Its adherents will say, indeed, they do not *deny* the existence of God or of an immortal soul in man, but contend for the *unknowableness* of their existence. That will not do, my dear sir or madam. You *could* know perfectly well, but you *choose not* to know.

So, again, with those who, while believing in a Creator, and even in a future life for man, reject what they call "supernatural religion"—to wit, the whole system of divine revelation, and particularly the Divinity of Christ. They obstinately close their eyes to the plainest evidences for the divine origin and character of Christianity, and stultify reason while calling themselves rationalists. Such are genuine ostrich logicians.

II. But ostrich logic is quite compatible with a certain amount of belief in Christianity. Heresy—which means *self-chosen* doctrine—sets up private judgment against divine authority, refusing to admit the clearest proofs that it is wrong; and thus imitates the hunted ostrich. To be sure, this is true of "formal" heresy rather than of "material"; but formal heresy still lives. Witness the pestilent novelty which arrogates to itself the name of "Christian Science." Of all the folly ever talked, of

all the folly ever listened to, can anything be found to surpass this absurdity, or even to equal it? To give the lie to the evidence of one's senses, to persuade oneself that there is no corporeal substance—that, having no real body, one can have no real disease,—is not this ostrich logic with a vengeance?

All sects, however, which owe their origin to the principle of private judgment, even though there be nothing grotesque about them, exhibit more or less of the African biped's fallacy; and those which boast of being "orthodox" display more of it, rather than less; for the nearer a sect approaches the Church, the more illogical is its position as a sect. And, therefore, of all the creations of private judgment in the direction of orthodoxy, the most ridiculous, because the most illogical, is that which styles itself "Anglo-Catholicism," whether in England or here.

The Oxford, or Tractarian, Movement was, undoubtedly, the work of the Spirit of Truth, breathing upon the dry bones to make them live. But the pseudo-Catholicism which has been developed from it is, as such, the work of the *human* spirit; though overruled by God's wisdom and mercy for the leavening of a multitude of minds with a knowledge of Catholic doctrine.

Now, among the Tractarians there were ostrich logicians; notably the one who gave his name to the Movement, though neither its originator nor its leader—Dr. Pusey. If ever there was an ostrich logician, he was one. His discoveries of Catholic truth should have hounded him into the Church again and again. But no. The bird hid his head in the sand. When the real character of England's State Church was so forcibly revealed by the "Gorham Judgment," he refused to see what drove others into the one "household of the faith." The conversion of Newman and of Robert Wilberforce, of Allies and of Manning, had no effect on *him*. His

pride of private judgment proved a match for their humility of submission.

Much more, then, should we expect to find ostrich logic among the Ritualists—the name by which the extreme party of the “Anglo-Catholics” is known. The fact is, any well-informed individual of that party *must* play at ostrich logic more or less. For they can not but know that the great majority of their fellow Anglicans accuse them of reading into the “Book of Common Prayer,” and especially into its “Thirty-nine Articles,” meanings which were never intended by the compilers—indeed the very opposite of the surface meanings. This charge is backed up by irrefragable proofs. What resource, then, has the Ritualist but to answer: “I care nothing for your arguments. I find in these formularies what *ought to be* there—what *should have been meant* by the compilers; for, the Church of England being a part of the Catholic Church, her doctrine must, of course, be Catholic”?

If this be not ostrich logic, I do not know what is. And I call attention to it the more because I was “in it” myself—for a season. We were trying to do what an old English proverb declares impossible—“to make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.”

With regard to the Thirty-nine Articles, I grew more and more inclined to dispose of those “forty stripes save one” as summarily as a certain Lord Mayor of London is said to have dealt with the North Pole. A committee waited on him to solicit his interest in an expedition shortly to be made in search of that invisible end of the earth’s axis. His patience soon gave out, and he closed the interview by abruptly damning the North Pole.*

* When this was reported to Sydney Smith, that facetious parson pretended to be shocked, of course; and answered that a man who could damn the North Pole was capable of speaking disrespectfully of the equator.

One day, at Cambridge, a friend said to me: “With your contempt for those Articles, how are you going to subscribe them? You must, you know, before taking your degree. And what about taking Orders afterwards? My dear fellow, be *honest*, whatever you do.” And although I made an evasive reply at the time—to the effect that if others could do it, why should not I?—my friend’s remark set me thinking. Was I not drifting into a dishonest state of mind? *Could* I sign the Articles in good faith, even with the help of “Tract Ninety”?* My conversion to the Catholic Church came soon after, though brought about by very different reasons; and I was rescued from the danger of subscribing the Articles dishonestly. But, as I look back now, I am sure that I could *not* have signed them without mental reservation which would have been no more justifiable in me than it would have been in a Roman of the second century while burning a pinch of incense on an idol’s altar. And here, without presuming to judge the consciences of others, I must say that an act of ostrich logic, such as my signing the Articles would have been, *may be* highly culpable in itself, and may lead to a *habit* of acting in bad faith.

Do we not see something like this habit in the acts and writings of certain prominent Ritualists, some of whom have gone to their account; notoriously in the author of “Plain Reasons.” But others, who would scorn, perhaps, to be associated with him, seem to follow his lead, whether consciously or not.

Whence, I ask, if not from this habit of mind, comes the claim of “historic continuity” put forward with such desperate courage—the pretence that the Elizabethan Establishment is historically one church with that which it supplanted? Whence, if not from this habit of mind, the obstinate rejection

* Newman’s celebrated Tract on the Articles.

of the claims of the See of Peter—claims demonstrated again and again, as by Thomas William Allies and Luke Rivington? Whence, once more, if not from the same cause, the persistent belief in Anglican Orders, after the exhaustive decision against them by Leo XIII.?

All ostrich logic of the foregoing kind is inexcusable as well as absurd.

III. But are there no ostrich logicians among Catholics? Indeed there are. The so-called "liberal" Catholic, who makes free with divine truth; who encourages the popular sayings of indifferentism; or takes up with dangerous opinions because they are not formally condemned; or calls in question some certain and Catholic opinion because it is not yet defined,—this sort of Catholic plays at ostrich logic.

So, again, does the Catholic who joins a secret society forbidden by the Church; one who gives up the sacraments in order that he may make more money in business or succeed better in politics. Such a person imitates the bird of the desert by deliberately closing his eyes to the light and his ears to the warnings of the Church. If, while he thus acts ostrich logician, the devil gets him forever and a day, what wonder?

And, lastly, all Catholics who neglect Mass and the sacraments, or who give themselves up to immorality, or who put off reformation to "a more convenient season" and trust to a deathbed repentance,—all these are ostrich logicians, persuading themselves that they can afford to despise means of grace and offers of mercy which others find necessary to salvation.

May the good God deliver us from "vainly imagining" that so long as we refuse to see the truths which pursue us we can safely escape them!


GOETHE puts it into concrete language when he says that to *do* something is the ideal of the Philistine, and to *be* something the ideal of the noble.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

III.—HOLY RUSSIA.

 'BYRNE rather unwillingly surrendered his passport to a uniformed giant guarding the entrance to a vast, dimly-lighted hall, in the middle of which stood several tables and desks, surrounded by pretty-faced officials attired in green collars and cuffs gold-braided. An "icon," or sacred picture, occupied a niche; a small altar with a swinging lighted candle beneath it; and beside it, as in every public office in Holy Russia, a portrait of the Tsar. Great doors opened on vast, gloomy corridors; and running round the entire hall a low flat counter, upon which the *mujiks* and passengers deposited their lighter luggage, the heavy luggage being carted into the centre of the rotunda.

Myles proceeded to open his modest portmanteau, when a very smartly attired lady sidled up to him, saying in a low tone:

"Monsieur is English?"

"Irish, Madame."

"You, sir, being of the Irish, are of a most gallant race, and I want you to do me a leetle favor."

Now, Myles had not travelled very much,—in fact, save to the Lakes of Killarney, the Giant's Causeway, and the Wicklow Mountains, he had never wandered twenty miles from Sandymount, and might fairly have been written down as "Tenderfoot"; but a something in this lady's manner and a certain all-too-knowing expression of eye put him on his guard, and frosted the impulse to do the correct thing according to the acknowledged code of chivalry—and the rescue of fair ladies

in distress; so he asked, somewhat bluntly:

"What is it, Madame?"

"Monsieur!" she cried, endeavoring (fruitlessly, however) to harpoon his eyes by hers, "I perceive that you are a very excellent traveller, because you carry so leetle of luggage. Now, I am a wretched one, a stupid one. See!"—pointing to an array of handboxes and hand-bags. "I am hamper with all of these, and the Custom House man of Russia is only one great bear. Won't you gallant Irish help poor leetle *me*, and claim some of those dreadful package as your own property?"

"Madame, this is impossible," replied the young man.

"Impossible, Monsieur? All you have to say is, 'This leetle portmanteau is mine; this leetle valise is mine'"—tapping them as she spoke,—"'this leetle box is mine. Open!' And, because *you* are a great big handsome man, the bear will just chalk the thing and pass it; while for me he would want to open and toss my sweet things all out of shape."

"But I can not declare those things to be mine when they belong to you, Madame."

"I will make you present of all. You can give them back to me. See the confidence I have in you, Monsieur? What! you refuse, then?"

"I am compelled to, Madame."

The woman of fashion bestowed an angry, contemptuous glance upon him, and, quickly turning away, muttered the single word,

"*Imbécile!*"

It was particularly fortunate for Myles that his principles were of so sturdy and robust a nature; for the lady proved to be a fashionable French dressmaker from St. Petersburg, and almost every article in her numerous boxes was set aside upon one of the large tables to be appraised.

Having passed the dreaded Custom's

inspection, Myles received his passport. He entered a corridor, and then passed into an enormous, ill-lighted restaurant, where he made the acquaintance of the national soup, *borsh*, beet root and cream being its principal ingredients; and with it small hot cakes containing finely-chopped veal, invariably served with soup of every description from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

Everything now was quite novel, from the long-haired, long-bearded, high-booted, caftan-clad railway porters to the various uniforms of travelling army officers and government officials, Caucasian and Cossack; the flavor of the Orient perceptible everywhere. Brightly kerchiefed peasant women, and filthy-looking, unkempt men; priests, their locks flowing down the backs of their greasy coats or cloaks; old women in black, standing like so many statues holding a flat dish for alms; railway police in grey and red, with coquettish caps of Astrakan fur surmounted by a short red feather; devotees stooping to the earth in front of the icons; venders of strange-looking sweets and Crimean apples and grapes; the loud chatter of the most unmusical language,—all these varying sights held O'Byrne fast until the gong sounded announcing that wondrous word "All aboard!" and he followed the crowd to the cars, which, to his profound astonishment, he found lighted by candles.

Myles awoke in Holy Russia, speeding very slowly over a vast and seemingly endless plain, dotted at long intervals with helpless-looking, shabby villages, consisting of wooden shanties painted yellow and red, backed by great, sullen pine forests. The few peasants at the ochre-tinted stations displayed no signs of animation, but stared stolidly and fixedly with fishy eyes at the cars, as though they were so many blocks of stone or loads of hay. The stops at the stations, where there was seemingly nothing to do save

to ring a big bell, were depressingly long. The ringing and whistling to announce departure would have started at least fifty expresses in the States.

At luncheon Myles was seated opposite a languid Englishman of an intolerably insolent manner. All the tables were arranged for twos and fours, Myles and the Englishman occupying one of the former. O'Byrne's rich Irish accent appeared to afford some amusement to his luncheon companion, who, after a prolonged stare, drawled:

"You are Irish?"

"I am."

"Rotten country!"

"Have you been in Ireland, sir?" asked Myles, sternly.

"Not I, indeed."

"Then your criticism is in keeping with your knowledge of the country."

"Ah!"—with a sneering smile.

"And let me tell you, sir," continued Myles, who was fairly bursting with resentment, "that I won't permit you or any other English ignoramus to speak of my country as rotten. Faugh!" he added, snapping his fingers, "a discussion with you or the like of you would be as profitless as uninteresting."

"Really?"

"And now, sir, I advise you to drop the subject, or there will be trouble." And O'Byrne pushed his plate aside, as if clearing the decks for action, amid a sudden silence. For, as he spoke loudly and rather excitedly, the passengers were all ears.

"Pah!" said the Englishman, lighting a cigarette and repairing to the section of the car partitioned off for smokers; Myles glaring at him till he disappeared behind the sliding glass door.

"Now, will you shake hands with a countryman?"

O'Byrne turned round to find a small white hand—as small and white as that of a woman—extended to him. The hand belonged to a light-haired, straw-colored-bearded gentleman of

about five and thirty, with steely blue eyes and an expression at once resolute and winning.

"Permit me the honor of presenting you with my card."

Myles read, somewhat to his astonishment and greatly to his gratification:

"Count Patrick Sarsfield O'Reilly."

"A right royal Irish name, Count. I am an O'Byrne."

"I must kiss you, sir." And, in accordance with quaint usage, the Count saluted him on both cheeks with resounding smacks. "I love you, sir, for the bold way you stood up for old Ireland. I am Irish. My great ancestor came to Russia after the Battle of the Boyne, entered the army, and made the name Patrick Sarsfield O'Reilly famous in the wars with the Turks. He rose to be field marshal. I am his direct descendant. I was educated at that great English Catholic College, Stonyhurst. I have never been in Ireland, but I subscribe to an Irish newspaper, and my rubles are good for every national enterprise. *Erin go Bragh!*" And the little Count shook hands over and over again. "And now, Myles O'Byrne"—he had read his new acquaintance's card,— "are you in Russia for pleasure or for business?"

Myles, delighted to meet with so genial and hearty a companion, told him his entire story, so far as it related to his visit to Muscovy. The Count had heard of Dan O'Byrne, and was personally well acquainted with the De Lacey.

Myles smiled inwardly as he mentally fondled the links in the chain of accidents that was leading him due North. How strange that he should have met and accosted Mr. O'Connor on the lobby of the House of Commons, parted with him only to rejoin him and to be presented to his friend, who needed a special service to Russia! How remarkable that the insolence of an underbred Englishman should produce Count O'Reilly! Truth is stranger than fiction.

"You will put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe," observed Count O'Reilly. "It is the best. I shall arrange everything for you, you shall ride in my drosky. It awaits me at the depot."

"A thousand thanks! But I imagine that my uncle will meet me, Count."

"No! no! no! In the first place, he does not know you, and will look for you at his *datcha* at Kresstoffsky—a pretty long drive. If he doesn't turn up you will jump in with me."

There was no person on the gloomy platform in any way resembling the Crimean veteran, nor yet in the great courtyard in front of the depot. So after awhile Myles took his seat in a superbly appointed drosky, attached to a thoroughbred that seemed to fly over the ill-paved and uneven streets. The hundreds of dingy droskies, with their gaunt, ungroomed, filthy-harnessed little horses; the *ishvoshtecks*, or drivers, all similarly attired in high beaver hats with snugly curled brims and gaudy bands; and dark blue cloth caftans, plaited in broad plaits and confined at the waist by bright-colored belts,—very useful to the fare whilst entering the vehicle or when spinning around sharp corners; the streets and their sights,—all these attracted Myles. The windows in the stores illustrating in color on the outer walls the nature of the wares within; the numerous uniforms, military and civil; the icon shrines candle-lighted at many street corners, each surrounded by men and women genuflecting and making the Sign of the Cross from the right shoulder; the magnificent churches, all savoring of the Byzantine and the Orient; the numerous canals, crowded with gigantic barges laden with timber already cut up for winter use; and the smaller canals alive with tiny steamers darting about, and picking up and depositing passengers at picturesque landing stages.

"Here is our glorious Nevsky!" cried the Count,—“your Sackville or O'Connell

Street. Is it not a royal highway, sir?"

As indeed it was. Its great width, its splendid and multicolored buildings, its churches; its droskies—four deep upon one side and four deep upon the other, all flying up and down, some at a racing pace; military officers on horseback, ambassador carriages, the servants in showiest of liveries, and colored cockades in their hats; court equipages, the coachmen and footmen in scarlet and gold; the black satin-coated Orlof horses everywhere,—all seemed to render the Nevsky one of the most brilliant and unique sights of the world.

The grand Hôtel de l'Europe stands in the Michaeloffsky—a short but very wide street,—and is *the* “swell” hotel. A foreigner *must* stop there, or the Russian will not call upon him. There are other hostelries in St. Petersburg—the Angleterre, France, Paris,—all fairly good, but the Europe stands above them in style and dimension.

The Count's equipage was received by a line of *mujiks* bareheaded—all attired in crimson caftans and knee-boots; the manager, bowing to the earth, and dry-washing his hands, as is the habit of all well-to-do managers, welcomed Myles to St. Petersburg in very excellent English. O'Reilly rented a suite of rooms on the first floor permanently, the windows of his salon giving upon the Nevsky. This apartment was gorgeous in inviting ottomans, silk curtains, mirrors, and gilding.

(To be continued.)

As to a Mother.

THE baby, turning from a darkened room,
Vaguely afraid of its mysterious gloom,
Cries in a little voice ashake with fear:
“Mamma, come hold my hand: it's dark in there!”
So grown-up children, shrinking in dismay
From some obscure and sorrow-clouded way,
To Mary cry (that tender Mother-Maid):
“Mother, the way is dark: I am afraid!”

E. A. C.

Nantucket Notes.

 BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—SCRAPS.

MANY years ago the people of Nantucket called the people of Cape Cod "Coofs"; they called the people of Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, "Old-Town Turkeys." Edgartown was known as Old Town in the early days, and its townspeople more celebrated for the large number of herring they caught and ate. But the Cape-Coddors and the Vineyarders got even: they called the Nantucketers "Scrap-Islanders" or "Nantucket Scraps." I do not know why they were called "Scraps," unless this refers in a measure to the whaling proclivities of the islanders. Where you dissect your whale and try his blubber, there are scraps enough and to spare; and this was the chief industry of the Nantucket islanders for a couple of centuries.

The Indians in their day hunted the whale in their canoes. The white man followed suit. When the lookout sighted a whale, the signal was hoisted and all the inhabitants entered into the spirit of the chase. The whalers put off from shore in their boats; the rest of the population clambered over the hillocks and watched the sport from cliffs above the sea. Once when a shoal of whales was lashing the water into foam, off shore, and spouting superbly in the sunshine, one of the elders of the flock that stood on the beach and watched the exhilarating scene with delight, cried: "There is the green pasture where our children's grandchildren shall go for their daily bread!" That is what they did; that is what made them rich and famous and independent of the whole wide world. Their field increased: it ran round the world of waters; to their bread they added all the luxuries of the season,—though they seem

never to have been foolishly extravagant.

The first whale-ships were small enough. There was the *Lydia*, of 160 tons, that did wonders in her day. It was a day of "water-punching wind-jammers"; a day not to be compared with this, when the five-masted bark *Potosi* has a carrying capacity of 6150 tons. When the *Lydia's* day was over, she was towed up harbor and broken up; her ribs, stout oil-soaked timbers, did duty as fence posts for more than a hundred years.

Even those smaller vessels, when they were well laden, could not get over the bar into the harbor of Nantucket: they had to wade to be able to do that; so Peter Ewer invented what he called the "camel." This was a floating dock sunk to the water's edge. It was towed out to a ship in the offing; the ship was floated into her; her compartments were freed of water; and once freed, she lifted the ship—which sat in her lap as it were,—lifted her so high out of the sea that the two were easily floated over the bar. In this way, in 1842, she carried into the harbor the *Peru* laden with 1340 barrels of sperm oil. Yet the invention was not thought a success, and presently the "camels" were beached and allowed to rot upon the shore of the harbor.

When the Nantucketers went forth to seek the whale in right good earnest, the "grounds" were rapidly extended. They spread from the Bay of St. Lawrence to the shores of Greenland: down the Gulf Stream as far south as the Bahama Islands. In 1774 Captain Bunker led the fleet across the equator into the South Atlantic; here were discovered the "Brazil Banks" and the seal rookeries about Cape Horn, the Falklands and the Antarctic Islands. Many of the whalers took "elephant" and seal oil to complete their cargoes.

During the War of the Revolution Nantucket was the only port in America carrying on the whaling industry. From

1775 to 1783, of a fleet of 150 vessels, 134 fell into the hands of the British. From Nantucket alone 1200 seamen, mostly whalers, were captured by the British or perished at their hands. When the *Bedford* was in London in 1783—the first vessel to carry the American flag to an English port, let us remember that,—one of the crew, a hunchback, was on shore when a British sailor clapped his hand on the hunch of the American tar and said: "Hilloa, Jack! What have you got here?" The Yankee replied: "Bunker Hill, d— you! Will you mount?"

Many Nantucket officers were employed in English and French whale-ships at this time. The first sperm whale taken in the Pacific Ocean was secured by Archelaus Hammond, of Nantucket, mate of an English whaler. The whaler *Washington*, Captain Coffin, of Nantucket, 1791, had the honor of first flying the American flag in a Spanish port. The *Union*, sailing from Nantucket in 1793, was absent on a ten months' voyage, during which time she never dropped anchor, and saw land but once—that was Cape St. Augustine, Brazil. She returned with 1200 barrels of oil. In 1807 this same ship was sunk by an enraged whale; the crew made their escape in the boats, and landed in safety after a voyage of 600 miles.

The ship *Essex*, of Nantucket, in November, 1820, while cruising in the Pacific was attacked by an angry whale; she was stove and sank to the water's edge in a few minutes. The crews were out in their boats after whales, and presently discovered that their ship had disappeared; only a flying signal, hoisted by the mate, was visible above the waves. Toward this signal the boats hastened, and gathered about the wreck of their vessel. There was nothing left for them to do but to secure as much provision and water as possible, take compasses and quadrant and head for the nearest land—the

island of Juan Fernandez, 2600 miles distant. Shades of Robinson Crusoe! After a month of varied weather they made a barren rock known as Henderson's Island, and here three of the forlorn men chose to stay; relying upon the hope of rescue by some passing sail rather than put to sea again in their frail boats.

For two months more those lonely voyagers were tossed upon the open sea; they became separated; one of them was never after heard from. Of the two remaining, one was picked up near the isle it was in search of, having been ninety-eight days at sea; the other was sighted by a Nantucket whaler, and its two occupants taken on board after a voyage of ninety-four days. The three men left on the desolate island were sent for and transported to Valparaiso in due season.

Hawaii, so long known as the Sandwich Islands, used to be thought of as a kind of suburb of Nantucket. It was visited by the *Equator*, Captain Folger, and the *Balanea*, Captain Gardner, in 1819, and became the yearly rendezvous of the American and English whaling fleets. There were sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty whale-ships in the harbor of Honolulu for the winter; one could almost walk from shore to shore, stepping from one deck to another. Pandemonium reigned on shore during Jack's idle hours; but during the reign of the whale-oil kings that kingdom in the sea flourished mightily.

As many as thirty islands in the Pacific were discovered by the captains of Nantucket whalers. The decline of the whaling industry set in on the introduction of lard oil; the discovery of mineral oil in Pennsylvania nearly finished it. When the land begins to spout oil, the whales may as well cease to blow. A few whalers still search the lonely seas, but they are mostly steam vessels, and the whales are sometimes shot with explosive bombs; the harpoon

thrown like a javelin being quite out of date. Nantucket lost half her fleet during the war of 1812; but she recovered herself in time, and would still be flourishing but for the Standard Oil Company and the monopoly of the earth.

Time was when Nantucket was given over to a division of labor. Part of the men went to sea; the other part became coopers, for the making of whale-oil casks; or blacksmiths, the makers of harpoons and lances and the repairers of the ironwork on shipboard; ropewalkers in the seven ropewalks of the island; sail-makers in the sail lofts of the town. The place was a very beehive.

And now? Not even the ribs of the ships or the sailors left to tell the tale. Over at New Bedford, along the grassy docks, you will find a few old hulks—the mummies of the whaling fleet. They are dismantled. In the moonlight they look like the ghosts of ships; in the sunlight you can poke your fingers between the gaping timbers and pity them for the life they are forced to lead, the death they are doomed to die. Some of them are hove-down so that their keel is level with the water, and they look like hopeless corpses bedridden in the mud. All their paint and polish are gone forever; they are the helpless, neglected, forlorn sport of the wilful waves and winds—and of the small boy who still finds them enchanting and reads in their extremity the romance of their past.

There was a time when the local color of Nantucket was gray, or drab, for the Quakerism that prevailed there. I say "Quakerism": should I say "Friendship"? George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends—commonly called Quakers—observed: "Your professors nicknamed us by the name of Quakers in the year 1650, which name one Bennet of Derby gave us when he cast us into prison.... He was the first that called us Quakers. I bid them *tremble* at the name of the Lord."

William Root Bliss, in his highly

entertaining volume entitled "Quaint Nantucket," has much to say concerning the Quakers, and it is not always of a flattering nature. In his original researches he made a study of the record books of the Quaker Society of Nantucket. "In the year 1701," he says, "John Richardson, a Quaker preacher from England, accompanied by Public Friends, as they were called, came to Nantucket in a sloop from Newport. Peleg Slocum, the Quaker captain of the sloop, losing his course in a summer fog, ran her ashore on an uninhabited part of the island, where the company remained all night. The next morning they ascended a bluff and discovered many people approaching them; for the sloop had been seen and was suspected to be a French vessel bringing armed men to invade the island."

France and England were then at war; and Nantucket had already been invaded by the French, who plundered a house and carried away into captivity a man and his son. John Richardson, on that eventful morning, advanced with extended hands and said that he and his companions had come to visit the island in the love of God. At this time Mary Starbuck was one of the foremost of the islanders,—a woman of commanding presence and great influence. She was the mother of four sons and six daughters. Richardson, in his Journal, wrote of her: "At the first sight of her it sprang to my heart: 'To this woman is the everlasting love of God.' I looked upon her as a woman that bore some sway on the island; and so I said to her: 'We are come in the love of God to visit you, if you are willing to let us have some meetings.'" When he inquired, "Where shall the meetings be?" she paused awhile, and then replied: "I think at our house."

Richardson's Journal continues: "The order of her house was such in all parts thereof as I had not seen the like of before. The large and bright-

rubbed room was set with suitable seats or chairs for a meeting, so that I did not see anything wanting according to place, but something to stand on; for I was not free to set my feet upon the fine cane chair, lest I should break it.... During the service Mary Starbuck strove against the testimony, at times looking up in my face with a pale and then with a more ruddy complexion. When she could no longer contain herself she lifted up her voice and wept. She stood up and held out her hand, and spoke tremblingly and said: 'All that ever we have done is pulled down this day, and this is the everlasting truth!''

The conversion of Mary Starbuck and her children was the beginning of Quakerism on Nantucket. Mary did not approve of a hired ministry, for she considered it contrary to the practice of the Apostles; but she consented that when a "hiring minister" came to the island, and was agreeable to the people, and stayed some time, and took pains to benefit them, the people might give what they pleased for his sustenance—"such as Indian corn or other provisions as they happened to have at the time to spare; and wool for clothing, but nothing certain or settled."

So long as Mary Starbuck lived she was the leading spirit and the mouth-piece of her time. She "departed this life ye 13 day of ye 12 mo, 1719, in ye 74 year of her age, and was decently buried in Friends' burying ground."

The Quakers were a law unto themselves. They built their meeting-house and sat in it waiting for the spirit to move them; sometimes they sat in silence day after day. For this reason, perhaps, Charles Lamb wrote: "Wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces

of thy species? Come with me into a Quaker meeting."

Louisa Gurney, a Quakeress, wrote when she was twelve years old: "I sometimes feel so extremely impatient for meeting to break up that I can not, if you would give me the world, sit still. Oh, how I long to get a great broom and bang all the old Quakers who do look so triumphant and disagreeable!"

Bewilderingly inconsistent were those Quakers. They preached peace: they wrangled at town meetings and among themselves; as Friends they were most unfriendly. In 1716 their Society recorded this opinion: "It is ye sense and judgment of this meeting that it is not agreeable to Truth for Friends to purchase slaves and keep them for ye term of life." "In 1701 the town of Boston instructed its representatives at the General Court to use their influence to procure the abolition of slavery in New England. The Quakers had no thought of its abolition. Indian and African slaves were valued as merchandise in their inventories, and were mentioned as in their possession down to the end of the colonial period."

In 1716 Stephen Hussey, of Nantucket, in his will bequeathed: "To my wife, a Negro woman named Sarah. To my son Silvanus, a Negro boy named Mark. To my daughter Theodota, a Negro girl named Dorothy." The account book of William Rotch, Quaker merchant, says that in August, 1770, he paid "the cost and court charges on my Negro George for stealing three geese." The Quaker church records of the year 1760 say: "We have treated with Timothy Folger, and he says that he is bound over the sea, and is determined, before his departure, to put his Negro girl in a position of living free at twenty-five years of age." Slavery in Nantucket went out with the Quakers.

It seems that they were overfond of excommunicating their fellow Quakers. Sarah Darling, for having married with

“a man of another persuasion,” and showing no disposition to condemn herself, “it was the judgment of the meeting that she be set aside,”—that is, excommunicated. In Nantucket they were excommunicated for “sailing in an armed vessel; going to sea privateering; attending a vendue on a captured vessel; being down at Brant Point among armed men; enlisting in the East India Company’s service at the island of St. Helena; being in some office connected with the war in the Western parts; being engaged in service on board a man-of-war and taking wages; taking up arms in a warlike manner; taking a small arm in pursuit of some prisoners who had broken gaol of the county.”

The principles of the Society forbade its members to contend in lawsuits. Stephen Hussey caused the arrest of three of the town trustees and was immediately disowned by the Quakers. When entering upon the duties of a public office, a Quaker will not take the oath because in the Sermon on the Mount it is written: “Swear not at all.”

Certain of their teachers and preachers were silenced for “disorderly talking” in meeting. They had women preachers among them. Boswell told Dr. Johnson that he had been that “morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers,” where a woman preached. “Sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “a woman’s preaching is like a dog’s walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all.”

John Coffin was called to account “for keeping in his house a musical instrument called a spinet, and permitting his daughter to play thereon.” He made a public apology in meeting, saying he “had no hand in bringing the spinet to his house, and has forbidden it ever being used there, and is sorry it was brought into his house, and that he was a little short and rough with the visitors.”

Had that spinet been a harp or a violin or a lute, or any one of the biblical instruments that make musical the Old Testament of the Lord, he would have been called to account for permitting it to find even silent shelter under his roof-tree. And of such was the kingdom of Quakers.

One twilight, very late in the season, I was sitting in the window of an old, old house in Nantucket. I had been thinking of the past, and was gazing dreamily on the now deserted street,—thinking of the past and recalling the many and varied episodes that punctuate the eventful history of this devoted island. As I looked, a figure like a wraith materialized in the gloaming, and came slowly up the street. She was a wan little lady, shrouded in a sombre skirt of gray; upon her narrow, stooping shoulders was a cape without a fold or a wrinkle in it; she wore a bonnet that might have been made of a cuff-box, it was so smooth and so round, and lay so close to her ears, leaving only the waxen tip of her nose visible to the vulgar world. There were some gathers in the crown of her bonnet,—only a few of them and very prim ones; and there was a tiny cape to the bonnet that gave a kind of shy, coquettish air to the whole, that savored a wee bit of the world—but of a world not such as we live in: another and a better world, very far away and long since forgotten. She passed solemnly up the street, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and even as she passed me she seemed but the shadow of the substance—a ghost, a spectre, an apparition, floating by me with no visible motion of hand or foot; and so she vanished into thin air, as if spirited away,—leaving behind her only a breath of lavender and a sweet and abiding memory.

Who was she? She was an ancient Quakeress, the sole survivor of the Nantucket Society of Friends.

The Light of the American Hierarchy.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

SUCH was the epithet applied to the Rt. Rev. John England, D. D., first Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina; and it will require but a very cursory glance at his life and labors to show how just was the appellation.

Born in Cork, Ireland, on the 23d of September, 1786, he came, in the most exalted sense of the word, of a noble stock. His grandfather, a man of substance, was thrown into prison for the Faith; and his grandmother, bereft of lands and dwelling, was carried into a neighbor's house to die. The father of the future prelate was cast in the same heroic mould, and passed through many vicissitudes. When a lad of seventeen he undertook the support and education of the four younger children, maintaining them by teaching, which was at that period a punishable offence. It was one of the means by which the English government of that day strove to subdue and degrade Catholic Ireland—namely, by depriving the faithful people of education.

So the young school-teacher was presently informed upon. His offence had incurred transportation; but, owing to his youth, the sentence was commuted, and the offender managed to escape to the mountains. There he taught poor children by stealth, thus maintaining his young relatives until times changed and wiser counsels prevailed. Then he obtained employment in the city as a land-surveyor, and effected the release from jail of his beloved father, who had languished there during all those weary years.

He also married a woman in every way worthy of himself and his pious and Godfearing ancestry. She took her infant son, John, the subject of this sketch, to offer him in the temple of

God, like Samuel of old, the prototype of a greater. But she never made known this circumstance till her young levite had been ordained priest,—no doubt fearing to influence his decision.

The son of such parents, trained as he was in the school of the saints, suffered no harm in the Protestant educational establishment where he was sent from necessity, and where his religion was publicly insulted, and he himself greeted by his teacher, contemptuously, as “the little Papist.” John next studied law, and gained much during that experience which was of service to him in later life. His knowledge of mankind, quick intuitions, and stern logic were no doubt, in some degree at least, the fruit of his legal studies.

Before very long, however, he found that he was called to a higher state. He entered the Seminary of Carlow, and from that time forth his career was one of singular distinction. Apart from the college honors which he readily won, his gift of eloquence already began to display itself. He gave young children instructions in the catechism, which he made so attractive that they were soon attended by numberless adults. He was also invited to give a course of lectures on moral theology in Carlow cathedral. In 1808 Bishop Moylan, of Cork, made the young student president of his theological college, obtaining for him a dispensation by which he was ordained before the canonical age.

On the day after his ordination he began a series of lectures at the cathedral in Cork on the Old and New Testaments; and his vast audiences were spellbound by that gift of oratory which was to produce such splendid results in his native Ireland as well as on the free soil of America. He was appointed, about this time, chaplain to the Cork jail. There he gained a thorough insight into the corporal and spiritual miseries of mankind; and his ardent patriotism received an impetus, because of the

horrors endured in the political prisons for Faith and Fatherland.

On one occasion, as the young priest was making his way through the prison corridor, he heard a loud, despairing voice uttering fearful blasphemies against the Most High, and shocking imprecations on his own soul. Father England immediately obtained access to the hapless wretch, and succeeded in gaining his confidence. He discovered him to be a secret-service tool, employed for many years in the pay of the government; and being now esteemed dangerous, because he knew too much, was clapped into prison. The priest, having been a lawyer, gave him much advice and strong hope of making a good defence. After talking long and seriously with him on the needs of his soul, the chaplain bade him good-bye, promising to return on the morrow with a legal friend. When the morrow came the cell was empty: the poor fellow had been spirited away. The devoted priest learned the sequel to that affair only when he was Bishop of Charleston many years later. The unhappy victim of an odious system was then in a remote part of India, exiled for life; but he assured the Bishop that he at least endured his miserable existence in the certain hope of a blessed immortality.

Another time Father England was called upon to attend a political prisoner condemned to death for the crime of robbing an arsenal. The criminal was a mere boy, and had committed the act with the patriotic intent of serving his country. He was willing enough to accept the ministrations of a priest, but he positively refused to make restitution by restoring the arms or revealing their hiding-place. The chaplain visited him day after day, reminding him that he could not receive absolution or Holy Communion. Still the youth was obdurate. At last came the fatal morning. The sheriff arrived at the jail, and putting the rope around the convict's

neck, as was then the custom, bade him set out for the place of execution. The boy held his head high, with proud defiance in look and smile, and quietly prepared to do as he was bidden; but Father England, crucifix in hand, barred the way.

"Stop, sir!" he cried. "You shall not go to hell for half an hour yet."

"Oh," said the prisoner, aghast, "how can you speak so to a dying man!"

"You know I speak the truth," sternly responded the priest; "and should fail in my duty if I did not."

The hapless youth shrank back into a corner of the cell, with a sudden realization of the spiritual ruin that awaited him.

"Indulge me, sir, for this half hour," whispered the chaplain to the sheriff. The sheriff made answer that his warrant extended to 5 p. m., and that he would allow him all that time, if need be.

"The half hour will suffice," replied Father England.

The officers of the law withdrew and the prisoner made his peace with God. The priest was wont to declare that never had he prepared any one for death with more assured hope than that misguided lad.

Father England, while incessantly busy with the various details of his pastoral duties, going about amongst his fellow-citizens doing good everywhere, took upon himself another and onerous task. He purchased and became editor of a moribund liberal sheet, the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*, with the avowed purpose of advocating the rights of his countrymen, stigmatizing their wrongs, and endeavoring to improve their condition. He wished also to counteract the semi-infidel principles which were creeping in from revolutionary France and exercising a deleterious influence on the men of '98. The policy which he advocated was wise, calm, temperate. It is asserted that in the columns of his journal he demonstrated that very

system of constitutional agitation which has in modern times won so many victories for Ireland.

His position was a most trying one; for he was surrounded on every hand by spies desirous of giving a treasonable turn to his utterances. Accordingly, when exposing the horrible condition of Irish prisons, the maladministration of laws, the packing of juries, and other iniquities, Father England was fined five hundred pounds sterling; and, being wholly without means to pay the fine, was put into prison.

At the very time that he was engaged in this arduous editorial work he was secretary of the diocese, was actively engaged in mission and parochial work, and founded the North Convent and the Magdalen Asylum in the city of Cork. It was at this strenuous period of his career that, in the profound humility characteristic of him, Father England said: "If I were a better man, if I prayed more and labored less, I should have more influence." In point of fact, his influence was unbounded, even amongst Protestants and at a time when sectarian bigotry was rampant.

He was next stationed in Bandon, an ultra Orange town, over whose doors was posted the famous inscription:

Turk, Jew or atheist may enter here,
But not a Papist.

There was an addition made to this extraordinary inscription which has been ascribed to the witty Dean Swift himself and also to his servant:

The hand that wrote this wrote it well,
For the same is written on the gates of hell.

That is, however, beside the narrative. Father England boldly entered Bandon, and in the six years of his stay there won golden opinions from the very enemies of the Faith themselves. But he had some curious experiences of which the following may serve as an instance.

Late one night the future Bishop heard a knocking at his door, and female voices below informed him that his services

were needed in a certain wild and remote locality. He inquired the name of the dying person, and learned with surprise that she was not a Catholic, nor were those who had come to seek him. He suspected a trap, but, nevertheless, made ready at once for the journey. His guides led him by circuitous paths, and on the way warned him that an armed party lay in ambush to intercept him and that his life would probably be in danger. They cautioned him to observe the strictest silence. So they went on till at last a miserable hovel was reached. In a dark corner of the one room lay a female figure; and above, on planks stretched across the rafters, were several men. They had evidently placed themselves where they could keep watch upon the bed; but, through the mercy of God, and trusting no doubt to the ambush on the road, they had fallen asleep.

Father England's quick perception led him at once to the correct conclusion that the sick woman was in reality a Catholic, but prevented by force from avowing herself such, much less practising her religion. The women who had guided him hither declared that their friend had always said she wanted a priest when dying. He sat down beside the bed and began to speak in a cautious whisper. The woman pretended at first to be delirious; but, finding that the men above really slept, she made her confession and received the last sacraments.

The priest was then led back by the same devious paths; but when they drew near to that point upon the road where the would-be assassins lay concealed, he could not help giving them a cheer and a merry greeting. They little guessed what he had succeeded in accomplishing; and, seeing him approaching from a direction opposite to that which they had expected, they made no attempt to molest him.

At this epoch the American Church was sadly in need of both bishops and clergy; the latter were few and scattered,

and the former were brought from abroad. The newly erected diocese of Charleston, which included Georgia and the two Carolinas, was without a chief pastor; and the Holy Father cast his eyes upon the young but distinguished priest, whose name and fame had already reached Rome, as a proper candidate for the vacant See. Now, Father England in the old days at the Seminary of Carlow had made a private consecration of himself for foreign missions, "under the patronage of God and the Blessed Virgin, and with submission to the will of superiors." And when his friends had urged him to permit his name to go to Rome for an Irish bishopric, he always replied that he would never wear a mitre in any country over which the British government exercised control; so that these circumstances made his appointment to the chief pastorship of the Southern diocese peculiarly appropriate.

When the time approached for his consecration, he flatly refused to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain. He declared that it was his intention to renounce that allegiance as soon as possible, and to assume the character and obligations of an American citizen. He was consecrated at the Cathedral of St. Finbar, Cork, on September 21, 1820, and arrived in Charleston on the last day of December of the same year.

Of his career in Charleston it would be difficult to give any adequate idea. The diocese was a poor and insignificant one, while the embarrassments which confronted the newly-elected prelate were enormous. His flock was scattered over all the three States, and in the metropolitan city it consisted of very poor Irish laborers and of needy adventurers from the West Indies. There were only two priests and two small churches,—one in Savannah and one in Charleston; while the trustee system, with all its attendant evils, was fully established, and the Bishop found half-infidels in possession of the Church property and

altogether independent of his authority.

On the other hand, the Protestant Episcopal, or English, Church, supported by royal bounty, was there in all its splendor; its congregations embraced the whole aristocratic plantation society. They were prepared to treat with supercilious disdain, and in many instances with downright hostility, the Irish Papist who had ventured to come amongst them with the title of bishop. As to his parishioners, they were an altogether despised element in the community,—a practically unknown element.

Dr. England took up arms against this "sea of troubles" with a resolute will. His splendid energy and inspired zeal showed him the way which he was to pursue for twenty-two years, till a wonderful work had been accomplished. While making the Catholic religion respected and respectable, he became an integral part of the city's life and a supporter of her civic no less than religious institutes.

In the dispelling of prejudices, the Bishop found an invaluable auxiliary in his sister Joanna, who followed him to America to direct his domestic affairs, and put her small fortune into the maintenance of the modest household. She attracted the younger and gayer portion of the people who flocked to the Bishop's house; and it was wittily said that "many who came to laugh with her remained to pray with her brother." She strove to elevate the tone of fashionable society, and instituted what were called "tertulias" to raise the standard of conversation. She is described as having "all the graces of this world and the other." Witty, charming, high-souled, devout, inflamed with her brother's zeal, she exercised an extraordinary magnetism over the plantation society, which, strange to say, took the young Irish girl at once to its heart.

When Dr. England founded his paper, the *United States Catholic Miscellany*,

of which he was editor and chief contributor, most of his writing therein being controversial in character, Joanna not only edited the literary department, but supervised her brother's writings as well, persuading him to soften expressions which might give offence. For seven years she was as some gentle tutelary deity in that sternly masculine household; then, being stricken with "stranger's fever," she died far from her native and dearly beloved Ireland.

The Bishop's first endeavors had been to obtain more priests; and, finding that those who came thither from abroad were all too soon prostrated by the climate, he set himself to form a native clergy. He founded a theological seminary, of which he was for a time chief instructor; and established elementary schools, wherein he himself taught. Presently, too, churches began to spring up with something of magical celerity.

All these enterprises of the prelate excited Protestant bigotry to an extraordinary extent, and everything possible was done to crush the infant seminary and other educational establishments. But the undaunted Irishman went bravely on his way, gradually extending his staff of teachers and bringing able men to Charleston, even while he was so poor that, as he confided to a friend, he had sometimes walked on the burning sands with the bare soles of his feet, having merely the leather top to keep up an appearance of respectability.

His labors were indefatigable. He visited the most remote parts of his diocese, and no one was so poor or obscure as to elude his pastoral vigilance. He was a true father to the Blacks over whom he exercised unbounded influence. He had special services for them, and his own Mass on Sunday was exclusively for their benefit; in the afternoon he also gave them a Vesper service and preached. And if he found that two sermons in the afternoon were

too much for him, after preaching in the morning, it was not the Blacks who went without a discourse, but the fashionable congregation of St. Finbar's. So successful was his work amongst the Negroes that many Protestant plantation owners offered him free access to their slaves, even to the exclusion of ministers of other denominations.

His confessional at St. Finbar's was always crowded, and contemporaries declare that he had a special gift for discovering spiritual maladies and for applying a remedy. At the approach of any of the principal feasts he seemed, if possible, to redouble his energies. An intimate friend thus refers to his exertions upon one occasion: "I have known him to leave his confessional after nine o'clock upon Christmas Eve, arrange a temporary bed for me, hurry off to his distant home, awake me for Midnight Mass, give Holy Communion at the six o'clock Mass, celebrate High Mass and preach."

When yellow fever broke out, he was untiring in his ministrations. That fearful scourge desolated the city; people fled in terror; fear was on every soul. But the Bishop went his way undisturbed,—baptizing and instructing and anointing, even amid the horrors of the "black vomit." His very presence brought hope and courage to the panic-stricken survivors, no less than to the departing spirit.

"I met him one morning when the fever was at its height," says a contemporary. "He was brushing along through, perhaps, the hottest street in the city. When I tell you that he was *blazing* I do not exaggerate; for he was literally blazing. The fire sparkled from his cheeks and from his eyes. I told him that he would soon have enough of that; but not so. Season after season saw him at fever-stricken bedsides. His labors never relaxed while there was one poor sufferer in need of his ministrations."

He made numberless converts amongst the poor and rich alike. Sometimes they came into the Church when in the full enjoyment of strength and health; or, again, they remembered on their deathbeds the discourses they had heard at St. Finbar's and sent posthaste for the Bishop.

A somewhat remarkable instance of this kind was an urgent message which came to the episcopal household from the son of an eminent Protestant dignitary. The gentleman lay sick unto death from a malignant malady known as "country fever," which was not only infectious but liable to strike those who went out from the city at certain times of the year. The house was at a considerable distance, too, over a waste and dismal territory; and the doctor, who had been called himself, strongly advised the prelate not to go. "The only question," responded the Bishop, "is how shall we get there? I have a vehicle but no horses. Supply me with those and we shall start at once." He arrived in time to do all that was necessary for the dying man, who departed very happily in the bosom of the One True Church.

But the Bishop was constantly displaying courage in a variety of ways. Pestilence never affrighted him; when his life was threatened he never altered his course. When the convent which he had founded was threatened by a furious mob, he proceeded there immediately, and calmly examined every musket held by the little band of defenders.

This convent was specially dear to him, amongst all the educational institutes it had been his delight to found and foster. When he had made up his mind to bring thither the Ursuline nuns—a branch of the same Order which had just seen its monastery burned by New England fanatics,—a storm arose in the episcopal city of Charleston. Bigotry leaped into a flame, and there was an organized majority prepared to defeat

before the Legislature the bill to incorporate the new institute. Bishop England, opportunely, received an invitation to lecture before the Senate. He proceeded there in his episcopal robes. Many members of the Lower House were present out of curiosity.

It was a magnificent discourse. The orator seemed to forget himself in his impassioned plea for the Church and its liberties. He set before them, openly, fearlessly, forcibly, the claims of the Church and its obligations; he declared that his own office, its duties and privileges, was totally misunderstood; that if the prevailing Protestant idea of a Catholic bishop were correct, he should be driven forth from their shores instead of being received in their homes as a man and a brother. Then he turned upon tolerance, and scathingly denounced Massachusetts and its religious tyranny. When he touched upon the charter for the convent, his eloquence reached a climax. He defied them to keep the community out of the country, and declared that if he had the means he could buy up the whole State for ecclesiastical purposes. He deplored the folly of driving the Catholic people out of the safe highway of legality into devious byways. His peroration was upon Christian charity, and the splendid results which the Church had to show. It was said there was not a dry eye in the house, and the incorporation bill passed next day without opposition.

(Conclusion next week.)

IN Russia, during the reign of the late Tsar, the editor of a magazine, in which a libel on his Majesty had appeared, was put up on a scaffold in public and forced literally to eat his words. A surgeon stood by and administered the pages in doses, just stopping short at the quantity that would choke the man. How many people would be quite choked if obliged to eat all their rash and abusive words!

A Favor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

ONE of the most remarkable of recent cures wrought through the instrumentality of the Water of Lourdes is vouched for by Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, France, who expatiated on it in a public discourse; calling upon his hearers to return thanks for so extraordinary a mark of divine goodness, and exhorting them to renewed confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The facts, as furnished by our Lourdes correspondent, are as follows:

For ten years Sister Victor, of the Congregation of St. Charles, formerly a nurse in one of the hospitals conducted by her community at Nancy, had suffered from an incurable affection of the spinal marrow, scientifically termed myelitis. Complete paralysis supervened and confined her to her bed for the last five years. The Nancy School of Medicine is famous in France and even in Germany, and the most eminent members of its faculty were powerless to cure or even to afford relief to the patient.

After a first immersion in the piscina at Lourdes, Sister Victor experienced a feeling as of a return of life: she could move her lower limbs slightly, but that was all. In the afternoon of the same day, at the passage of the Blessed Sacrament, while ardent supplications were going up to Heaven from numberless hearts, the poor sufferer felt a sudden and strange sensation through her whole frame, which caused her to tremble so violently as to shake the litter upon which she was resting. Almost instantly she felt assured that God had restored her to health. Yet she hesitated to stand up, lest she should fall back upon the stretcher and create emotion among the other sick and the pilgrims crowded about her. So she remained silent as to her wonderful grace until the next morning, when, having been conveyed back to the Grotto, she sprang from her

litter and began to walk, being able to do so without any help.

Losing no time, she presented herself at the Examination Bureau, where her case was pronounced a deeply interesting and remarkable one by the medical experts there assembled.

It is a singular fact that members of the community to which Sister Victor belongs have many times been favored by Our Lady of Lourdes,—a fact to which Mgr. Turinaz referred in giving public testimony to this extraordinary cure.

Billiards as a Preparation for Death.

IN a well-ordered Christian life there is a time for everything,—for innocent play and jolly conversation as well as for work and prayer and fasting. The important point is to conform to the advice of St. Paul: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all for the honor and glory of God."

Just how sensibly the saints understood the philosophy of life is illustrated by an incident in the career of St. Charles Borromeo, the famous Archbishop of Milan. One of his recreations was billiard playing. In the course of a game with his domestic clergy on a certain occasion one of the ecclesiastics suddenly asked: "What should we all do, supposing that we were certain of being called before the judgment-seat of God within a half hour from now?"

One replied that he would immediately take his Breviary and finish the recitation of his Hours. Another said that, as for him, he would at once seek his confessor; still another that he would prostrate himself before the Blessed Sacrament. When it came to the turn of St. Charles, he quietly remarked:

"Well, as for me, I should continue my game of billiards; for I began it with the intention of pleasing God, and I don't think I could do anything just now that would be more agreeable to Him."

Notes and Remarks.

In the controversy regarding the lawfulness or taste of portraying sacred subjects through the drama, the fact seems to be lost sight of that as much depends on the character of the audience as on the selection or treatment of the theme. In the old morality and miracle plays, for instance, familiarity with the Deity and with things sacred went further than the most audacious of the moderns would dream of; but the auditors were of one faith and no irreverence was intended or perceived. Similarly, a drama in which an imaginary pope figured rather familiarly was applauded by the clergy and people of Catholic Ireland, while the same play provoked hostile criticism in New York; and we remember a famous novelist saying to us that a story which caused pain and offence to Catholics in this country was read without disapproval by influential prelates in Rome. As between Catholic and non-Catholic countries the standard of taste is as different as the standard of general comprehension, for the same reason that people talk more freely among friends than among strangers. The frosty air of circumambient heresy makes American Catholics more sensitive than their coreligionists elsewhere.

It is safe to assert that in future the publishers of all sorts of reference books will be at greater pains to secure the services of reliable, well-informed and impartial writers in view of the severe criticism to which costly works like "Appletons' Cyclopædia" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" have lately been subjected. Treating of the Christian Church, an incompetent contributor to the latter work asserts that "while the members of the Roman Catholic missions do not seem to increase, the Anglo-Saxon missions have increased nearly 50 per cent in the ten years," etc. A

statement like this on the authority of an Anglican bishop is somewhat amusing; it provokes one, though, to meet with it in a standard work after reading this passage of unconscious humor contained in the last file of the Sydney papers:

The natives of Malietta are, it is said, bitterly opposed to the introduction of Christianity among them, and as a result frequent disputes occur, many of which were investigated by H. M. S. *Sparrow*. . . . The *Sparrow* visited five places in the island of Malietta—namely, Anki, Sio, Uras, Kwi, and Port Diamond. At the four first-named villages the natives were found to be hostile toward the Christian religion, and it was deemed advisable to give them a salutary lesson. Numbers of the natives were taken aboard and shown the heavy guns. They seemed to recognize the awful character of the instruments of destruction, and left profoundly impressed. As a further warning, several rounds of blank shell were fired into their villages. The ordinary practice shells, which are non-explosive, were used for the purpose; and, although no actual damage was done, the natives were very greatly alarmed and fled in all directions. . . . Very little concerning the Christian religion is known at many places in the island, which is an extensive one; and peculiar views are held concerning the belief of the "white man."

And no wonder. A writer like Huxley would not be our choice for an article on the Christian Church, though his description of Anglo-Saxon missionary methods in general is as truthful as laconic: "First bullets, then Bibles."

"Oh, what a field of work is there for those who love God and desire the conversion of souls!" exclaims Cardinal Vaughan in a really beautiful letter addressed to a charitable society of Catholic ladies in England, one object of which is to enlighten the unevangelized. The tender heart of a true shepherd of souls is revealed in all that his Eminence writes. He does not regard the hundreds of thousands in London without faith or religion as lost goats, but as strayed sheep, to be sought out and led back to the Fold. "They are of the great mass of the disinherited. Their forefathers, three hundred years ago, were all Catholics like ourselves.

They are to-day suffering, without their own fault, from the original sin of the national apostasy; and now they are without God or faith in the world, like the sheep wandering in the desert without a shepherd, over whom Our Lord mourned, and in whose behalf He is even to this day seeking for shepherds and for agents who will do His will by bringing back the lost sheep."

The same note is struck in an admirable letter by Bishop Keppler, of Rottenburg, on the need of a Catholic reform—"a reform in all that is human in the Church,"—and on the marks and signs of a true reform. A translation of this weighty and timely letter is given in the *London Tablet* (Dec. 27). The Bishop denies that the great revolution of the sixteenth century was a true reformation of the Church, but hastens to add:

Nevertheless, we are far from laying any blame upon our Protestant brethren of the present day. We recognize and esteem the good faith (*bona fides*) of many among them; we not only tolerate but love them with true charity; we do not give up hope, but pray continually to God that the day may come when we and they shall unite our forces in order to make front against false education, false culture, and infidel science; in order to reform and save modern society, and bring about the triumph of Christian faith and Christian morality.

"Do you know that every year in Massachusetts 12,000 more die than are born of our native stock?" The question was asked by a wise man of the East—a college president—in an address before a Unitarian Club. "Rocking the cradle has become a lost art in American homes, but not in other homes," the speaker added. It is a genuine pleasure to note the humble, introspective spirit in which thoughtful men of ancient American lineage speak and write of the shortcomings of their own race, and to observe the new and wonderful respect they manifest for the elements which immigration has contributed to the composite American people. The humble mind is a teachable mind; and once our

public instructors are duly impressed with the failure of Emersonian ethics and transcendental homilies to restrain the master-passions that stir mankind, a new appreciation of the power of supernatural faith to save society is sure to follow. Sociology, of all the secular sciences, is destined to do the best service to revealed religion.

Manuel del Valle, of Menlo Park, California, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest man in the world. He is, as the certificate of his birth shows, no less than one hundred and fifty-seven years old. He is a manikin now, weighing less than ninety pounds and being scarcely five feet in height. He hears fairly well and takes a walk each day; although most of his time is spent in a chair in the warm sunlight, in front of his little house of *adobe*. When asked to what he attributes the number of his years, he says, in his broken English, that he has lived so long because he has always prayed regularly to God, gone to Mass when possible, and sat in the sun. Those who are engaged in a frantic search for new microbes, and make life miserable by complex machinery for prolonging it, would do well to take a leaf out of the book of this simple old man.

A good resolution for the heads of Christian families, which the beginning of a new year would be the best time to act upon, was recently suggested by the *Bulletin* of Cambridgeport, Mass.:

Parents, cultivate in your family a love for the annual celebration of your family feast-days. The return of your marriage day, the baptism or birthday of your children, their First Communion and Confirmation anniversaries, should all be days of rejoicing, and the Christian remembrance of them would serve to cement the family affections still more strongly. How should you celebrate them? Hear Holy Mass on that day, and, if possible, have a Mass said for the one whose anniversary is being celebrated; and receive Holy Communion in thanksgiving to God for the blessings received. Can you estimate the wealth of grace that would

come to you and them by such a Christian practice? And your dead—remember them on the anniversary of their death. Parents, sanctify your homes, your children and yourselves by this beautiful remembrance of the days of grace and blessing, and thus teach your children to keep up this Christian act when you have passed away.

An excellent suggestion. It is to be feared that saints'-days and name-days—the birthdays of the soul,—so welcome to Catholics in the Ages of Faith on account of the joy and peace and love that were occasioned, are no longer of general observance even among those who are classed as pious Christians.

A Catholic gentleman who tells us that he was in a measure indifferent regarding the interests of our coreligionists in the Philippine Islands, and, like many other American Catholics, opposed to anything like a general agitation in their behalf, declares that he felt heartily ashamed of himself when he read these stirring words in a secular paper:

All our people have a plain duty to perform regarding the murder of the Filipino priest who was done to death by torture at Banate, Iloilo, Panay, on December 9, 1900. It is a very disagreeable duty, but they can not get away from it—one and all, from the greatest to the least.... We have been asked many times by our friends, "Would you have us scuttle, desert our new responsibilities?" Not by any means, we reply; you must meet them. One of the responsibilities is this in the year 3 of the Empire: since the flag is not hauled down in the Philippines, you are responsible for the murder of this Roman Catholic priest, committed under its protecting folds, not by one of your officers alone, but by one evidently in conspiracy with others. Your authorities, instead of doing justice to the murdered man and to you—you for the time disgraced before the world by that crime,—have steadily run away from justice; and are running now, despite what they say to hide that fact.... The question, then, American man and woman—citizen of the United States and happy child of the Empire—is just this: What are you going to do about it? Are you going to let it become a part of history—"ancient history" in time—that you had the fact morally proved to you that a horrible murder was committed under your flag by one of your officers, in collusion with others, who helped him kidnap his victim; and that you, responsible, intelligent, influential, let that

iniquitous thing be done,—in a word, that you condoned the crime of shielding the confessed murderer and his associates and accomplices? Or will you demand justice as though the dead victim were your relative—brother or son? That is exactly, O child of the Empire, what you face to-day, stated in bold, hard, unmistakable terms! You must make your choice: speaking out now distinctly, or else forever after holding your peace. If you speak out, justice will be done. If you remain silent, saying you are sick of the whole stupid business and of the cranks who keep it stirred up, you may be sure justice will not be done. You are quite free to remain silent, but you can not escape the verdict of history.

There are many American Catholics who have good reason to feel ashamed of themselves for their snobbishness and supineness, manifested in many ways on a thousand occasions. Until certain secular papers took up the case of Father Augustine, for instance, they hadn't a word to say about it; though they were very ready to denounce as cranks those who gave evidence of possessing moral courage. Our correspondent admits frankly that he felt ashamed of himself, and he is therefore excusable. There are others, we regret to say, who seem incapable of such a feeling or of such an admission.

A great Western university, whose professors were gathered from the ends of the earth, and whose machinery is well oiled by endowment, begins this year of grace by abandoning the policy of coeducation of the sexes. It is a new proof of the wisdom of making haste slowly. All advance, of course, is through experiment; but progressing in haste often means retrogressing at leisure. Truth and intellect are absolutely asexual, and certainly woman needs and deserves opportunity for higher study. But the question of coeducation is a question of method and expediency; and, apart from the consideration that the efficiency of professors and the thoroughness of courses often demand the banishment of the ladies, there is the fact that education is a serious

business which the young man had better pursue alone. No university, as one writer puts it, can safely become a matrimonial bureau, nor yet a clearing-house for flirtations; and a campus dotted with couples billing and cooing their way to an A. B. is "a sight not calculated to rejoice Minerva."

Foreseeing that the French government will eventually extend its persecution from the religious Congregations to the secular clergy, a number of eminent and prudent French Catholics are advocating a movement which, if successful, will neutralize at least one effective agency of anti-clerical tyranny. They purpose establishing in each diocese an association for the relief or the support of its poor priests. Even if the Concordat be maintained in France, it is quite clear that vexatious and rigorous measures may be pressed against the clergy without violating the strict letter of the law. Refusal to pay the indemnity which is the priest's sole income has already become so common that its extension will, unless provided against, prove thoroughly disastrous. It is a wise plan, therefore, to be prepared for this form of persecution, and so spike those guns of the enemy which they count upon to work most havoc in the clerical ranks. The movement deserves the fullest success; and it is to be hoped that from the diocese of Brioux, where it originated, it will extend rapidly all over France.

It is just a little amusing to note the vagaries of the Bench in connection with Christian Science and other forms of the gentle art of healing diseases which do not exist by remedies which are purely imaginary. Some time ago a judge in an Eastern city refused to grant a charter to a Christian Science church on the ground that it was a business corporation, the compulsory purchase of Mrs. Eddy's book at an exorbitant price by all neophytes being the ground of

the court's action. Later the Supreme Court of the United States decided that Christian Scientists may lawfully use the mails, since it can not be proved that promises made by the mental healers are fraudulent and deceptive.

In Detroit the other day the District Court convicted three men of violating the postal laws, their offence being that they offered to send a "mental cure" for any ailment for the consideration of one dollar of United States currency. The fee was certainly not unreasonable; but one of the unfortunate healers made the mistake of confiding to the judge that the cure would not work in case the recipient failed to pay the dollar. Evidently the Detroit judge had not studied the divine metaphysics, else he would know that the patient would have been relieved on payment of the dollar. He would certainly have been relieved of so much coin of the realm; and money, they say, is the root of all evil. No doubt, too, the operator, if not the patient, would feel better as soon as the modest tax was paid. Seriously, we hope the Bench will not fall into the capital error of making martyrs of "the peculiar people."

The Irish Party proved its loyalty to the hierarchy by hurrying back to London in time to save the substance of the Education Bill. The Bill came down from the lords with an amendment providing that the government, and not the parishes, should bear the cost of repairs to school-buildings. Obviously this is a matter of some importance, since it represents an expenditure throughout the country of something like two million dollars. For some reason Mr. Balfour declined either to support or to approve the amendment, which would unquestionably have been lost in the chaotic condition thus induced had not the Irish members been present to vote for it as one man. It was a service that English Catholics ought not to forget.

Notable New Books.

Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year.

By the Very Rev. George Deshon, C.S.P. Catholic Book Exchange.

"No sermon," wrote one, "ever amounts to anything which does not make people examine their consciences." Father Deshon is clearly of this mind; for, with the exception of a few expository sermons—such as that on the Immaculate Conception,—every discourse in this volume aims immediately at the reformation of a vice, the correction of a wrong point of view, or the stimulation of the soul to walk in the more perfect way. The author's standard is high, but it is a cheerful asceticism withal that he preaches; and a spirit of sweet reasonableness is about it like an atmosphere. Take this passage on the difficult theme of mortification:

We are very ready to criticise the saints and holy men who have practised great and extraordinary mortifications. We say: 'What is the use of so much fasting and prayer? Why so much hard labor and deprivation of all comfort? Why such short sleep and so little rest?' We pronounce this folly and superstition, without hesitation. Yet if a man were to fast the whole day for the sake of gaining a hundred or even fifty dollars, we should see nothing strange or fanatical about it. If any man were to deprive himself of sleep for the sake of attaining political or military eminence, we should applaud his heroic conduct.

Now, what men of the world do every day for their own advancement or that of their families, the saints have done for immortal interests,—for success in the business of an immortal participation in the happiness of the Infinite Beauty and Wisdom. They sat down deliberately and made the reckoning. They said: 'What is the object to be gained? No less than God Himself. What are the obstacles in the way of gaining Him? My passions, my desires and inclinations. Then I will remove these obstacles out of the way; I will never rest until they be my servants and I the complete master of them.' Who shall condemn those who, led by the Spirit of Wisdom, have had a greater fervor than we have dreamed of; who have despised and trampled under foot, like dung, all that we are so taken up with, that they might be more free and untrammelled in the pursuit of God?

This is good sermon-quality, but no better than can be found on almost any page of these brief, practical, common-sense and common-spoken discourses. They are intended as aids to the clergy and for private reading; and if they do not find favor with the public, the fault will not rest in them.

A Royal Son and Mother. By the Baroness Pauline von Hügel. THE AVE MARIA.

This fascinating biography reads almost like romance, and one hardly knows which to admire more—the saintly son or the brave-hearted mother. The story opens in the eighteenth century, with the girlhood of Amalie von Schmettau, who later married the Prince Gallitzin, Russian Ambassador to France. The atmosphere of the times was tainted with the philosophy of Voltaire, and the

Prince was a disciple of the new school. The history of this alliance, the change wrought in Amalie by the influence of religion upon her sensitive soul, the education of her two children,—all are full of interest and are charmingly told.

The contrast afforded by the life of Father Gallitzin in Pennsylvania, to all that made up his youthful career, shows the touch divine on a beautiful soul. One must be better just for reading the life of this holy man.

The make-up of the book is very attractive. The paper, printing, and binding give it distinction; and, viewed from the standpoint of literature, ethics or the art of the bookmaker, "A Royal Son and Mother" is a delightful volume.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The appointment of the Bishop of Peoria as one of the arbitrators of the labor difficulties in Pennsylvania makes this volume peculiarly opportune; for although only two of the fourteen papers that are gathered here deal with the labor question, they embody most of the author's thought on that important and peculiarly difficult subject. Most of the other papers in this collection discuss various aspects of the political life of the nation; a few are on religion and education.

We know of no other writer in this generation who has so crammed his pages with thought as has Bishop Spalding; the epigrammatic force and brilliance of his sentences would be even greater if relieved by a dull or feeble sentence occasionally. We note with very special pleasure the optimistic spirit that pervades the volume in an age when most of the serious writing is sombre and funereal; and the broad appreciation of the "lowly" Christian virtues—meekness, obedience, voluntary poverty, etc.,—which so few understand nowadays. It is a wholesome spirit that breathes through these pages; and we reflect with considerable gratification that the subjects treated here will bring many thousands who have not known him hitherto into touch with Bishop Spalding's mind and heart. And that will be a great blessing.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. By George Horace Lorimer. Small, Maynard & Co.

A thoroughly enjoyable book. John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Company, pork-packers in Chicago, and familiarly known "on 'change" as "Old Gorgon Graham," is a philosopher and a satirist who merits a place alongside of Mr. Dooley himself. As specimens of genuine American humor, redolent of twentieth-century conditions and atmosphere, these Letters deserve, whether or not they will receive, considerably higher praise than some of the books over which of late years the reviewers seem to have lost their heads. "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to

His Son" is, in short, the kind of book one likes to have at hand when a friend who hasn't read it drops into one's sanctum or study. It contains any number of bright bits that will justify one in saying: "By the way, Tom, listen to this good thing." And if Tom is not utterly destitute of the sense of humor, he will forthwith invest in a copy of the book for himself.

Upward and Onward. A Year-Book Compiled from the Discourses of Archbishop Keane, by Maurice Francis Egan. John Murphy & Co.

The main object of this book, as the compiler states, is to give to earnest men and women, often too busy for long meditation, a spiritual keynote for each day of the year. Archbishop Keane is a great priest, admired for the fine qualities of his mature and well-stored mind, and beloved for the tenderness and unction of his spirit. Circumstances have required him to give his message through the spoken discourse rather than through the written word; yet it were a pity if his wise counsels and lofty ideals were to reach only those who could come under the spell of the orator. The cordiality and the fire of such a speaker as Archbishop Keane can never be imparted to the printed page; but the dynamic quality of these compact and thought-laden paragraphs is marked.

Unfortunately, as we think, the volume has been so printed as to suggest a diary rather than a book of thoughts; but while we regret that the blank space was not better utilized, we are not unconscious that these four hundred pages contain more substance than commonly goes to the making of a single book. The reflections are grouped under twelve heads, each appropriated to a particular month; and so spiritual and so stimulating are they that whoever begins the book on the 1st of January will be sure to be its devoted admirer on December 31, 1903.

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. By B. C. G. Published by B. Herder.

Of the many great services rendered by Bishop Spalding, undoubtedly the greatest is the encouraging and enlightening influence he has exercised over teachers, Catholic and Protestant, in the United States. The present volume, which is from the pen of a Christian Brother, not only contains a brief introduction by the Bishop of Peoria, but he is more frequently quoted in subsequent pages than any other writer; and a chapter of his most pregnant, aphorisms on education is included in the work.

But for the average teacher something less transcendental, something more concrete and homely, is needed to assist him in rising to the Alpine heights to which the Bishop points him; and this assistance is furnished in the book under review better, we think, than in any other volume in English. The teacher's office is often found to

be a discouraging one, and in these pages the causes of discouragement are discussed in the light of faith and in the spirit of piety. It will appeal to lay teachers as well as to religious, and it would make good spiritual reading for individuals as well as communities. No more acceptable gift could be sent to a teacher, and no book that we know of is more likely to breed and nourish vocations to the teaching communities.

The Mirror of Perfection. Being a Record of St. Francis of Assisi. Translated by Constance, Countess de la Warr. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

It is well known that after the death of St. Francis of Assisi many of his followers disregarded his teachings concerning the accumulation of wealth and the simplicity of the Franciscan vocation. Fierce controversy was in the very air, and "The Mirror of Perfection" was evidently written by one fully in sympathy with the intention of St. Francis and opposed to those who would betray the Lady Poverty. To Brother Leo, the "Little Sheep of God," this collection of legends is commonly attributed; though there are not wanting those who think it the work of various hands. The translator has succeeded in retaining the rugged simplicity of the original Latin while dressing it in very excellent English. The pleasant introduction is by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.

A Book of Oratorios. Compiled by the Rev. Robert Eaton. Catholic Truth Society (London).

In this history of the oratorio, the name of St. Philip Neri figures prominently; and his sons, the zealous priests of the Oratory, have ever considered the cultivation of sacred music as a loving duty imposed by the example of their sainted founder. During the past six years oratorios along the lines pursued by St. Philip have been sung at the Birmingham Oratory; and Father Eaton's book gives an outline of each, with selections and composers. The discourses delivered on these occasions form part of the book; they are by Fathers Ryder, Keating, Blakelock, and Maturin.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. By P. J. Coleman. Messenger Press.

The first thing that strikes one in this volume of verse is the absence of the trivial—the merely pretty—which characterizes so much of the metrical writing of to-day. The opening poem, which gives the book its title, "The Rose," "To Joan in Heaven," "The Dream of Colossus," have a ring of strength in their not always regular lines which appeals to one. Emotion without a certain kind of beauty is better than that same beauty without emotion. "Shamrock Time," "To the Sea-Wind," "May Eve," and others, have the charm of the Celtic spirit.



Polly's Enterprise.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

I.

THE holidays were over; indeed, two weeks had passed since the New Year bells awakened the frosty midnight air with all their joyous ringing. School was falling into its dreary routine once more, with only a series of appalling examinations to break the monotony. And, sadder still, the Christmas presents, so welcome at their coming, now failed to thrill with the slightest feeling of gladness the hearts of the Cranes.

"Ah, yes, that's the worst of it all!" sighed Polly, thinking of the music box that in three short weeks had lost a great part of its charms. "Yes, it's all the same, even down to Baby."

For Baby, aged two, chubby, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, as babies are, was toddling discontentedly about, with one small thumb thrust into his little mouth, where he thought that in all justice a peppermint drop should just then be sweetly melting away.

Over in the corner, forsaken and quite forlorn, were his Christmas gifts,—the steam-engine built strictly on the lines of giant locomotives; mechanical animals enough to establish a menagerie; an air-ship that seemed worthy of crossing a continent; and a fort, all turrets and wonderful imitation rocks, and very erect and brave-looking soldiers,—a really magnificent affair. And yet the Baby was discontented.

Polly reached over to the table for her candy box, hoping to find consolation therein. But the relic of holiday prosperity contained only two candies—

chocolates they were, to give them their due; but both showed, through the traces that had been left by prying teeth, cream of a deep yellow hue,—an evident reason for their still remaining so long after their companions had vanished. It is all very well, however, to spurn yellow cream on Christmas Day; but the sense of taste often makes exceptions when the candy tide is low, so the box was soon empty.

Again Polly's eyes sought the toys, and then some wonderful idea sent her bounding out of the room. A moment later she was ringing the bell of the house next door—the home of her bosom-friend, Sally Ford,—where she left a note which read:

"Dear Sally,—I have a great plan. Come over when you have finished studying."

Accordingly, at half-past seven Sally tripped lightly into the Cranes' home, was conducted with a great show of mystery to Polly's room, and there the plan was unfolded.

"Now, Sally, don't laugh," began Polly; "but things are so dreadfully dull that I think it would be fun to have an exhibition of mechanical toys. We could expect only little children, I suppose; but, then, we could ask some of our own friends, too. The room back of the dining-room is never used, you know; so the exhibition may be held there."

Sally laughed. "Polly dear," she said, "you're a genius!"

The enthusiasm of the girls increased by degrees; and when, some time later, they went downstairs, many plans were simmering in their pretty heads, many questions had been settled, and the date of the exhibition decided,—a week from the following Saturday. Sally's little

sister Edith and twelve-year-old Jessie Crane were admitted into the secret; and the respective brothers, Fred Ford and Charlie Crane, were begged, besought, and implored to promise their aid for the eventful afternoon. This they finally condescended to do, vowing the while that it was all girls' nonsense, "and of course the fellows at school must never hear a word of it."

The only preparation that occupied the ten intervening days was the inviting of the guests; and on the morning of the anticipated Saturday the pleasant work of decorating began. The room was made very attractive; for even the boys, at the eleventh hour, lost their hearts to the cause, and ransacked their rooms for suitable furnishings.

The first arrival was Lucinda Tibbetts, timid and blushing; and soon afterward came Hartwell Halliday, whose imposing name rested uneasily in his snub-nosed, freckle-faced person. A few moments later the door opened to admit a party of school chums of the girls, accompanied by numerous little brothers and sisters; and then, with the arrival, not long afterward, of a small army of other boys and girls, the company was practically complete.

The musical programme was rendered by the music box, assisted—when it was silent, of course,—by Sally, who patiently played over and over again the only selection that she knew—the scales—on the mandolin that she had received at Christmas time.

Laughter and merriment made the hours take wings; and the time of departure had all but come, when Polly, looking out into the early January twilight, saw the pale, eager face of a little crippled boy, whose eyes had been feasting on the gay scene. A moment more and Polly had called him into the room.

With eyes that were strangely bewildered, Tom Lefferts watched the fun; and when the good-byes were floating

away on the winter air he lingered still, pondering over the marvellous engine, that had moved and hissed and whistled just as real ones do. That wondering, wistful look went straight to Polly's heart; and when Tom went home he carried away the engine, to be his for two joyful weeks.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—WYCHERLY HALL.

Dinner was over at Wycherly Hall. It had been a briefer and less formal affair than usual, in order that the hostess and her guests might prepare for the gayer festivities of the evening.

All was ready for the New Year dance. The polished parquet floors flashed back the glittering radiance of the chandeliers above them; mirrors and pictures were wreathed, doors and windows garlanded, mantels banked with hothouse flowers; while the great conservatory shone with myriads of electric lights that flamed like fireflies in its tropic bloom. It was a fairy scene. But with florists, catérers, and a dozen other things to consider, neither Aunt Marian nor any one else in this splendid home had given a thought to Tessie or Joe.

Judge Neville was in his library, smoking an after-dinner cigar with his old friend, Colonel Graves.

"I see that Red Murdoch has broken jail," the Colonel said, as he lit his Havana at the torch of the bronze Mercury on the table beside him.

"Yes," answered the Judge. "Don't mention it before Marian: her nerves are not very strong, and she has a morbid dread of the fellow. No doubt you have heard that he made some ugly threats about getting even with me for my sentence on him."

"Twenty years, was it not?" asked

Colonel Graves, puffing his cigar into a glow.

"Twenty years' hard labor," replied the other. "From the evidence, I could give him no less; though the rascal swore by all that an Irishman holds sacred that he was innocent, and would have his vengeance on me yet."

"An ugly customer to be at large," said the Colonel. "And hunted down as he doubtless is, he will be even more desperate. I would advise you to be a little cautious, my dear Neville, and put a pistol in your pocket when you go beyond your lines. You have a stretch of hills behind you that would serve excellently for an ambushade."

"Pooh-pooh! my dear fellow, we are not on the frontier," said the Judge, lightly; "though I must confess those hills that shield Wycherly from the east wind have become something of a menace to a respectable neighborhood these latter years, and I would level them if I could. But as for Red Murdoch, he will scarcely venture into the very grip of the justice from which he has escaped—here is Marian! Not a word of this to her, I beg. It would spoil all her pleasure for the night."

And both gentlemen rose as their wives appeared on the threshold. The ladies were in full evening dress. Mrs. Graves, a slender, dark-eyed little lady, was charming in soft blue gray; but Aunt Marian, with her golden hair piled high above her head, her shimmering satin and trailing lace and glittering jewels, was dazzling to look upon.

"We have come to rout you two old fogies out of your den," she said, gaily. "It is time to dress, Ben."

"Oh, not yet, surely, Marian dear!" remonstrated the Judge.

"Let them finish their cigars, Marian," interposed Mrs. Graves. "You and I don't mind smoke, I am sure; and Judge Neville's cigars are far too fine to throw away. What a lovely, cosy den this is!" added the little lady, sinking into

the depths of a big leathern chair. "In fact, the whole place is a paradise. Such a picture as it made when we drove in the gates this morning!"

"Especially that dear little girl with her dog on the lawn. She looked as if she had just slipped out of a canvas by Greuze," added the Colonel. "I did not know that you had a daughter, Neville."

"We have not," answered the Judge. "That's Dick's daughter—little Tessie."

"Dick's daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Graves, in momentary surprise. "Why, of course. I remember his wife left a child. But where in the world has he kept her all these years?"

"In a convent," said Aunt Marian, with a rather hard little laugh. "It was Marie's dying request, made, I have always suspected, in dread of me."

"In dread of you, my dear!" echoed Mrs. Graves, with astonishment.

"Yes," and the lady laughed again, more good-humoredly. "I am a very vain, frivolous being, you know; and poor Marie was good,—oh, drearily good!"

"My dear, she was one of the loveliest, happiest women I ever met," interposed the Judge, gravely.

"Ah, well—perhaps!" replied the lady, with a shrug of her snowy shoulders. "But I am quite sure she looked with dismay at you and me. And lest, poor Dick being homeless, the child should fall into our hands, she made it her last request that the nuns at St. Anne's should have entire charge of the little girl until her eighteenth year; so she has been with them ever since her mother's death, six years ago. But she had typhoid this autumn and it left her a little ghost. The doctors insisted upon Northern air; so Dick wrote to Ben asking him to bring her up to Wycherly for three months. My dear, she is the greatest little oddity you ever saw. Positively, I can't tell sometimes whether she is seven or seventeen: chatters in French and reads Latin, is far ahead

of Wynne in mathematics, but runs away from the big boys to play checkers and dominoes with little Joe. And Christmas Day, when there was so much going on that every carriage and horse was in use, she rode off with the Farleys in their milk wagon to church—”

“That must not happen again,” said the Judge quickly. “I will see that she has a carriage every other Sunday when there is Mass at St. Paul’s.”

“As you please,” said the lady, coldly. “I really could see no reason for her going so far, when we had a beautiful Christmas service much nearer home. And her gowns!” continued Aunt Marian, as if turning gladly from an unpleasant subject,—“my dear Lucile, if you could see their cut! Imagine a girl of twelve years wearing a quilted bonnet and coat!”

“We thought her delightfully quaint and pretty,” said Mrs. Graves.

“And not to be improved upon even by your wealth and taste, Mrs. Neville,” added the Colonel, with an old soldier’s frankness.

“Ah, don’t swear to that!” replied the lady, gaily. “I have begun the work of reconstruction already. Wait until you see her to-night. There—the orchestra is tuning up! Positively, gentlemen, you must go dress. Lucile, we will go down.”

And the fair mistress of Wycherly with her guest swept out of the library and down the broad staircase.

Wynne, a slender, fair-haired youth of fourteen, met her in the hall below.

“Mamma,” he asked, “do you know anything of little Joe?”

“Joe?” exclaimed his mother, rather impatiently. “I suppose he is up in his own room or with Mrs. Judkins [the housekeeper]. I really can’t keep track of the child at a time like this—I see that bass violin is right on top of my azaleas. He must change his place.”

And Aunt Marian trailed her splendid gown over the polished floor to the conservatory, lest her rare flowers should

be injured by the fat little German musician. She had no time, indeed, to think of little Joe to-night. Ah! it was well that God’s pure star was watching on Barker’s Hills.

Wynne turned away without further question. The young Nevilles had early learned that mamma in full social splendor was a being not to be disturbed. And she never disturbed them: they went their own ways unquestioned and unwatched, as if they were already men. So, left to himself, Wynne paused for a moment at the foot of the stairs, and then sprang up three at a time to his father’s door.

“Papa,” he said, bursting in upon the Judge, who was adjusting his necktie before the mirror, “do you know anything of little Joe?”

“Little Joe? Was he not at dinner?” asked his father. “Now I think of it, I did not see him. Probably he dined with Mrs. Judkins.”

“No, sir, he did not. Neither she nor mamma has seen him,—nor Dick nor Dan nor any of the stablemen. Mélanie thinks she saw him and Tessie running across the lawn just before sunset, and they have not been home since.”

“Since sunset!” exclaimed the Judge—“three hours ago!”

“And—and,” Wynne hesitated, “it may only be a cock-and-bull story, sir, but Bob Banks—my little caddy, you know,—has just come up here with some sort of a crazy tale about a giant man that he saw running down Cedar Lane with little Joe Neville in his arms.”

“Eh—what!” the Judge dropped the scarf pin he held and turned a white, startled face upon the boy beside him. “Joe in his arms, did you say? What—what has happened to him?”

“I—I don’t know, sir. It may all be fancy. Bob is a bit of a scare-head; but neither Joe nor Tessie can be found, and—and—”

“Go on!” said the Judge, sternly. “What more have you to tell me, boy?”

"Nothing, sir, except—except they were saying at the crossroads to-day that you had better look out for your barns and stables, since Red Murdoch had broken loose, and he was bound to have his spite on us somehow, if he swung for it."

The Judge's face had suddenly grown cold and grey.

"Hush!" he said, hoarsely. "Don't—don't let your mother hear anything of this. It is nonsense, of course, Wynne,—absolute nonsense."

And yet even as the Judge spoke so bravely his voice shook; for a picture flashed before his memory that chilled his heart—a crowded court room, a man facing him with fierce, despairing eyes and gaunt, uplifted hand: "As God is my witness I am innocent, Judge; and ye shall reckon with me for this day's doings yet!" And though Judge Neville had done only what he had felt to be his duty, that passionate cry had echoed painfully in his thoughts for many a day after it died in his ear.

"Where is the boy that brought this story?" he asked.

"Down in the kitchen hall, sir. I told him to wait there and hold his tongue until I came back."

"I will go question him myself," said the Judge, throwing a loose coat over his evening dress; and he passed quickly out into the hall.

The guests had begun to arrive by this time; the great house was pulsing with gay music and echoing with glad voices and happy laughter; the breath of flowers filled the air; all was light, warmth and beauty. But the master of this splendid home hurried down by back staircases and corridors, an icy fear numbing his heart. For little Joe was his father's idol; his frail little hand touched some heart chord which the older boys, handsome, bold and strong as they were, had never reached. What if Red Murdoch knew this? For the feelings of the rich and great are

freely guessed and discussed by their servants. What if the hunted, reckless man should wreak on little Joe the vengeance he had sworn? The night was dark, the hills were wild, the sea was near. The proud, strong Judge grew almost faint with the horror pressing upon him as he realized that all his wealth and power and love could not protect his little boy if he were in Red Murdoch's arms to-night.

A small, sandy-haired boy of about ten was waiting by the great, glowing heater in the kitchen hall, munching a piece of cake just bestowed on him by a passing waiter.

"Here is father, Bob," said Wynne, sharply. "Now repeat that story of yours, please; and mind what you say."

Bob dropped his cake with a start. "The Judge" represented power and greatness and dignity unspeakable to all the small boys about Wycherly. Rumors of the stern justice he dispensed at court were current in the neighborhood; and a stately, commanding manner added to the awe his position inspired. Small Bob fairly shook in his ragged shoes. To his surprise, a kind hand was laid upon his shoulder and a gentle voice said:

"Come, my boy, don't be frightened; tell me where and when you saw the man with my little Joe."

(To be continued.)

The Crescent.

When Philip of Macedon besieged Byzantium, the moon came out and discovered his design to the people within the walls, and they repulsed him. Afterward, in memory of their escape, they adopted the crescent moon as the badge of their city. When the Turks conquered Byzantium they found the crescent everywhere; and, believing it to possess some magical power, appropriated it for themselves.

With Authors and Publishers.

—On the subject of reference books touched upon elsewhere, we wish to state that intelligent and fair treatment of Catholic topics will be found in Chambers' new "Twentieth Century Dictionary," which is a marvel of correctness and completeness as well as of cheapness. The editor has consulted Catholic authorities for information on Catholic subjects.

—Friends, admirers and parishioners of the late Dr. James F. Callaghan, of the diocese of Little Rock, formerly of the archdiocese of Cincinnati and for some years editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, will be interested in the announcement of his "Memoirs and Writings," compiled by his sister, and to be published immediately by the Robert Clarke Co.

—One of the fairest of English holiday books is "Love's Crucifix," made up of sonnets and a canzone from the Italian of Petrarch, translated by Miss Agnes Tobin and published by Mr. Heinemann. Referring to the influence of Petrarch on modern English poetry—second only to Dante's influence—the *London Tablet* recalls that when Petrarch came to the end of the long life which the death of Laura had rendered lovely he was able to testify: "To philosophize is to love wisdom, and true wisdom is Jesus Christ."

—Anent the fact, noted last week, that librarians are often embarrassed by the demands of their patrons for literature about the Philippines, we are pleased to announce that through the zeal of the Rev. Father Middleton, O. S. A., the public libraries of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, the Congressional Library and various historical societies have been supplied with trustworthy publications dealing with the past and present of the archipelago. This is but one of many services for which the reading public are indebted to this scholarly and energetic friar.

—The Diocesan School Board of Philadelphia has begun the publication of a quarterly series of pamphlets, original and selected, on pertinent educational topics. The series opens auspiciously enough with an essay by Brother Azarias, based on Campayrè's "History of Pedagogy." Campayrè is a man of straw, and, therefore easily knocked down; but the essay deserves careful reading on its own account. Perhaps the usefulness and popularity of the projected series would be increased if the earlier pamphlets, especially, dealt with the practical problems of which our grammar-schools and high-schools furnish so many—problems of organization, method, entrance requirements, examinations, contents of courses, text-books, etc. Meantime it is only fair to say

that nowhere else in this country is practical education—primary and secondary—receiving more conscientious attention than in the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

—In one handy volume, well printed and fairly well bound, the *Catholic Repository*, of London, affords a catechism of Christian Doctrine, a compendium of Bible History and a Prayer Book. The low price of this booklet is a further recommendation of it.

—Mr. P. J. Kenedy has added to his list of devotional works "The Eucharistic Month," which is made up of thirty-one days' preparation and thanksgiving for Holy Communion, with Crasset's "Devout Entertainments." The recent Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Most Holy Eucharist forms an appropriate introduction.

—An unmistakably Celtic face looking out from the pages of the *Bookman* belongs to Mr. James B. Connolly, one of the *raconteurs* most sought after by magazine editors just now. He has recently published a volume of sea-stories which the *Bookman* pronounces to be as good as Kipling's work in the same field.

—Students of general literature as well as of the Gaelic will be interested in Mr. Magnus McLean's "History of Celtic Literature," soon to be published by Blackie & Son. A section of the work will deal with the influence of the Celtic upon other literatures, a subject on which Matthew Arnold did not by any means say the last word.

—Printer's ink has perhaps never been put to a more curious use than by the publication in Paris of a journal for the exclusive use and edification of beggars. The price is four cents per copy,—rather high, but we do not doubt it is worth every penny of it to its patrons. Here are some samples of the advertisements: "Wanted, a blind man who can play a little on the flute."—"Cripple wanted for a well-patronized seashore resort. One who has lost his right arm preferred." It is said that there are a score of bureaus in Paris which supply all France, and especially the bathing and health resorts, with beggars to suit every demand. The journal announces all promising weddings, baptisms and funerals, and furnishes a list of the birthdays and feast-days of persons of wealth. It is strictly a business publication, and disdains such unprofitable matters as politics, art and literature.

—Obituary notices of the late Frank Norris have been unusually sincere and regretful. As novelist there were aspects of his work that we could have wished different; but in his later writing he was

growing away from his faults, and he was succeeding better in living up to his own theory of fiction, which was a lofty one. According to it, the novelist has responsibilities no less than the clergyman, the educator and the editor. He no more than they has a right to peddle lies or half-truths merely because people want them and are willing to pay for them; yet the venal novelist who trims his sails to catch the popular wind—"him we greet with a wink and the tongue in the cheek." The very last paper written by Mr. Norris—he was only thirty-two when he died—was a fervent appeal to his fellow-craftsmen to stand against venality:

Somewhere the protest should be raised, and those of us who see the practice of this fraud should bring home to ourselves the realization that the selling of one hundred and fifty thousand books is a serious business. The People have a right to as they have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is *not* right that they be exploited and deceived with false views of life, false characters, false sentiment, false morality, false history, false philosophy, false emotions, false heroism, false notions of self-sacrifice, false views of religion, of duty, of conduct, and of manners.

Of Norris, Mr. Hamlin Garland has said that "he was a man of blameless life and of high ideals." We could believe that in any case, but we can believe it the more readily after reading his own conception of his responsibilities as a novelist.

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.

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

Upward and Onward. *Archbishop Keane.* \$1, net.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

The Mirror of Perfection. Being a Record of St. Francis of Assisi. \$1.35, net.

Sermons for all Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Very Rev. George Deshon, C. S. P.* \$1.

A Book of Oratorios. *Rev. Robert Eaton.* \$1.10, net.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. *P. J. Coleman.* \$1.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. *George Horace Lorimer.* \$1.50.

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. *B. C. G.* \$1.25, net.

From Canterbury to Rome. *B. F. De Costa.* \$1.25, net.

Later Lyrics. *John B. Tabb.* \$1, net.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. *R. J. Meyer, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

The Harmony of the Religious Life. *Rev. Hermann J. Heuser.* \$1.25, net.

Jean François Millet. *Julia Cartwright.* \$3.50.

The Wyndham Girls. *Marian Ames Taggart.* \$1.20.

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists. \$1.50.

The Historic Highways of America. Vol. I. and II. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net, each.

Thoughts on Education. *Maudell Creighton, D. D., etc.* \$1.60, net.

The Lukewarm Christian *Massillon—Percy Fitzgerald.* 60 cts., net.

A Short Rule and Daily Exercise. *Blosius.* 20 cts.

Ways of Well Doing. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 35 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Gulstan Ropert, Vicar-Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands; Rev. James McCusker, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. James Kelly, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Creeden, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Madardo Malices; and Brother Casimir, C. S. R.

Mr. C. L. De Villbiss, of Winters, Cal.; Capt. E. FitzPatrick, Williamsport, Pa.; Mr. Henry Lueke, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. James Cunningham, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Frank Seifert, Watab, Minn.; Mrs. Talefda Weakland, Barnsboro, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Bradley, Carrolltown, Pa.; Dr. John Couch, Somerville, Mass.; Miss Teresa McManus, Quebec, Canada; Mrs. Agnes Baker, Canton, Ohio; Mr. P. J. Sullivan and Mr. John Maguire, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. J. G. Fischer and Miss L. G. Doran, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. James Griffin, Montreal, Canada; Mr. John J. Wilson, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Flynn, Allegheny, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Bellew, Oconto, Wis.; Mrs. Anna Keenan, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. John Williams and Mr. Michael Daly, Ireland; Mr. G. Binder, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Robert Ruhl, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Desmond, Mr. Daniel Gallagher, Mrs. Margaret Kelly, Mrs. Mary Stokes, and Mr. John Wallace, San Francisco, Cal.; also Mr. Henry Ritter, Jr., Burlington, Iowa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. LVI.

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NO. 4.

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The Christian's Badge.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

“TAKE up thy cross and follow Me,” He said
To one who fain would learn the straightest way
Through earth's dim twilight to the perfect day
Of Life Supernal. . . Centuries are fled;
Yet down the ages have His accents sped,
The while the reckless world has gone astray,
To find at last, with infinite dismay,
Those only whom He guides are not misled.

“Take up thy cross!” His counsel still we hear
'Mid all the uproar of our fevered life:
Not ease untrammelled should we long for here,
But trials, grief, and pain, and ceaseless strife.
So best we follow Him we call Our Lord,
And win His love, life's true, supreme reward.

Two Famous Books.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IT is a truism to remark that present judgments on any subject—art, letters, religion, politics—are comparatively of small account. Posterity has the final word, and delights in proving the words of the Lord: that the first shall be last and the last first in the later accounting. The experienced, therefore, are not astonished at the varying, even contradictory, estimates placed on the work of eminent authors, artists, generals, churchmen, and statesmen; nor are they enthusiastic in accepting as infallible the most positive declarations of men as strong and sincere as Ruskin. The

present may judge the past, but not itself. The element of time must enter into the judgment which is to stand the test of time.

All this is commonplace to the expert. It is not even surprising that men of talent should be mistaken for men of genius by their own generation, and their achievements handed on to posterity as worthy of everlasting admiration. The real surprise lies in the mistake which classes genius with mediocrity, and ignores or even condemns the creations of genius. It seems impossible that men of critical, cultivated taste, for any reason whatever, should fail to recognize a work of genius. Yet we have examples enough of such failure. Longfellow was a bitter dispute to his generation fifty years ago, and even to this day there are critics who will prove his inferiority to any American poet in three pages. If he had not the dispassionate judgment of John Morley and other critics in his favor, as the greatest poet America has yet produced, Longfellow might have been a neglected personage among the admirers of Emerson and Bryant. We are all familiar with the reception which contemporary critics bestowed upon Byron and Keats. Newman suffered for years a scornful ignoring from the critics of his day. When his literary genius was at last recognized, the earlier indifference still concealed from the common admiration his novel of “Callista.”

Alone of contemporary reviewers, Mr. James Hutton paid tribute to “Callista”

as a splendid example of the delicate spirituality of Newman's genius, but seemed to take it for granted that its merits as a novel might be small. It may have been that the great Cardinal was somewhat to blame in the matter. In his preface to the work—a preface which seems to have provided the homespun reviewer with all that he wanted to know about the story,—Newman admits his ignorance of the art of the novelist; and he accounts with relish for the supposed shortcomings of "Callista" by an amusing recital of his efforts to write it. He wrote in his going and coming,—wherever he might between serious work. And more than once invention died, imagination found itself at a blank wall; so that he would have given up altogether but for the promise made to the publisher. Undoubtedly, too, he was drawn to it by the exercise which it gave his own imagination,—that splendid power whose existence in himself was hardly suspected until he had long left Oxford for Rome,—at least so says the capable and sympathetic Mr. Hutton. When an author confesses his ignorance of a special subject, only the interested will examine his work judiciously. Most readers accept Newman's account as a measurement of the novel.

As a matter of fact, "Callista" is one of the most perfect novels of its kind in the English tongue; one of the very few that would bear translation into French and be read with delight by the cleverest novelists of the world, so nearly is it akin, in delicacy and power, to French fiction of the highest rank. It is often referred to as more or less sketchy, both in characters and plot; whereas the contrary is the fact. The story first appeared at the moment when George Eliot had touched the topmost point of her fame and popularity. It was ignored, though worthy of comparison with her best. What it lacked in breadth of canvas and multiplicity of figures

was made up for by the depth and luminousness of the painting. It would take a long argument to maintain this assertion. Let it suffice to offer the opinion, and then to point out some reasons for holding it.

Four things help to make a novel great: the drawing of the characters, the incidents, the plot, and the style of narration. They can all be found in "Callista," so beautifully and harmoniously mingled, so effectively handled, that one stands amazed at the genius which could use so perfectly tools unaccustomed to its hand. The plot of "Callista" is psychological, which brings it into comparison at once with "Middlemarch."

Callista is a Grecian artist who has sympathy with the Christians, a slight acquaintance with them, a sense of emptiness in her own life, and a desire for something better spiritually than she has yet known. She half dreams to find it in the Christian fold; and watches with interest the behavior of two brothers, Agellius and Juba, who are known to be Christians of a sort. The Decian persecution has just begun, and by accident Callista is arrested as a suspect. Her influential friends bear her declaration to the authorities that she is not a Christian, and her release is ordered on condition that she comply with the imperial rescript, which orders all persons arrested as suspects to offer incense to the gods. Callista declines to offer the incense, while affirming that she is not a Christian. This puzzling situation is solved by the imperial order to execute her for her contumacy against the gods. Meanwhile in prison she has opportunity to review her own position, to examine into its apparent absurdity; a professed philosopher attempts to combat her motives, and only renders them the clearer; and finally at the right moment, psychologically, the Bishop, famous Cyprian, places in her hands the Gospel of St. Luke, which introduces her to the Light of the World for the

first time. She becomes a Christian and dies for her faith.

Now, a plot may be interesting in itself, which is a good thing, and it may acquire an additional and a stronger interest by the fashion in which it stirs up the characters to action. Wilkie Collins could provide a plot of marvellous interest, but it never touched his characters. His was a limited power, though Collins could tell a story with the best. In "Callista" the plot touches and stimulates in one fashion or another every character. Agellius, the hero of the tale, admired but not loved by Callista, offers her his hand and his heart, and receives a stinging rebuke for his willingness to desert his standard in order to take a pagan for a wife; Juba his brother, ready with the same offer, is put in his place with such violence that it makes him the villain of the drama; Cyprian, the great Bishop, is touched, interested, and finally attracted to her as father to child; Aristo, her brother, is made to feel his own meanness and littleness; the vileness of the wretched population of Sicca is made plain to the reader: all through the working of the first part of the plot, as it develops in and around the lovely and lofty girl.

As the plot approaches its crisis a tragic activity begins among the characters. Aristo, in despair, appeals to her, to her friends, against herself, and sends to her Polemo the philosopher to prove to her the folly of the situation; Agellius grovels in anguish; her wealthy friends surround her with tender care and sollicitation; and Cyprian hastens to her aid, foreseeing the glory of her martyrdom. When at last the sacrifice is consummated, and the girl lies dead on the burning sands of the desert, the reaction hurls each character violently but naturally back into the groove from which the tragedy drew it. Juba sinks into despair, Aristo flies like an ease-loving coward into obscurity, Cyprian goes on his way with joy to his own

crown, and Agellius takes up the cross where she laid it down.

This brief summary of the effect of the plot on the characters will show how well Newman handled both plot and characters. In a trained novelist it would be admirable; in this man it becomes marvellous. And, then, the richness and novelty and distinction of the incidents! The mob swarming through the city, tricked into the country, and half destroyed; the plague of the locusts; the scene with Polemo in the prison; the terrible scenes at the forest home of Gurta the witch; the horror of Juba's madness and flight; the sublimity and sadness of the martyrdom; the tenderness, the delicate beauty of the scene in the desert where the body was exposed; and the glory of the last rites from Cyprian in the cave,—are unsurpassed in the fiction of the world. Add that the action, the scene, the incidents are beheld through the silvery veil of Newman's style, that simplicity reigns everywhere, that feeling is as deep as the human heart and as pure as the unclouded heaven, and what remains to be said? To my mind the novel is among the most perfect from almost any point of view. It seems easier to explain the sources of its perfection than to account for the amazing indifference of the critics to its extraordinary merits.

We know the strength of temperamental prejudices. Perhaps these explain the continuous disagreement of the cultured with regard to "Quo Vadis." My first impression of this book was that nothing greater on this subject had ever been written, and that Scott had at last found a true rival in genius. The book made its way with no help from the critics, and sold by thousands, is selling yet, among readers by its own strength. It was surprising to learn that, on purely literary grounds, the lights of criticism had stamped it as ordinary; speaking opaque oracles about

it, such as, "It smells of the midnight oil," or, "the appeal to superficial learning and maudlin sentiment in its pages." Hardly a good word was uttered for it. The surprise was not so great that the judicious condemned it for some twenty pages out of five hundred, which laid bare a plague-spot of ancient Rome. Careful study has convinced me that my first impression about "Quo Vadis" will stand. As to its author's rivalry with Scott, the professional critics think the claim is good. Time alone can determine the relative rank of two great novelists.

Before taking up the analysis of the book, it must be admitted that the writer erred somewhat in his descriptions of Nero's banquet and the feast of Tigellinus. One must remember the provocation, however. Sienkiewicz is above all a literary man and a devout Christian, enthusiastic over his faith. He had listened for years—and who has failed to hear?—to the wailings of decadent *littérateurs* over the passing of ancient idyllic life to give place to the moral strenuousness of Christian habits. These wailers have made the average man believe that the world lost something in paganism, and gained nothing in Christianity. One hears that assertion everywhere. Who can blame the author of "Quo Vadis," when he had the veil in his earnest hands, if he pulled it aside for an instant to let decent people see the carrion over which our wailers were weeping?

It should also be remembered that Sienkiewicz, while barbaric in his strength, is not a writer of unclean themes. His realism leads him beyond the line at times, yet rarely. And, again, this revelation of Roman rottenness fell in with the aim of the book, which was to show how and why Christianity got its grip on old Rome, and changed a beast of genius and power into a Christian state. Moreover, the objectionable parts are but one-seventeenth

of the entire book, and are so subordinate to the main theme that little harm would have been done had nothing been said. However, it is to be regretted that the author allowed this blemish to affect his beautiful work.

Beautiful it is, and powerful; and great has been its service to truth, in spite of its defects. Its scheme is so large, its details so numerous, that one knows not where to begin. Undoubtedly the aim of Sienkiewicz was to show how the Christian idea took possession of Rome. Therefore he presents us with his hero, Vinicius: young, brave, handsome, soldier and noble, selfish, hard, sensual, rich,—just Rome incarnate. The history of Vinicius is the backbone of the story, a fact which seems altogether to have escaped the professional critics. Petronius is indeed the more powerful and attractive character, but Vinicius is Rome incarnate. The life of the book circles about his personality, not merely because he is the conventional hero, but because he is the author's theme in the concrete. The scenes and incidents of the first third of the book—that is, up to the moment Ursus strikes down the young Roman in the cottage of Glaucus—are devoted to a portrayal of the daily life of Vinicius: the life of his mind and the life which he led at court. Through this life we see what Rome was in part, and get a good understanding of the task which Christianity assumed in its attempt to subdue Rome to the yoke of Christ.

One is forced to wonder if this glimpse into the real condition of the imperial city, and the tribute indirectly offered to the religion which changed that condition for the better, are irritants to the modern pagans who reject and condemn the novel on literary grounds. Vinicius may have been an honorable Roman, but in our day his place would have been in jail. His treatment of the girl whom he loved, his dissolute actions, and the shocking murder of the

old slave who had carried him a child in his loving arms, horrify the reader. At the murder of the slave, the elegant Petronius was not shocked or horrified, only disgusted that his nephew should spill blood in his presence, and display such bad manners for small reason. Petronius himself, later on, coolly stabs a drunken gladiator barring his way in the street, wipes his blade on the man's robe as he falls, and resumes his walk and his remarks with his companion. Vinicius has no idea of love in the Christian sense. Lygia is simply the toy of passion, and he is ready to commit murder to possess her. All the details of this first part illustrate in one way or another the condition of Roman society when Nero ruled. The picture is brilliant and shocking. Modern pagans do not like to look upon it.

The second part of the book is concerned with the change which came over the nature of Vinicius in the presence of the new religion. Almost slain in the attempt to kidnap Lygia, he is nursed back to health in the house of Christians; and there, through a long convalescence, he gets a glimmering of what the new principle of life may be. In Newman's novel, Callista approaches Christ through a sense of her own personal need; the simple, rather coarse soldier learns to know Christ only by observing His disciples. It is unnecessary to go into details. Let it be said at this point that in all fiction there is nothing so fine, so strong, so pathetic, so rich in emotion, so full of literary grace and power, as this study of the Roman soldier's approach to Christ. I do not know that there exists in fiction any similar study of this theme, and I doubt if any of the great writers of the past or present could have achieved so much with it. It may be admitted that only a Christian will appreciate to the full its beauty, and feel its deep pathos and significance. However, that can hardly be called a limitation. Because

you are somewhat deaf, it does not follow that my singing is weak.

The third part of "Quo Vadis" may be called the purification of love. Marcus Vinicius had become a Christian, and his whole heart had gone out to Lygia without any conception of love's deeper meanings,—with no understanding of the eternal horizon which belongs to Christian love. The essence of true love is sacrifice, and sacrifice was no part of a Roman noble's life. Therefore Marcus has to pass through the furnace of tribulation,—to learn that his Lygia is threatened by Nero, and to kneel like a child before St. Peter, with tears asking that she be sent away from Rome; to see her haled to prison and condemned to death; to attend her daily in the prison, and see the external beauty which had won him fade utterly away; to learn how little the earthly frame has to do with true love, for in her eclipse his love burned more terribly in his heart; to bid her farewell forever; to sit under the eye of Nero and see her die; and to feel, as earth fell away from him, how necessary to the heart of man is the everlasting life, how incomplete is human justice without the Divine. When he had learned this lesson, and survived it, Christ had conquered him. Never was a noble theme handled more nobly, with such variety of character and incident, such wit and passion, such grace of narration. Frankly, one does not care to conceal a natural scorn for the people whose business it was to recognize the true worth of this splendid novel, and to give it its proper place in literary esteem.

In a work of genius its many-sidedness embarrasses analysis. Many pages might be devoted to a display of the beauties of "Quo Vadis." Space is lacking here. Yet some things must not be overlooked. At the time of its highest popularity several ministers warned their people against its portrayal of the characters of St. Peter and St. Paul; for the first

Pope takes precedence in the novel over the first theologian. One suspects that the critics who read the book before writing it down felt the lash of the author in such characters as Petronius and Chilo. The *arbiter elegantiarum* not only stands for the best culture of his own time, but also for the political impotency of the leaders to redeem their people from bondage; and still more is he the mirror of his kind in this century. No wonder they pouted at the likeness.

Chilo is philosophy run to seed, smirking and spying in the purlieus of the palace, but degraded and incapable, except at the end, where it recognizes Christ and dies grateful for the triumph of truth. In fact, it is rather amusing, from this point of view, to follow the author in his biting parallels. If his decriers really discovered his satire, then they deserve more credit for acumen than has been allowed them here. Peter is presented with full knowledge of the cry that has gone forth in our day for a return to unity in religion; and Nero stands opposed,—the symbol of the irresponsible powers which struggle daily in the market-place for a domination that will enslave mankind.

No matter how widely opinions differ as to the artistic merits of the book, there can be but one opinion as to its influence. It was the best-read book of its day in this country. People are still reading it. Publishers have honored it with the cheapest form and the *édition de luxe*—two things which prove how far a book has spread among the common people and what a hold it has taken on the best readers. When one recalls how beautifully and powerfully the novel restates the old argument for the divinity of Christianity—viz., its survival of terrible and bloody persecution,—and the fierce indictment of that ancient paganism which the decadents of our day would fain revive with all its dirt; together with its pictures of the first Apostles and the first Christian life,—it

becomes easy to grasp, if not to measure, the character of that force which the book introduced into the thought of a million readers.

Undoubtedly it is one of many silent influences working toward an end which we all long to see accomplished. God alone can measure, since God alone can see, the workings of these secret powers. Strange is it that the best things should be so misunderstood, belittled, obscured, and often banished with opprobrium. "Callista" is unknown, and the well-informed allude to the work lightly but respectfully for the sake of a great name; and "Quo Vadis" is held unclean and incompetent, from the moral and the æsthetic points of view, though the author is a genius and had but one aim in writing his book—to glorify the Faith and to ridicule the modern renaissance of paganism.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

III.—(Continued.)

M YLES had hardly flung himself on one of the sofas when a letter was handed to him, the bearer awaiting a reply. This Mercury was relegated to the outer hall, Count O'Reilly interpreting. The letter was from Dan O'Byrne and ran:

DEAR NEPHEW:—I am laid by the heels by a bad whack of roomatiks (I don't think this is spelled right: no matter),—laid on in the trenches before Sebastopol, bad cess to it! So I can't stir. Come out here at once and fetch your duds with you. My man will bring you safe to me, and I shall be delighted to see you. A Russian welcome is nearly as good as an Irish one,—that's enough! I'm sick, sore and sorry that I did not ask you to bring me a pound

of Lundy Foot's snuff,—the Blackguard they used to call it. Come on at once. I'll go bail Ivan—that's John, my man,—missed you at the station! He misses everything but Mass; and he can't miss *that*, for I take him with me by the lug if necessary.

Your uncle,

DANIEL O'BYRNE.

Myles roared, so did the Count, at this quaint and characteristic epistle. The snuff had been thought of by Mrs. O'Byrne, and lay safe in Myles' portmanteau; having passed unscathed through the Custom Houses of France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia.

O'Reilly was loath to part with Myles; and, having invited him to lunch at Cubat's—the Delmonico's of St. Petersburg—on the following day, cried "*Au revoir!*" in strident tones, as the drosky started at a speed that involuntarily compelled Myles to cling to his companion, the grinning Ivan, and to the belt of the sturdy, melon-backed *ishvoshtek*, whose caftan protruded a *tergo* like a highly inflated balloon.

A wondrous ride to Myles, so full of novelty, color, and movement. Along the Nevsky they tore, skimming past other droskies, but never a touch or a scrape, albeit one inch would occasionally have made a very sad difference. The Cathedral of Kazan towered on the left, and the cross on the dome of the Catholic Church of St. Catherine nearly opposite on the right. The palace of the Grand Duke Sergius, of light chocolate color, was spun past; also the Moskaia, the most fashionable street in the capital, with the glittering dome of the majestic Cathedral of St. Isaak shimmering against a keen, full blue sky; past the enormous Winter Palace, with its dull gingerbread, seemingly endless façade; away past the world-renowned equestrian statue of Peter the Great, standing upon a gigantic rock; on, on to the English Quay, with its line of palaces, embassies and clubs; across the

river Neva by a resounding wooden bridge—now happily being replaced by a striking structure of stone and iron; past Fort Paul, within whose grim and silent walls sleep the dead Tsars; into a small park thronged with soldiers in every variety of uniform, and beribboned nursemaids; out onto the long and even road, fringed with innumerable *datchas*, leading to Kresstoffskey.

Upon the porch of a small, neat, wooden cottage sat the Crimean veteran, smoking a clay pipe very energetically, and whiffing very rapidly. As the drosky drove up he let forth a yell as though he were again charging at Inkerman.

"You're welcome, me boy!" he cried, as he hugged his stalwart nephew again and again. "Bedad, it raises the cockles of me heart to see you! Be me song, you're not a bad specimen of an Irishman! No *spalpeen* about you, Myles! Are these your duds?" And, turning to Ivan, he gave him some orders in a voice that could be heard for at least the radius of a quarter of a mile.

"I've only an old woman and this man, Myles; and never a word have they but Roosiaif. But it comes to me quite natural now. I can feed you well, Myles, as long as you can stop; and your bed will be as neat as if your old Aunt Kate had the making of it. Father Leahy told me you didn't drink hard stuff, so you'll get your fill of tea. Real caravan it is, and smuggled in. I'll send some back to your mother and aunt,—but don't say a word about the smuggling. They'd swear it was bad and poisonous. You can drink it all day and all night; for the samovar (the old tea urn,—your mother has one) is going every hour of the twenty-four in all Roosian houses. Turn round, *ma bouchal*, till I take another eyeful out of you."

The veteran was tall and straight as a ramrod. Two very small grey eyes glittered under shaggy brows; and he wore a fierce mustache and a well-

combed beard, of a pepper-and-salt color. Myles could trace a strong resemblance to his aunt. The old warrior pushed question after question, mostly about people of whom his nephew had never heard mention.

"All dead and gone, Myles; and I'm alive and half a Roosian."

Myles narrated his adventures from the time of the receipt of the letter in the heart of the Wicklow mountains.

"Count O'Reilly is a fine fellow. I don't know him, but I know of him. He's as thick as peas with all the nobbs, and they say he and the Tsar takes a nip of *vosky* together at times. His mother is a fine Catholic. His father was killed at the Gravitzza redoubt at Plevna, by the Turks, bad cess to them! It's a fine pinch of luck for you to have come across him. He will show you everything while I am downed by this touch of rheumatics. Don't be shy. You're as good blood as he is,—aye and better; for our people owned all Wicklow and a taste of Waterford at one time. So hould your head up, Myles me boy! There's money bid for you. Come in and take the samovar, and I'll tell you all about myself and how I came to stay in Roosia."

It would appear that Dan O'Byrne, then but a stripling of sixteen, whilst engaged in repelling the fierce attack of the Russians that dark November morning on the heights of Inkerman, was laid low by a blow from the butt of a musket; and whilst endeavoring to regain his feet and his fighting was, after making it hot for the Muscovites, overpowered and made prisoner. After a brief sojourn in Sebastopol, he, with about two hundred other prisoners—composed of British, Italian, French and Turks,—marched into the interior, and eventually, at the termination of the war, was transferred to Moscow. Here he met a fellow-countryman engaged in what he somewhat vaguely designated as the China trade, in the furtherance of

which he emigrated to the land of the Celestials and became absolutely lost to the outer "barbarian" world. He had not been idle, though,—very far from it; for he located three gold mines, which he subsequently succeeded in placing with some French capitalists at Canton, selling out in smart and very satisfactory fashion. In this city the tea trade attracted him; and, investing some of his gains from the sale of the mines in a souchong venture, he scored again and yet again, until he resolved upon going to St. Petersburg and working the trade from the great capital.

Thirty odd years rolled by ere he found inclination to write home; and from time to time, at long intervals, he dispatched brief epistles to his sister Kate, and once in a while to his sister-in-law. These worthy, warm-hearted ladies took but little interest in him, especially when he announced his marriage with a Russian lady, to whom they sent, respectively, a rosary blessed by his Holiness the Pope, and an Agnus Dei containing a venerated relic. But they seldom volunteered a letter, merely replying when Dan took it into his surly, crusty head to write. He was now out of business save for an occasional "flyer" in the tea market; had purchased the comfortable *datcha* where Myles had found him, and to all intents and purposes was a Russian.

All this he narrated, with many diverting details; chuckling rapturously at mention of some sharp practice with the Heathen Chinees, and at certain incidents wherein he unwittingly had caught the proverbial-Tartar, after some fruitless endeavor to snatch the too wily Russian also.

"And now, me boy, I've been talking for two hours or more, and I smell dinner. You'll have the same dinner that you'd get at Kilnacorney: boiled chickens—mighty small they are in Roosia: the size of thrushes,—and a cut of belly bacon boiled with the

cabbage, and potatoes in their small clothes. Stand up till I take another squint at you. Faix you're just what I was at your age, from head to heel."

Myles found the dinner just as his uncle had described it; and the tea served in thin glass tumblers, minus sugar or cream, simply delicious.

"I must take some of this home."

"So you shall, Myles,—leaves picked special for the Emperor of China himself. Wirra, how I wish the *voteen* had thought of me in regard to the snuff!"

"She *did*!" said Myles, in delight.

"*Never!*" cried his uncle, forgetting the "roomatiks" and springing to his feet.

"Didn't she?" replied Myles, planting the tin case in the middle of the table.

"Be the mortal frost, but *that's* the real snuff!" roared the veteran, as he exploded half a dozen neck-dislocating, nose-bursting sneezes,—a rapturous exclamation between each one. "Now

here's a fine box of genuine Roosian cigarettes, made at Tsarskoe-Selo,—the same brand as the Emperor's,—a box of beauties. Just take a few whiffs and then tell me what you think of them."

Myles pronounced them perfect.

"Here's the box. Lock it up. I could trust Ivan with all the gold in the Imperial Bank of Roosia, but *not* with an imperial cigarette."

The pair sat on the porch far into the "white night," which is akin to daylight, and lasts from May to September. All through the night one can read a book or even a newspaper; while the ladies do their sewing, or preside in the open air of the porch over the ever-abiding and necessary samovar.

"You must take a walk up to the Point, Myles. All the swells drive out there to look at the Bay, and the Fortress of Cronstadt, and the Palace of Peterhoff. The fashionable hour is from one to two in the morning, when decent people in other places are snoring in their beds; but the view is elegant. You can't miss the road. It's past

the turn in this road and about a mile off to the Point. I'll lay a rouble you'll find your friend the Count there, and you'll see some tiptop horses—all the fast ones,—and you'll find some of our Roosian beauties,—though, be the mortal frost, *they* are few and far between. Be off now! You'll get coffee and eggs at any hour you say in your room in the morning. You call 'Biddy.' Her real name is Katerinska, but Biddy sounds like home; and she answers to it as ready as if Father Leahy had christened her. You must speak to her in signs as if you were in the deaf and dumb asylum at Drumcondra. Stay out as late or early as suits you. There's no scolding woman in this *datcha*, and a latch-key isn't wanted."

Intensely pleased at his honest and cordial reception, and his heart going out to his tough old kinsman, whose manner was at once open and affectionate, Myles strode along the tree-shaded road in the "white night," mentally wondering if he was destined to settle down in Russia. The horizon of his career was a very narrow one, bounded at its widest point by a humble sub-managership at two hundred pounds a year, with a house, coals and candles, and a social position known as "a half sir." No educated young man with the faintest spark of ambition could contentedly sit down and grind round in such a mill from day to day for so feeble a reward. There were possibilities in Russia, *terra incognita*, that existed in no other country on the face of the globe,—always excepting the great and glorious States. The door of possibility was already unlocked for him: why not boldly enter and take the chances? Of course he would bring out his dear old mother and Aunt Kate. Fifty hours from London, in a first-class carriage, could not possibly be injurious to either of them. And if the sea proved a dismal surprise, once upon *terra firma* and the horror would be forgotten.

His uncle would set him up in business. He had acquired the science of banking from the first rung in the ladder. He was a ready and unerring accountant. Of course he would have to deal with roubles instead of pounds, shillings and pence; and a few weeks, with his training, would make him an expert. Then the language! Here was the lion in his path. An almost impossible tongue. Bah! there is no such word as "impossible" at twenty-five. Luckily, he had learned a great deal of French, and could make himself perfectly understood. This was a good backing to begin with, as French seemed to be universally spoken by the class with whom he would be brought into commercial contact. St. Petersburg was evidently a most magnificent city, leaving "dear, dirty Dublin" clean behind; and, the language once acquired, he would conquer Russia from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

In the cloud of such happy musings, his Spanish castles springing up at every step, he strode along through a very handsome park, wondrously green in the strange, weird northern light that was neither "day nor dark"; past a small lake of white silver reflecting the shadows of the towering trees, while the "boom of the ceaseless moan of the homeless sea" began to become more distinct at each step forward. Equipages of every sort, shape, size and description passed him, from the Ambassador's carriage to the Grand Duke's troika. Victorias of faultless London style, landaus, broughams, dogcarts, and droskies rolled onward or tore along as though on errands of life and death, and spinning so closely together that Myles expected to hear a crash. To watch these vehicles tearing along afforded him the keenest pleasure; the magnificent horses, especially the black satin-coated Orlofs, warming up his Irish heart; for, like all Irishmen, he loved a horse and a race; and he had never missed the Punctestown meeting since

he was emancipated from the Christian Brothers' school at dear Castleknock.

A break came in that endless chain of equipages; and Myles was suddenly all alert on seeing a drosky coming up at a terrific pace. The driver was swaying from side to side, and had evidently lost control of the magnificent horses, that were now madly tearing along the roadway.

"That fellow has lost his grip!" muttered Myles. "It's a bad runaway. Is there anybody in the carriage? Yes—no—yes! My God, a man and a woman! And, heaven! the driver is down! There's not a second to be lost."

Uttering an *Ave Maria*—that sweet prayer of solace which brings help and strength, and the aid of the ever-blessed Mother of God,—Myles sprang into the middle of the roadway, and, amid the yells and shrieks of the excited bystanders, squarely faced the onrushing, maddened animals. As the horses reached there, he leaped at the reins, clutched them, hung on, allowing himself to be dragged—at times gaining his feet, then losing his footing; but always holding on as dead weight, till the dazed animals came to a trembling, quivering, snorting stop. Then, and not till then, did Myles pull himself to an upright position, when he began to soothe the scared brutes by gentle words and pattings; while the hundreds who had now come upon the scene sent up a wild cheer for the man who dared so much, after so gallant a fashion.

A tall grey-mustached gentleman, in the uniform of a general officer, stumbled out of the drosky, dragging after him a young and affrighted girl, whom he immediately transferred to a carriage, the occupants of which received her with every expression of rapture and anxiety and loving sympathy.

"Sir," said the general, approaching Myles, "I have the honor of addressing an Englishman—"

"Irishman!" interrupted O'Byrne, who

never lost a chance of proclaiming his nationality.

"I have only to say, sir, that you are one of the bravest—most—"

"Oh, bother, sir!" returned Myles. "Here are your horses. I am glad that I was able to stop them before they galloped to Cronstadt, which lies, I believe, ahead of us."

"My gratitude and that of my dear niece can never—"

"Good-night, sir!" And he was moving away, after stiffly raising his hat.

"Favor me with your name, sir. Here is my card."

Myles reluctantly took the card, and, shoving it into his waistcoat pocket, observed, as he walked away:

"I am a stranger here, sir; so it doesn't matter. My name is O'Byrne. Please, no thanks."

After walking a little he discovered that his clothes were literally torn to ribbands, while his knees and elbows became acutely painful.

"No Point for *me* this morning!" he ruefully muttered. "And my best—my *only* suit torn from my back into tatters! This will give some Russian journeyman-tailor a precious job. And I'll have to lie close till he completes it. Oh, they must have a ready-made clothing establishment in St. Petersburg, and I have enough to pay for a hand-me-down suit! Thanks be to the Mother of God, I was able to stop those horses; and if it wasn't for their arching necks my brains would have been decorating the road. I suppose the lady was more frightened than hurt. I wonder if she was young and beautiful, or some old whey-faced duchess all dignity and decorum? By Jingo, my knees and elbows are coming out strong! If my dear mother were here I could get some goose grease and rub my barked bones. She believes in these unfailing remedies—goose grease, linseed meal poultices, and Gregory's powder."

(To be continued.)

To One Departed.

BY JOSEPH R. KENN.

THE deep sea holds the stars,
Though far they be:
And thy celestial thoughts
Thus glow in me.

The drooping plant athirst
Soft dew revives:
And O the dew of love
Between our lives!

Thus, till in God we meet,
My soul shall be
Lit by thy splendor, fed
With love of thee.

The Light of the American Hierarchy.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

ON one of his pastoral visitations Dr. England had got the loan of a Protestant church in which to deliver a series of lectures upon Catholicity. On the Saturday evening the pastor who had thus obliged him called to ask a favor.

"I am sure," said the Bishop, "you would not ask anything which I could not grant."

The minister explained that he only wanted him to occupy his pulpit on the following day.

"I have been so engrossed with your sermons all week," he declared, "that I have neglected my pastoral charge and am unprepared with a discourse."

"I should be most happy to oblige you," said Dr. England, courteously. "But are you aware that we can have no partnership?"

"I have thought of that," responded the minister. "Regulate everything as you think proper."

"At least," observed the Bishop, "I can promise you that nothing will be said or done of which you or your congregation will disapprove."

Next morning the Catholic prelate, in his episcopal robes, entered the Protestant pulpit. Shades of the dead-and-gone Carolinians! Could they have seen that sight! The living, at least, were there in great numbers. Dr. England invited them to sing some hymns which he had selected; he next read some passages from the Catholic Bible, and recited from a Catholic book of devotion prayers in which all could freely join. Finally he preached a sound, practical sermon, and dismissed the people with a blessing.

Aware of the prevalence of duelling in the South during those *ante-bellum* days, by which practice so many lives and souls were lost, the Bishop rallied around him a number of the foremost Southern gentlemen, in an anti-duelling society. General Thomas Pinckney, of Revolutionary fame, was its first president. In his address to this association, Dr. England lays down strongly and impressively the fundamental principles of Catholic morality:

"You must not do evil that good may arise therefrom; such is the great principle of sound morality and of true honor. Is he an honorable man who enters into a duel in compliance with prejudice or the partialities of the public, or to conform to a fashion whose principles he himself condemns? That you are not to do evil is an absolute principle both of reason and of revelation; hence we should, in considering the absolute good or evil of the means, throw the end out of our view.... It is said that no species of moral courage exceeds that of a man who follows the dictates of his judgment or conscience amidst the taunts and reproaches of the world."

Upon one occasion he learned that the Jews were being oppressed in his diocese. He was immediately filled with the deepest solicitude for the once chosen people of God, and wrote forcible letters in their behalf to a gentleman, who publicly espoused their cause in the

Legislature. His sympathies were so broad, so truly catholic, that he could not bear to see the rights of any one infringed upon, and he touches upon that subject in his magnificent series of letters on "The Republic in Danger." "A government can not interfere with the conscientious acts of individuals; nor can it restrain their profession or acts, save so far as to preserve the peace and temporal well-being of the community. In the establishment of the Christian revelation, its Author never gave to any temporal or civil government such power."

He refers to another principle of jurisprudence admitted by all reasonable men and sustained by the Redeemer Himself: that even where a government has no doubt whatever as to the true religion, and is charged by God with its protection, should religious error have made considerable progress in the State, the government must tolerate its existence, even though it do not approve or countenance the same. "Even a considerable minority possess rights of which they can not be divested; and the oppression of a body of citizens who, though in religious error, are in the peace of the State would produce serious evils to the community at large."

In another of those same letters he thus replies to a writer who declared that "Popery and the enlightened freedom of the Republic can not coexist": "They have coexisted, they do coexist, they will continue to coexist. They may therefore coexist, they can therefore coexist, let them coexist."

The number and variety of his essays, discourses, historical and polemical, are beyond reckoning, and can be best understood by a reference to the five volumes of his works, wherein almost the whole range of dogmatic theology and of controversy is treated; as also his addresses to the various diocesan synods. It would be impossible in the present article even to summarize the list

of subjects treated. And these gigantic labors of the pen were accomplished by a missionary bishop, having a diocese covering three States, to every detail of whose government he personally attended, and under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. Not to speak of parochial work at St. Finbar's, which he performed with devoted zeal, he was for a time Apostolic Delegate to Hayti. But he asked to be relieved of this post for two reasons: the injury to his own diocese occasioned by his absences, and the delicacy of his position there as prelate of a slave State.

He was a member of the Philosophical and Literary Association of Charleston, into which he infused new life. He took a lively interest in all civic or national questions, and was a pronounced American and an ardent Southerner. The warm and genial nature of the Southern people appealed peculiarly to his own, and he learned to love their chivalric qualities, and a certain single-heartedness and high-mindedness which he found to be their distinguishing attributes.

But true and sincere as was his patriotism for his adopted country, he never forgot the beautiful and hapless land wherein he was born, and "upon which" he writes touchingly toward the end of his career, "these eyes are never likely to look again." Like Columba of old, he often strained his eyes toward that green island, resting jewel-like upon the Western main; and in his letters to O'Connell he proves the sincerity of his devotion to Ireland and his deep interest in her concerns. He was the lifelong friend of the great Tribune, who has never yet found a true successor, as he had no predecessor. Nevertheless, Dr. England refused the bishopric of Ossory, which would have meant comparative comfort and ease, for his "poor mission of Charleston."

His practical judgment, keenly methodical business methods, extraordinary accuracy, and personal integrity were

so great that his credit was unbounded even when his funds were at the lowest. And though he sometimes undertook enterprises which appalled even his admirers, he always foresaw the end and succeeded unerringly. A contemporary remarks that "his powers of rapid combination were such as to have rendered him, in a different walk of life, a consummate financier or a successful general."

He made four visits to Europe after his consecration to the See of Charleston, proceeding from Ireland to the several Continental countries and to Rome. There he was looked upon as a marvel, from the multiplicity of his duties and his power of performing them all. The Cardinals spoke of him as "the steam bishop" (*il vescovo a vapore*). He was known to send word from the Propaganda as to the precise time when he would administer Confirmation in the heart of Georgia.

But this ceaseless toil and unremitting activity finally bore their natural fruit, and "the steam bishop" returned from his last journey abroad in a condition of actual prostration. The voyage, lasting fifty-two days, had been a very exhausting one. The superior of the Charleston convent, who had been to the old country in search of subjects for her community, fell dangerously ill on board the vessel. The Bishop acted as her doctor, and for many days went without sleep, momentarily expecting her death. Malignant dysentery broke out amongst the steerage passengers, and once more the untiring prelate was in constant attendance, until he himself contracted the disease.

He landed in Philadelphia broken in health; but, instead of taking rest, he preached for seventeen days in succession, took part in consecrations, and received hosts of visitors. When he was about to start for home, the weather chanced to be very severe, and the doctor told him he was in no state to travel.

The bishop quietly responded that he only hoped he would not fall at the altar. At the very last moment, when all his preparations were made and he was struggling with bodily weakness, he gave admission to a gentleman who wanted to consult him on "a single doubt." The stranger was a man of rare intelligence, and Dr. England exhausted for him all the philosophical objections against the Holy Eucharist, which was the point at issue. "Never," says his biographer, "have I heard so clear, so convincing, so lucid an exposition of the doctrine of Transubstantiation."

Soon after the prelate's return to Charleston, the fiat was given forth that Dr. England had to die. Protestants vied with Jews in expressions of deepest anxiety and in heartfelt sorrow. They had come to regard him as an honor to their community and a bulwark of Christian truth. The Catholics were inconsolable. When the time came to administer the last rites, the Bishop caused himself to be arrayed in his episcopal robes. Taking the crucifix in his hand, he recited the following prayer: "Sweet Jesus, who didst deign to die for me in this ignominious manner, regard with compassion the condition of Thy servant and be with him in the hour of trial." He then inquired if all was ready, and gave the command: "In the name of God, proceed." The preliminary prayers were said, after which he addressed the clergy in words so solemn and beautiful that a portion must be reproduced here:

"Gentlemen of the clergy: It is now many years since I was called by God to administer the affairs of the Church in this diocese. Throughout that period I have encountered great difficulties; but He has assisted me with strength and graces, for the performance of my duty, beyond my natural capabilities. On some occasions, fortunately for me, I have corresponded with those graces; on others, unfortunately, I have not.

I commit all my deficiencies to the advocacy of Jesus Christ the Just, who is the propitiation not for my sins alone but for those of the whole world.

"Some of you have borne with me the burdens of the day and the heats; others have more recently joined us in laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. The relations which have existed between you and myself will probably soon be dissolved. On reviewing our connection, I remember many things which I deemed myself obliged to say and do which to you may have appeared harsh or oppressive. I can truly declare that in many of these circumstances I acted, however mistakenly, from a sense of duty, and in that manner which seemed best adapted to the end I had in view—your good. Let the motive extenuate whatever was unnecessarily severe in my judgment and conduct. I confess it has likewise happened—owing partly to the perplexities of my position, chiefly to my own impetuosity,—that my demeanor has not always been as meek and courteous as it ever should have been, and that you have experienced rebuffs when you might have anticipated kindness. Forgive me!

"Tell my people that I love them. Tell them how much I regret that circumstances have kept us at a distance from each other. My duties and my difficulties have prevented me from cultivating and strengthening those private ties which ought to bind us together. Your functions require a closer, more constant intercourse with them. Be with them, be of them, win them to God. Guide, govern, instruct them. 'Watch as having to render an account of their souls, that you may do it with joy, not with grief.'"

He then recommended to their care the infant institutions which it had cost him so much time and labor to found, and begged them to support their feebleness.

"My poor Church I commend to its holy patrons, especially to her to whom

our Saviour confided His Church in the person of the Beloved Disciple: 'Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy Mother!' I would wish to continue speaking with you even to the end; but a proper consideration of other duties yet to be discharged admonishes me to conclude. Prostrated though I be, I believe that God could restore me to health and to strength, did He choose to employ me longer in His service; for it is not more difficult to heal or to preserve alive than to create or reanimate. With Him all things are possible. Should He order that I again occupy my station amongst you, I will, He assisting me, endeavor to set you an example of a more perfect following after Christ than my past career has afforded. Should He decree otherwise, I must prepare to be manifested before the judgment-seat of Christ, that I may receive the proper things of the body, according as I have done good or evil.

"I rely upon the all-sufficient atonement of Jesus for cancelling the guilt and eternal punishment of my sins. Still there may be something against me, unrepented of, for which satisfaction must be made in that prison out of which there is no going forth till the last farthing shall have been paid. In this case, you can aid me by your prayers and good deeds; for, although separated by death, we shall continue united by that charity which binds together the different divisions of the Church. Remember me, I beseech you, in your devotions; and remember me in a special manner when the holy and unspotted Victim shall be offered on our altars in expiation for the sins of the living and the dead."

In referring to his successor, he exhorts the kneeling clergy as follows:

"It is your duty to pray that the Pontiff may be directed by the Spirit of Divine Wisdom in appointing as my successor one who, though he will not, he can not, surpass me in firmness of

faith and devotion to the cause, yet may excel me in those Christian virtues by which the cause may be advanced."

Then, asking for the Pontifical, he declared that in his debilitated condition he thought it unnecessary to read the whole profession. "My faith is too well known to you and to my people." He recited the following curtailed form:

"I acknowledge the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church for the mother and mistress of all the churches. I owe true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ. I receive and embrace all things delivered, defined, and declared by the sacred canons and general councils, and particularly by the Holy Council of Trent. I believe with a firm faith and profess, all and singular, the articles of that creed which the Holy, Roman, Catholic Church makes use of, in their plainest, simplest, fullest, strongest, most explicit sense."

He closed the volume and signified that the ceremony was to proceed. He received the last rites, gave his blessing and the kiss of peace to all present, the episcopal robes were removed and he sank exhausted upon the pillows.

So passed away a great man, an eminent citizen, and a Bishop worthy to rank with the grandest prelates of the Church. The great heart of the man had won the affection of all about him, it was so big, so generous, so all-embracing. His zeal, his charity, his devotion to duty were never surpassed; his labors were incessant, from the early days of his ministry at old St. Finbar's in Cork, amongst the convicts of Irish jails or the Orange bigots of Bandon, till the hour when, as the head of an immense though scattered diocese, he laid down the pastoral staff.

This great-hearted Irishman conquered, in fact, the American people, with his sane, wholesome nature, his extraordinary intellect, his warm heart, his love of justice tempered with charity, and

his all-consuming zeal. He who at first had been regarded as "an exceedingly dangerous man," and against whom Protestant pastors had warned their flocks, became an honored citizen and valued friend to those "dear separated brethren," whom he sought in every way to serve. Amongst his coreligionists, his fame spread from Maine to Florida. Proud of his talents as of his conspicuous virtues, enlightened understanding, and sublime oratory, Catholics were at one in their admiration of the great and good Bishop of Charleston. His clergy loved him as a father; and the people of his own diocese mourned his death, after twenty-two years of work amongst them, with an almost excessive grief. Protestant and Catholic papers of the year 1842, when Charleston was bereft of her Metropolitan, paid the most splendid tributes; in which, too, the Irish, Roman and Continental journals joined. But the united pæan of praise disturbs him not where he lies in that city by the sea, in the shadow of St. Finbar's Cathedral.

Nantucket Notes.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—'SCONSET.

A LITTLE bell, high-pitched like a country school-bell, had been tinkling industriously for some minutes when I entered a car—it was one of two that constituted the twice-daily-train-during-the-season for 'Sconset. It looked exactly like a tin train of toy cars,—it really did; and acted a little bit like one. It was so narrow that it was wobbly; it was so short that it was jolty; it was so cheaply constructed that it was rickety. It crept slowly through the edge of the town, all the while tinkling its little bell to warn pedestrians lest they should get in the way and stop it. Having crept out from under the low

eaves that almost sheltered it so long as it was within the town limits, it started to cross the lonely downs; and it crept there also, as if it were half afraid to go alone through such a lonely land.

It is a lonely land, but beautiful in its loneliness. As far as the eye can see there is nothing visible but acres and acres of coarse grass, with an occasional tuft of stunted brush, or perhaps here and there a pool of very still water fringed with a hedge of cat-tails. Not a human being abroad there,—not the solitary representative of a flock or a herd. Away off yonder is the outline of a house, that seems to have strayed away and become bewildered and not able to find its way back again. On the right hand is a glimpse of the sea now and again, and the sand begins to crop out among the scant and scattering shrubs. So we come down to the shore at last, and hug it as well as we can on rather shaky wheels.

They say that this road is taken up at the end of the season and stowed away, just as if it were a plaything; and now that the play is played out, it must go back into the box. They say that if your hat blows off on the road the train will back up and give you ample time to recover it. They say that occasionally, when the season is particularly dry, the train stops anyhow, hat or no hat as the case may be; and then the engineer, who is likewise assistant engineer as well as stoker, and so forth, steps off his locomotive, and, in company with the conductor—who does a lot of other things besides conducting,—and perhaps two or three others of the initiated, climbs up a sand hill and disappears beyond its grassy rim. Anon the men return, and the train continues on its way to 'Sconset. You know Nantucket is a prohibition county, entirely surrounded by water; and it is thirty miles away from its State, which is Massachusetts. There was a hotel once on the road to 'Sconset. It was mounted on a

windy bluff close upon the sea. But the sea came in and carried that bluff piecemeal back into the depths, and the hotel went out of business.

There is a bluff on the eastern shore of the island that commands respect and a magnificent view of the ocean. As we approached it we slackened speed,—if that could be called speed which never exceeded a jog trot. We caught glimpses of the roofs of houses jutting up above the brow of the bluff; there were long stairways leading down from the heights at frequent intervals; and there were people, chiefly young people and children, waving hats and handkerchiefs from the top of the stairs, or cascading down them in a joyous and daring manner.

Having run up into a sand-bank, we paused. The depot is primitive enough to suit the most exacting naturalist. It looks like an empty warehouse; it is just the place for a country-dance. I have seen a book-auction held there, when there was a plank resting on two empty barrels, and one row of books on this improvised counter constituted the auctioneer's entire stock in trade. I have paid ten cents for the privilege of listening to the voice of a retired whaler who gave a graphic account of whaling life in the brave days of old, and illustrated the same with a plentiful display of whale's teeth, bone carvings, harpoons, and other maritime bric-a-brac. At intervals he burst into song: he gave us "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," to the accompaniment of the bounding breaker; and he left an impression upon my mind that the lookout in the loft passed much of his time in warbling the ballads of the sea; that the inspiring cry of "There she blows!" was really but a refrain to the Dibdin ditties that almost forever made the welkin ring; and that it was the common custom to "whistle to the morning star," and, as it were, to set their whole lives to music of a light operatic character.

Without a book-auction or a melodious whaleman to beguile the hour, life in the 'Sconset station is a blank. One goes upstairs to 'Sconset: it is on the first floor, front; at the top of the stairs one finds oneself at once in the heart of the village. It is a village, as was a village; but it is rapidly outgrowing itself and losing its individuality.

Old Siasconset, the original, was most original. It used to look exactly as if some children, on a Saturday of long ago, had unpacked their playthings and resolved to build a child's village in Nursery Land. They took their baby houses—which were the quaintest and the cosiest little houses in the world—and scattered them up and down two little paths which they called streets. The streets were not straight, which was an advantage in favor of the picturesque; and they were not paved, which did not matter in the least, for grass carpeted them and made them like country lanes. And by the houses grew wonderful flowers, that flourished mightily in the salt sea air, and painted themselves with colors so brilliantly beautiful that they put to shame all the inland flowers that ever bloomed.

There were little fences and little yards, fore and aft; but one hardly knew which was the front of the house and which the back of it, they were so much alike and both so homesome and inviting. And sometimes vines grew all over the porch and the roof, as if a great wave of verdure had broken upon that cottage—and stayed there. There were hammocks swinging in the verandas, and people swinging in the hammocks; and some of them looked as if they had been born there and never meant to get out of them so long as they lived.

There were toy windmills whirling on the peaks of the roof, and natty little wooden sailor-boys that spun about on pivots, and swung two oars round and round, as if they enjoyed the exercise and were doing it for their health. But the

odd feature of these small Jack Tars was that while they faced you boldly enough, and seemed to be remarkably well developed, and wore the whitest trousers and the bluest shirts, with a flaring black necktie at their negligee throats, and their shiny black hats sat firmly on the back of their heads in spite of wind and weather, the very moment they turned sideways they were found to have no profiles,—no nothing; they were as thin as matches and as flat as pancakes, and there was no health in them. They are born down at the Life-Saving Station; they frolic with the four winds of heaven, and they work like mad and nearly wrench their arms off in a gale.

Every cottage has its name, and their variety is infinite: "Snug Harbor," "The Fo'c'le," "Thimble Castle," "The Nautilus," "The Stowaway," "The Quarter Deck," "Aloha"—doubtless some Hawaiian christened that cottage with one of the sweetest words that was ever uttered. Some of these house-names verge upon the ridiculous; some seem hardly appropriate; some are a puzzle, though the namers doubtless see a significance in the names applied.

When I first visited 'Sconset I went to one of the two hotels, though I hoped soon to leave it. Nothing can be more incongruous than hotel life in such a village. The senseless chatter of those who spend their summers in veranda rocking-chairs; the flocks of chirping children who are never at rest; the snapping of kodaks on the slightest provocation; the clatter of cutlery in the dining hall; the piano that is ever a temptation and a snare, and in this case was never suffered to hold its peace for any length of time,—all these were past endurance, and I set finally forth in search of shelter—if shelter was to be found.

Chancing upon one of the most picturesque of the cottages, and finding it an "old curiosity shop," with its door thrown invitingly open and its windows

filled with a goodly display of blue china and colonial bric-a-brac, I could but enter. The mistress of this modest shop was an old settler, and we were soon actively engaged in bargaining over a bit of Canton willow ware, brought home in a whaler four generations before ours. Lost in a maze of pewter platters, antique teapots, sea-shells daintily mounted on bits of cardboard and labelled "'Sconset," gray shingles from old barns decorated with vignettes in water color,—it occurred to me that the proprietress might possibly know of some nook or corner into which I might be allowed to creep and pass a week or two. I asked as much. Of course she knew of a place—the very place,—and at once gave me the fullest directions as to my route thither, and begged me to mention that she had sent me.

She was a prophetess and I honored her in her own country. My chamber, above the countrified parlor, looked over the moors to Sankoty Light. There was a small house standing in a wilderness of vegetable over the way; and to the right of it a barn, shingled to the heels with shingles so old and gray and wrinkled that they seemed to have weathered a thousand stormy years. Only this and nothing more. I seemed to be monarch of all I surveyed. Was not this enough? And yonder in the meadow the lads and lasses played at tennis; and on the days when a champion game was called, quite a respectable cloud of witnesses gathered under the fence or on it, and applauded gaily. But the applause sounded faint and far away, and seemed to be lost in the heavens above or the moors beneath, or possibly in the waters under the bluff.

I always knew when that game was to be played for the championship. I boarded in the cottage where I roomed, and before every meal I used to take the large pitcher and march solemnly down

the street, through half the village, and fill that pitcher at the town pump. The town pump was a tall wooden pump with a long handle; and on the four sides of that pump were tacked written notices of great interest to the public: "Champion tennis to-day at two o'clock."—"Private Theatricals next Wednesday evening at eight, at Sea Cliff Cottage, for a deserving charity."—"Lost: A bangle of beaten silver. Finder please return to the hotel.—"Found: Plain gold fob. Apply at 'The Nutshell.'" "Saturday evening the celebrated Bird Brothers will give a free concert on the hotel veranda. Collection taken up to defray expenses." Hawthorne might have immortalized another rill, had he but bade it gush from this town pump.

When the Bird Brothers began to warble on the hotel veranda I was there. There were perhaps fifty of us on the lawn in front of the veranda. The piano had been wheeled out of the parlor; some curtains hung within a window formed the improvised dressing-room. One Bird played the piano; the other sang in costume. He was in reality a youth of two or three and twenty; his accompanist seemed of about the same age. The singer was a troubadour, a soldier—in which character he sang by request "Comrades"; a sailor, an old man, singing "The Sexton" in a quavering voice; a blustering man about town shouting "For he is a jolly good fellow!" and I know not what else. The auditors were chiefly natives and stood aghast at what seemed to mystify them—the frequent and rapid change of costume. They did not applaud. They did not contribute when the hat was passed by the pianist twice or thrice during the course of the evening. As an entertainment, it was, on the whole, a little painful and not at all profitable.

Nor was the fate of the Georgia Jubilee Singers more encouraging. They confined themselves to the veranda, but in this

case it was the side veranda, and their instruments were banjos, guitars and mandolins. After having made very creditable music for an hour or more at one hotel, they walked through the village and repeated the program on the veranda of the opposition house. After all, it is not for veranda professionals and their beguilements that one goes to 'Sconset,—though I have known the time when I could listen to the strident harmonies of the mouth-organ, in a solitary place, and find them tolerable; and when, on a lonely voyage, the asthmatical wheezing of an accordion in the fo'c'le seemed a thing of joy.

It is to the beach that one flies twice or thrice a day,—a beach where you can sit upon a sandy ridge and almost dip your heels in the water. Huge breakers rear before you and come plunging toward you with furious intent; but they fall with a crash at a civil distance, and slide up to your feet with a kind of courtesy and return with their flounces of foam in a flutter. Of course sometimes we are the victims of misplaced confidence, and have to wade out of a watery dilemma. Moreover, it is a treacherous beach, with a dangerous undertow; there is a floating garden of seaweed there that at times endangers the lives of the bathers. But the breakers are glorious, the finest on the island—none better anywhere; the sand good for basking in; the air a heaven-sent tonic; and the absence of formality quite refreshing. One may promenade from his cottage to his bath and back again in his bathing suit; for it is only five minutes' walk from anywhere to everywhere.

There was a settlement at 'Sconset as long ago as 1676, but it was not much of a village for two hundred years after that: a mere cluster of fishing huts, most of which were closed in the winter, when the fishermen and their families went over to Nantucket town in search of greater comfort.

Hector St. John visited 'Sconset a century ago, and found the village deserted save by a single family. He writes:

"This family lived entirely by fishing; for the plough had not yet dared to disturb the parched surface of the neighboring plain,—and, indeed, to what purpose could this operation have been performed? Here I found a numerous family of children of various ages,—the blessings of an early marriage. They were ruddy as the cherry, healthy as the fish they lived on, hardy as the pine knots. The eldest were already able to encounter the boisterous waves, and shuddered not at their approach: early initiating themselves into the mysteries of that seafaring career for which they were all intended. The younger, timid as yet, on the edge of a less agitated pool, were teaching themselves with nutshells and pieces of wood, in imitation of boats, how to navigate in a future day the larger vessels of their father through a rougher and deeper ocean.

"I stayed here two days, on purpose to become acquainted with the various branches of their economy and their manner of living in this singular retreat. The clams—the oysters of this shore—with Indian dumplings—a peculiar preparation of Indian meal boiled in large lumps—constituted their daily and most substantial food. Large fish were often caught on the neighboring Rips, and these afforded them their greatest dainties. They had likewise plenty of smoked bacon. The noise of the spinning-wheels announced the industry of the mother and daughters. One of them had been bred a weaver, and, having a loom in the house, found means of clothing the whole family. They were perfectly at ease and seemed to want for nothing."

And now? Villas are encircling the village. Where all was nature and the natural, the artificial prevails. There is a casino; there is to be a new pump. The sweet, homely old houses begin to

look out of place; they are getting round-shouldered and beginning to stoop; they are hauling in their elbows in a half-apologetic manner; they seem to have resigned themselves to their fate. They will some day be exterminated to make room for modern improvements.

Meanwhile from deserted gardens, or the sagging eaves of some old landmark, the figure-heads of ships that have long since been devoured by the rapacious sea stare blankly into space, calmly awaiting the obliteration of the last vestiges of the old villagers, the old homes that made the village a dream of pastoral simplicity,—of that sweet and gracious atmosphere that rendered Siasconset the delight and the despair of artists, poets, dreamers.

(Conclusion next week.)

Out of One's Element.

IT would be interesting to learn just what specific meaning is attached to the phrase, "A happy New Year" by the scores or hundreds who within the past few weeks have proffered us that timely greeting. Very many possibly attach to it no definite signification whatever. On their lips the phrase is a mere conventional form of social etiquette, to be uttered as glibly and mechanically as the still more common "Good-morning" or "Good-evening." The majority of those who do vivify the words with genuine attention to their patent import, who in all sincerity cordially desire our happiness, would be puzzled perhaps to define with any attempt at precision the conditions which constitute the boon they wish us.

Happiness is one of those vague terms whose significance varies considerably according to the speaker in whose vocabulary it is found. As the world is constituted to-day, many undoubtedly look upon happiness and wealth as synonymous words; and still more are

inclined to think that, if to wealth there be added health, the sum must surely be happiness. Yet comparatively slight observation of the world around us will suffice to convince us that both positions are untenable. While physical well-being and financial independence are, generally speaking, conditions more conducive to happiness than are their opposites, they certainly do not deserve to be called the constituent elements of that permanent ease, that habitual contentment, that abiding peace which characterizes those whom we are accustomed to consider happy men and women. Happiness in its essence is not dependent upon external conditions at all. It has frequently coexisted with the direst poverty and the most wretched bodily health; just as unhappiness has often been the habitual state of many who were abundantly blessed in body and in pocket.

A sane interpretation of the New Year greeting might well take some such form as this: May you have the good sense, the moral courage, and the perseverance to *make* 1903 a happy year. This assumes, of course, that our happiness depends principally, not to say entirely, upon ourselves; that

We fill as we please all the years that run,

Cloud them with rain or gild them with sun;

and so, undoubtedly, we do. Reduced to his ultimate analysis, the happy man is he who has a tranquil conscience,—who is habitually at peace with his God, his neighbor, and himself; and to that state each individual may bring himself, quite irrespective of his worldly position or circumstances, and despite all possible “slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune.”

There is one phrase denoting by universal acceptance a state which is the very antithesis of happiness—“being out of one’s element.” A fish out of water, an eagle in a dungeon, a scholar among boors, a light-hearted boy among elderly misanthropes, a village mechanic among Wall Street brokers, or the mechanic’s

wife among the Newport “smart set,”—all these would be the reverse of happy because deprived of their proper and natural environment,—out of their element. Now, it is worth while to consider for a moment what is the proper environment, the congenial atmosphere for a Christian, a Catholic.

He has been baptized and so made a child of God, an heir to the Kingdom of Heaven. He has been confirmed, receiving the gifts and graces adequate to make him a valiant soldier of Christ, a strong and perfect Christian. Do what he will, the supernatural must play a prominent part in his life-drama; he can not possibly, for any appreciable length of time, ignore it. His soul, its eternal destiny, and its actual state or condition, inevitably claim his attention at more or less frequent intervals; and unless that soul be in union with God, it is utterly impossible for him to be happy. A Catholic in the state of mortal sin is distinctly out of his element; and just as long as he remains in that state must he be a stranger to any genuine peace of mind, permanent contentment, or abiding cheerfulness. “Our hearts are disquieted,” says St. Augustine, “until they repose, O God, in Thee!” To be well with Almighty God, to preserve His friendship through every vicissitude of the coming months, is the one infallible method of making 1903, and every other New Year, a truly happy one.

Those who Don’t Sin.

“Monsieur le Curé,” said a pompous French magistrate to his pastor, “I never go to confession, for the simple reason that I never sin.”

“That may be,” said the Curé; “and if so, I am heartily sorry for you, because I know only two kinds of people who don’t sin: those who haven’t yet come to the use of reason, and those who have lost it.”

Notes and Remarks.

“An agitator of irresponsible and irrepressible character” is the description Gov. Taft gives of Isabello de Los Reyes, the associate of the renegade Aglipay in the establishment of the independent Filipino “church.” Aglipay himself is an unfortunate priest, of pure Indian blood, who was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Manila four or five years ago, and who afterward fought against the Americans as an officer in the insurrecto army. He is martial, for he was the last of the Filipino leaders to surrender to the American forces; and he is generous, for he conferred on fifteen of his boon companions the title of bishop—though reserving, it is true, the title of archbishop to himself. Gov. Taft suggests that the eruption of Aglipay is the effect of the Holy Father’s unwillingness to banish the friars; which is an innocent remark of the Governor’s. Just what a soldier of fortune who was likewise a religious vagabond would have done in conjunction with an “irresponsible and irrepressible” agitator even had the friars been removed, is a matter too uncertain for conjecture.

Phenomenal indeed has been the growth of the Church in English-speaking countries during the last century,—from a mustard seed to a mighty tree. One hundred years ago the Catholics of Great Britain were ruled by four Vicars-Apostolic: now there are twenty-four archbishops and bishops, besides four retired prelates. The number of priests has increased from a handful to three thousand five hundred and sixty-five. In 1801 the number of conventual institutions in England did not exceed a dozen: in 1902 there were more than three hundred. The surmised Catholic population of the United Kingdom is now about five millions and a quarter; that of the British Empire, ten millions

and a half. The number of bishops under the protection of the British flag throughout the world is about one hundred and seventy.

The comparative statistics of the Church in our own country, which were set forth by Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon on the first Sunday of the New Year, are even more striking. At the time of the consecration of Bishop Carroll, whose see embraced the whole of the United States, the Catholic clergy numbered twenty-five; and the Catholic population, residing chiefly in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, was thought to be about twenty-five thousand. At the present time the Church in the United States comprises a hierarchy of nearly one hundred members, twelve thousand five hundred priests, and a Catholic population variously estimated at from twelve to fifteen millions. Including our Philippine and Porto Rican possessions the number of Catholics under the ægis of the American flag will amount to upward of twenty millions. In several States and Territories Catholics are now more numerous than non-Catholics; and the number of converts to the Church in a single year exceeds the entire Catholic population a century ago.

With figures like these in mind one finds it easy to subscribe to the statement regarding the growth and growing power of the Church lately made by one of the leading Protestant scholars of Germany: “Humanly speaking, the Catholic Church is destined to achieve still more notable conquests in the twentieth century.”

One of the questions that came before the Congregation of Rites last month was the proposed beatification, or declaration of martyrdom, of the Carmelites of Compiègne. The sixteen nuns whose “cause” has thus been introduced were victims of the Reign of Terror in 1794. Expelled from their convent in 1792, they

took up their residence in three different houses in Compiègne, a town forty-five miles distant from Paris. The Revolutionary committee of the town, "always on the lookout for traitors," as they phrased it in their denunciatory letter to the Committee of Public Safety, accused the Sisters of fanaticism. Brought to Paris and arraigned before the Revolutionary tribunal, they were summarily condemned without even the formality of examination or debate, and were sent forthwith to the scaffold. One of the nuns, the youngest, was a native of Belgium; the others had come from different departments of France, so that seven French dioceses, besides Malines in Belgium, are especially interested in this latest "cause." On the face of the matter, historically considered, the Sisters died for the Faith, and they will doubtless receive in due time the Church's highest honor.

An examination of the official report of the Board of Education of St. Louis makes us wish that all such bodies had at least one member like Mr. Louis Fusz. If this were the case, taxpayers would have less cause to complain of the reckless expenditure of public funds for educational purposes, and there would be a check to the growing evil of paternalism. The views of Mr. Fusz on the subject of free books and stationery for the higher classes of public schools deserve to be widely disseminated. He does not object to supplying free books to primary pupils. "No great harm can result from it." With high school pupils he rightly holds that the case is different:

With advancing years, however, the youth begins to look to the State as the provider of his wants, and, instead of learning to depend on his own exertions, will claim the right to receive from the public what the parents could very well afford to provide. Already, if poverty is alleged, free books are privately supplied; but to supply them to those whose parents are able and willing to supply them, and whose duty it is to do so, is paternalism which is not justified. After all, it is providing those, the greatest majority of whose

parents are rich or at least well-to-do, at the expense of the public. The money is raised by taxation, and it is well known that taxation falls heaviest on the humble homesteader who seldom can afford to have his children pursue the higher branches of education.

That which costs nothing is generally misused. It is human nature to be wasteful of free goods. It is the general experience that in all public or large private establishments, articles costing nothing to the officials or employees are treated with scanty consideration; there is no economy practised. Thus with free books and stationery, the pupil has no incentive to learn and to practise the virtue of economy.

The parent, under this system, to a certain extent loses the sense of his own responsibility for the education of his child. It is claimed that because of an annual cost of two or three dollars for books, thousands of children are withheld from attending the higher branches. If true, what a comment on the appreciation of the value of education by such parents, in this land of plenty, of good wages—of unbounded prosperity, it is said. In one month most fathers will spend more than this amount for such indulgences as beer, tobacco, and the like.

There is yet another strong reason for opposing the free-book folly—it aggravates the injustice of which a large class of citizens are the victims by obliging them to contribute in larger measure to the support of schools which they can not patronize, at the same time that they are under heavy expenses for the improvement of their own schools, to the maintenance of which the State contributes nothing, though these schools are a great and ever-increasing advantage to the State.

Monsig. Croskell, who died recently in England, was the oldest priest in the British Isles. Born in 1808, he was ninety-five years of age—two years older than Pope Leo XIII.—when he passed away, after almost sixty-eight years of labor in the pulpit, the confessional, and the market-place. He had lived in the reigns of four English monarchs, and Leo XIII. was the sixth Pope to claim his allegiance and love. On account of his superb priestly character no less than his advanced age, he was held in singular

veneration by the whole countryside about Salford. By those who had lived through the epidemics of 1847 and 1849 Father Croskell was regarded as a hero with the spirit of a true martyr. Perhaps his greatest service to the Church was the introduction into England of the Sisters of the Cross and Passion, whose labors have been wondrously blessed. Monsig. Croskell lived and died in apostolic poverty, and one of his last requests was that no praise of him should be spoken at his funeral. *R. I. P.*

We have it on the authority of Mr. Dooley that Chauncey Depew is "fond of his joke"; and perhaps Mr. Depew was joking when he said, at a recent celebration in honor of the Pilgrim Fathers, that the descendants of those sturdy Puritans are now a nation of seventy-six millions. The truth is, there are hardly enough "descendants" to hang a witch. In the old American families, it is not much of an exaggeration to say, the cradle is as obsolete as the spinning-wheel; and "two hundred and seventy-five years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," as a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* puts it, "the stronghold of Puritanism is held, not by the ever-declining American, but by the Irish, German, and French-Canadian." Not only that: it is said that in both human and vegetable productions transplanted from Europe there is a tendency to spindle upward and lose their sturdy growth, and hence there is found a marked tendency to childlessness among the descendants of immigrants. "The most exhaustive search was made [in 1860] of town records dating back to the earliest times, when it was discovered that the first generation of Americans had families of ten and twelve; the second, third and fourth, families of seven and eight; the fifth, families of four and five; the sixth, families of three and less." It puts the matter even more graphically to say—as

a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* once did—that "we have not so many people as we should have had if immigration had not come to us, and the native stock had continued their old rate of increase."

An Augustinian friar, writing from the Philippines to a confrère in this country, throws considerable light on a phase of the American occupation which has hitherto escaped attention. "Our principal enemy in Manila," writes the friar, "is the so-called American press. The editors of these papers sell their influence to the highest bidder. As we refused to enter into any unprincipled contract with them, we have been bitterly attacked. *They even went so far as to demand from us and from the Dominicans ten thousand dollars to defend our cause.* But we refused to have anything to do with transactions of this nature." Such revelations as this have lost even the power to shock us; but it is best not to allow them to pass unremarked, that the country may know about the blackmailers from whom most of the Philippine "news" emanates.

Our clerical readers will be interested in learning that a commission of five distinguished ecclesiastics are engaged in revising the legends, or biographical notices, of those saints whose offices are found in the Roman Breviary. The modifications to be made will probably be the most considerable effected in this direction since the days of St. Pius V. The work of the commission will be submitted to the Congregation of Rites, to whom belongs the last word as to the contents of the "lessons." It will be a satisfaction to publishers of the Breviary in actual use, and to priests generally, to learn that the use of the new Breviary will be obligatory only upon young subdeacons; clerics possessed of the old edition may continue to use it, instead of the revised edition.



A Protest.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

WHITE Flakes, White Flakes, *won't* you stop your falling?

Goodness knows we've plenty snow to last till Spring;

Papa says he never saw such drifts appalling,
Piled right up like mountains, hard as any thing.

When you started coming, White Flakes, you were bully;

Folks cried, "We'll have sleighing if 'twill only last!"

Just about a foot they said would please them fully,
But you kept on falling when that mark was past.

When your depth was *two* feet, boys and girls were jolly;

"School won't keep to-morrow: roads too bad," we said.

That was only Monday: now we see our folly,—
Kept indoors all day, with spirits dull as lead.

Don't you think, you White Flakes, you have had your inning,

Coming down like sixty, three full days and more?
If you only knew what nasty names you're winning,
Guess you'd turn to rain and pour and pour and pour!

Polly's Enterprise.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.

II.—(Conclusion.)

AUNT ELIZABETH came for a visit,—her first since Christmas. "You dear, dear Aunty!" cried Polly, on her return from school. "Thank you so much for the music box! My note couldn't begin to tell how much I appreciate it. And Baby just loves that wonderful engine."

"I suppose he thought the gold piece very pretty?" said Aunt Elizabeth.

"What gold piece?" asked Polly, in amazement.

"Why, I tucked a ten dollar gold piece into a niche in the floor of the engine," replied Aunt Elizabeth. "Didn't Baby find it?"

"O Aunt Elizabeth, what shall I do?" And then Polly, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, told the story of the "exhibition day" and its strange sequel.

Fortune smiled, however, in the person of the Cranes' cook, who knew where the boy lived; so before school-time next morning Polly journeyed out, only to find that the little home was closed. On inquiring, she learned that Tom had gone with his mother, two days before, to a city some few miles away, where a famous surgeon was glorifying God by straightening the poor crippled limbs of many a helpless child.

"I know what I'll do now," said Polly.

And that evening, when her brother Charlie greeted her with, "Hello, saintee!" and then added to his mother, "Do you know what Polly did to-day, ma? She went to church and stayed there about an hour. My, but she's getting holy!"—the girl answered, with indignation:

"I'm beginning a novena to the Infant Jesus and St. Anthony; and if I don't find that gold piece during the next nine days or so, Charlie, you may call me all the names you please. But I'm pretty certain that my request will be granted before a week is out."

Thus silenced, Charlie took up his books again, thinking that such faith as Polly's could bring down from Heaven an answer to any appeal that human lips might utter.

A week passed before Tom returned, and a day or two after his arrival Polly went to see him. The light in the poor little lad's eyes, as he told her that the leg of which he had lost the

use after a fall long ago, might soon be as sound as the other, almost deterred her from speaking of the gold piece; and as she rose to go she pressed into his hands the resplendent air-ship; for the Baby had given it to her when she left home, saying, "Take dis to de boy 'at hasn't as much legs to walk wiv as I have."

"The engine!" Tom burst forth. "Isn't it great, though! Folks might think that I'm too big for such things—being 'most twelve,—but I've had a heap of fun with it, I tell you."

Then Polly asked the dread question, and was grieved to hear Tom's negative reply. The engine was searched, but all to no purpose; and the girl was almost ready to despair.

"Never mind, Mrs. Lefferts," said Polly to Tom's mother, trying to conceal her disappointment—for the light of happiness was gone that had gleamed in Tom's eyes a few moments before. "I'm sure it couldn't have been there. And—how stupid of me!—I've never asked the Baby."

The Baby, in consequence of a starched piqué dress, was not at all inclined to be sweet of temper when Polly reached home. No; for he grasped the engine in a very ungentlemanly way, and took little interest in his sister's questioning.

"Now, think, Baby," pleaded Polly,— "try and think: something round and bright and goldy."

He trudged away and in a few moments returned, saying, as he held forth his hand:

"Here's somep'n!"

"O Baby, that's only a button!" answered Polly; and the Baby took himself off, wholly ignorant of the difference in caste between a brass button and a gold piece.

"And the novena ends to-morrow!" sighed Polly. "Heigho! it's time I began my lessons! I suppose I left my books down in that back-room—ugh! how I'll always hate that room!"

Grammar in a corner under a chair, history under a table, arithmetic lying open in the centre of the floor,—such was the state in which Polly found her books.

"Baby's mischief!" she murmured, stooping to pick up the grammar—and noticing as she did so a bright little object peeping forth from a crack in the floor.

Quickly came a thought,—more quickly she put out her hand, and, like a bird on the wing, she flew upstairs, calling:

"The gold piece—it's found, it's found! Oh, everybody come, come! The gold piece is found!"

And everybody did come, including Polly's mother, who said something very impressive about faith in prayer being able to move mountains; and Charlie, who whistled under the pressure of excitement, and then said that he guessed that novena was a pretty good idea, after all; and Jessie, who claimed that she had known it would be found; and lastly the Baby, who couldn't yet understand that there was sufficient difference between his brass button and the ten dollar gold piece to give rise to so much ado.

Messages were very soon dispatched bringing the good news to the interested Fords and restoring joy and happiness to Tom Lefferts' household. Then, after dinner, Polly wrote to her Aunt Elizabeth, and a day or two afterward there came a response, of which these were the closing words:

"Next Christmas, dear Polly, there will be a gold piece for you, but not hidden away so that you'd need fairy vision to see it. And while I rejoice in the success of your novena, let me tell you that I think we shall always remember 'Polly's enterprise' and what came of it."

IN almost every language except our own the name of God is expressed in a word of four letters.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—A GALA NIGHT.

The Judge was so kind that Bob Banks at once recovered courage and speech.

"I was down Cedar Lane, sir. Mr. Wynne told me if I came up here to-night I could have a peep at the fun; but dad said I shouldn't go out no more after dark, cos I'd get into mischief. An' so—an' so I was sneakin' off behind the blackberry bushes that's all snowed up in drifts, when I heerd footsteps to this side; an' I peeked through, cos I thought it was dad lookin' for to lick me. But it wasn't: it was another man—a big, shock-headed fellow,—an' he had little Joe all swooped up in his arms. I knowed it was little Joe Neville, cos of his fine fur cap and coat."

"Where was the man going?" asked the Judge, in a tone he vainly strove to clear.

"Hurryin' 'long's fast as he could to the Creek," replied Bob. "An' little Joe, he was just lyin' like a baby on his shoulder."

"And Tessie—the little girl I mean?" asked the Judge. "Did you see nothing of her?"

"Didn't see no girl," said Bob. "She might have been behind the blackberry bushes, for the drifts is higher than my head. But yes, 'twas little Joe Neville,—I'm sure of it."

An ashen pallor had settled on the Judge's handsome face. He felt this was testimony the keenest lawyer could not dispute.

"How long ago was this?" he asked of his small witness.

But Bob Banks suddenly became dull and obtuse.

"Dunno, sir. Never could tell time. But 'twas long after dark, I know."

"The little noodle stopped at the stables to help Dick with the strange horses," said Wynne, angrily.

"They gave me a quarter for it," said Bob, showing the coin in his grimy palm.

"And I'd like to give you a thrashing for it," said Wynne, fiercely. "Why didn't you come straight up to me with this story?"

"Hush! hush! The child did not know," said his father, his stern justice ruling even in this agonizing strait. "Don't frighten your mother yet, Wynne; but call Colonel Graves here, and telephone to the stablemen to saddle four horses at once and bring them to the lower door. I'll telegraph to Lynnville to the sergeant of police to post men along the shore. Maurice!" he called to his own trusted body servant, who was in command of the waiters downstairs. "Leave some one here in your place: get my pistols and come with me."

As the distracted father gave his orders, the wild, sweet strains of waltz music smote mockingly on his ear, and a fierce disgust for all the vanity and folly around him filled his breast. The memory of a far different home rose before him,—a quiet, tranquil old house, where the leaping firelight on the broad hearth showed the sweet-faced Madonna over the mantel, as he and his little brother Dick lisped their night prayers at their mother's knee. "Our Father," she had taught her fatherless boys to pray,—“Our Father, who art in heaven.” Ah, for long, long years faith had been lost and prayers forgotten! If he could but fall down upon his knees and beg a Father in heaven to protect his little boy to-night!

With a despairing sense of his own helplessness, the Judge turned to the stairs that led to his office, whence he could telephone to the nearest police station, when Wynne's cheery shout burst upon his ear:

"Eureka! here they are, father, safe and sound!"

In a moment the Judge was at the open door, where Jim Duncan's clumsy wood sled had just drawn up with two little figures tucked warmly in "old Jim's" treasured bearskin.

"Papa—Uncle Ben, here we are! Oh, lift Joe out, please; for he can't walk! He isn't much hurt, Uncle Ben: he just fell a little way off the rocks—"

"And turned my ankle so I couldn't walk, papa."

"And, oh, we were so frightened!" said Tessie. "I thought we shouldn't get home to-night. I couldn't leave Joe, because he fainted."

"Fainted! Good Heavens, what did you do, child?"

"Oh, I don't know! I cried and I prayed, Uncle Ben; and then a man found us. God must have sent him, or he never would have found us away off there in the dark."

"A man! What man?—where is he,—where is he?" asked the Judge, turning sharply to Jim.

"Dunno, sir," answered Jim. "I didn't see him. Some tramp crossing the hills, I guess. He just dropped the young ones at our house."

"Oh, he couldn't have been a tramp! He was a real nice man," said Joe. "He carried me so easy I wanted to give him my Christmas dollar, but he wouldn't take it."

"Nor my pearl rosary either," added Tessie; "though I told him it was strung on gold."

"I might have improved on the dollar and rosary if he had come to me," said the Judge, laughing. "As it is, the reward of the finder must go to Jim, I suppose. So come to my office to-morrow and get ten dollars, my boy, for the return of these little strayed lambs."

"Thank you, sir!" answered Jim, with a delighted grin, as he took up the ragged rope of his sled and shuffled off; while the children were hurried into the housekeeper's room, to be warmed and

coddled by good Mrs. Judkins, who came down from her busier post above stairs, to wonder and exclaim at their night's adventures; and to see that little Joe was borne safely up to his own room, to be rubbed and salved and put to bed, with an old-fashioned drink of "posset" to make him sleep.

But no one thought of disturbing mamma,—beautiful mamma, who was standing, a vision of loveliness, under the glittering chandelier, receiving the guests who thronged her flower-wreathed rooms. There were only Mrs. Judkins and bright-eyed French Mélanie and Sara the housemaid to care for the little wanderers, and see that they were free from harm.

"You had better go to bed too, my dear," motherly Mrs. Judkins had said to Tessie; for the good housekeeper, being English, had very sober ideas of what was proper for little ladies of twelve. "Mélanie see that Miss Tessie has a hot footbath, and I will send her up a nice draught of mulled wine."

"O Mrs. Judkins," cried poor little Tessie, ruefully, "I am not cold or hurt or sick at all! And Aunt Marian has bought me such a beautiful dress. May I not go down to the dance just for a little while?"

"*Oui, oui, certainement,*" said Mélanie, her great black eyes snapping excitedly. "Mademoiselle must go down. It is Madame's wish: she bade me see to her toilet myself."

"Then it is not for me to interfere, of course," said Mrs. Judkins, stiffly. She had learned that the ways of "Young America" were very different from those of "Old England," and wisely held her peace when her views and those of "Madame" clashed.

And so Tessie was borne off triumphantly by Mélanie, whose quick, deft hands soon removed the grey cap and coat, leggings and boots, that had kept out all chill even on this bitter night. In a few minutes the crisp little curls were

brushed into a golden fluff; silken hose and dainty slippers encased the slender little feet; the wonderful dress fell about her, every ribbon and ruffle in place.

"*Eh, bien!* look now!" said Mélanie, as, with a final touch to the sash, she whirled "little Mademoiselle" around to a long cheval glass.

And "little Mademoiselle" looked with a cry of delighted surprise. "Sister Suzarina" was gone! In her place stood a dazzling fairy all fluff and frill and fluttering ribbon,—such a fairy as Tessie, even in her childish fancies, had never seen before.

"Oh," she cried, "that—that—isn't *me!*"—even the rules of grammar were forgotten for one rapturous instant.

"*Oui, Mademoiselle,* it is you—you!" answered Mélanie, in gay triumph. "It is *you,* beautiful as an angel. Here is the fan Madame left on her toilet table for you. Take it, Mademoiselle, and you will be perfect quite."

And Tessie took the glittering little fan that, with its pearl sticks and spangles, seemed a fitting wand for such a fairy queen, and went down to the dance.

Halls and drawing-rooms were thronged now; the music was pulsing through the house like a great heart-beat; everywhere were beautiful ladies with shining gowns, sparkling jewels, and waving fans. Tessie felt lost in the glittering crowd, and happily forgot all shyness and self-consciousness in wonder and delight at the dazzling scene. She was only a little girl, who could not expect to take part in it. It was quite enough for her to slip under the big palms that filled one of the deep windows, and look on at the gay dancers swinging and whirling over the polished floors, to the blithe music that seemed to wing their flying feet.

Ted and Wynne were dancing with the rest; even Uncle Ben had led out a lovely lady in white with real violets on her breast,—the sweet violets that

starred the hillsides of St. Anne's in early May. And Aunt Marian, with diamonds flashing on her brow and neck, was holding court like a queen. It was all very beautiful, and Tessie from her sheltered nook was enjoying herself thoroughly, and thinking of the four-page letter she would indite next day to Nellie Digges, telling her of this wonderful New Year's Eve, when a petulant voice beside her asked:

"Please pin up my skirt. I've given it an awful tear; and if mamma sees it, she will send me home."

It was a tall, thin girl of about Tessie's own age who spoke,—a girl who wore a wonderful gown of pink and silver gauze, torn in a way that went to Tessie's sympathetic little heart.

"Oh, what a pity!" she murmured. "But I am afraid a pin won't hold. If you will go up to the dressing-room the maid will sew it up."

"Oh, I can't!" was the impatient reply. "Pin it up somehow, please,—quick! I have the next dance with Ted Neville, and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Oh, he won't mind, I am sure!" said Tessie, simply.

The girl stared at the pretty little speaker; but the bright young face that met her indignant eyes was utterly free from guile.

"Perhaps *you* would not mind taking my place?" said the pink-robed young lady, sarcastically.

"I can if it is a two-step, I think," was Tessie's answer; "but I don't know how to waltz."

"How—how very queer!" And the speaker's critical eyes took in Tessie from the top of her pretty head to the tip of her dainty toe.

"We never learned dancing at St. Anne's," explained Tessie. "But some of the girls taught me the two-step—"

"St. Anne's,—the convent you mean?" interrupted Tessie's companion. "Good gracious, I went to that poky old place

some years ago—when I was a little kid! Did you ever hear the nuns speak of Loulie Dunn?"

"Loulie Dunn!"

For one breathless moment Tessie was struck quite dumb with surprise. Loulie Dunn! This pink-robed vision the little girl with whom she had shared studies and games and goodies four years ago! This little flaxen-haired, freckle-nosed Lou! Aye, even as she gazed conviction flashed upon her.

"O Loulie, darling Loulie!" she cried, clasping the pink gauze waist in a rapturous embrace. "Can it be you do not remember Tessie Neville, your dearest friend?"

"Tessie Neville!" exclaimed Loulie, in bewilderment. "You Tessie Neville!"

"Yes: your own old Tessie," said the girl, with another delighted hug. "And to think I didn't know you, Lou! But it's only your dress. If you had been in your old uniform you couldn't have fooled me a moment. I'd have known your dear cotton-tip of a head and funny little nose."

Hair and nose were evidently not very pleasant subjects to Miss Loulie; for she freed herself from Tessie's embrace with something of a jerk.

"I am sure I never would have known you," she answered, still staring in amazement. "You Tessie Neville! I can't believe it. What ever brought you to this place?"

"Uncle Ben, of course. This is his house, you know. Don't you remember Uncle Ben that used to send me such lovely Christmas boxes and such nice presents?"

Loulie's small blue eyes almost popped from her head.

"You don't mean that Judge Neville is your Uncle Ben?"

"Why, yes! Didn't you know that?" said Tessie, laughing.

No, Loulie had not known it. In spite of the similarity of names, she had never dreamed it. True, in the

days when she and Tessie had regarded Uncle Ben as a representative Santa Claus, social position had not entered into her consideration; but Miss Loulie had been to a fashionable boarding-school for the last four years, and was quite a worldly-wise young lady now.

And to find Tessie—little convent Tessie, who had never bragged or boasted, or claimed any importance at all,—transplanted to such a dazzling height as this, was startling indeed. It was as if a modest little wood flower had suddenly burst into tropic bloom.

(To be continued.)

The Flag of the German Empire.

The story of how the flag of the German Empire got its colors is worth telling. In 1152 the powerful Barbarossa was crowned in the Cathedral at Frankfurt. In order to do the new sovereign honor, the entire distance over which he passed from his palace to the place of crowning was covered with a bright carpet of red, black and gold. After all was over this carpet was given to the people, who cut it up into small pieces, which did duty as flags as long as the festivities lasted. The colors of the carpet remained those of the nation until Napoleon's victorious hosts tore down all flags but his own.

When the Germans regained their former ascendancy, the question as to the arrangement of their flag came up: Which color should have the upper or honorable place? Some one said: "Powder is black, blood is red, fire is golden." And then the Kaiser answered: "From night, through blood, to light." And he arranged the colors as they are at present.

A REALLY wise man does not claim to know everything. "I can not fiddle," said Themistocles, "but I can take a city."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Reviewing a new novel which we have no wish to advertise, the *Literary Digest* observes that the author lays himself open to criticism by making the hero and heroine become Catholics. "But no priest would have administered baptism to the recreant pair unless they had abandoned their improper relations. Apparently they had not." This is one of many pleasant evidences that accurate information regarding the teachings of the Church is expected even by non-Catholic critics of non-Catholic authors.

—We welcome three new pamphlets from Mr. Joseph F. Wagner. All are well printed, durably stitched and tastefully covered, as they deserve to be. The first is Archbishop Ireland's sermon on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Minnesota; the second, a course of seven Lenten sermons, including a sermon for Good Friday, by the Rev. John R. Teefy, C. S. B.; the third, a series of sermons for the devotions of the First Friday, by the Rev. P. A. Halpin. These sermons are all excellent as to substance, and because they were carefully written they are worthy of print.

—The most comprehensive edition of Shakespeare ever attempted is the *Variorum* of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, whose advanced age has given rise to the apprehension in many minds that he would never live to complete his monumental task. Fortunately Dr. Furness has a son who shares his enthusiasm for Shakespeare, and who has undertaken to edit the historical plays while his father is engaged upon the comedies. As the elder Furness has one of the best Shakespearean libraries in the world—not to speak of the stacks of notes and material accumulated in his long and industrious life,—we are now fairly sure to have the complete *Variorum* edition; still we hope the venerable student will live to taste the sweets of the complete success he so fully deserves.

—"Love stories, meaning tales of courtship, are entirely too numerous," writes Mr. Julian Hawthorne; and we should like to believe that he is not alone in the belief. Literature is a reflex of life, and surely there is more in life than murder and matchmaking, though one would never suspect it who judged by current fiction alone. Stories of sacrifice, of honorable ambition, of devotion to duty, of heroism, appeal to the elemental in man as infallibly as the love-motive does, and they would be a welcome variation from the "goo-goo" romances. Mr. Hawthorne's own suggestion is worth consideration: "It would be a beneficent improvement to write stories of marriage; of the influence of the married state in making or mar-

ring, as the case might be, the parties to it. We have not sufficiently considered in literature the nature of marriage as a factor in citizenship; the real citizen is not the man or the woman, but both together."

—Stenographers, typewriter operators and business men will welcome a new edition of Dickson's "Manual of Modern Punctuation." It is full of useful hints and suggestions. Especially valuable are the list of business and technical terms and the instructions as to the use of compound words. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

—The first of a new series of Catholic catechisms edited by the Rev. Francis J. Butler, of the archdiocese of Boston, has made its appearance. It is intended for the use of First Confession and First Communion classes. The purpose of this Holy Family series, as it is called, is to render the Catechism of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore more serviceable for beginners and to supply what seems lacking in it for advanced classes of Christian doctrine.

—We bid a cordial welcome to the *Review of Catholic Pedagogy*, the first issue of which comes to us with the New Year. It is published in Chicago, and edited by the Rev. Thomas E. Judge. The title of the new monthly, the first of its kind in our language, indicates its scope and its purpose, which are to discuss matters of interest not only to teachers, but to the clergy in general, to the educated laity, and to parents who have children to educate. We trust the *Review* will not long be lacking in the one thing necessary to make it a power for good—namely, a large subscription list.

—"The honest, trustworthy, critical life of the real Martin Luther is still an unwritten volume"—this is the conviction at which the Rev. H. G. Ganss arrives after a careful examination of Prof. Lindsay's monograph on "Luther and the German Reformation." Father Ganss' knowledge of the literature bearing on Luther is as minutely accurate as it is extensive, and he would find much to correct in a more painstaking and scholarly historian than the Scotch Professor. Of the biographers of Luther as a genus, he observes:

It was said by Plato that the Greek rhapsodists could not recite Homer without falling into convulsions. Most biographers of Luther seem afflicted with a kindred mental infirmity. They seemingly can not give us a portrayal of their hero without lapsing into a state of eulogistic hysteria. Instead of enlarging our views, enlightening our understanding, segregating truth from fiction, their only aim consists in warming our passions, exciting our feelings, obscuring truth. They give us a Luther free from all defects, foibles, paradoxes,—just as some painter or sculptor might

give us a Cyrano de Bergerac without his bulbous nose, an Oliver Cromwell without his protuberant warts, a Lord Byron without his club-foot. Professor Lindsay does not only sin in coloring facts, assigning motives, conjecturing feelings, reproducing time-stained banalities seasoned with pungent suggestions; but upon closer examination his work reveals an utter absence of scientific spirit, comprehensive grasp, and discriminating views.

Father Ganss notes, with a sense of comfort which we fully share, that the best German historical scholars no longer paint a nimbus round the head of the unfortunate ex-priest who led the German revolt from the Old Church. One of them, Wolfgang Menzel, says that "the falsification of history during the last three hundred years has done an immeasurable amount of harm and occasioned profound shame," and deplors the fact that "the time is not yet in view when falsehood will come to an end." The integrity of original workers like Menzel and the energy of publicists like Father Ganss will hasten that much-desired time. "Luther's Latest Biographer" is reprinted from the *Messenger*, and it well deserves the honor.

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.

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

Upward and Onward. *Archbishop Keane.* \$1, net.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts, net.

The Mirror of Perfection. Being a Record of St. Francis of Assisi. \$1.35, net.

Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Very Rev. George Deshon, C. S. P.* \$1.

A Book of Oratorios. *Rev. Robert Eaton.* \$1.10, net.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. *P. J. Coleman.* \$1.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. *George Horace Lorimer.* \$1.50.

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. *B. C. G.* \$1.25, net.

From Canterbury to Rome. *B. F. De Costa.* \$1.25, net.

Later Lyrics. *John B. Tabb.* \$1, net.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. *R. J. Meyer, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

The Harmony of the Religious Life. *Rev. Hermann J. Heuser.* \$1.25, net.

Jean François Millet. *Julia Cartwright.* \$3.50.

The Wyndham Girls. *Marian Ames Taggart.* \$1.20.

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists. \$1 50.

The Historic Highways of America. Vol. I. and II. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net, each.

Thoughts on Education. *Mandell Creighton, D. D., etc.* \$1.60, net.

The Lukewarm Christian. *Massillon—Percy Fitzgerald.* 60 cts., net.

A Short Rule and Daily Exercise. *Blosius.* 20 cts.

Ways of Well Doing. *Humphrey J. Desmond.* 35 cts., net.

The Treasure of the Church. *Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D. D.* \$1

Monuments of the Early Church. *Walter Lowrie, M. A.* 1.75, net.

Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories. *Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S.* \$1.25.

The Death of Sir Launcelot and Other Poems. *Condé Benoist Pallen.* \$1, net.

Corinne's Vow. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25, net.

The Convents of Great Britain. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Clement Sommer, of the diocese of Alton; Rev. Peter Casey, diocese of Cheyenne; and the Rev. John Setters, S. J.

Sister Mary of the Nativity, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. William Glass, of Vermilion, S. Dak.; Miss E. De Bay, Springhill, N. S., Canada; Mrs. Ellen Downes, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Dorsey King, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. Theodore Schlueter, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Sarah A. Fitzgerald, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Patrick Madden, Everett, Mass.; Mrs. M. J. Williams and Mrs. F. Kathman, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Paul Lamarre, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Thomas Carroll, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, Mr. J. A. Keough, and Mrs. Catherine McGraw, Altoona, Pa.; Dr. W. J. Deane, Kingstown, Canada; Mr. Charles Friend and Mrs. John Duffy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Andrew Bigham, New Brighton, Pa.; Mr. M. J. O'Connor and Mr. Charles Colgon, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Flaus and Mr. Charles Brown, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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NO. 5.

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What can have Come to Me?

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

WHAT can have come to me?
Hard at work the day,
A laughing child with golden hair
Came dancing down the way.
A glad tune I was singing;
But when I saw her pass,
Something gripped the heart of me,—
Careless little lass!

What can have come to me?
She smiled into my face:
A dainty thing with shining curls,
All clad in silk and lace.
But her eyes were like another's;
As she tripped along the grass,
Tears o'erflowed the heart of me,—
Happy little lass!

What can have come to me?
'Tis years and years ago
Since that sad day in Monaghan
I laid my darling low.
A blithe song I was singing;
But since I saw her pass,
Silence fills the soul of me,—
O my little lass!

WHICH of us can sit down at the close of a day and say, 'To-day I have done all that was in my power to do for humanity and righteousness'? Ah, no! we look for large things and forget that which is close at hand. To take life "as God gives it, not as we want it," and then make the best of it, is the hard lesson that life puts before the human soul to learn.

The City of Peter the Hermit.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.



HE traveller in Europe who leaves the beaten highways marked out for "personally conducted" tourists and sight-seers with circular tickets, finds no lack of interesting places to visit, spends less money, sees more of the real life of the people, and sometimes picks up curious bits of half-forgotten history. Thus in the Belgian valley of the Meuse the recognized show-places are Dinant, Namur and Liege. Every tourist who has been in the south of Belgium knows them all three. But about halfway between Namur and Liege there is a little town which is quite as interesting as either of these historic cities. Yet to Huy on the Meuse the tourist seldom comes. At the quiet, old-fashioned inn on the river-bank the waiters speak very little English. The guidebooks give only a few lines to the place. The average tourist has not yet discovered it.

A local history, which I bought on the occasion of my visit to the town, proudly styles it *la Cité de Pierre l'Ermite*—"the City of Peter the Hermit." The chief monument of the little place is the statue of the Hermit, cross in hand, preaching the Crusade. It was this statue, and the claim of Huy to be called Peter the Hermit's city, that set me on the track of an interesting bit of history, which seems

to fill up a gap in the received story of the First Crusade.

Everyone has read how the warrior-hermit roused Western Europe to the great enterprise of the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel; though modern research has somewhat diminished his part in the preliminaries of the Crusade, and intimates that the initiative had been taken by Pope Urban before Peter appeared upon the scene. We know how, after the failure of his first attempt to lead an unorganized crowd of armed pilgrims to the East, Peter the Hermit joined the main army of the Crusaders; and we hear of him preaching to them during the campaign that ended with the conquest of Jerusalem. Then he disappears from history.

A Catholic poet tells how in the hour of victory he proudly thought that the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre by the banded chivalry of Europe was all his own work; and then, remembering that it was only God's hand that could have wrought such a marvel, he humbled himself, fled from the camp, and in a lonely hermitage of his native Picardy atoned for his pride by spending the rest of his life in obscurity. But this is only the poet's fancy of what might have been,—only an attempt to explain Peter's strange disappearance. At Huy I learned what seems to be the true story of the Hermit's closing years.

Amiens claims to be the City of Peter the Hermit, because he was born there, and his statue—a more pretentious work of art than the monument at Huy—stands in the square behind the apse of its glorious cathedral. Huy claims Peter as its own, because it was the place of his retirement after the Crusade. If we are to believe the local legend, Peter the Hermit on his homeward voyage from Syria to France was exposed to imminent danger of shipwreck in a storm on the Mediterranean. He then vowed that if his life were spared he would found

a monastery dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord. His prayers were heard, and, with the help of some of the nobles of Liege who had been his companions in danger, he built the Monastery of Neuf Moustier, in the valley of the Meuse, near the western suburb of Huy. Here he died in 1115, aged sixty-two, sixteen years after the storming of Jerusalem. Like the Saxon Bishop St. Swithin, Peter the Hermit asked that his tomb should be made not in the abbey church but outside in the graveyard "under the open sky."

There his body lay till 1633, when the grave was opened and his bones were placed in a costly shrine. What was their subsequent fate I have not been able to discover. It is probable that the shrine was violated, the metal melted down, and the bones scattered, during the general pillage of churches and monasteries that followed the invasion of Belgium by the French Republican armies at the end of the eighteenth century. All trace of the abbey has disappeared. Its site is occupied by the Château of Neuf Moustier, a handsome modern country-house.

Huy in old days abounded in religious houses, and the Abbey of Neuf Moustier was not the only one that traced its foundation to the Crusades. The Couvent des Croisiers, or Monastery of the Crusaders, was a house of soldier-monks, founded by the Baron Theodosius of Celles; and it became the mother-house of an Order that had several establishments in Northern Europe. Only some of its out-buildings now remain.

A local saying tells how—

Notre Dame, le pont, et le chateau,
Sont à Huy trois beaux joyaux.*

The bridge of seven arches was built in 1294, and was for centuries the only one on the river between Namur and Liege. Standing at its northern end, one sees the town stretching along the

* "The three beautiful jewels of Huy are the Church of Notre Dame, the bridge, and the castle."

south bank. On a bold, cliff-like rock just behind it rises "the castle"—the old citadel, originally built to guard the crossing of the river.

Among the houses at the base of the rock, but standing out majestically above them, we see the high-pitched Gothic roof of Notre Dame, looking more like a cathedral than the parish church of a small country town. Its size, and still more the simple boldness of its architectural lines, and the great tower that once supported a lofty spire, prevent it from being dwarfed by the massive rock and the citadel behind it. So scanty is the space between this rock and the river-bank that the plan of the church had to be modified before it would fit in. The nave is narrow, the transept unusually short; but this adds to the impression of great height in the interior.

The existing church is the latest of many edifices that have successively occupied this site. The annals of Huy tell how the church was set on fire by lightning and burned down in 1013. It had hardly been rebuilt when it was again burned during the storming of the town by the Count of Flanders. The Bishop of Liege rebuilt it on a grander scale, and this third church was finished in 1066—the year of the Battle of Hastings. Two centuries and a half later the church of Huy had fallen into a ruinous condition. It was the beginning of the great period of zeal for the beauty of God's house, when three-fourths of the cathedrals and churches of Europe were rebuilt in the Gothic style. The site was cleared, and on the 15th of March, 1311, Bishop Thibault of Liege laid the foundation stone of the actual building.

But in those days men built slowly. The work was not handed over to a contractor bound under penalties to run up a showy building in twelve months. The great churches rose up gradually, under the hands of successive

generations of patient artist craftsmen. A part was finished, roofed in and used for the divine worship. Nave, aisles, transept, choir chapels, tower and spire were gradually completed. A stately church was the work of centuries. At last, in 1526, two hundred and fifteen years after the laying of the foundation stone, and on the eve of the miscalled Reformation, the Church of Notre Dame at Huy was finished.

Strange to say, the church of Huy before long suffered calamities that recalled its early misfortunes. In the seventeenth century its lofty roof and stained-glass windows were more than once shattered by hurricanes. During the revolutionary invasion of Belgium by the French it was desecrated and turned into a "Temple of Reason." Finally, in 1803 its spire was struck by lightning and thrown down through the roof of nave and choir.

For many years after the church was little better than a ruin. It was not till 1851 that its thorough restoration was taken in hand. Happily, the work was confided to an architect who was also an artist, and who devoted himself to reproducing faithfully its former glories without indulging in fancies of his own. The result is that the building is now one of the most beautiful churches of the European continent. Its "treasury" contains four mediæval shrines of metal and enamel work, one of them reputed to have in it some of the relics of St. Mark.

The country round Huy is traversed by good roads and abounds in places for interesting excursions. It is the margin of the hilly Ardennes district—Shakespeare's "Forest of Arden." Picturesque châteaux crown the hilltops. In the valleys the streams that run down to the Meuse are broken by foaming cascades, and crossed by weirs that hold up the water to turn the wheels of quaint, old-fashioned mills. Altogether it is a corner of Europe that deserves to be better known to the tourist.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

IV.—A RUN OF GOOD FORTUNE.

THE general officer returned to the carriage wherein he had deposited his late companion in danger.

"I trust you are not hurt, darling?" he anxiously inquired.

"Not in the least, my uncle."

"Sure?"

"Absolutely." (She spoke in French.)

"And the gentleman who, under God, saved us from being injured, my uncle?"

"Do not alarm yourself, dear: he is untouched. It was almost miraculous. He was dragged at least two hundred metres; but he held on. Such a grip! Hands of steel!"

"And heart of steel, my uncle!"

"Who is he, General?" demanded the Archduchess. "As well as I could see in our awful fright, he is not a Russian."

"He is an Irishman, and a modest one to boot. He would not even allow me to thank him."

"Oh, we will do all *that!*" cried the Archduchess. (It was the Archduchess Olga Balmatikoﬀ, first cousin to the Tsar, who spoke.) "It is for *our* sex to thank gallant cavaliers."

"He would not give me his name or address, Archduchess."

"A splendid, modest fellow!" observed her Grace. "Katrina and I both saw him. Put the Secret Police at work at once, General. Gratitude—nay, honor commands that the bravery of this man should, at all events, be acknowledged. Holy Mother of God, only to think what an escape this dear child has had!"—tenderly pressing her to her side.

"A miracle!" said the girl. "God and His Blessed Mother have been good to me. I also saw the gentleman. I

must—I shall never know a moment's peace till I thank him. *Do*, dear uncle, find out at once who he is and *where* he is."

"Rely upon it, my little niece."

"I saw him for a moment," resumed Olga. "He seemed a giant, and so handsome! I heartily wish that he had saved *me*."

Master Myles would have been all the better for a precious good application of the famous home remedy—to wit, goose grease. He found himself black and blue, and bruised and bleeding at his knees and elbows; his shoulders felt the wrench most acutely; his bones ached; in fact, he had received very severe punishment. Luckily, his head escaped injury; but his neck was stiff, and every movement painful.

"I hope that I shall not be laid up in dock," he muttered, as, after saying his prayers—on his battered knees too,—he crawled into bed, where sleep was feverish pain, and pain was feverish sleep. He was stopping "runaways" all night, and being trampled to death, but fighting hard always.

"What the blazes have you been up to, Myles?" shouted his uncle, bursting into his room early next morning.

"Eh—what, uncle?"—shaking himself together.

"Why, man alive, but the Secret Police are after you!"

"After *me!* Impossible—nonsense!"

"Did you stop a pair of mad horses attached to a drosky last night—up near the Point?"

"Yes, I managed it."

"And got nearly killed?"

"Oh, I was a bit knocked about,—that's all!"

"Are you hurt?"

"Only a little bruised,—nothing."

"Thank God for *that*, anyhow!" piously ejaculated the old man. "Well, they've got instructions from headquarters to find out all about you; and, begorra, they were here at cockcrow,—

two of them. I was afraid at first it was in regard to a caravan of tea, and that it was *I* they wanted. Not that I have anything to be afraid of, but it's a queer sort of a country that we're in,—sorra a doubt of it. Who was it that you saved, anyway? For the agent told me there were no bones broken; that the lady hopped out as light as the down on a thistle, and the man jumped safely after her. They told me that you acted like a Hector. Who were they?"

"I have no idea, uncle. An elderly gentleman in uniform and a lady. By the way, I think you will find his card in my waistcoat pocket, on the chair there."

"Wirra, wirra, but here's flitters and tatters! And you swept the road for them! It's all pockets or holes you've left, bad scran to it! Whoo-ooh!" cried the veteran, as, after carefully adjusting his spectacles, he scrutinized the card. "Why, man dear, but you're in luck! You've saved one of the big nobs—General Romansikoff, one of the Imperial Council and escort to the Emperor. Whew! Why, Myles me boy, he'll get you the Alexander Cross for bravery."

"I don't want his Cross!" growled the young man.

"You don't,—don't you! Then, be the mortal frost, *I* do—for *you*, me boy,—for your mother's son! You did well and kept up the name of O'Byrne in grand style. More power to you! But tell me all about it."

Myles felt considerably better after his bath, and was able to do ample justice to a solid breakfast, prepared under the special supervision of his uncle, who sat by watching his nephew eating, with evidences of the very highest satisfaction.

"Take another egg,—they're dawny little things. Here's a skelp of steak. Isn't that an elegant fish? How your Aunt Kate would tackle that brown bread! I wonder if Romansikoff will

come here? He ought to, anyhow. The lady may be young and beautiful, with an estate in the Caucasus and the roubles in the Imperial Bank of Roosia. Well, an O'Byrne is a match for any Romansikoff that ever wore Roosian leather,—aye, or a Romanoff!"

Myles, albeit somewhat of a day-dreamer, did not indulge in the rosy romance woven by his grim commercial kinsman. Indeed, he saw nothing very sensational in stopping a runaway horse; while any idea of reward never for a moment entered his thought, nor would he have given it breathing-space. A high-spirited, whole-souled gentleman, the despicable meanness of guerdon for such service was so far beneath him that he mentally recoiled as from a shock; although the romance woven by the practical uncle was not utterly disagreeable to him.

Mindful of his promise to Count O'Reilly, he repaired to the Hôtel de l'Europe; the veteran having seen him safely perched on the roof of a horse car, the effort to gain which caused his sore bones to ache and ache again.

"Go as far as the car goes. Then opposite you is the hotel. You couldn't miss it with the shank of a ham."

"I'm a nice job lot," thought Myles, "in these clothes—going into a swell hotel, when it's into a field to frighten crows I ought to be stamping. Old Bridget made a poor job of it. I suppose she's accustomed to sewing up sacks. I shall explain it all to O'Reilly, however; and visit a hand-me-down tailor's with him, if he'll only come."

Count O'Reilly rushed up to him in the hall.

"What's all this I hear?" he gaily called out. "Only twenty-four hours in Russia and you've become a stopper of runaway horses and a rescuer of fair damosels! Bravo, O'Byrne! You begin well. I heard all about it from General Romansikoff. You shall see my Emperor. He has heard of your prowess."

"I must get out of the place, Count, if you insist upon making a mountain out of a molehill. What a spectacle your Nevsky is! What a panorama! What a passing show! It fascinates one." (They were standing on the balcony overlooking the great thoroughfare.) "I am endeavoring to count the number of men in uniform."

A servant entered with a card on a silver tray.

"Romansikoff!" exclaimed the Count. "You are in for it now, O'Byrne!"

"Hang it! I wish I were fishing in Bohenabreena!" growled Myles.

The General was announced.

"Most lucky your turning up, General! This is—"

"The gentleman who saved my niece's life and mine, at the imminent risk of his own, and was so modest as to wish to remain *incognito*," said the General, offering both hands to O'Byrne and kissing him on the lips: a Russian ceremony which the sturdy Irishman did not relish in the least,—in fact, would most willingly have dispensed with. "Most unfortunately, Mr. O'Byrne, my niece was compelled to leave town this morning; her aunt—my wife—having telegraphed for her. But she sent you her heartfelt gratitude, and hopes to meet you soon,—very soon. Would it be consistent with your convenience to visit a Russian country home?"

"I have no doubt, General, it would prove a very delightful experience."

"Count, could you contrive to tear yourself away from your beloved Nevsky for two or three days? Good fishing and superb scenery."

"Nevsky be hanged, General! Name your day."

"Well spoken, O'Reilly! I leave by the express on Thursday—that is the day after to-morrow—at eight in the morning. Conveyances will wait us at Tsarsky Tabitzsky. A ten verst ride will pump up a country appetite for a country dinner."

"Splendid!" exclaimed O'Reilly.

"May I hope this will suit you, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"A thousand thanks, General!" said Myles. "I could never have hoped for such good fortune."

After the usual vodka and some very amusing chat, Romansikoff said:

"I am going over to the Winter Palace, as I am on duty; and, Mr. O'Byrne, my Emperor and Empress shall be delighted to learn that you have saved the life of a particular pet of their Imperial Majesties' household! *Au revoir!*" And, clinking his spurred heels together, he drew himself up military fashion, saluted and withdrew; exclaiming on the threshold: "I leave Count O'Reilly to make all the arrangements."

"Romansikoff is a very charming man, O'Byrne. We shall have a right royal time of it at his *datcha*. His wife was a Mensikoff, a court beauty in the early seventies. He won great distinction at Plevna, and he is *persona gratissima* at court."

"How well he speaks English!" observed Myles.

"He ought to: he was one of our Secretaries of Embassy to the Court of St. James for five or six years. Now for luncheon! I'll take you to Cubat's. It is one of the very best restaurants in St. Petersburg. We have four: Cubat's, Donon's, Coutent's, and the Ouro. By the way, would your uncle dine with us at Coutent's to-night? It is a great rendezvous for old army officers."

"Thank you very much!—but I rather think not; and I fear that I can not leave him, Count."

"We shall see to that. I am coming out to visit him after luncheon, and to take you both for a drive on the Islands. Come along!"

A superbly equipped *troika*, attached to three magnificent horses, their black satin coats lustrous in the sunlight, spun up the Nevsky to Cubat's, where O'Reilly was received with every mark

of the most obsequious respect. Here Myles, who was as hungry as the proverbial hunter, made acquaintance with a cold soup pronounced *skee*, green, slimy, with a slice of sturgeon reposing in the centre of the plate surrounded by lumps of ice. He also played havoc with a Russian *bonne bouche*—a roasted chicken stuffed with one large truffle.

"I'll make old Maloney's teeth water, Count,—he's my chief in the bank—with a description of your Russian cookery. He thinks he knows all about it, but he doesn't."

As they drove along the umbrageous Kresstoffsky road, the Count saluting many acquaintances *en passant* with head, hand, and whip, Myles observed:

"By the way, Count, I don't see how I can present myself at this swell country-house,—I mean General Roman-sikoff's. I have no clothes but these, and they are no great shakes. My best suit came to grief last night, and is, I fear, past patching; and I have no money to spend on riding breeches, tops, and all that sort of thing. I did not even take a dress suit, although," he added, with a laugh, "I have a pretty dandy one at Sandymount. Hang it all, I must give up this delightful visit!"

"Not much, you *omadhaun!*" laughed the Count. "I can fix you, as the Yankees say."

"But I am much bigger than you."

"Yes, but not a hair bigger than my brother, who is in the Preobrazhensky Guard. This festive youth has been invited by my Emperor to retire to the innermost recesses of the Urals for six months, on account of a little harmless, though unluckily published, escapade. He is your height, and his clothes will fit you like wax."

"But—"

"No 'buts'! Be a good sort and let me arrange this for you. Wouldn't you do this for me if I were in a hole?"

"I'd borrow money to spend it on you, Count," laughed the heartily pleased

Myles. "But how can I repay all this royal kindness?"

"Pshaw! Now *you* are for making mountains out of molehills. Alexis is a bit of a dandy, so I can turn you out in fine shape. Another Americanism! By Jove, I *do* love some of the Yankee phraseology! And the slang *is* immense."

Myles, despite the earnest entreaties of Count O'Reilly that he would dine with him at the Yacht Club—the most exclusive club in all Muscovy, where millions of roubles are lost and won nightly at the national card game *Vint*,—remained with his uncle and enjoyed a long "white night" of goodly gossip; the old gentleman being full of anecdote and personal reminiscences of the raciest character, over the narration of which he laughed and snuffed to the utmost satisfaction.

"What's up now, I wonder?" he said, as a drosky stopped at the little gate. "More Secret Police or what?"

Two soldiers in the gorgeous uniform of the Hussars of the Guard alighted, and, after saluting, entered the garden, bearing a very large leathern case which they duly deposited on the porch.

"This portmanteau is for you, Myles; and here are the keys," said the veteran, after he had put the orderlies through their facings.

"For *me*, uncle?"

"No less, with the compliments of Count O'Reilly. But what's in it at all, at all?"

"Oh, I know!" laughed Myles. "It's the clothes that he promised me."

"What clothes?"

"His brother's. I had nothing but what I stand up in; and if the Count had not a brother about my size, I could never have accepted General Romansikoff's invitation."

And Myles, being a very young man, and possessing the pardonable vanity of youth, lugged the portmanteau into the house, and immediately donned a London made brand-new suit of grey

homespun, that fitted him as though he had been measured for it in Bond Street or Piccadilly.

"Faix but you look like the son of an Irish king!" exclaimed the veteran, admiringly. "You're as strapping a lad as ever stepped in shoe-leather. O'Byrne aboo!"—this with a wild shriek that brought Bridget and Ivan bounding into the room in a very frenzy of terror. On being addressed in Russian, they immediately turned to Myles, and each taking a hand, reverently bent over and kissed it.

The portmanteau, which was of the most generous proportions, contained every article necessary for the fashionable equipment, from a dressing case mounted in gold to a bath robe lined with sable.

Myles sat on the edge of his little bed, chuckling at this run of good fortune, and vaguely wondering how long the run would last, and where and when it should end. Was he fated to remain with his old uncle and aid him in his business? What business? Assuredly he would not remain idle, or loaf on the bread of dependence. Was he not counting his chickens rather too rapidly? The old gentleman had said never a word about the future. It was all of to-day—the present. His nephew was to enjoy his outing—to take the ball at the hop. When reference was made to the question of acquiring the Russian language, the veteran exclaimed:

"Do you hear that *boneen* that's grunting in the yard beyond? Myles, you might just as well try to learn what it's grunting about as to get hold of the Roosian. I tell you, Myles, I was years picking up word after word; and nearly choking over each word, for it stuck in me throat."

This was discouraging; nevertheless, the idea of remaining in Russia had almost taken root, and very slender encouragement would cause it to take firm hold and flourish. Of course, at this particular moment everything was

couleur de rose; but he was not carried away by the color or the perfume. On the contrary, he was gazing very steadily at the business chances, and resolved to wrestle closely with the question of "to be or not to be."

"If my luck lasts, I'll win," he muttered half aloud. "But I can not win without work, and now comes the blooming query: How can I work and at what?"

(To be continued.)

Credo.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WHAT is our God, the God we own,
 Before whose feet in spirit we fall;
 Who makes, preserves, destroys alone,
 And fills all by containing all;*
 Who is from all eternity,
 In whom we breathe and move and be?

The Lord of Hosts, the Prince of Peace,
 Whose eyes unerring look upon
 High angelhood that veils to bless
 The Holy, Holy, Holy One;
 And manhood in the germ, that yet
 Shall be in Godlike splendor set.

They war, His angels and His men,
 Or in deep peace they do His will;
 Its meaning high above their ken,
 Guessing or not, they do it still,
 Through past and now and future rolled
 In æons never to be told.

We raise the stone, and Him we find; †
We cleave the wood, and He is there;
 We see Him through the tears that blind,
 We touch with lifted hands of prayer;
 Before His altar, on His sod,
 We know our Lover and our God.

A King of dreadful majesty,
 A King of love more dreadful yet;
 In whom the world's foundations be,
 Whose eyes with human tears were wet;
 The Lord of Life, who lay alone,
 A corpse behind a sealed stone.

He took the measure of a span
 Who filleth all infinitude;

* St. Augustine.

† Logion.

Maker of man, and very Man;
 Immortal dying on a Rood;
 And all Creation's heart is bowed
 To this her God who wore her shroud.

And more, yet more; from glory won,
 Magnificence inherited,
 He stoops to hold communion
 With man, in veils of wine and bread;
 O height of love! O love's abyss!
 Man face to face with God in this!

Before the angels' joyful shout,
 Or morning stars' high harmonies;
 Before the birth of faith or doubt,
 Ere Death, contending for the prize,
 In wrestling fierce with Life had striven,
 The Love-begotten Love was given.

If million after million
 Of years rolled o'er the world, His thought,
 Yet, in the time of ripeness won;
 He for whom time and space are not,
 Infinitude, Eternity,
 Hung, time-revealed, upon a Tree.

If millions more uncounted fall
 Slow down Eternity's abyss,
 Before this God be all in all,
 What betwixt Him and man is this?
 With Him no future is, no past:
 But one great now, for aye to last.

He doeth that, and suffereth
 Its doing, which we tremble at;
 Lets slip the dogs of war and death;
 Binds fast with iron chains and great;
 One nation crowns with glory; one
 Putteth to sore confusion.

Yet Love, in veil of mystery,
 Is He; no cruel Fate and stark
 Which grips the trembling souls that lie
 And shudder in their lonely dark;
 Or at some dreadful Presence guess,
 More dreadful than the loneliness.

O Thou, considering tenderly
 The feeble tongues that lisp Thy state,
 The wavering souls that stay on Thee,
 By gentleness of Thine made great;
 Love, Love, and Love, revealed, unknown,
 Thee we adore and Thee we own!

THE only real trouble that can ever come to us is remorse at our own evil deeds, and this is the only trouble which we have it in our power to avoid.

Nantucket Notes.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—AN ISLAND HOME.

SHADE of Herman Melville, thou wizard of the Tropic Seas, arise! No one before thee and no one since has written of the seas, the South-South Seas, and of the isles thereof as thou hast. It was thy "Omoo" and "Typee" and "Mardi" that first set my heart aflame, and not even salt-sea water could quench that flame,—it only fed it. And now one of thy volumes, opened at random, spirits me away into the "vast deep" and I yearn to seek thee and to join thee there!

To reread Melville, the idol of my youth, throws me into this frame of speech. The lime-light should go with it, and it should be well adjusted. But, apart from all this, there is something in the books of Herman Melville that is so utterly unlike the scholastic work of to-day that if the reader becomes at all interested in them he will find there a kind of mental intoxication. That is why I have written as I wrote. That is why when I turn over the leaves of a copy of Melville's "Moby-Dick; or, The Whale" (first edition, 1851), and find that I picked it up in Hawaii, heaven knows how many years ago, I hail him in the melodramatic style and wish all things were as they were in his day.

The book is inscribed to Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of his dearest friends. But this is not at all what I started out to say. What I meant to say is this. Turning its faded pages, freckled with the mildew-spots of the warm and moist trade-winds; its cover worn and faded, and eaten into by that most disgusting of bookworms, the cockroach, I find this quotable page:

"Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away off shore, more lonely than

the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock, an elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there; they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an old oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the True Cross in Rome; that people there plant toadstools before their houses to get under the shade in summer time; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quicksand shoes—something like Laplander snowshoes; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravaganzas only show that Nantucket is no Illinois....

"These Nantucketers, born on a beach, take to the sea for a livelihood! They first caught crabs and quohogs in the sand; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world, put an incessant belt of circumnavigation round it; peeped in at Behring Straits; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the Flood; most monstrous and most mountainous! That Himalayan, salt-sea mastodon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power that his pranks are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults....

"The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea.... He lives on it, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides

among the waves; he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land, so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an earthman. With the landless gull that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows, so the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails and lays him to rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales."

There you have Nantucket and the Nantucketer as they were in their prime. They were, in the flush of their success, without a rival in the world. All that is past. Were Herman Melville to return to earth after his long silence, he would not recognize the lonely little island or its few remaining inhabitants. It is an island whose resident population decreases year by year. True, there are newcomers, but there are more who go and whose houses are for rent or for sale.

A very old and very dear friend, who found the havoc of New York city life was getting on his nerves, was recommended to try a season at Nantucket. That was the beginning of a stay of nearly twenty years. It was not a sudden determination that led him to make his home there: he merely stayed and stayed; when he went from it, thinking his visit was ended, he returned to it, finding that it was not. So he finally became a fixture and one of the features of the town.

Lately his guest, I could not but meditate upon the wisdom of his choice of a homestead and a fireside such as befit the ripening years of a man of letters who is in the same breath a gentleman of leisure. How I envied him his home, his household, his repose, his aloofness from the madding crowd! The daily paper, coming across the sea by boat, seemed a message from another world especially addressed to him. If he found the summer a little irksome,

for the frolic and frivolity of the off-islanders, what a holy joy crowned the close of the season, when the shady, silent streets seemed actually deserted! It was then I visited him in his stately, old-fashioned home.

Some retired sea captain, I believe, had built it a century ago. It was of red brick; a colonial doorway in the centre of the building opened upon a broad hall, with living rooms on either side of it. There was a wealth of fine old furniture in the parlors; many souvenirs of foreign travel; some admirable family portraits and good paintings. There was an air of comfort, notwithstanding the state-ness that is so apt to chill a parlor that is not often used. The sitting-room across the hall, with its case of well-selected books, its secretary for a dainty lady's use, its lounge heaped high with pillows, its easy-chairs, and the big centre table with lofty lamp and choice volumes and latest magazines circling about it.

Beyond it, the dining-room; across the hall from that the library—the "Den,"—where mine host at his own great desk writes the poems that have made him popular. What talks we had there, he and I! He has leisure for conversation, and conversation for all his leisure. I think my friend, for all his humor and his delight in life, lives much in the past. I have known him since I was a schoolboy, just beginning to make verses myself; and he was one of the first to encourage me. He was the intimate of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and that old California coterie that did so much toward impressing upon the mind of the world at large that there was something better than gold in California.

In that Den we chatted by the hour. There was nothing to distract us: no steam whistles, no trolly cars, no itinerant piano organs, no shrill-voiced hawkers of marketable wares. There was only the town-crier, whose cry—

it being out of season—had subsided to a sob; and the Lisbon Convent bell tolling not too sadly thrice a day. Out of a drawer in the big desk of the poet came a bundle of old photographs and a casket of faded letters. Oh, what richness! What smiles, that were half tears, were awakened by these memorials of the past! In some houses and some households one must await a certain kind of day before one can unlock the casket of old letters, or look at the album, of faded photographs. It is probably a rainy day, when there is nothing doing—nothing else to do. But here in this island home all days are sacred to souvenirs of the past, and old letters and old pictures are a joy forever.

The great chambers of the house are rooms in which to take solid comfort; the huge fireplaces with high colonial mantels, the monumental fenders of glowing brass, and the huge andirons, make a kind of sacrificial altar of the chimney. One sleeps the sleep of the just in such chambers as these. To be wakened by the Lisbon bell at seven, and to be reminded by that same bell at nine o'clock in the evening that it is bedtime,—these are among the luxuries of life in Nantucket out of the season.

To look out of the windows of that house is to glance into such vistas as invite one out of doors in almost any weather. Broad lawns bordered with flower beds that isolate the old mansions, yet leave them neighborly to a degree. We males can sit in the sitting-room windows and see the *élite* of the fair sex tripping into the homestead over the way to five o'clock tea-and-gossip—and envy them.

If we would seek other diversion, there is the oldest house of all, now on exhibition. You can not fail to identify it by the large brick horseshoe built into the chimney; by the little windows, the low beams overhead that you feel inclined to take your hat off to; by the great oaken knees that support

the corners of the house and make the rooms look like a ship's cabin. There is a vague story of an Indian who concealed himself in a closet of the house, when the house was young and there was a young bride in it,—this was in 1686 or thereabouts. He was not a good Indian: he wanted a lock of her hair. But she escaped him and saved her scalp. And the very closet in the upstairs chamber where he secreted himself is shown to this day.

There is the windmill also; but that is a comparatively recent structure. Its birthday was in 1746. It has gone out of business. It stands upon rising ground in the edge of the town, and does the picturesque for the delight of all beholders. It is a most simple, natural, unaffected old windmill. Its four enormous wings remind one of Sancho Panza and one of his famous misadventures. This mill, three stories and a half in height, stands on a pivot, and in its prime could be wheeled about so as to face the wind no matter what quarter it came from. One may explore the mill to its very roof, and purchase a curio from the amiable elderly gentleman who is passing his declining years as host, in the absence of the miller. There is nothing more pleasing to the eye in all Nantucket than the windmill, and 'twill be a sad day when it ceases to exist.

For an outing, there is Wauwinet, a mite of a village on a strip of sand, the harbor on one side of it, the sea on the other. Artists and poets love the place, and their summer-houses are delightfully breezy and nautical. I remember one tiny cottage that was like an arbor; it was festooned with fish nets and ropes of seaweed and fringes of cockleshells,—a home for mermen and mermaids. And, then, Wauwinet is famous for its fish dinners. On the ridge beyond Wauwinet—a ridge that is narrow like a reef, and thickly wooded with low timber that seems to have been stunted in the storms

of ages,—there are shooting boxes, and as wild and lonely a life as one might choose to lead—should Nantucket ever seem too hilarious for a decorous visitor.

With home, a yacht, a shooting-box, a friend, a book—what more can one wish for? The thought of it once drove me to verse as follows:

A settled income underneath a bough;
A cat, a parrot, and a fond bowwow;
A cot, a coat, a book, a bosom-friend,—
And all the rest may vanish any how!

My "Rubaiyat" is brief, but brimful for all its brevity.

There is a lighthouse in Nantucket that has gone blind. It is the light that failed; but the house is still the property of the United States Government, and the U. S. G. is very apt to look after its own. There is a lighthouse-keeper there; he has only the house to keep—and himself, for he is a solitary. The house stands in a kitchen-garden. The keeper raises chickens and supplies the market with eggs. He is in the employ of the Government, and receives a salary which is said to be the smallest salary received by any one anywhere in the world. This salary he collects annually; and in collecting it he goes through all the necessary formalities, just as if it were a little fortune he had come into. The salary is one dollar a year!

Sometimes the poet and I used to stroll down to the docks and lounge there. They were deserted. The whole fleet of catboats had been dismasted for the winter. Many of them had been drawn up on shore and housed; even the poorest of them had been cared for. Already grass seemed to be springing up everywhere, and it began to look as if the whole water-front would forget its summer importance and return to a kind of grass-grown oblivion. Alas! so soon are we forgotten in this world when the feet of the restless have wandered away.

Forgotten? Among the dunes beyond

the windmill are the cemeteries ancient and modern. The graves of the Quakers are unmarked, it being thought a vain thing to identify the resting-place of the dust of one beloved. There is a tradition that a young bridegroom, in his grief for the loss of his bride, cut a private mark upon the fence, so that he might find the grave that held all that was most dear to him in life. The mark was discovered, and the picket that bore it was replaced with another. There was the agony of one broken heart. But think of this! On Christmas Eve, 1865, the ship *Newton*, of Hamburg, was wrecked on the south shore. Of her crew of twenty-seven men, but one reached the shore alive—and he perished in the snow within sight of shelter. All these bodies were recovered, and now lie in a little plot of ground by themselves,—nameless every one of them. On that same night the schooner *Haynes*, from San Domingo, was wrecked on the west end of the island, and all on board met with a watery grave.

It seems almost as if Nantucketers had a right to Christian burial at sea. So many of them have passed their lives on shipboard that they are more at home on the water than on the land. Here is a Nantucket epitaph, with no waste of words:

ALFRED G.
DIED AT SEA.

And here is another that provokes a curious train of thought:

ERECTED BY A NUMBER OF YOUNG MEN,
FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED,
TO THE MEMORY OF
SUSAN P.,

DAUGHTER OF ZIMRI AND SARAH CLEVELAND,
WHO WAS DROWNED IN MADAKET HARBOR,
JULY 24, 1849

ÆT. TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

But why linger among the graves? There is so much to be said of Nantucket that the half has not been told. What has been told has been told so often that the mere telling has become trite. After all, perhaps it is best to drop the pen

right here, among these graves; adding only these lines which seem peculiarly applicable to the time and place:

Tired of the tempest and racing wind,
Tired of the spouting breaker,
Here they come at the end, to find
Rest in the silent acre.

Feet pass over the graveyard turf,
Up from the sea or downward;
One way leads to the raging surf,
One to the perils townward.

"Hearken, hearken!" the dead men call,—
"Whose is the step that passes?
Knows he not we are safe from all,
Under the nodding grasses?"

(The End.)

After Many Years.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"I'M afraid you are more than a little bit bored," Mrs. Mordaunt said to the guest who stood by one of the windows of the hall, looking rather blankly on the snow-clad world without. "Confess, Mr. Vane."

Mr. Vane turned from the contemplation of the park.

"Dear madam, I am old," he answered, "and consequently a bit 'out of it,' as the young people say. Ping pong and bridge were unknown in the days of my youth."

Mrs. Mordaunt laughed. She was a gay, kindly little person, who liked to see all those around her as merry as she herself was. When her husband invited Vane the astronomer to Mordaunt Priory, she had hoped that the invitation might be declined. But Mr. Mordaunt had held out hopes to his elderly friend that he might meet a noted French observer of the moon and stars under the roof of the Priory; and Mr. Vane had accepted the invitation, partly on that account and partly because Jack Mordaunt was a distant relation.

"I am so sorry that Monsieur de Mersac is ill! Had he been at all able to travel he would certainly have come.

"He is my godfather, you know," Mrs. Mordaunt said.

Mr. Vane bowed with an old-fashioned courtesy.

"So Jack informed me. Yes, I should have been very glad to meet De Mersac. We were last together in the Sandwich Islands."

"You have lived much out of England, Mr. Vane?"

"Yes," the gentleman assented.

"Eclipses and such things are interesting, no doubt," said Mrs. Mordaunt, trying her best to make conversation.

Mr. Vane smiled.

"Very, to some people. I thought I should have been a witness to the next solar eclipse, but this troublesome inheritance has kept me in England."

"Troublesome!" Mrs. Mordaunt was becoming more at her ease. "Fancy any one calling Aubrey Hall a troublesome inheritance!"

"It is to me," Mr. Vane said, gravely. "I understand so little of business, and I already had quite sufficient of this world's goods for my modest needs. Oh, yes, I wish my cousin had disposed of his property in some other fashion!"

Mrs. Mordaunt laughed again.

"You're the first person I ever knew who wished for no more wealth."

"But why should I wish for more wealth?" Mr. Vane asked. "Had I any one—" he paused, and added, "I am comparatively friendless."

"Oh!" Mrs. Mordaunt did not quite know how to proceed. There was a tragic note in Mr. Vane's voice; and she was intensely grateful to one of the young people who had gathered round a book of engravings at a distant table, for claiming her attention.

When the young lady's question had been duly answered, Mrs. Mordaunt did not return to the window by which Mr. Vane stood. Instead she betook herself to her own particular sitting-room, where an old lady was knitting by a cheerful fire. The lady was Mr.

Mordaunt's aunt, and she probably knew something of Mr. Vane.

"Gervase Vane, my dear," and the old lady paused in her knitting at Mrs. Mordaunt's inquiry. "Of course I knew him in his youth. Poor fellow, he had his own troubles!"

Mrs. Mordaunt established herself on a comfortable seat.

"I expected there was some story. Now please go on, Aunt Judith."

"Well, my dear, Gervase was left his own master at an early age. He had a moderate income; and when he married Mary Carew there was no one to object: I mean there was no one who had any particular right to do so. None of his relatives approved of the marriage. The girl was scarcely of his own rank, and she was a Catholic. Gervase, it seems, boasted that he had no religious opinions. He saw good in all forms of religion. His wife was really a beautiful girl, and things might have gone on pleasantly enough only that Hugh Aubrey's son died. Gervase attended his cousin's funeral, and the bereaved father proposed that he and his wife and little daughter should make their home with him. He made one condition, though: that Mrs. Vane and little Mildred should become Protestants. Mrs. Vane objected strongly. She had gone against her conscience, she said, in marrying Gervase; but she was firmly resolved that nothing should induce her to become an apostate nor to allow her child to be reared a Protestant. I don't know what came over Gervase. He was not of a grasping nature naturally. I often thought that it was simply from a desire to have his own way that he acted as he did."

"How did he act?"

"Much of what I am telling you is hearsay," Miss Mordaunt explained; "but I believe Gervase was unnecessarily harsh to his wife, and reminded her that the law allowed him the custody of the child, till at length the poor girl—she was only twenty years of age—

left her home, taking Mildred with her."

"And did he—Mr. Vane—not make a search or—"

"Oh, yes, he did!" Miss Mordaunt interrupted. "But it was three weeks after Mrs. Vane's flight that her body was recovered. There was no trace of the child, though every effort was made to recover the body."

"Recovered!"

"Yes. The river had been swollen by a heavy rainfall, and it was thought that Mrs. Vane must have missed her footing when crossing a rustic bridge. The body was recognizable only through some articles of clothing. Poor Gervase was in a terrible state, and as soon as the inquiry was over he left England. It was then he took up the study of astronomy."

"And Hugh Aubrey married a second time, did he not?" Mrs. Mordaunt asked.

"Yes. He had a son by his second marriage, who became owner of the Hall. His death during the year left Gervase in possession of it. Now it seems he would fain be rid of the place."

"One can understand that," Mrs. Mordaunt said, with a grave look in her bright eyes. She rose and crossed to the window of the room as she spoke. "Oh, Mr. Vane is setting out for a walk!" she exclaimed a minute or two later. "I hope he doesn't intend going far. The sky looks threatening."

Mr. Vane had no thought for the weather as he walked down the avenue and on to the highroad. His few minutes' conversation with his hostess had sent him back to the past: he was thinking of his young wife and baby daughter as he turned from the highroad to a narrow path that crossed a wide expanse of moorland. In his early youth he had been ambitious; and, as the prospective squire of Aubrey Hall, he saw before him a seat in Parliament, and, in course of time, perhaps a high position in the ranks of the party to which he was attached. The refusal of his wife to

become a Protestant or to allow her child to become one had roused in him a certain doggedness and a determination to conquer; and he reflected, with a remorse that time had not assuaged, on certain words of his prior to the night on which his wife had stolen from her home with her child in her arms.

During the three weeks that intervened between her flight and the discovery of the body in the river Stour, he had been bitter against the woman who refused to help him on what he considered the upward path, and he had been eager to regain possession of the child. Then came the horror of the discovery of the dead body. That horror had turned his brown hair to silver, and had laid his pride and ambition low in the dust. In the engrossing study of the stars he had sought forgetfulness, and won for himself a reputation—for which he cared nought—among astronomers.

He was roused from his retrospective thoughts by a sudden blast of wind. The snow had been falling silently for some time, and the narrow path on which he travelled was being quickly obliterated. Mr. Vane turned to retrace his steps, but he had no knowledge of the country. He wandered wearily on without obtaining sign or sight of human habitation. It was when he was almost exhausted that he found himself on a wider path, and in sight of a narrow iron gate that opened in a high stone-wall. He entered, and saw he was in a rather extensive park. By keeping between two rows of huge timber trees, he at length reached a large, square grey stone mansion. He staggered up a flight of steps to a door, and knocked loudly, if unsteadily. As the last vibration died away he sank on the threshold.

When he regained consciousness, he was lying on a couch in a large wainscoted room, and a young girl was standing by him. There was something familiar in her face.

"Mary!" he gasped.

"No. Milly is my name," the girl smilingly said. "Are you better?"

"Better?" Mr. Vane tried to rise. "What is the matter? Oh, I remember! I lost my way!"

"Yes. You fainted on the doorstep."

"Fainted, did I?" Mr. Vane said. "Is it far to Mordaunt Priory?"

"Eight miles."

"So far! Can I get there to-night?"

The girl shook her brown head.

"There are no horses here, and the snow is falling heavily. I am afraid you must remain for the night."

Mr. Vane had no option. The roads were rendered impassable, even for foot passengers. On the next day, however, a messenger was dispatched to Mordaunt Priory with information of his whereabouts. The gentleman had developed a feverish cold; and the girl who had waited on him the previous day had urged him to remain, saying:

"This is Eversham Castle, you know. Lord Eversham never resides here except for a day or two. It is the show-place of the county. You couldn't have noticed its size, as you came by a side path. My mother has charge of the place; but she is in London for a day or two."

"So this is Lord Eversham's place?" Mr. Vane commented. "I've met him on a few occasions."

"The Castle isn't a very comfortable habitation, for all its antiquity—or rather on account of its antiquity," the girl said. "But I really think you should remain; your cold is still feverish." And Mr. Vane consented to do so.

He had no reason to complain of loneliness. The servants were attentive; and Miss Milly, as they called her, was continually in and out of the room where he sat. The girl had evidently been well educated; and when the gentleman began to speak of his favorite hobby, he found her an intelligent and interested listener. On the whole, the time passed more quickly for him than when among

the young people of his own set at Mordaunt Priory.

Mr. Mordaunt drove over during the course of the afternoon to see for himself how his guest had fared, and to arrange for his removal to the Priory next day. He found Mr. Vane in unwonted good spirits, and by no means eager for a return to his previous quarters.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, in answer to Mr. Mordaunt. "Yes, that will do admirably. I shall then have a chance of thanking this young lady's mother for her daughter's kindness. Miss Milly herself won't listen to my thanks."

The girl disclaimed the need for thanks, and Mr. Mordaunt returned home.

That same evening, while Mr. Vane and Milly were deep in a game of chess, the bell of the hall door sounded through the house.

"It must be mother!" Milly cried, springing to her feet. "She believed she might get away to-day. Please excuse me!" And she hastened away.

Mr. Vane was not left alone for long. In a quarter of an hour or so Milly returned, accompanied by her mother.

"My daughter tells me you lost your way, Mr.—" the lady paused. "Milly dear, you did not inform me of the gentleman's name. I—" she paused again for a moment, and gave a low cry: "Gervase!" And Mr. Vane sprang from his chair.

"Mary! Mary! But no, it can not be!" he exclaimed.

It was long before the perplexed Milly understood matters. Neither her mother nor Mr. Vane was very coherent in the explanation; but at last she understood in part.

Mrs. Vane, when she left her husband's roof, was anxious to get away as far as possible from him, lest he should carry out his threats in regard to the child.

"I gave a shawl to a poor woman whom I met on the way to the station," she explained. "I had taken too many wraps with me. I saw no one whom I

knew when I reached the station, and I travelled without a ticket to London. There I was met by a relative. You remember Aunt Alice?"

Mr. Vane nodded silently in response to the query.

"I remained with her for a time, and took her name," the lady continued. "And then Aunt Alice managed to secure for me the post I still hold. Long and earnestly have I prayed to our Blessed Mother for you; and Milly and I have not been unhappy."

Mr. Vane did not return to Mordaunt Priory. Instead he and his wife and daughter left at once for Aubrey Hall.

The Blessed Candles.

AT two funerals within one week, the rooms of the principal undertaker of a small Southern city appeared the same, except as to the lights.

On Tuesday the services were conducted by the pleasant-voiced minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. There were four hearers only,—only four, if the slight, emaciated dead woman in the plain coffin heard not. The rooms had been darkened and a single flame of fetid gas was all the light. So it had been since they brought her, in her coffin, from the miserable place in which she died. The minister prayed for everyone except "the midget" at whose head he stood. "The services will be concluded at the grave," said he. And soon the funeral rooms were empty, the gas turned off, and the evening sunlight came in through the windows.

On Thursday they barred out the daylight again, but the rooms were lit by three blessed candles that shone from a glass candelabra surmounted by a crucifix. They stood at the head of a plain coffin, in which lay an old laborer brought from the almshouse.

"May the angels conduct thee to paradise! May the martyrs receive thee

at thy coming, and mayst thou have rest with the once poor Lazarus!" said the priest of the Catholic Church of North, South, East and West.

Again only four alive in the room, and two of them newspaper men. The coffin is carried out, the candles are extinguished and reverently preserved by the women present; and once more the newspaper men depart, and the windows are opened.

Said the *Journal* to the *News* as they came away:

"There was little change, but a great difference between 'the midget's' funeral rites on Tuesday and those of Mike to-day. How clammy seemed the room where 'the midget' lay under the gas, and how solemn and hopeful it seemed where poor Mike lay under the blessed candles!"

"Romance and rot!" said the *News*. "What good did the candles do?"

"I was noticing the esthetic effect only," replied the *Journal*. "But I do believe the candles did some good."

"How can you be fool enough to think that candles can do any good to a dead man with his closed-in eyes?"

"Now, don't go off your nut! Let's begin where we agree, and go on to where we agree to differ. You believe that the fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much?"

"So I was taught and I've never denied it."

"Then the righteous man may pray that all the congregation gathered in a certain room may be blessed?"

"Certainly."

"Then it must be right to pray that all upon whom the light of a certain candle shines may be blessed?"

"Say, what are you driving at?"

"I am driving right at the truth. Millions upon millions of righteous Catholics pray time and again for the intentions of the Holy Father, and these take effect in all the blessings of the Church on many inanimate things. On

these waxen lights the Church prays that 'they may be blessed for the good of the bodies and souls of men.' Good men have prayed over distances so great and periods so long that it seems as if Time and Space themselves prayed; and when these candles are lighted, the prayers flash into service for the souls and bodies of men. It is prayer, after all,—only prayer."

"Well, there may be something in it—but it won't make 'copy.'"

And the *News* hurriedly turned a corner to its office; while the *Journal* went farther down the street, and there came unbidden to its mind the words, "Cast thy bread upon the running waters: for after a long time thou shalt find it again."

W. F. C.

Apropos of an Anti-Catholic Book.

WE are in receipt of an anti-Catholic book written by a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal society, which the sender requests us to denounce as it deserves. He refers to the author as another Dr. Littledale, and is of opinion that his production is doing a great deal of harm by its errors, slanders, and misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine. We must decline this request, but it may be worth while to assign some reasons for doing so; besides, we are reminded of something apropos of controversial lucubrations which we have long wished to quote.

The author of this tirade against what he is pleased to call "Romanism" is little known outside of his own small sect; his book was published several years ago and was never more than a moat in the eye of the general public; its very title must be a condemnation of it to all who do not share the author's prejudices and hatred of the Church; his style has no quality calculated to give permanence to anything he may produce. Why prolong the life of a book so soon

to be entirely forgotten, like innumerable other dead leaves that strew the paths of literature? Its errors have been ably refuted times without number. How useless faintly to echo arguments preserved in the records of voices like those of Newman, Brownson, Allies, and a host of others! All who are willing to listen to these arguments may have easy access to them. There could be no greater unwisdom, it seems to us, than to advertise such books as the one before us.

It is an error to suppose that anti-Catholic books of the violent sort do any great harm nowadays: they have run their course. Nothing could be more useless than for any enemy of the Church to denounce it now in this country, except where the lives of its members are at variance with their profession. The day of "No Popery" literature has passed, and this fact is recognized even where bigotry still lurks. The truth can not be too forcefully or frequently stated that Catholics who fail to live up to their religion do more injury to it and keep more people from embracing it than all the anti-Catholic books that could possibly be produced.

It has come to pass that non-Catholics, when interested in the subject of religion, are willing to listen to authoritative explanations of Catholic principles; they recognize the unfairness of accepting the testimony of the enemies of the Church rather than that of its adherents. But the vast majority of non-Catholics, although less prejudiced than formerly, are utterly indifferent to the claims of the Church; and they generally remain so, unless their curiosity is excited or their interest is roused by the example of some Catholic who is keeping himself unspotted from the world and thereby unconsciously rendering himself conspicuous. There is not a power on earth to be compared to the simple preaching of the Gospel, and it is eloquently preached by all who practise its precepts. The uselessness of multiplying refutations

of the class of books described in the following words of Faber is rendered all the more so by the fact that such books are now, fortunately, little read:

If we open a book of Protestant controversy and take any subject—say the doctrine of Indulgences or the Canonization of Saints,—we shall be quite startled to find clear evidence, in nine cases out of ten, that the controversialist has never consulted a work of Catholic theology. Others again have opened books, not to read or patiently to study contexts, but to verify references which they have found in other Protestant writers. Protestant controversy has a tradition of its own. Objection and reply are handed on from one to another in the most meagre way, without a suspicion not only of the Catholic arguments but even of the true Catholic doctrine; and often with an exultation, quite ludicrous, of controversial discovery; and as the perusal of these works is for the most part confined to Protestants themselves, the ignorance remains unexposed.

Thus in a work by one of the most noted of these controversialists we find assumed, as a major premise, a doctrine about the Mass which even a perusal of the rubrics of the Missal would have shown to be the most gratuitous imagination. And a Protestant layman is congratulated on having put the question of the Canonization of Saints on an entirely new ground by a felicitous objection, so cogent the writer wonders it could be new; yet the very objection was put centuries ago by St. Thomas in his "Quodlibet," and amply refuted by him; and modern works of controversy have often repeated it, even in our own language. But, in truth, the interval from the Reformation up to some favorite early century is regarded by these men as if it were a simple blank. Though systems of philosophy and theology arose in them which absolutely governed the human mind for centuries, and which men of the highest powers in modern times—such as Fénelon and Bossuet and the Protestant Leibnitz—have looked upon as works of intellect of the most amazing depth and beauty, yet these men know nothing whatever of them, and have plainly never read them.

Again, from the Council of Trent downward, the Church has had a succession of theologians of the most profound thought and the most brilliant genius; yet we hardly ever see in modern Anglican controversy the slightest vestige of the writers' having read Vasquez, Suarez, De Lugo, Viva, and the like; but, on the contrary, plain evidence that they have not. In the same way, writers on physical science and political economy look vacantly and wearily into ages when the whole scientific structure of theology* was being raised

by almost superhuman efforts of erudition and intelligence and gifts of a strictly scientific kind, and pronounce that nothing was doing in those times.

It is impossible to open any work of the accomplished literature of the present day without perceiving the marvellous ignorance of theology. The authors hardly ever speak of the doctrines or usages, for example, of the Catholic Church without making such absurd blunders that we feel like men who are reading the pretended travels of a foreigner in our own land, with amusing and provoking evidence in every page that he has never seen what he describes nor has ever set foot upon our shores. And yet these very men are writing books which professedly treat of theological subjects; and when we ignore them or leave their precious lucubrations unanswered, they think it passing strange and peevish in us that we can find anything more important or more interesting in life than to answer their objections, which have been answered completely a hundred years ago; or to defend doctrines which are in good truth as much and as little a part of the Catholic religion as the tenets of Buddhism.

Refuting Protestant books already refuted or discountenanced by Protestants themselves would be like taking owls to Athens or coals to Newcastle. Since the bishop of S— published his volume, other clergymen of his society, more enlightened and learned than he, have met and overthrown the stock objections to the Church raised by writers like Dr. Littledale and his followers in this country. The publication of a new and cheaper edition of the Rev. Spencer Jones' "essay towards reunion"—"England and the Holy See"—obviates the necessity of further refutation of the errors of Anglicanism on the part of Catholic writers. Members of the Church of England and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States are apt to be more favorably impressed by the arguments of Mr. Jones than by those of professed Catholics. We can not do better than to make such books known and promote their circulation as much as possible among those for whom they are intended. It is to no purpose that we can see to answer such anti-Catholic books as the one that has occasioned this article.

* For example, Degerando's "Histoire de la Philosophie."

Notes and Remarks.

A capital suggestion for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is afforded by the pastor and parishioners of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio. They have determined to erect on the pinnacle of their historic temple a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin, which will be illuminated nightly by three thousand candle-power of electricity; the dispersion of light to be so effected that the image may be seen to advantage at great distances. Indeed it will be a landmark in the beautiful Ohio valley. Mt. Adams is situated on the north bank of the river, and commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles. The church on its edge was one of the first dedicated to Our Lady after the definition of her Immaculate Conception by the Vatican Council in 1854, and it has always been a favorite sanctuary. The magnificent statue soon to surmount the pinnacle will not only be an object of interest to all who behold it, but a reminder to the children of light of that celestial city whose walls are purity and whose gates are peace.

The death of Cardinal Parocchi, Vice-Chancellor of the Church, which took place on the 15th inst., leaves only one survivor besides Leo XIII. of the conclave that elected him as the successor of Pius IX. The survivor is Cardinal Oreglia, and he is, of course, the only member of the Sacred College not "created" by Leo XIII. The deceased Cardinal, who had held many high offices, was greatly esteemed for learning, zeal, and piety. Unlike his colleague Cardinal Masella, who died shortly before him, he was of humble origin, being the son of a miller of Mantua. Cardinal Masella came of a noble family, but was no less distinguished for humil-

ity and simplicity of life. He had rendered great services to the Church and was venerated for holiness as well as age and arduous labors in the cause of religion. One who knew him long and intimately tells us that his whole life was a preparation for death. In one of his last letters he wrote, "Let us always be ready for the final call"; and he was. *R. I. P.*

It will be startling news to many that medical delegates from nineteen States met in Washington last week to consult as to the best means of suppressing the bubonic plague along the Pacific Coast. As a matter of fact, there is no bubonic "plague" in this country; but last year forty-two persons in California died of the disease, as compared with twenty-nine the preceding year and twenty-two in 1900. This increase is too great to escape attention; and, while there is no need of popular alarm, there is the most urgent need of official vigilance. Above all there should be no concealment of conditions. If it is true—as it is reported by reliable correspondents, and was freely asserted in the Washington conference—that the Marine Hospital Bureau discontinued reports of isolated cases of the disease at the request of merchants along the coast, the country, remembering what happened in India a few years ago, and realizing the unsanitary condition of some of our large cities, will very properly feel aggrieved.

No other newspaper man, whether editor or subordinate, ever attained to equal eminence or influence with M. de Blowitz, who died last week in Paris. The London *Times* deserved its nickname of "the Thunderer" before it was irretrievably ruined by the publication of the Pigott forgeries; and De Blowitz was "the Thunderer's thunderer." As Paris correspondent of the *Times*, he was literally lord of peace and war—he actually did prevent a rupture between

France and Germany three several times,—though he held no diplomatic position and was merely the ambassador of his paper. His career was a brilliant one, and many of his achievements read like romance. Royalty often sat at his table, and statesmen of highest rank in many countries availed themselves of his services to feel the pulse of Europe or to set their pet projects afloat. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, De Blowitz “was born of Jewish parents, but early adopted the Roman Catholic faith.”

The statement has recently been made that “the illustrious Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., over sixty years ago raised to the priesthood a Negro—an Irishman by birth—in that city from whose ramparts was fired the first shot of the Civil War.” In view of Miss Sadlier’s interesting sketch of the great bishop, just concluded in this magazine, we may record that Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin flatly contradicts the story. “He would not have dared to do that,” says Mr. Griffin. “He would not allow a Sister, who had but a trace of Negro blood, to remain in Charleston after the report got out that she was a Negro.” That Bishop England was a man of unusual courage was proved in more than one crisis of his career, but there is a difference between courage and hardihood; and it would have been simple hardihood needlessly to challenge prejudices so deeply rooted in the people among whom he labored.

The innate cruelty of the Spanish or Mexican spectators of the bull-fight has long proved a fertile source of denunciatory eloquence on the part of our more highly cultured, refined, “civilized” American travellers and writers. The idea of ladies, in particular, attending so brutal a sport has been stigmatized as utterly repugnant to Northern womanhood. Yet we read in an Eastern exchange that in a prim and starch

New England town, the lady members of a State cat club have organized a mouse-killing contest, in which the Maltese kitten that most expeditiously and artistically dispatches one of the mice provided by the “cultuathed” club-women is to be decorated with the cerulean-hued ribbon beloved of “society.” Is there any difference, other than one of degree, between this latest New England pastime and the old Spanish recreation? To the mind of the strenuous young mayor of the town in question, there is apparently not much difference. He has intimated to the lady president of the cat club that he would consider such a contest decidedly cruel, and would take steps to stop it just as if it were a prize-fight. And, with all proper deference to the Connecticut ladies, we think him quite right.

Considering the great age of the Pope—*D. V.*, he will soon complete the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate and his ninety-third year,—it is not surprising that he should be thought incapable of the exertion of saying Mass in the usual manner. The Roman correspondent of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* writes:

The opinion prevails in many places that the Pope no longer celebrates Mass, or else that he celebrates the whole, or at least half, of the Mass in a sitting posture. This is quite incorrect. The Pope says Mass every day, and standing from beginning to end. The venerable old man, in spite of the burden of his advanced age, performs every genuflection completely to the ground, and reads the liturgical prayers so accurately that he takes three-quarters of an hour to celebrate. He is assisted at Mass by his private chaplain and master of ceremonies, Mgr. Marzolini; whilst his personal servant serves the Mass. The Holy Father says his weekday Mass in the little private chapel next to his bedroom, but on Sundays in the domestic chapel behind the apartment of the Noble Guard. After Mass the Pope always hears another one, said by Mgr. Marzolini.

We can not join in the praise bestowed by a much-admired contemporary on Mark Twain’s articles on Christian

Science in the *North American Review*. A half-dozen emaciated jests are a sorry reward for laboring through a dozen dull pages spiced with irreverence or blasphemy. It is clear to the most hurried reader that the Catholic Church, with its centuries of history and tradition, its long roll of eminent and saintly children, its irrefragable position in logic, and its long record of heroic service to the world, is considered by Mark Twain to be on a par with Mrs. Eddy's unintelligible vaporings. The Pope, to him, is only another Mrs. Eddy, gathering in the shekels and playing on the credulity of mankind. But the blasphemous coupling of the Blessed Virgin with the foundress of Christian Science is an outrage on Catholic feeling that no language can qualify.

Indisputable proof of the fact that Anglo-Saxon countries are no less distinguished for pauperism than for prosperity is afforded by Dr. John V. Shoemaker, president of the Philadelphia Board of Charities and Corrections. Having been commissioned by the State of Pennsylvania to investigate the temporal condition of the peoples of European countries, he visited Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, Austria, and Italy, as well as Great Britain and Ireland. In countries where the Church is in the ascendant, he found the temporal condition of the people very much better than in countries where Protestantism is most prevalent. He writes:

Pauperism is much less common not only in Germany but also in most other countries than in Great Britain. Holland is a notable exception. The percentage of paupers in that country is far above the average of Germany, France, Austria, and Italy; approximating closely to that of Ireland, which, in its turn, is exceeded by that of Scotland and England. (Pauperism in Ireland is largely to be attributed to misgovernment, absenteeism, and crop-failures.)

Readers of Cobbett will recall his remarkable statement that until the rise of the Reformation the English tongue had not the word *pauper*, for

England had not the thing. To our own country belongs the distinction of coining words like *tramp*, *hobo*, *squatter*, etc. *Beggar*, *vassal*, *hermit*, etc., so familiar to our forefathers, are not synonymous by any means.

Dr. Shoemaker is not a Catholic, but he writes enthusiastically of the charities of Belgium, France and Austria. We must give one extract from his report on the first of these countries:

In Belgium as in France there are many "patronal institutions," as they are called, supported mainly or entirely by large employers for the benefit of their work-people. The great railways of the country are particularly liberal in making such provisions. The Belgian government, in addition to other charities, supports schools for popular instruction in the art of housekeeping. Belgium is full of intelligently-conceived and ably-administered public charities. Schools and hospitals of various kinds abound. One praiseworthy method deserves special notice. In Ghent, Liege, and other towns, in order to prevent the misery which attends want of employment, workshops have been established. In these shops unemployed mechanics are provided with work, for which they are paid in accordance with their ability or necessities. There are also schools for apprentices which give instruction in some trade by which an independent livelihood may be earned.

In Belgium and other countries of Continental Europe are also a number of excellent homes, or colonies, for the care of epileptics, imbeciles, and idiots. These are largely, if not altogether, supported by private munificence. They provide healthy occupations—agricultural labor, as far as possible—for their unfortunate inmates, and are certainly doing a great work.

"I am not only witty in myself," says Falstaff, "but the cause that wit is in other men." Substituting humor for wit, the statement is fairly applicable to the late Archbishop of Canterbury. That Dr. Temple was on occasion dryly humorous is vouched for by a number of good stories about him recently published; that he was the cause or occasion of unconscious humor in other men is clear from this sentence quoted from an appreciative obituary notice of the Anglican prelate: "As the venerable and

gifted successor of Augustine, Stigand, and Lanfranc knelt to do obeisance to the King, there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole Abbey when King Edward gently lifted the aged archbishop from his knees." The incident narrated is pathetic enough; but "the venerable and gifted successor of Augustine, Stigand, and Lanfranc!" Temple, the Evangelical, Low Churchman; primate, it is true, of the "State institution known as the Church of England,"—Temple, the Protestant of Protestants, who, had he embraced the faith of Augustine, Stigand and Lanfranc, would have had the standing not of a prelate or even a simple priest, but merely of a layman,—Temple to be styled the "successor" of England's true prelates in her pre-Reformation Catholic days,—surely here is incongruity enough to stir the risibilities of the deceased dignitary himself.

We were mistaken in supposing that when non-Catholics expressed the Catholic view of the School Question, they were careful as a rule not to do so before exclusively Protestant audiences; and that as yet statements regarding the necessity of religion in education were mostly confined to books and educational journals. A correspondent in Chicago sends us the gratifying information that Professor George Albert Coe, of the Northwestern University, in the second Monday noon lecture on "The Problems of Religious Education" at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, spoke these words: "The position of the Roman Catholics in regard to religion and education and their policy in the establishment of parochial schools are absolutely correct. For corroboration of this opinion," added the Professor, "I refer you to the work on 'The Philosophy of Education,' by Dr. Arnold Tompkins, principal of the Chicago normal school, in which he says religious character is the proper end of all education."

Notable New Books.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. By William Barry, D. D. Putnam's Sons.

The history of seven centuries is compressed into these four hundred pages,—seven of the most troublesome, critical and dramatic centuries in the whole history of the Church. One has only to pause a moment to recall the names of great popes, emperors, doctors, saints, and monks who flourished during that period; as well as the heresies, the disorders, the world-wide conflicts on such subjects as investiture and celibacy; the growth of the Temporal Power, the development of the Holy Roman Empire, and the spread of Western monasticism.

The wisdom of attempting to crowd so many great performances into so small a compass may be doubted, but no one will question the success of Dr. Barry's attempt. He has a nice sense of historical perspective, and he can paint a picture or tell a story in a phrase. He can not help being eloquent—even his occasional letters to the newspapers are eloquent,—and in this volume there is the added note of grandeur. It is a book for people who have faith as well as intellect.

Dr. Barry writes exclusively from the viewpoint of the secular historian, and questions of dogma or of doctrinal inference are foreign to his purpose. He has painted popes and churchmen just as they were—warts and all,—and when all is said one's faith in the providential guidance of the Church through evil periods, and her progress in spite of hindrances from within and from without, is wonderfully strengthened. We do not hesitate to place Dr. Barry's book among the most important of recent publications.

Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. By Father Clement Holland. Thomas Baker.

The multiplication of volumes of sermons finds its warrant in the fact that the variety of taste in the matter of spiritual discourses is as multitudinous as are the spiritual needs of men and the degree of their mental culture. There are good people who find even solid instruction dull if it be not embellished with the graces of literary style and the warmth and color which imagination lends; there are others who want the plain truth plainly spoken, and to whom rhetorical adornment is an obstacle rather than an aid; and between these two extremes are a numerous company whose wants are best met by a particular quality in a preacher with whom they are in close spiritual and intellectual sympathy. Father Holland's sermons, as we had occasion to say in reviewing the first series of these discourses, are marked by

the utmost plainness and simplicity, while they have qualities of solidity which will make them acceptable to both priests and people. Indeed, we venture to think that experienced pastors and preachers will recommend them in preference to many other volumes of sermons written in more ornate style.

How to Live. By Edward Everett Hale. Little, Brown & Co.

These essays were written primarily for young people, and they deal with subjects of peculiar interest and importance to youth. How to eat, sleep, take exercise, study, think, choose a calling, live religiously,—these are the chief topics of the present volume. Dr. Hale is a clergyman,—a man of brilliant mind and of immense experience; an ideal mentor, we should say, to the non-Catholic youth of the land. Yet it is chiefly as a man of the world that he addresses young folk here.

The outstanding qualities of these essays are shrewdness, practical wisdom, and a certain natural elevation of thought. With Dr. Hale's theological views, of course, this magazine can not be expected to sympathize; yet we note with approval that they yield him a sunny and helpful philosophy; and if at rare times we find what seems to be an intolerant expression regarding principles that to us are sacred, at least we can relish his hearty interest in this life, his cheerful optimism regarding its worth and goodness,—things not too common in an age of overwork and under-belief.

Shakespeare's Art. By James H. Cotter. The Robert Clarke Co.

In this book we have another offering at Shakespeare's shrine, and it is undoubtedly a love-offering. The author has the enthusiasm which gives the ring of sincerity to his utterances. Of course, we can hardly look for anything especially new in Shakespeare studies; but those who love the master-poet welcome every worthy appreciation. There is a strong Catholic spirit throughout the book, also evidences of wide reading. The plays considered are Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, Othello, Richard the Third, Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus, the Merchant of Venice and Romeo and Juliet.

Forty-Five Sermons. By the Rev. James McKernan. Pustet & Co.

If Father McKernan's flock hear sermons as good as these every Sunday, they are to be congratulated. Perhaps we can best show their quality by reproducing a passage. Let us take the opening words of the sermon on "Prayers for the Dead":

One of the cruelest innovations of Protestantism is its denial and discontinuance of prayers for the dead. No barren "memorial service," no amount of cut flowers at the funeral, no monumental marble can satisfy the heart of the mourner full of love and sorrow for the deceased.

And hence, in their bereavement, non-Catholics often find themselves acting in contradiction to their religion by praying for their dead. It is nature itself that urges them to do so. The wish to pray for our dead springs from the heart; for it has been put there by the Author of our nature. It is an exercise of charity, too, which is in agreement with the spirit of the religion of Christ, which is charity wholly and essentially. But when men undertook to reform the irreformable faith of the Church of Christ, they necessarily deformed it. Denying the efficacy of prayer for the dead, they were obliged to deny the existence of a purgative state after death; and, to support that denial, they had to deny the possibility of venial sins.

But all these denials are repugnant alike to reason and revelation. Unaided reason sees that all sins can not be deadly to the soul. The very nature of justice would be destroyed if all sins were equal; for it is the office of justice not only to punish but to proportion the punishment to the guilt of the offender. All human laws are founded upon this principle. One legislator in the history of the world—Draco the Greek—held that all crimes were deserving of death, and appointed death as the only punishment for every offender. But the Athenians, angered by the unreasonableness of such a law, soon rid themselves of him and of his law together.

Almost any other sermon in the volume might be quoted with equal satisfaction. Bright, short, practical and interesting, these discourses may be warmly commended to both priests and people.

The Art of the Vatican. By Mary Knight Potter. L. C. Page & Co.

Those who have and those who have not seen the treasures of the Vatican will be interested in this handsome book. It gives a brief history of the Palace and an account of the principal art treasures within its walls. The scope of the work forbids anything like an exhaustive description, but the illustrations and text combine to give a fair idea of the wonders of art gathered under the auspices of the Pontiffs of Rome. The plans of the Vatican Palace and galleries are of especial interest and value.

In the Days of King Hal. By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Brothers.

No one need complain of a want of action in this book of royal adventure. The very illustrations—and they are numerous—tell the story of proclamations, knights, battlements, maidens in armor, and attacks upon castles. What more could any one expect even in these days of historical novels? Young readers will enjoy this book, and—what can not be said of many tales of chivalry and romance—it is a wholesome story of its kind.

A Child of the Flood. By the Rev. Walter T. Leahy. H. L. Kilner & Co.

The Johnstown flood starts the action of this little story, and the horrors of that awful catastrophe are graphically portrayed. A child found by a New York traveller is the heroine, and her career makes interesting reading. The story of Louis Hayes, another child bereft of home and

parents by the same flood, runs parallel with that of Rose, and finally it is discovered that they are brother and sister. Life at St. Elizabeth's, near Madison, New Jersey, and at St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pennsylvania, is pictured with effective realism.

Discourses: Doctrinal and Moral. By the Most Reverend Dr. MacEvilly. Gill & Son; Benziger Brothers.

To "serve the ends of edification," the lamented Archbishop of Tuam gathered into this generous volume twenty-five of his sermons on subjects most commonly treated in Catholic pulpits. The most salient characteristic of these discourses will be found in the frequent and apt quotations from Holy Scripture, and this alone is a great merit. Whenever possible, the Word of God is best announced in the inspired phraseology of the Sacred Writings; and priests and people alike must have noticed how strength-giving Scriptural quotations are to a sermon. A severe simplicity of style, a certain sonorous insistence on old-fashioned points of view where there is question merely of opinion, and a quality of obviousness, will commend the book to many readers,—though the same elements will naturally repel others. To our mind, the chief merits of these discourses, aside from the prominence of Scriptural quotation, are the substantial quality of the matter and the fervent exhortation with which every one of them is replete.

The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. The Macmillan Co.

In these days one hears a great deal of novels with psychic interest and the human element, whereas the books thus described are often rather physiological and sentimental. Not so with "The Four Feathers." Here we have a strong, well-built story, with a good central idea, a steady movement, the actions marked by consequence instead of mere sequence, and an atmosphere of moral purity and strength.

The second part of the story seems to have two heroes, which is hardly artistic in effect, but the heart will accept what art rejects. Lieutenant Sutch and Colonel Durrance are good book-friends to know, and Ethne is a noble heroine. The setting, whether in England, Ireland or along the Nile, is as it should be—clear and strong in outline, but always properly subordinate.

From Hearth to Cloister. By Frances Jackson. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This interesting narrative has for subject Sir John and Lady Warner, who in the time of Charles II. left the Church of England, became Roman Catholics, and entered upon the religious life, in which state they persevered till death. Many sidelights are thrown on the conditions of England in

the period which forms the setting of this chapter from real life; and one is not a little edified by the simple record of great self-sacrifice. "Truth is stranger than fiction"; and we have no doubt that, as the biographer of Lady Warner says, this is but one of many similar instances of generous self-devotion which the historian has ignored, but which have filled the treasury of the Church with a wealth of merit.

Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. By Nancy Huston Banks. The Macmillan Co.

"Oldfield" is a charming tale, permeated with an atmosphere of delicious purity, redolent of pastoral fragrance; and with a graphic narrative wherein quaintly original characters pursue the even tenor of rural life in a fashion so artistically realistic that before the reader is halfway through the book he knows them intimately and follows their fortunes with all the interest that attaches to the concerns of next-door neighbors.

Miss Judy is a delightful creation, a gentlewoman through and through; artless, courteous, filled with the charity that "thinketh no evil," and preserving her dignity in situations where any other than herself could not escape appearing ludicrous. Sidney Wendall is another character of noteworthy excellence. A plain, sturdy widow, full of breezy common-sense, she has discovered, even in the days just before the Civil War, a congenial, if unusual, vocation whereby she can solve the problem of supporting her three children and her husband's invalid brother, Uncle Watty; and she forms an attractive figure in the foreground of the Oldfield picture.

We can not, however, afford to particularize. The book is distinctly "worth while," if one may use a bit of critics' slang; and, while not a Catholic story, is one that no Catholic mother need scruple to let her daughter read. It fully deserves to be more popular than nine-tenths of the recent "best-selling" novels.

The Silver Legend. Saints for Children. By I. A. Taylor. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

This book is the successful result of an attempt to tell in simple words stories of some of the best-loved saints. Although intended for youthful readers, its strong, clear-cut Saxon and vigorous, incisive style must make it a veritable boon to adults who are weary of language which seems more fitted to display the erudition of the writer than to relate what really took place. Lovers of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Patrick will give it an especial welcome; but other saints, notably St. Columba, St. Martin, and many more, are made the subjects of short and delightful biographies.

The title is suggested by the famous Golden Legend of Voragine, and the volume has the approval of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

II.—THE CHILD OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

IF you should hear that a little girl of five years old was going to live on a desolate island on the sea, where there were no trees, no flowers—nothing but rocks and white sand; where, except her own family, she was not likely to see a human being; where during the long winters she would be a prisoner; where there was nothing in sight but other low islands and the sky and sea and a far-off line of shore,—if you should hear this you would pity the little girl. And yet the island child about whom I am going to tell a true story did not need your pity or mine, or any one's.

I have never heard any one tell how she looked when she was little, but we can think back from the woman she afterward became, and be sure that she was fair and blue-eyed and smiling and happy. She was not born on an island, but in the old town of Portsmouth on the New Hampshire coast; and the islands were to her just low, indistinct objects lying in the waves far out at sea, looking like the backs of big whales.

One day she heard some wonderful news. She and her father and mother and little brothers were all going to live on one of the far-off islands. And, wonderful as this was, there was stranger news still. Her father was to be the lighthouse-keeper! She has told us of the journey to the new home—of the little vessel where they sat in the midst of their household goods; of the sound of the water as it rippled against the side of the boat; and of the arrival

at the island, where the tall lighthouse looked down upon them like a friendly white giant. And then some one lighted the lamps in the tower, and all at once the voyagers felt at home.

On that little island Celia (that was her name) lived for six years; six happy years they were, too. She was very busy. She had to make friends with every bird and fish and learn its habits. Sometimes she was allowed to light the lamps herself, and then she felt proud and glad to be of use in the world. The family lived in a small cottage separated from the lighthouse by a deep gorge; so there was a long, covered walk connecting them, in order that, no matter how wild the storm, the lights might be lighted. In this covered passage the children played in rough weather. And what do you think they had for playthings? Not drums and tops and dolls. They had starfish, shells, and seaweed; and after a wreck there were sad reminders of disaster—fruit perhaps, or bits of carved wood or pieces of garments, or strange dishes, washed ashore.

Sometimes Celia's father would row to one of the other islands for provisions or the mail, and not get back until dark. Then she would take her little lantern and sit between the timbers of the tiny slip—the only place where he could land,—and wait for him, that the light from the lantern might throw its beams out and guide him home.

She loved every living thing, and her saddest hours were when she would find the bodies of sea birds that had flown against the glass in the tower and perished. But more than birds I think she loved flowers. The few blades of grass that came up in the scant soil she greeted with wonder and delight, but

when her flowers blossomed her joy knew no bounds. Her little flower bed was not more than a yard square; and in it she planted marigold seeds, because marigold blossoms seemed to have most color and sunshine in them. When a flower died she made it a little grave, as she would have done for a dead bird.

When she had lived on the little lonely White Island for six years the family moved to another of the group—Appledore, the largest of them all. There her girlhood was spent, and there she began to write the beautiful verses that have given her the name of the Island Poetess. Then it became evident that what her friends called hindrances were really helps. Her heart had been kept so pure and kind that whatever she wrote seemed inscribed with a pen of crystal. And now one could see the value of the knowledge of nature she had gained, and how those years spent away from the world enabled her to be of help to people who were sad or wicked or ignorant.

She became a wonderful artist, too, and could paint all flowers and seaweeds with no object before her as a guide, her knowledge of them was so exact.

Of her goodness to the people on the islands it would take a book to tell. She was their mother, their friend, their nurse and comforter. In her pretty cottage gathered poets, scholars, and musicians—the rarest in our land,—proud to do honor to the simple woman who moved about among them in her plain gown, relieved only by the white lawn kerchief at the throat.

Her cottage is unchanged, and the flowers bloom as when its mistress was alive, and the piano in the pleasant parlor is strewn with her music. Her grave is near by; and, standing by it, one looks far away over the restless ocean she loved. When some happy day you journey to the Isles of Shoals be sure and remember Celia Thaxter, whose genius and, above all, whose goodness have made them famous.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—A CONVENT FLOWER.

Tessie explained her presence at Wycherly, while Miss Loulie listened in envious wonder; for she was wise enough to comprehend the worldly advantages of "Uncle Ben's" niece.

"And, oh, I am so glad to meet you again, Loulie darling!" said Tessie, enthusiastically; "for I don't know any girls at all here. It's so nice to find a friend—a dear old friend, like you!"

"Isn't it just perfectly lovely!" gushed Miss Loulie. "We are boarding at the Bayside this winter, for mamma's health. We are going to Paris in spring, where I suppose I shall have to go to school again. But meantime we'll have lots of fun together; won't we, dear? Come and see me real soon. Ted will bring you in his little cutter—here he is looking for me now!" And Miss Loulie turned with quite a young-lady smile as Ted's handsome face peeped in upon the pair.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Miss Loulie. Whom are you hiding with here? Why, halloo!—if it isn't Sister Suzarina, in full ballroom feather! Come out of the shadow! Here are Rob Ellis and Jack Norton and half a dozen other fellows waiting to dance with you."

"Oh, I don't—don't think I want to dance!" said Tessie, hesitatingly, as Ted swept Miss Loulie away and left her confronted by half a dozen or more eager partners.

"Not dance!" exclaimed Rob Ellis, who wore a cadet uniform quite resplendent in buttons. "Just listen to that music, Miss Tessie; and the floor is like glass. Come, try one turn around the room with me."

And Tessie tried it most successfully. Rob was followed by Jack, and Jack by Ted, and Ted by Wynne. Other partners

came forward, and Tessie bade fair to be quite a ballroom belle, when Uncle Ben's hand was laid gently on her shoulder.

"Don't tire yourself, my little girl. It was not for this the doctors sent you to Wycherly. Come sit down and rest awhile. Here is a lady who wants to know you."

And Uncle Ben led Tessie to a corner divan, where the beautiful lady with the violets on her breast seemed resting too, as if already weary of the dance.

"Here is our Dick's little daughter, Winifred. Tessie, this is Miss Winifred Leigh."

"An old friend of your mother's, my dear," said a voice that was like low music; and the speaker's dark eyes were fixed with tender interest on Tessie's face. Beautiful eyes they were, of the same dark blue as the flowers their owner wore; but they seemed violets blooming in snow, so white and cold was the fair face they rather shadowed than brightened. Her gown, too, was of some filmy white, that looked like the frost veil that fell on the grass of St. Anne's at the first breath of winter; and she wore a string of milky pearls about her throat. Tessie thought that even Aunt Marian, in all her dazzling pride, was not half so lovely.

"You are very much like your mother," said Miss Winifred. "Don't you think so?" she added, turning to the Judge.

"Usually," was the answer. "But Marian has her tricked out like a French doll to-night."

"Is it not a little early to begin this sort of thing?" asked the lady.

"Very much too early, to my thinking," replied the Judge, smiling. "But, then, this is not my end of the line. I lay down the law only in town. Marian is both judge and jury at Wycherly."

"A thoroughly American standpoint," laughed the lady. "There are no such husbands in the world, as all foreign ladies agree. And Tessie—do you call

her? (what a pity to mutilate that beautiful name Teresa!)—Tessie is having a lovely time, I am sure."

"Oh, yes!" answered Tessie, her eyes and cheeks all aglow. "I never had such a delightful dance in my life. We used to try the two-step sometimes in the playroom at St. Anne's; but the old piano was cracked and it was nothing like this."

"Nothing at all, I am sure," agreed the smiling Miss Winifred.

"And—and I think boys are nicer to dance with than girls," continued Tessie, with the air of one who had just discovered a surprising fact.

"Most girls think so," said the lady, with a gleam in her violet eyes.

"They have no skirts to tread upon and they turn corners better. Oh, I could dance with those boys all night!" added Tessie, gleefully. "What time is it, Uncle Ben, please?"

"Half-past eleven," replied the Judge.

"Half-past eleven!" echoed Tessie, in dismay. "Good gracious! I promised Mrs. Judkins I wouldn't stay very long. I was never up so late in my life. I must go right up to bed."

"Run off, then, little Cinderella, or you will find your couch a pumpkin," said Miss Winifred, quite merrily; and she drew Tessie toward her with both hands and kissed her good-night. "What a little darling!" she added, in a low voice that had a strange tremor in it, as Tessie tripped remorsefully away.

"Yes," said the Judge, "Tessie belongs to a species almost as extinct as the dodo,—the 'little maid' of olden times trained to obedience, simplicity—all the old-fashioned virtues, which are unknown to the modern girl. Marian regards her as a curiosity."

"An interesting one, I hope?" observed Miss Winifred.

"Well, not altogether," answered the Judge. "Marian believes in the fashionable school. It seems that Tessie was a little bewildered by carafes and finger-

bowls, and could not discriminate between salad and oyster forks,—all unpardonable sins with my lady wife. I fear she finds Tessie a little *difficile*."

"So I should imagine," said Miss Winifred, with a laugh. "But to me she is delicious. I know the type,"—and the violet eyes grew softer; "or at least I did know it many years ago. I was once a little convent flower myself."

"You!" exclaimed the Judge, in amazement. "I would never have dreamed it. You have always seemed the perfect and exquisite bloom of another culture—the ideal woman of the world."

"Thank you!" she said, quietly. "I appreciate the compliment. Nevertheless, the fact remains: I was once just such a little wood violet as Tessie. You see what changes can be wrought by—shall I say 'judicious transplanting'?"

And Miss Winifred rose with a smile that had suddenly become cold as a moonbeam on snow, as another partner came to claim her for the next dance; for, though no longer very young, the beautiful Miss Leigh was still as much of a belle as when she dawned upon society in all her fresh loveliness a dozen years ago.

"I wonder why an old maid like Miss Leigh keeps on dancing?" said Miss Loulie Dunn, with a giggle, as she whirled around with Wynne.

Miss Winifred caught the words as she passed, and laughed a hard, cold little laugh.

"Out of the mouth of babes we hear wisdom sometimes," she said to her partner—a tall, soldierly man, who had been her admirer for years.

"I wonder why spiteful little minxes like that are let loose upon a suffering world?" he said, with deep disgust.

"To sting us into self-questioning, perhaps," she replied. "Why does Miss Leigh keep on dancing? Really, Miss Leigh can not say, unless it is because there seems nothing else for her to do."

And the shadow in the violet eyes

deepened and the lovely face grew chill and white; for the frost had touched this long-ago "convent flower" to the heart.

And the dance went on, Miss Loulie and Wynne and Ted keeping it up gaily as the rest; while, tucked up warm and safe in her bed, Tessie lay dreaming that she was dancing the two-step to the cracked piano in the old playroom at St. Anne's, with Loulie Dunn for a partner, and the lovely Miss Winifred, with her arms full of snowbirds, looking smilingly on.

For nearly a week little Joe's ankle kept him in the house, and Tessie devoted herself entirely to his entertainment. Although Aunt Marian had had an attack of hysterics when she first heard of her little boy's accident, the doctor had assured her the matter was not serious enough to keep her from the brilliant house party at Broadwood, to which she had been invited, and of which the charming Mrs. Neville promised to be the central star. So there was quite a lull in the gayety of Wycherly, with Aunt Marian and her guests all gone, Uncle Ben holding court in town, and Ted and Wynne coaching with the tall, spectacled young tutor who came to Wycherly every day from ten until two.

But the big nursery, that was Joe's own room now, was filled with books and toys and games of every kind, to while away the little invalid's weary hours; and there was kind Maurice to carry him in his strong arms to the library, or wheel him in a softly cushioned chair around the broad porches that encircled the house.

Pleasanter even than this, to Tessie's mind, were the cozy evenings in Mrs. Judkins' room, with its chintz curtains and cushioned chairs and open fire,—its general "old-country" air of homely comfort and cheer. Mrs. Judkins' room was not artistic, like the rest of the house: it had a red carpet on the floor,

and the British lion glared with glass eyes from the hearth-rug, worked by Mrs. Judkins herself in former hours of elegant leisure, when Judkins kept a "public" in Shropshire, and she had three maids and did not need to "turn a hand" for herself or him. Ah, those were happy days, of which Mrs. Judkins could not talk without tears!

Tessie was soon a great favorite with the good housekeeper. She had the deft, helpful little ways that win an old English heart. She knew how to darn and mend and sew; she was always ready to thread needles and catch up lost knitting stitches, and to listen with eager interest to Mrs. Judkins' stories of "home,"—stories that Tessie felt were almost as good as the expurgated readings from Scott to which Sister Patricia treated the third history class at St. Anne's. For Mrs. Judkins had been lady's-maid in a noble English family in her youth, and had lived in real castles with keeps and towers and haunted chambers; she had even a close and creepy acquaintance with a family ghost.

Tessie thought few pleasanter places could be found than the housekeeper's room on a winter evening, when the big house was all in order for the night, and Mrs. Judkins dropped, with a comfortable sigh, into her cushioned wicker before the open fire; a little brass kettle singing cheerily on the hob; seedcake and orange marmalade set out informally on the table; and "Lady Jane," a most companionable cat, purring softly at her mistress' feet; and even Poll, the wheezy parrot, at peace. Poll, though old and gray enough to know better, never realized that she had been transported to the land of liberty, but persisted in her asthmatic screech of "God save the Queen!" under the very wings of the American eagle itself.

It was on such evenings as these, when the wind was whistling through the cedars and the dull boom of the

breakers came from the storm-swept shore, that Tessie and Joe loved to nestle on their soft hassocks, close to the motherly old woman, conscious of a homely charm in Mrs. Judkins' room that the upper splendors of Wycherly Hall sadly lacked. And Mrs. Judkins, having sipped her tea, with a drop of something stronger, just to put "heart in it," would hand out the seedcakes for her little guests to nibble and be ready for a talk.

"Tell us about Bromley Hall, where you went with Lady Mildred," pleaded Joe on one of these pleasant occasions. "Tessie has never heard that."

"Oh, I should love to hear it!" said Tessie, eagerly. "You always tell such interesting stories, Mrs. Judkins!"

"I don't know that I'm equal to it to-night, my dears," said the woman, hesitatingly. "I'm that done out with worriment over the waste in the kitchen. The lard and butter that new cook uses goes to my very heart. And telling me to my face that she can do no better,—me that has held the keys in gentlemen's houses for the last three and twenty years! It's a month's warning she would have got from any housekeeper in the old country for saying half as much. But America isn't England, as we all know. But you are two good, biddable children, and it's a bit lonesome here of winter nights, with all the gay company gone. So I'll take my sup of tea and then tell you the story of Bromley Hall."

(To be continued.)

WHEN the first settlers came to the spot where the city of Baton Rouge now stands, they found a peculiar cypress tree growing there. It was very tall and its bark was of a reddish color. Some one remarked that it would make a good staff, and gradually the name Baton Rouge (or "red stick") came to be applied to the little town as it grew, and has always adhered to it.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Exits and Entrances" is the title of a new book by Charles Warren Stoddard, to be published immediately by the Lothrop Co. The author presents reminiscences of interesting literary figures like Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, and George Eliot; some sketches of travel, and personal experiences. It is a volume of garnered memories of the kind Mr. Stoddard delights to dwell upon and of which his readers never tire.

—The latest of the Cornhill Booklets must be of interest to all who have studied bookmaking and "Old Time Printers' Marks." Mr. George Burwell Utley's handling of this last named subject is especially good both as to matter and presentation. The illustrations are full of charm to the book-lover; and it is worthy of note that Church symbols were very generally used by designers of printers' marks, showing that the association between learning and religion was not broken by the invention of printing.

—News comes from Shanghai of the death in his seventy-seventh year of Father Zottoli, S. J., famed for his knowledge of the Chinese language and literature, which is said to have been more broad and accurate than that of any other European. Despite his advanced age, this great missionary was almost up to the day of his death hard at work on a dictionary (to be published in ten or twelve volumes) of the Chinese language, covering almost all the vast field of its difficult literature. A set of Father Zottoli's Latin translations of the Chinese classics, which holds an honored place in our library, is perhaps the only one in the United States.

—The suggestion of the *Dolphin* that a competent body of Catholic scholars undertake the preparation of an "Encyclopædia Catholica" which shall be a storehouse of information, explanation and argument, has been received with a good deal of enthusiasm. The real difficulty, however, will be encountered when the question passes beyond the stage of discussion, and when men and money are required to prepare and publish the work. The question has been raised and beginnings have been made more than once in years past, but there has been an impressive lack of encouragement when encouragement was most needed. Perhaps the practical way to set about so large and important an enterprise would be to have the Archbishops take up the question at their annual meeting,—this would at least insure advertisement, interest and initiative, if the work is to be done at all, or adequately. A suggestion made by a correspondent of the London *Catholic Times* may be useful as pointing to a practical starting-point: "We have in Herder's 'Kirchen Lexikon'

all the material necessary for the production of a similar English work ready to hand; and a judicious selection of articles, adapted and abbreviated for English [English-speaking] readers, would lay the foundation of what might in the end become a really great standard 'Encyclopædia Catholica.'"

—A reviewer who has gone carefully through ex-President Kruger's "Memoirs" finds the rugged personality of the author reflected on every page—"not pretty to look at, mark you, nor a thing to be set to music; a man more apt to take off his coat to an affront than his hat to a coat-of-arms." A description altogether consistent with the character of "the old Lion of the Transvaal," who, when an English lord was being presented to him, interrupted a long account of his lordship's imposing pedigree with the remark: "I was a cowherd and my father a farmer."

—Many persons who thought they knew by heart Dr. Watt's "divine and moral song for children" beginning, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," must have been agreeably surprised to find it reprinted in the newspapers as an "old favorite," with a stanza which, on account of a reference to Christ's Mother, was carefully expunged from all school-book versions forty years ago. If it be true that Isaac Watt's hymns "bid fair to live forever," we must rejoice that "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite" will henceforth include this stanza:

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,—
That sweet and lovely Child.

The second stanza of this old-time song is most familiar to us as we first heard it sung:

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise:
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes [out].

—It is no surprise to hear that Mr. Laurence Housman's Nativity play, "Bethlehem," is not all that was expected from so brilliant an artist. Art is not the only, nor indeed the most important, qualification for such a task as Mr. Housman essayed. The old religious dramatists had little of it, but they did have a Christian fervor that illumined and glorified their simple lines. Singularly, the critics are agreed that the best parts of Mr. Housman's play are the lines spoken by our Blessed Lady. We quote some typical ones;

JOSEPH.—Sleepest thou, Mary?

MARY.—Sleep not—I pray!

Behold, on me my Lord His head doth lay.

Look how in sleep He takes a mortal's rest;

See where His hand is laid upon my breast!

JOSEPH.—Mary, I dread to see!

MARY.—Nay, come more near;
But wake Him not.

JOSEPH.—Alas! I have such fear.

MARY.—I, too; my soul is glad through very dread
While in this chamber God doth make His bed:
For now our eyes behold the glorious birth
Which shall uplift again low-fallen earth.
Here, where He rests, amid these hollowed rocks,
I hear the world's heart move in joyful shocks,
The pulsing of her rivers and her springs;
I feel the air beat with the throb of wings:
And farther up, amid the heavenly maze,
The stars and planets with adoring gaze
Look down and say, "O maid with favor stored,
How com'st thou to be mother of Our Lord?"
What can I answer? Let Gabriel
Speak to those heavenly questioners, and tell
How by the Holy Ghost this came to be;
How power from highest overshadowed me,
Till in my heart God came Himself to lie
Perfect fulfilment of all prophecy.
Naught may I know save this: His handmaid I.

VOICES.—Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Success or no, we are pleased to think that writers like Mr. Housman have the heart to attempt such themes, even though it be merely as an artistic and not as a religious exercise.

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 Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Shakespeare's Art. *James H. Cotter.* \$1.10.

The Four Feathers. *A. E. W. Mason.* \$1.50.

A Child of the Flood. *Rev. Walter T. Leahy.* \$1.

Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.

Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. *Nancy Huston Banks.* \$1.50.

The Art of the Vatican. *Mary Knight Potter.* \$2, net.

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Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Wagner, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. James Corcoran, diocese of Newark; Rev. Francis Reilly and Rev. A. Tarasiewicz, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Thomas Martin, diocese of Pittsburg; and Rev. Joseph Desribes, S. J.

Sister M. Carmel, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; and Sister M. Alfonsa, Oblate Sisters of Providence.

Mr. Erwin Reif, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Stull, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss Stella Bennett, Norfolk, Va.; Mr. Robert McIntyre, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Michael Kane, Clifton, Ill.; Mrs. Anna Edstrom, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Joynt, E. Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Alexander Martin, Columbia, Mo.; Mr. John Hogan, Elmhurst, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Costigan, Tacony, Pa.; Mrs. Cecilia Showalter, Latrobe, Pa.; Miss B. Vollfe, Carroll, Iowa; and Anna Vollfe, Fonda, Iowa.

Requiescant in pace!





LA MADONNA DEL FIORE.
(FRANCESCO MARGOTTI.)



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

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

In Doubt.

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

AS mariners near lawless coasts are fain
To doubt if signal lights be false or true,—
Deceptive lures of a marauding crew
Of wreckers cursed with vilest greed of gain,
Or beacons blest, to pilot o'er the main
Each reeling bark full bravely battling through
The whirling fury that the storm-winds brew
To prove to man his vaunted might is vain:
So must each Christian, too, at times e'en doubt
The nature of the signs that through the night
Of anxious worry seem to point the way.
Does God or Satan beckon? Soul devout,
'Tis thou alone art safe to judge aright;
For thine is wisdom's course: in doubt, to pray.

The Bible in the Breviary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

BY the round of the year, the priests in their Breviary read through the entire Bible. The Church appoints a special determinate portion for each Sunday, and she begins the Bible on Septuagesima Sunday. Our fathers in the old Catholic times called each Sunday by the first word of the Introit, thus showing their intimate acquaintance with the Missal. This Sunday was called *Circumdederunt* Sunday, because the Introit begins with that word. Any one who has read histories and documents of old medieval

times, but especially the dispatches of the ambassadors of those days, knows how very frequently, almost invariably, this pious usage is to be found. It is retained by the Popes in their Encyclicals.

One word will not be out of place, perhaps, as to the term *Septuagesima*. It means *the seventh*—*i. e.*, the seventh Sunday, not from Easter but from Passion Sunday. The next Sunday will be *Sexagesima*—the sixth from Passion Sunday; and the next *Quinquagesima*—the fifth. The Wednesday following *Quinquagesima* is always *Ash-Wednesday*. The Sunday after *Ash-Wednesday* is *Quadragesima*—that is, the fourth.

We open the Sacred Bible, and the first page tells us of the marvellous love of God for man. It tells that He made this wide world for a habitation for him. He made the land and He made the sea for love of him. He made the sky and the air for his love. He made the sun, moon, and stars, and gave them inexhaustible store of light, and all for the love of man. He planted the earth with herb and shrub and tree for love of man. He made all the animals of the earth for man, all the fishes of the sea for man, all the birds of the air for the love of man. In a word, He made, as the Holy Bible says, "the earth and sea and air, and all the furniture thereof," for the love of man. And so beautiful was it all that the divine eye of God, which surely is not pleased with barely common things, declared that "all was good."

It tells how carefully and minutely

God interested Himself in the creation of man. Beautiful and good as were all the things that God had made, yet were they all too mean for the ideal which He had in His mind of the noble creature man was to be. Not after the likeness of any of them was he to be created, but after a far higher likeness. "Let Us make man to Our image and likeness.... The Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." When the Bible says that God created man, hear what it hastens to tell: "And the Lord God had planted a Paradise of Pleasure from the beginning, wherein He placed man whom He had formed. And the Lord God brought forth of the ground all manner of trees, fair to behold and pleasant to eat of: the Tree of Life also in the midst of Paradise."

Why did God make man of dust? Could He not have made him of light? He could; but He made him of dust, that every one of us might be humble when we reflect upon the substance of which we were made—namely of the dust, that all the animals of the earth as well as we ourselves tread upon.

On the other hand, God gave man the Tree of Life; and the special effects of the fruit of that Tree were that there was never to be death or even decay; that there was never to be even a pain of body or a grief of mind; that there was ever to be health of the most perfect kind; and, lastly, that there was to be beauty of countenance and form, to which no beauty and no stature of humankind now bears the faintest resemblance. It was destined to be the very beauty that, without alteration or change, was to stand before God's throne in the court of heaven.

We are convinced now that God loved man. But let us turn to the other side and ask: How did man obey a God who loved him so much? Alas! we know the answer. Man disobeyed God:

he ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and God was forced to put His threat into execution: "In what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death."

Man did not die that moment nor that day; but on that day and at that moment he became subject to death, himself and all his posterity. God could not only have destroyed man's body, but He could have annihilated his soul. He could at that instant have given to Adam and Eve two new souls, a thousand times brighter, more intellectual, and more comprehensive than those they possessed; or He could have wiped them both out of creation, as if they never had existed; or He could have flung them into "the bottomless pit." He did nothing of all these things, the forgiving and merciful God! He gave them comfort and promised them a Redeemer. "He was better pleased," says St. Augustine in the homily, "to draw good out of evil than not to have permitted evil at all."

A strange saying indeed! And yet we have a stranger one in the Office of the Church, which, speaking of this fall of Adam, cries out: "O happy Fall!" And St. Paul says: "Yet not as the crime, so was the remedy,"—meaning that the remedy wrought by the Blood of Our Lord did us infinitely more good than even the fall did us harm. How is that? The Paradise of Pleasure nowadays is the Church. All that Adam and Eve had in the Paradise of Pleasure we have in the Church; they in a temporal or worldly sense, we in a spiritual and heavenly sense.

O happy Fall of Adam! For if Adam had not fallen, should I ever have known that God did so love me as to send His only-begotten Son into mortal and suffering flesh for my sake? Should I ever have seen the Divine Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a lowly manger? Should I ever have seen Him sweating blood in a garden for my sake,

or carrying a cross through a murderous city, or dying in shame between two thieves? Could I ever have understood those adorable words of Holy Writ, "God so loved the world as to send His only-begotten Son"? Or those other words, "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends"? Or again, "The charity of Christ presseth us"? How could I have understood them when it was beyond human conception that God would do this, and the words are now understood only because He has actually fulfilled them?

Everything in the Paradise of Pleasure that was beautiful to see and sweet to eat is but a type of what is to be found in the Catholic Church; and as far as the reality is beyond the type, so far is the Church of to-day beyond the Paradise of Pleasure. To take but one instance or two. The Tree of Life was a type of the Blessed Sacrament; the rivers that watered the whole earth signified the Sacraments; the diamonds and precious stones, heavenly virtues. And to the humblest Catholic in the world the blessed realities are infinitely richer and more precious than their beautiful foreshadowings were to the first father of all. If, then, Adam and Eve are so condemned by the lips and judgments of all men for having been so ungrateful, so unloving, as to disobey God and lose such inestimable happiness, what (God help me!) will be the severity of my judgment if, in this far more delightful Paradise of Pleasure, I hasten not to walk with Him in the afternoon air and love and serve Him alone!

Let us hear the great St. Augustine on this Sunday:

"God had threatened man with the punishment of death if he sinned; for although God enriched man with free-will, He would, nevertheless, rule him by His power and terrify him by the fear of death. Therefore He placed man in the happiness of Paradise, which was

the image of [eternal] life; and from which, if man observed God's laws, he was to be translated to better things. Hence after his sin man was at once made an exile; and the race to be born of him—which by his sin he had infected, as it were, in the root—became also subject to death and judgment. And so the children born of him, and the woman condemned with him and by whom he had sinned, should be the offspring of carnal concupiscence, which is akin to disobedience, and should carry with them the guilt of original sin. By that sin the race was to be drawn through diverse errors and griefs, and finally to that extremity of punishment which has no end, with the rebellious angels, their vitiators, their masters, and their companions."

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

IV.—(Continued.)

THE veteran was considerably exercised over the coming visit to General Romansikoff's.

"It's just the same as if ye were going to Lord Powerscourt's at Enniskerry, or Lord Fitzwilliam's at Derrybawn—aye, or to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, no less. The General is one of the Tsar's advisers, and a big wig and a warm man. Be the mortal frost it's a big leap for you, Myles me boy! And who knows what may come of it? There are ladies out there, sure. And that reminds me, I'll put up a package of tea—such tea!—for a present for them. It has a queer history, Myles; and I'll tell it to you after this pinch"—helping himself with great gusto.

"Well, this same tea put me out of the business. I'll tell you why. I had a

partner—a nice little yellow-bearded, blue-eyed chap, with the hand of a woman and the courage of a lion, and cool as a sea-otter. He knew all the languages of those parts and could talk them, from Kurdish down. Well, for to make sure of our cargo of tea, we had to hire a bodyguard of real fighting men,—‘Tiggits’ they called them. Villains, cutthroats, fit only for the gallows or Botany Bay. There were forty of them,—forty thieves no less. We were running this cargo, and everything was as nice as ninepence. We had a day’s journey before us through a gorge in the mountains, and we had to ride on a ledge about three feet wide in the widest part. Even in broad daylight the place was dark and mournful and cold.

“Me partner told the captain of the Tiggits to ride in front and lead the convoy. (As a rule me partner rode in front and I came next, our Winchester across the saddlebow.) The captain did not seem to like it at all and was for refusing, but he had to obey; and, besides, me partner was so sweet and polite, as if he was asking him to take a dance or a drink. When we got to the narrowest part of the ride, me partner suddenly called the captain by name,—mind you, Myles, the mountain was sheer two thousand feet over us and three or four thousand below us, and it made one giddy to look down. The captain turned sharp on the call, bringing round *his* Winchester; but me partner, who was a sure shot, let the captain have one bullet in the forehead, and he and his horse disappeared into the awful depth, with a cry that I have often heard since in me dreams.”

“How horrible!” exclaimed Myles, with a shudder. “Good God, uncle, it was murder!”

“No, it wasn’t. Me partner, who knew all the dialects, had overheard the captain, just as we were entering the defile, arranging for to shoot *him* in

the same bit of the road where he picked the bloody villain. It was our only chance, and a poor one at that. Then I said to meself at that very minute: ‘You and I are no longer partners; and for the future I’ll make me tea in St. Petersburg, for the tea up here is too hot and too strong.’”

“And your partner?”

“Alexis Maskiewitz is at Tiflis, retired and snug as a bug in a rug.”

“And the Tiggits?”

“Hung, drawn and quartered, or shot every man of them,—a lot of murdering villains! I have a photograph of the whole forty. You’ll see it. And now I must make up that parcel of tea, Myles. I’ll send another to your mother and another to your aunt, and then meself and the tea trade are parted for good and all.”

The “roomatiks” held the old man prisoner next morning; although he made a very vigorous effort to accompany his nephew to the Moscow depot.

“Write soon, Myles. Here are a couple of envelopes addressed to meself in Roosian. You’ll find a hundred rouble note in one of them, in case you run short,—not a word out of your gob, now! Write soon. God be good to you! Hold up your head: there’s money bid for you. And always remember that you are an O’Byrne of Timolin.”

Myles’ last words were instructions as to the forwarding, to the address indicated, of the parcel intrusted to him by the ladies to whom he was introduced by Mr. T. P. O’Connor in the lobby of the House of Commons.

“All right, me son! *Bannaclath!*”

V.—THE DATCHA.

Myles found General Romansikoff and Count O’Reilly at the depot, and with them a very priggish, self-satisfied, deplorably dull, but very well-bred Englishman of about forty, all shirt collar and automatic movement. This worthy was Sir Henry Shirley, Baronet,

the possessor of an enormous fortune, an estate in Merrie England, and a superb steam yacht then lying off Cronstadt, which had borne him across the Baltic from Hull. He had with him his nephew, Percy Byng, a very young fellow fresh from Eton and Cambridge, who was so full of the noble English game of cricket that he could talk of nothing else. His rapture knew no limit when he found that O'Byrne was "one of the elect," being the fast bowler for the Phoenix Cricket Club,—the famous club of Ireland which had played and beaten the All England Eleven during the previous year.

"By Jove, this is immense, O'Byrne,—enormously immense! I have the tools with me,—never travel without them, you know. A Ramsinger bat and a Spofforth ball. We must get up a match to-morrow, and show those Russian chaps the only game worth playing."

The General had a special car, a bijou of a palace on wheels, containing a maximum of comfort in a minimum of space.

The Baronet proved a dull travelling companion. His "fad" seemed to be "walking sticks," of which he was engaged in forming a collection for the adornment of his ancestral seat, Haddon Hall, and was making a tour of the world in order to pick up choice, unique, if not remarkable specimens.

Count O'Reilly was, as usual, overflowing with Irish spirits, and ready to dance, sing, recite, or fight.

"The great regret of my life is that I never was at Donnybrook Fair."

"Where you would have got your head broken!" laughed the General. "What a thorough Irishman you are, O'Reilly!"

"Oh, how I wish that I had been born in my native country!"—and he did not realize the bull until after the general laughter had subsided.

It was six o'clock when the tram stopped at a little station—a yellow oasis in a veritable desert of green,—

where the wooden-visaged station-master and half a dozen hangers-on awaited automatically. A troika stood outside the fence, its three magnificent horses pawing the air and plunging wildly, despite the alternate soothing and warring cries of the driver, in their fierce anxiety to gallop home.

The General, Myles, and Sir Henry occupied the troika; Count O'Reilly and Percy Byng following in a drosky; the baggage on a tarantass—a vehicle not unlike a buckboard.

"We have sixteen versts to * do," observed the General; "and I'll show you how we cover the ground in Russia."

Away, at a terrific pace, tore the three coal-black Orlof horses, over a carpet of green; for guidance, the grim, gaunt telegraph posts, painted in strips of black and white, denoting the property as government. Onward, until the forest came closer; then through a village of low thatched wooden hovels standing very far apart; a baker's store with painted design over the door, depicting a yellow "pirogue" and the loaves; the clumsy church with its white walls and pea-green roof. The inhabitants, men and women, were seated around the *kababa*, or store, where that slow but deadly poison, vodka, was dispensed in barter or for kopeks, as the case might be. Romansikoff, who was exceedingly popular, was greeted with lipless salutations—the men removing their caps sideways over their ears, the women lifting their hands in the air.

The party sped onward into the forest, with its cool, dark, refreshing shade; on into dayshine again; up a winding road—a road at last,—and to an arched gateway ornamented with bleached heads of bears, wolves, stags, and other trophies of the chase, where a yellow-bearded lodge-keeper in crimson caftan and high boots stood at attention. On through a thoroughly well-kept drive,

* A verst is a trifle less than the English mile.

overshadowed by a row of magnificent old trees, and to a sun-kissed open and a grass sward as green as the Vale of Avoca; and then the *datcha*, a large, handsome building, with just a suspicion of the fortress about it. The deep-mouthed baying of hounds greeted them from the rear of the house; while dogs of every sort, shape, size, and description gave them joyous and hearty welcome.

A young girl arrayed in purest white sprang down the steps, and, as the General alighted, flung her arms around his neck and affectionately hugged him. As soon as he had succeeded in extricating himself he cried:

"This, my dear, is the gentleman who so boldly and bravely rescued us at Kresstoffsky. Mr. Myles O'Byrne, this is my niece, Eileen De Lacey."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, involuntarily. "Why, I left a parcel for you in St. Petersburg, Miss De Lacey!"

"A parcel for *me*, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Yes, yes! Your aunt intrusted it to my care. I had the honor of being presented to her by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, a Member of Parliament, in the House of Commons."

"You never mentioned this," observed the General.

"I did not know that I was to meet Miss De Lacey."

"A most extraordinary coincidence."

"A very fortunate one for *me*,"—and O'Byrne bowed low.

Eileen De Lacey's eyes were of such a deep gray that when her back was turned to the light they seemed almost a violet black. They were set in under a straight, low, white forehead, which was in its turn surmounted by masses of black, luminously black, hair,—hair seldom seen out of the Emerald Isle. Her complexion, creamy, colorless; yet it was not the hue of delicacy. The nervous flexibility of her rich, red-ripe lips betokened the possession of a highly imaginative temperament; her slight figure was as mobile and as sweetly

moulded as her lips. In a word, she was most charming to look at; and Master Myles helped himself, to use a homely expression, to "an eyeful."

Miss De Lacey, despite O'Byrne's earnest protests, proceeded to pour forth her heart's gratitude in sweet, honest words, and with the faintest suspicion of an Irish accent.

"I thank God and the ever-blessed Virgin that you suffered no injury, Mr. O'Byrne!"

"Only a few rents in a rather shabby suit of clothes, Miss De Lacey. By the way, I am in borrowed plumage."

"Oh, *you*—shut up!" cried O'Reilly. "Mademoiselle, will you not show Mr. O'Byrne your famous mastiffs?"

"Of course. But will you not have some tea first? Mr. O'Byrne, we are always drinking tea in Russia."

"Which reminds me, Mademoiselle, that I have a parcel—"

"Another parcel!" the girl laughingly burst in.

"Yes, another parcel. It is of tea,—some very good tea, I believe,—which my old uncle—yes, it must be said—smuggled into this country through the aid of a band of thieves called Tiggits."

"That can not fail to impart a very special flavor," she said gaily, as she led the way into the house.

The samovar was "hissing hot" in the large baronial hall; roof, rafters and walls of oak black as ebony from age, and with the spoils of bow and spear; the floor spread with skins, particularly those of the bear. A few grim-looking portraits frowned from the panels—that of the Tsar being rendered especially conspicuous by the aid of an electric light; while the icon, or holy image—to be seen in every home from palace to hovel in Muscovy,—was likewise lit up. An oaken buffet of enormous size was laden with gold and silver plate, while decanters and bottles and quaint drinking vessels stood in the foreground in bountiful profusion.

"How did you like St. Petersburg?" asked Miss De Lacey, who had been gazing furtively but earnestly at Myles O'Byrne as he stood gravely admiring the barbaric splendor of the noble hall. The men of Russia of the upper classes are physically the finest in Europe, but this son of Erin held his own—aye, and held it firmly,—as Miss De Lacey's violet eyes bore brave but modest testimony: hiding themselves behind her long, dark lashes whenever he turned toward her, but lifting them swiftly upon every possible but absolutely safe chance.

She proceeded to pour out the tea into high glasses, whilst a servant handed slices of lemon, sugar, and tiny cakes quaint as to color and shape but delicious to the taste.

"You must try our confectionery, Mr. O'Byrne. Russia is famous for its pastry. I shall hope to take you some day to Berrin's, our most renowned cake shop; and you too, Sir Henry; and you too, Percy Byng. I will not take you, Count, for fear of your compromising me by making love to all the shop-girls."

"By Jove, *I'm* game for a trick out!" sputtered the genial Percy, his mouth full of wondrous cheese-cakes, reminding him of the story in the Arabian Nights.

"Has Mr. O'Byrne seen anything of St. Petersburg?" she asked of O'Reilly.

"He has seen *me*, Mademoiselle."

"That is something!" she laughed. "Mr. O'Byrne, you must visit Moscow if you care to see Russia proper,—the eastern face of this Janus-like Empire. St. Petersburg is the western face of the Russian two-headed eagle, and is simply a huge department for the transaction of the official business of the Empire. It has nothing about it distinctly and exclusively Russian, whereas Moscow exhibits just as much of Asia as enters into the blood and fibre of the Russian people. How long do you intend to honor us with your presence?"

"As long as ever I can," replied Myles, with considerable earnestness.

His fine, eloquent Irish eyes must have whispered something on their own account to the violets beneath the black lashes; for Miss De Lacey, dropping her lids and fiddling with her teaspoon, blushed very rapidly and very violently.

"Now for my dogs!" she cried, leaping to her feet.

The kennels were situated in the pleasance. The park was surrounded by a very high wooden stockade, erected to keep out the wolves, the fringe of the forest being within half a verst.

"My dogs are pure Russian wolf-hounds, the famous Berzio breed,—very faithful, very fierce."

"Like our Irish wolf-dog—now, alas! almost extinct," said Myles, sorrowfully.

"Quite so. Do you know, Mr. O'Byrne, I have in my possession—and I will show it to you—a copy of the petition which our ancestor who came over to Russia after the Battle of the Boyne presented to the Irish House of Lords, praying that he be permitted to take his two wolf-dogs with him? And—think of the meanness—the petition was rejected! I have cried—aye, heartily—over that piteous petition."

"By Jingo, I must bring back a Berzio pup!" whispered Percy to Myles.

The dogs, almost as large as calves, with deep-sunken, red-rimmed eyes, and jaws of steel, bayed and bayed and bayed again at sight of their mistress, who, having taken some cakes from the table, called each hound by name, flinging the dainty confectionery into the great, cavernous mouths bristling with white dagger-shaped teeth.

"Are they very savage?" asked Myles.

"Yes and no. They are immensely fond of Paddy Casey—by the way, we have a genuine Irish retainer who came out years ago, with horses to my dear father—God be merciful to him!"—and she bent her beautiful head in touching reverence. "Poor Dad had bought them

at the famous fair at Ballinasloe in the wild West of dear, *dear* old Ireland. Paddy shall be presented to you in due form. He is just as Irish as when he left Dublin. He and Count O'Reilly are very close friends. He taught the Count the 'rale ould Irish jig,' and the Count has actually made it the fashion in St. Petersburg. You should see the Princess Gallitzin, our most famous beauty, footing it with the Count! And his wild 'whoop' at the finish is worthy, I am told, of the Galway Blazers."

(To be continued.)

The Marquise de Lafayette.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

THE name of Lafayette is still a household word in the United States, where a grateful people remember that a man, young, wealthy and noble, once left his own country to draw his sword in their behalf in their struggle for independence. In France his attitude is more open to criticism, and his conduct at the outset of the Revolution has been justly blamed. Either from excessive self-confidence or from innate optimism, he failed to recognize the danger of the crisis that his influence had contributed to develop, until he himself, with his nearest and dearest, was carried away by the torrent.

It is pleasanter to dwell upon his earlier days, when, fired by enthusiasm, he exchanged a life of ease and happiness at home for a soldier's career beyond the seas, and thus earned the gratitude of the American people. Even now, as we write these lines, the stars and stripes wave above his grave in the quiet cemetery where he rests close to his murdered relatives, and where every year the American colony in Paris assemble to do honor to his memory.

If Lafayette is well known and well

remembered in the States, his wife is comparatively unknown even to her husband's admirers; yet few women are more deserving of notice than she, to whom her husband was indebted for all that was best in his life. If certain passages in *his* career deserve criticism, *her* character and conduct are without a flaw. Her checkered life, the perils through which she passed, the tragic scenes in which she played a part, served but to call forth her courage, devotedness, and absolute resignation to the will of God. She was at the same time essentially womanly, utterly unconscious of her own heroism, the simplest and most loving of wives and mothers.

The Marquise de Lafayette was born at the close of the Old Régime. Striking indeed is the contrast between the gay and frivolous French society of that period and the reign of blood and terror that reached its climax in 1793 and 1794. Still, to an observant student of history, it is clear that the social upheaval that destroyed the Old Régime and its institutions had been slowly preparing for many years previously. Under Louis XIV., the great nobles of the land, eager to win the King's favor, congregated at Versailles, thereby losing their influence over their peasants and dependents; and only the *seigneurs*, whose poverty prevented them from figuring at court, consented to remain in their country homes. To live in the sovereign's shadow and win substantial marks of royal favor in the shape of posts of distinction seemed the prime object of many of the chief French nobles, when not engaged in fighting the enemies of their country. The general tone of society was brilliant, witty and skeptical; the teachings of the so-called philosophers had weakened the religious convictions of the upper classes, and the deplorable example of Louis XV. had lowered their standard of morality. Louis XVI. was, it is true, a pattern of domestic virtues; but he

lacked the intelligence and energy that might have given his example weight and importance.

Every rule, however, has its exceptions; and in the midst of the general laxity of principles and conduct we meet with bright examples of public and private worth. Side by side with the frivolous great ladies who were unconsciously dancing over an abyss were some women whose lives at any time and in any country must have won esteem and admiration.

Such was the mother, who belonged by birth to the great house of De Noailles,—a house that, in a certain measure, owed its fortune to the marriage of its chief with Madame de Maintenon's niece and adopted daughter, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné. It is amusing to read in the old "Memoirs" how this girl, whose father was worthless and whose mother was vulgar beyond expression, was sought in marriage by the highest nobles in the land. Madame de Maintenon's choice fell upon the Count d'Ayen, eldest son and heir of the Duke de Noailles. The fortune of his family was considerably advanced by this alliance with the heiress of the uncrowned wife of Louis XIV.

A hundred years later, the head of the Noailles was the marshal of the name, whose eldest son, known as the Duke d'Ayen during his father's lifetime, was a fair specimen of the average eighteenth-century nobleman. A brave soldier, an accomplished courtier, a refined man of the world, he was a leading figure in the best society of the day. Between his attendance on the King at Versailles, the Paris salons where he was a welcome visitor, and his military duties in the provinces, his time was fully occupied, and his wife and children saw little of him. Such was our heroine's father. Her mother was of a very different stamp, and her distinct and noble character left its mark on the five daughters who grew up under her wing.

Henriette d'Aguesseau, the grand-

daughter of the celebrated chancellor of that name, was descended from a stock of high-minded and somewhat austere magistrates, whose spirit was slightly tainted with Jansenistic severity and in total opposition to the frivolous court circles. It was probably her large fortune that brought about her marriage, which could scarcely have been a very happy one; although the Duke was courteous and attentive to his wife on the rare occasions when they were together. As a rule, their lives were far apart; the Duchess seldom appeared at court, and lived chiefly in the stately Hôtel de Noailles, that stood opposite the Church of St. Roch in Paris. Its large gardens extended over the space now covered by the Rue d'Alger and the adjoining thoroughfares.

Here, on the 2d of November, 1759, the Duchess d'Ayen gave birth to her second daughter, Adrienne, the future Marquise de Lafayette, who was only a year younger than her sister Louise. At some years' interval were born three other daughters; and, according to the custom of the Old Régime, the five sisters bore till their marriage the name of one of the estates belonging to the family, and were known respectively as Mesdemoiselles de Noailles, d'Ayen, d'Epernon, de Maintenon, and de Montclar.

The Duchess d'Ayen's mode of life, as her daughters have described it for us, was strangely out of keeping with the pleasure-loving society to which she belonged by her birth and position. Her children were the first objects of her care. To use her second daughter's expression, "she had the most motherly heart that ever existed," together with a deep sense of her responsibilities with regard to her children's souls. An excellent governess, Mademoiselle Marin, and competent professors assisted in the young girls' education; but the Duchess was minutely informed of every detail concerning her daughters; and, unlike most eighteenth-century mothers, she

took an active part in their intellectual and moral training. She had superior literary abilities, and a natural gift of eloquence that was inherited by Madame de Lafayette; and she was accustomed to read aloud to her little ones from the best French classics.

Above all things, however, she trained her children to be truthful, high-minded, and conscientious; and in this she fully succeeded. All five sisters speak of their mother with the same admiring love. Her fourth daughter thus describes her: "My mother possessed a strong character and a wise judgment. She was devoted to the fulfilment of her duty, whatever the cost might be. Her mind was above the average, and her speech, like her feelings, was always truthful and sincere. She dreaded the mere appearance of evil. She was just and charitable in all her dealings, and singularly detached from the vanities of this world." We may add, as an illustration of Madame d'Ayen's contempt for pomp and display, that she chose as sponsors for her fourth daughter Pauline, not any of her titled relatives, but two beggars who were supported by the parish of St. Roch.

Life in the stately Hôtel de Noailles was as quiet and as regular as in a convent. The Duchess attended daily Mass either at St. Roch's or at the neighboring Dominican chapel, which became in evil days the Club des Jacobins. Her daughters greeted her as she went out. At three o'clock they dined with her, and afterward adjourned to her bedroom, a large chamber hung with crimson damask. The Duchess seated herself in her favorite *bergère*. Close at hand were her books, her needlework, and her snuff-box—probably one of those exquisitely enamelled trifles of which so many specimens were to be seen at the Exhibition of 1900. Around her gathered her five children, who in after years loved to remember these hours as the happiest of their lives.

Their mother was in the habit of

conversing freely with them upon the events of the day as well as upon the little incidents of their ordinary life; and it was during these moments of affectionate and unreserved intercourse that she sowed in their hearts the seeds that were to bring forth such rich fruit. She won their confidence by treating them as her friends; and when she thought that her own experiences might be useful to them, she did not hesitate to tell them even of her faults and failures. She encouraged them to express their ideas and opinions with perfect freedom, while she entered into their hopes, wishes and projects with a large-hearted sympathy that never changed. The result of this wise and liberal training was that each sister retained her distinct individuality; while all had in common the courage, patience, and devotion to duty that they had learned at their mother's knee.

Adrienne, the subject of this sketch, was perhaps the most brilliant of the five sisters. She possessed remarkable intelligence, a natural gift of eloquence, and an unflinching courage, of which her troubled life will offer us ample proof. She had a somewhat anxious mind, however; and as a girl was pursued by doubts on religious subjects. It is characteristic of the Duchess that she so far entered into her daughter's difficulties as to permit her to put off her First Communion until after her marriage.

According to the custom of the day, the girls married early. On the 11th of April, 1774, Adrienne de Noailles was united to Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. The bridegroom was then sixteen and the bride fourteen, and it was arranged that for the present the little Marquise should remain at the Hôtel de Noailles. Few lives have been more deeply tried than that of Madame de Lafayette, but in her conjugal relations she was perfectly and constantly happy. In many respects she was far superior to her husband, but she died

believing him to be the most lovable and also the wisest and most perfect of men.

After the marriages of her elder daughters, the Duchess, to please her husband and sons-in-law, consented to modify her retired manner of life. She sometimes accompanied her daughters to the Queen's balls, and even gave a few supper parties, where her gracious kindness delighted her guests. But at heart she cared nothing for the world, and, as her daughter tells us, only her sense of duty could prevail upon her to yield in some measure to its customs.

In 1775 Madame de Lafayette, whose mind was now at rest, made her First Communion. Her character had formed itself, and she was fast developing into a singularly noble and courageous woman, whose strength of mind was to be put to the test at an early period. She was only eighteen, and was expecting her second child, when in 1777 her husband decided to sail for America and to offer his services to the United States, which was then fighting for its independence. His resolve was an important event, that had its influence beyond the narrow horizon of his home circle; for it contributed to develop among a certain set of French nobles philanthropic and liberal ideas that became all the fashion.

Lafayette's departure excited the enthusiasm of his contemporaries; but it was viewed with disapproval by older men, and even the Duke d'Ayen openly blamed what he considered the headstrong caprice of a mere youth. The young Marquise, who was passionately attached to her husband, suffered keenly from the separation. Nevertheless, she generously stood between him and the resentment of her own relatives; being supported in all things by her mother, whose loving and wise sympathy was her best comfort during this trying period.

In February, 1779, Lafayette returned to France, and his wife enjoyed some months of happiness, during which she

gave birth to her son George Washington. But in 1780 her husband again sailed for America, and for two years our heroine went through agonies of fear,—the most alarming reports being constantly circulated as to her husband's safety. At last, in 1782, he suddenly appeared in Paris, and this time was received with general enthusiasm. The young Marquise was attending a *fête* at the Hôtel de Ville when the news spread that the brave Lafayette had returned, after rendering distinguished service to the cause of Independence; and the Queen herself insisted on driving the happy wife to the Hôtel de Noailles, where her hero awaited her.

The return of Marquis Lafayette and his companions had an important effect on public opinion. They were mostly men whose social position gave them a certain influence, and their loudly expressed admiration for the liberal institutions of the young American Republic found an echo in the fashionable society of the day. The first symptoms of the French Revolution were hailed by them with rapture as the advent of a golden age,—in spite of the gloomy forebodings of those who, through the glamour of the present, foresaw grave perils ahead. The Duchess d'Ayen was among the latter, but she never let the clash of politics disturb the close and loving union that existed between her children and herself; and as her sense of impending danger became more keen, she devoted herself still more completely to her home duties.

The social reforms which the King sincerely desired to bring about were destined, owing to the violence of popular passions, to end in anarchy and bloodshed; and, alas! Louis XVI. had neither the intellect nor the moral strength that might have stemmed the torrent. Many ardent spirits, like the Marquis of Lafayette and his brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, still believed in the advent of an era of peace,

liberty, and justice; but their liberal views were regarded with horror by the more old-fashioned Royalists.

The Duchess d'Ayen was far from sharing the illusions of Lafayette; but, with characteristic prudence, she kept her family circle happy and peaceful and united, in spite of the conflicting opinions of its members. Personally, she was convinced that a terrific upheaval was close at hand. She observed with dismay that almost every hour brought news of fresh scenes of violence, and that the breach between the King and the popular leaders widened from day to day.

Madame de Lafayette, blinded by her youth, and still more by her belief in her husband's ideals and in his power to control the multitude, took a brighter view of things; and it was not till many months later that she too realized the full extent of the peril that threatened the institutions of her country and the safety of those whom she loved.

(To be continued.)

Lucis Creator Optime.

BY CHARLES KENT.

O BLESS'D Creator of the Light,
 Who brought the first great sheen of day,
 That with primordial glory bright
 Shed on earth's germ its kindling ray!
 Who on the span 'twixt morn and eve
 Did first the name of day bestow,
 Ere night like chaos 'round us weave,
 See, hear, the suppliant tears that flow.
 No soul, weighed down with crimes, deny
 The saving recompense of life;
 While hours unheeded swiftly fly,
 End not, 'mid sins unwept, earth's strife.
 At heaven's gate beat with sounding prayers,
 Eternal palm and crown to win;
 Fly noxious thoughts and worldly cares,
 While purging from thy soul her sin.
 Almighty Father, hear our sighs;
 And Thou of glory as complete
 Who reignest in th' eternal skies,
 One God with Spirit Paraclete!

Too Late.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I WAS not a little surprised when my old friend Meron, who had done me many a good turn when I was a very young fellow fresh from the country, because of some resemblance I bore to a friend of his youth,—I was not a little surprised, I repeat, when he informed me that he was going to put a long-cherished scheme into action.

"And what is that?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, looking about his comfortable bachelor apartment as he spoke, "I am going to return to Brinton, where my early life was spent, buy a little farm there, and spend the remainder of my days in the place where I was born, where my earliest and dearest associations lie, among old schoolmates, friends, and neighbors."

"But you have forgotten all you knew about farming," said I.

"It will come back,—it will come back. Of course I shall employ people to do the work. But I can superintend; and the exercise and fresh air will make a new man of me, Louis. I shall grow young again."

He rubbed his hands, and, rising from his chair, began to walk up and down the room in pleased anticipation.

I looked at him thoughtfully, almost sadly.

"Have you ever been there since you left it for the first time?" I queried.

"Never!" he replied. "From year to year I have put off going, till now I am sixty-three. Forty-five years! Think of it! Forty-five years is a long time."

"A very long time," said I.

"But those small places do not change greatly," he answered. "You would be surprised how little they change with the years. When I am settled there—of course it will take some time,—I shall invite you down for your vacation."

"Thank you!" I replied. "I shall be very glad to go."

What else could I have responded to the kind, good old man, whose only fault was that he loved to accumulate money? Yet it had not hardened his heart, though it had occupied his life to the exclusion of every domestic affection. Others beside myself could testify to that.

"Now that I have everything arranged, I am impatient to start," he continued.

"When do you leave?"

"Next week,—Tuesday, I think."

"So soon? Will you dispose of your effects here?"

"Oh, no! I do not propose to do that. I am attached to this old furniture—these souvenirs of friendship and mementos of travel. After I have determined upon my residence, I shall return and pack up."

"Ah, I see! You do not intend to retain a residence in town."

"That would be folly and a useless expense. If there should be anything going on, or I should feel a little rusty down there, I can very well put up with the discomforts of a hotel for a single night, or even two or three. The contrast will be greater when I get back to the country."

"I imagine one *might* grow a bit rusty there," I ventured to remark.

"I do not anticipate it,—really, I do not. There will be my work and books and some old friends. One's old home friends never lose their interest in one. And I assure you—you know it, Louis,—nothing could be more simple than my own tastes. And in my dear old home, breathing my native air, I shall renew my youth."

A week later I bade him good-bye.

The June days were growing warmer, making one long for the seashore or the shady woods. One evening I was strolling along Washington Street. Looking up at the windows of my old friend's apartment, I saw that they

were lighted. No doubt he has returned for his final move, I thought; and hastened up to greet him, two steps at a time. He met me at the threshold, looking older and more haggard than I had ever seen him.

"I saw you as you came along the sidewalk," he said, "and was about to call you when you turned in. How are you?"

"Very well," I replied. "And you? Have you been ill?"

"No," he said, tentatively, "not ill, but not well either. The fact is, I have had a shock, Louis. Sit down, my boy,—sit down. You can't think how pleasant it is to see a friend,—to feel that there is some one in the world who has at least a slight interest in you."

"You haven't been homesick?" I asked,—though I knew he had.

"Homesick and heartsick," he rejoined. "I've come back to stay."

"You were disappointed in Brinton, then, Mr. Meron?"

"Disillusioned and disappointed both. It was a failure from the first hour."

"Ah, that is too bad! I feared it, but didn't like to discourage you."

"I wish you had,—but I would not have listened to you at the time."

"What happened?"

"Well, in the first place, Louis, when I reached the junction—Marshall's—instead of the good old stage I fancied would be there to meet us, we were transferred to a branch line that whisked us off to Brinton in a trifle more than an hour. Formerly the journey would have occupied five hours, on a delightful road, over every mile of which I expected to be reminded of times long past. And when Brinton was reached—well, Rip Van Winkle could have recognized it as readily as I. It is entirely changed,—not a vestige of the old town left except the cemetery. A big, new, glaring, cheap hotel,—the dear old hostelry destroyed; farms absorbed by the garish, growing town; factories

where the millrace used to be; turbid water; old landmarks gone,—nothing, nothing as I expected to find it!”

“But your old friends?”

“All gone too, or dead or changed. The first day I was there, after I had wandered aimlessly about for a few hours, I did fall upon a carpenter shop that seemed unchanged. In the old fellow with bent shoulders planing a strip of board I thought I recognized the features of one of my ancient chums. I accosted him, and found I had not been mistaken. After some desultory conversation he asked where I came from. I told him.

“‘Mebbe you’ve heard tell of a fellow named Meron up there,’ said he. ‘He used to live here, and he’s made lots of money. He never put up even a wooden tombstone over his grandmother’s grave, and she brought him up by the sweat of her brow. He’s one of the hardest-fisted, closest old curmudgeons that ever was—by all that’s told.’

“I answered that I did not know the Meron he spoke of,—which was true. I could not recognize the portrait. While my grandmother lived I supported her; and after that—well, I suppose I ought to have put up some kind of memorial stone, but I did not. It was from lack of thought, however; not from stinginess.”

“I know that, Mr. Meron,” said I.

“Well,” the old man continued, “that is an instance of how everything looked and seemed. Before I went to bed in the new hotel that night, I was convinced that I had made a mistake. I never felt so depressed in all my life. The thing to which I had been looking forward so many years had proved a house of cards, and now lay collapsed before me.

“Next morning after breakfast I took my way to the cemetery. There, at least, I felt at home; though many of the simple monuments had become so blackened and weather-worn that I could scarcely decipher the familiar names. The graves of my father and

mother were very much sunken. Beside them was another, more carefully tended, on which lay a fresh bunch of wild flowers. Not far from it a pretty little girl, with features so familiar that I started on beholding them, was placing a similar bouquet upon another grave. She smiled, and my thoughts went back forty years.

“‘What is your name, my child?’ I inquired. ‘You surely must be the daughter of Lizzie Wilmes.’

“She smiled again.

“‘No, sir. Grandmother’s name was Lizzie Wilmes before she was married. My mother was her daughter.’

“‘And what was her name,—what is your name?’

“‘My mother’s name was Lizzie Bayru; mine is Lizzie Stockman.’

“I gazed at the child without speaking. Memory was busy. Never before did I realize how time had flown. Once I had hoped to make Lizzie Wilmes my wife. When we parted no word of love had been spoken, but I felt that she understood I meant to go back,—I had always meant to go back. And she had married my rival, Ned Bayru, the one enemy I had in the world. And why had we been enemies? Only because of her.

“I started from my reverie, to find the child regarding me compassionately. Evidently my feelings were depicted on my face.

“‘Is your grandfather dead?’ I asked.

“‘Yes, sir,’ she replied. ‘He died before I was born. I do not think he was a very good man. Grandmamma never told me to put flowers on *his* grave.’

“‘And did she request you to place them on her own?’

“‘No, sir, not on her own. But she used to take care of Grandma Meron’s grave; and before she died she asked me never to forget it.’

“The tears sprang to my eyes.

“‘Show me your grandmother’s grave,’ I said.

"She led the way. I followed. I knelt for a short time beside the grave. My heart was full, my eyes were wet. When I rose from my knees the child was gone.

"To-day I came back to my lair, feeling ten years older than I did a week ago."

I thought he looked it—poor man!—as he shuffled about in his well-worn slippers, filling his pipe, lowering the lamp, amid the environment which he had made for himself, and which it was now too late to change.

Patrick's Purgatory.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN the north of Ireland, County Donegal, amid a wild and mountainous region, is situated Lough Derg, a lake of considerable size, the surface of which is broken by several rocky islands. The largest of these, Reglis, about a mile from the shore, is known by the name of Patrick's Purgatory, and a singular story is attached to it. In days of yore its fame as a place of pilgrimage spread far and wide; and the legend concerning it, which we are about to lay before the reader, is recorded by medieval writers of all nationalities. An old chronicler describes it as "a pilgrimage of great solemnity and exceeding strictness"; and such indeed it was.

At the time, we are told, that St. Patrick, deservedly called the Great, preached the Gospel in Ireland, it pleased God to confirm his word with many mighty miracles. The inhabitants were then in a savage state; he strove to convert them by depicting the pains of hell and the joys of Paradise; that by fear he might lead them to forsake their false beliefs and sinful ways, and by the attraction of a future life of happiness strengthen their faith and induce them to practise virtue. But after he had preached a long time to the people, he found little fruit of his labors; for they

said they would not believe his words unless they were permitted to look with their eyes upon the torments of hell and the joys of heaven.

St. Patrick, being earnestly desirous for their salvation, prayed long and fasted rigorously, imploring God for a sign whereby to convert this incredulous people. Presently Our Lord Himself appeared to him in answer to his prayer, gave him a book and a staff (*baculus Ihesus*), and brought him to a desert island, where He bade him describe a circle on the ground with the staff. Soon afterward a deep pit or cavern, round and dark, appeared on the spot; and it was revealed to the saint that a certain place of purgatory was there, and that whosoever entered that cave with true contrition, steadfast faith, and a good intention, and remained there a day and a night, should obtain remission of all the sins of his past life and should behold the tortures of the lost and the bliss of the redeemed.

Patrick, full of joy and gratitude, caused a wall to be built round the cavern, closed by an iron door with strong bars and bolts. He erected a church close by, which he gave in charge to the Canons Regular of St. Augustine; the key of the door was confided to the keeping of the prior.

During St. Patrick's lifetime many persons, bent on doing penance for their sins, went down into the cavern. Some of these never returned, but, since they either doubted or were insincere, perished miserably. Others, who were armed with unwavering faith and confidence, came out safe and sound, deeply impressed by what they had witnessed of the awful misery of the damned and the felicity of the blessed. Their report of what they had seen and had themselves endured was taken down in writing and preserved in the church. As they amended their life and persevered in justice after their descent into that dread place, it received the name of Patrick's Purgatory.

The belief spread and strengthened that it was indeed a place of purgation: that the penitent there endured the terrible chastisement of the damned for a brief period as purification, and consequently would not be committed to purgatory after death.

As time went on, many came from different parts of Ireland to undergo the severe trial. But on account of the sad fatalities that not unfrequently occurred in the case of those who visited the cave from motives of curiosity or without the proper dispositions, the bishop in whose diocese the island lay issued a command that the gates should be opened only exceptionally, and admission given to none who had not a written permit from his Lordship. For he considered it his duty, since some went in and were never seen again, to endeavor to dissuade everyone from entering the cavern.

If, however, the adventurous person could not be prevailed on to relinquish his perilous design, the bishop gave him a letter to the prior, who in his turn was to strive to deter him by the use of weighty arguments, and counsel him to adopt some other severe form of penance. If these persuasions were of no avail, the penitent was to go to confession and spend fifteen days in prayer and fasting. At the end of that time, after hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion, he was to be sprinkled with holy water and conducted to the Purgatory by a procession of monks chanting litanies for the dead; the prior was then again to warn him of the danger to which he was exposing himself, and finally to unlock the door and close it behind him. Next day, after the lapse of twenty-four hours, the prior and clergy were to return to the Purgatory and unlock the door. If the penitent was waiting there, he was to be received joyfully and escorted back to the church, to spend another fortnight in prayer and thanksgiving. But if on opening the door he was not found, it was

known that he had ended his days and perished miserably.

Even in the days when news travelled slowly and locomotion was a difficult matter, the account of the Purgatory, the original purpose of which was to afford a visible proof of the truth of St. Patrick's teaching, created a sensation throughout Europe. To this the multitude of manuscripts and, in later times, monographs on the subject in various languages bear ample testimony. From England, France and more distant countries penitent sinners journeyed to Ireland to expiate their sins. The visits of foreigners of high rank to the remote and rugged island in Lough Derg are matters of actual record; and official letters are still extant which were granted by kings of England or the bishop of Armagh authorizing certain persons to make the pilgrimage.

Edward III., under the date 1358, granted letters of safe-conduct to two Italians who are mentioned by name. Richard III., in 1397, did the same for one Raymund de Perithos. And letters of later date granted by the Archbishop of Armagh to French and other pilgrims may still be seen. What befell the recipients of these documents is not recorded; but a full account has been preserved of the experiences of an English knight who in the twelfth century obtained the permission of his royal master, King Stephen, to visit Ireland.

In the time of that monarch, the annals relate, a certain knight named Owen went to confession to the bishop of the diocese wherein is Lough Derg, and expressed his desire to do the greatest act of penance possible by visiting Patrick's Purgatory. The bishop warned him, as usual; but finding his resolution was unshaken, he gave him letters to the prior. The knight, persisting in his determination, after passing fifteen days in preparation, was conducted by the monks to the door of the cavern. There once more the prior

addressed him, saying: "If you take my counsel you will turn back and choose some other penance." But Owen said he had grievous sins to expiate; and, signing himself with the Sign of the Cross, he entered.

At first all was dark around him; but soon it grew somewhat brighter, as it does in winter after sunset. Owen saw a beautiful building resembling a cloister: he advanced toward it, and was met by fifteen men with shaven heads and white garments. The chief of these spoke encouragingly to him, bidding him not lose heart amid the trials and pains that awaited him; for by repeating the name of Jesus he would defeat his foes. Sustained by the hope of victory and pardon, Owen awaited the onslaught of the fiends of hell. They soon gathered around him with hideous yells and grimaces. To try him, they said: "Others come to us after death, and suffer pain and torment; but, if you will take our advice and turn back and serve us on earth, you shall have a happy life; if not, you will lose all that is sweet and agreeable."

But the knight refused; so the demons fell on him, bound him hand and foot and cast him into a fire. He called on the name of Jesus and the flames diminished. He was then carried to a vast field where sinners were fastened, naked, face downward, to the earth by red-hot nails. Some gnawed the earth in their agony, crying aloud for mercy. To this torture Owen was also subjected, but again the name of Jesus delivered him.

He was next led to a field where lost sinners, lying bound, were the prey of venomous reptiles; but when he invoked the Holy Name they had no power to sting him. Elsewhere the lost lay on the ground, their bodies transfixed with burning nails so close together that a finger could not be laid between them; others were hooked on to a fiery wheel which passed through a pit of sulphur, revolving so rapidly that it seemed a

circle of fire; others again were immersed in pools of molten metal. Before being subjected to these tortures, Owen was every time offered the choice of returning to earth or undergoing the pain. But he remained steadfast, always refusing to return; and was delivered, to the chagrin of the demons, by the help of the name of Jesus.

Presently he was led to the top of a high mountain, from the summit of which sinners were cast into a lake of ice-cold and fetid water; and then shown a pit, vomiting flames and smoke. Into this he was thrown, and in the agony he endured he almost forgot to invoke the saving Name; but he recollected it in time to be delivered. Finally he was subjected to the last and direst trial: that of crossing the bridge which led over the pit of hell, the pool of fire and brimstone, the smoke of which ascends up forever and ever. This bridge was exceedingly difficult to cross for three reasons: it was slippery, it was so narrow that it seemed impossible to walk on it, and it reached up so high as to be frightful to look at. The fiends told Owen he must cross it. Placing all his confidence in God and repeating the name of Jesus, he stepped upon it, and found the farther he went the wider it grew, so that he crossed safely and left the devils behind.

After crossing he came to a beautiful country of fair fields and flowers. A procession of men bearing palms and tapers met him; they told him this was the earthly Paradise whence Adam was cast out, and whence those who passed through purgatory would be taken up to heaven. Owen would gladly have remained there to rest, but he was told he must return to earth; and that if he lived a holy life, he would be received there after death. A bishop who was there blessed him and bade him hasten back; otherwise the monks, coming to seek him and not finding him, would conclude that he was lost. "See thou

so order thy life," was the advice given him, "that thou mayst obtain eternal bliss." Owen, weeping and exhausted, returned to the gate and was received with joy by the monks. He remained at the abbey for fifteen days, and related in detail all that he had gone through. Before returning to King Stephen, he went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Places. Such is the story the old annals tell.

Now, it may be asked, are we to accept as authentic the tradition respecting the origin of this Purgatory, and the fact that those who passed a night and a day in the cavern were privileged to behold, as were some of the saints, the felicity of the blessed and the misery of the reprobate? Or is the legend a mere fabrication, and the visions merely the hallucinations of an imaginative brain, weakened by fasting and austere penances?

In answer it may be stated, in the first place, that the question is altogether a question of history, not of faith; and we are free to believe whatever seems worthy of credence regarding it; secondly, that the Purgatory is said to have been the means of converting the Irish nation to the Faith, and no efforts could eradicate their belief in it as a divine revelation; thirdly, that the accounts given by innumerable persons who passed through the ordeal were almost identical, differing only in minor matters of detail.

"The fame of that place," says a medieval historian, "did fly over all the parts of Europe; from all quarters did strangers [foreigners] fly to it, and long it held up in that great esteem." Another chronicler writes: "The Purgatory of Patrick gained a reputation of thoroughly purging a penitent from his past sins in the compass of a natural day, where also strange sights of torments and of joys should be discovered to him. The concourse thither is so great as scarcely to be credited." And an ancient

Irish rhyme puts the following words into the mouth of the Apostle of Ireland:

I am Patrick, chief of the clergy, who have obtained from God no small thing:
A gift large and liberal which was never granted until I came hither:
A place for punishment here, and no purgatory to be endured hereafter.

Detailed descriptions of visits to Lough Derg are found in manuscripts of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century endeavors were made to induce the Irish to abandon the pilgrimage. The carefully preserved staff—the *baculus*—wherewith St. Patrick marked the spot, was publicly broken and burned; the wall also surrounding the pit was torn down. But although the pilgrims became less numerous, and were, it may be, less recollected and less devout than their faithful predecessors, and a heavy toll was demanded of them, the Irish pertinaciously refused to give up the pilgrimage. The religious enthusiasm of the people—their "fanaticism," as the Protestants would term it,—still made it a pious resort.

The place was a thorn in the side of the Puritanical ministers; and in 1632 the Lord Justice of Ireland, Sir William Balfour, received orders "to seize into his Majesty's use the island of Purgatory (so-called). Accordingly, Sir William proceeds to the island and reports that he found there an abbot and forty monks; and that there was a daily resort of some four hundred and fifty pilgrims, who paid eightpence each for admission to the island. Sir William further informs the Privy Council that in order to hinder the seduced people from going any more to this stronghold of Popery, and to take away the abuse thereof, he had ordered the whole to be utterly defaced and demolished; the walls, foundations and vaults broken down and destroyed, the chapel undermined, and the place called St. Patrick's Bed demolished. The stone on which the saint knelt, with other 'superstitious

relics,' he caused to be thrown into the lake."* The work of destruction was intrusted to the Protestant bishop of Clogher, who is said to have called the cave "a beggarly hole."

From this destruction the Purgatory quickly recovered. It was rebuilt, and pilgrims came and went as before. Cabins, or huts, were erected for their shelter on the barren, rocky island; and the preparatory penance assumed a somewhat different form—lasting nine instead of fifteen days. But it was not less rigorous than before. After being examined and admitted, the penitent had to go barefoot to the church, and, kneeling before the altar, say a *Pater, Ave* and *Gloria*. He had to spend eight days in prayer and fasting—taking only one meal daily of oatmeal porridge or some such spare diet,—walking barefoot, and reciting daily the Psalter of Our Lady—*i. e.*, the fifteen decades of the Rosary. On the evening of the eighth day he went to confession; and the prior, in memory of the old custom, attempted to dissuade him from his purpose. If he persisted, the next morning he was confined in the Purgatory for twenty-four hours; at the end of that time he was released by the overseer of the pilgrims, who took him to the waterside and immersed him in the lake. After this bath of expiation, he was led into the church to give thanks for the ending of his penance, and then sent forth to continue his Christian warfare boldly as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the year 1704, when Queen Anne was on the throne, government interference was again considered necessary. Pilgrimages in general were prohibited, and this one in particular. A fine of ten shillings was imposed on everyone found making it; or, if he could not pay, a public flogging was administered. This third attempt, however, proved no more successful than the others in suppressing

the pious zeal of the Irish. Though the desolate, gloomy island had lost its prestige in the eyes of other nations, and was in fact forgotten by them, Lough Derg was still for many years a place of frequent resort for the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The visions of another world were then, it is true, a thing of the past; and solitary confinement underground for twenty-four hours ceased to be undergone; yet the other rites of the spot long remained substantially the same.

In conclusion, we will quote the testimony of the Rev. Matthew Kelly, who visited the Purgatory in modern times. In his edition of "*Cambrensis Eversus*" (Dublin, 1848) he says: "There is no severer penance in the world than that of Lough Derg. *Opera exercent pœnitentia quibus similia fieri non crederim in quovis alio peregrinationis loco universi orbis*. At Lough Derg the station continues from June 1 to August 15. From the middle to the end of July the average number of visitors to the island is twelve hundred. The boatman pays the landlord of the place £200 or £300 a year, which sum is always levied off the pilgrims."

The island is still, and probably will continue to be, a favorite place of resort; though the medieval narratives concerning it are naturally received rather coldly in our analytic and empiric age.

THE serene soul is strong. Every moment of worry weakens the soul for its combat. Worry is an infirmity: there is no virtue in it. Worry is spiritual nearsightedness—a fumbling way of looking at little things and of magnifying their value. True spiritual vision sweeps the universe and sees things in their right proportion. The finest landscape of Corot, viewed asquint or out of focus, would appear distorted and untrue. Let us hang life on the line, as painters say, and look at it honestly.—*Anon.*

* "Donegal Highlands," p. 64.

An Offshoot from Clairvaux.

BY E. BECK.

THE ruins of the great abbey founded by Saint Malachy of Armagh for the thirteen Cistercians sent by Saint Bernard from famed Clairvaux are to be seen where the little river Mattock, after much tortuous winding, joins the historic Boyne. Of this once magnificent building little now remains except the lavabo and chapter-house. The delicate sculpture work and traceried windows of these speak well for the architectural skill of that Brother Robert who superintended the erection of the Irish offshoot from Saint Bernard's own stately monastery.

Many spots, full of antiquarian and historic interest, lie within the boundaries of ancient Uriel. A few miles from Mellifont may be seen the great pyramidal mausoleums of Western Europe, that of New Grange exceeding Dowth both in size and in wonders. Learned men can only dimly guess at the period to which they belong. Drogheda, memorable by reason of the brutal massacre of its garrison, townsfolk and friars, by Cromwell, is not far off; and within three miles of Drogheda is that battlefield where the cause of the unhappy Stuarts was lost forever. Within easy distance is the hill of Slane, where Saint Patrick and the heathen Leaghaire first met one far-off Eastertide; and nine miles south of Slane is royal Tara. Monasterboice, with its cross and round tower, is about four miles distant from the abbey. It took its name from Saint Boethius, one of Saint Patrick's priests.

It was in the year 1139 that Saint Malachy set out for Rome. He wished to secure Papal approbation for many things he had done in the exercise of his episcopal duties, and also to obtain the pallium for the See of Armagh. His way to the Eternal City led through England and France, and in the latter country he sojourned for a length of

time at Clairvaux. So edified was the Irish bishop by the sanctity of its holy abbot, and the life of prayer and work and penance led by the community, that he ardently desired to enter the monastery. The brethren cultivated their own fields and gardens, built their own abbeys and schools; were their own millers, weavers, and tailors. Shortly after midnight they rose for Matins, which began at two o'clock and ended at dawn; and they met for prayer six times daily—at Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline.

When Innocent II. decisively refused to allow Malachy to enter Clairvaux, the Irish saint resolved to leave four of his companions under Saint Bernard's care, that they might be instructed in Cistercian habits and ways of life. Three years later these four monks, accompanied by nine others, set out for Ireland. They were in charge of Christian O'Conarchy, who was afterward appointed Papal Legate in Ireland. Before the arrival of the new colony, Saint Bernard wrote to Saint Malachy: "Select and prepare a place for their reception secluded from the world, and after the model of the places you have seen amongst us."

The valley of the Mattock was not unlike the "Vale of Wormwood," in which Clairvaux was situated; and the reigning Prince of Uriel freely gave the site of Mellifont to Saint Malachy for the newcomers. They were received with joyous welcome by the Irish chiefs and princes, and forty-two houses of the Order were afterward erected through the country. The abbey was built after the plan of Clairvaux; and Murkertagh O'Loughlin, Prince of Ailech, presented the new foundation with one hundred and forty oxen and sixty ounces of gold.

Dervorgilla, the Irish Helen, whose subsequent elopement with Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, led to the invasion of Ireland by King Henry's Norman lords, bestowed many gifts on

the abbey. Perhaps the prayers of the monks won for her the grace of repentance. At any rate, O'Ruark's faithless wife returned as a penitent to Mellifont in the troubled after-days; regretful, no doubt, for the woe and bloodshed she had no small share in causing. Her last years were spent in penitential works and in prayer. She died in 1193, having long outlived most of all those connected with her unhappy history.

Dermot MacMurrough and Henry Plantagenet had both died miserably,—the former at Ferns, under circumstances of peculiar horror; the latter in Chinon by the sparkling waters of the Vienne, cursing his unnatural son. The pious Prince of Breffin had met death at the hands of a Norman lord; and Strongbow had died in Dublin in 1176. It was of Dervorgilla that Aubrey de Vere wrote:

The curse of the land that, in ban and in blessing,
Hath puissance through prayer and through
suffering alight,
On the false one who whispered, the traitor's hand
pressing:
"I ride without guards in the morning—good-
night!"

O beautiful serpent! O woman fiend-hearted!

Wife false to O'Ruark! queen base to thy trust!
The glory of ages forever departed

That hour from the isle of the saintly and just.

The church of Mellifont was consecrated in 1157, in presence of an immense concourse of Irish bishops and chiefs; and during the four centuries of its existence many holy and learned men were nurtured within its schools, and many were laid to their last rest within its walls. Doctor Healy writes that the monastery was in itself a poor-house, a dispensary, and a hospice, where any traveller might claim gratuitous maintenance for whatever period he listed.

The abbots of Mellifont had the rank of Earl and were entitled to sit in the Irish Parliament. It is not strange that they generally upheld the Celtic chieftains against the Anglo-Norman lords of the Pale. In the last years of the tyrannical reign of Henry VIII. Richard Couters,

the last abbot, called the monks together in the chapter-house and sadly informed them of the suppression of the abbey. Mellifont, after four hundred years, was wrested from the Cistercians and lost to the service of religion; and sixteen years later Elizabeth bestowed the abbey and its lands on one Edward Moore, a soldier of fortune.

It was in the possession of one of his descendants when the deputy Mountjoy received at Mellifont the submission of Hugh O'Neill, the renowned Earl of Tyrone. The deputy was aware that his mistress had passed away to give an account of her long and blood-stained reign; but he kept the knowledge to himself, and O'Neill signed the prepared treaty, known afterward as the Articles of Mellifont. By it the Catholics were promised freedom in the exercise of their religious duties. It is needless to say that this treaty was quickly violated.

It was from Mellifont that Hugh O'Neill set out some years later on the first stage of that sad journey which is known in Irish history as "the flight of the Earls." He had learned that he and the Earl of Tirconnell were to be arrested on a carefully prepared and totally unfounded charge of conspiracy against the government. He bade a last farewell to Sir Garrett Moore, with whom he had long been on terms of friendship, and rode for Lough Swilly's banks. Here he was joined by Tirconnell and his family. After a long and perilous voyage the exiles reached France. Thence they proceeded to Rome, where the sovereign Pontiff gave them kindly welcome and suitable accommodation. Tirconnell died soon after his arrival in the capital of Christendom; but O'Neill lived for eight years longer, a blind pensioner on the bounty of the Pope. He died in 1616—four hundred and seventy-seven years after the time when his countryman Malachy had received the benediction of Innocent II. and returned to Ireland to establish the Abbey of Mellifont.

The "Hail Mary" among Non-Catholics.

IT has been a genuine surprise to many of our readers to learn that there is a revival of the "Hail Mary" among members of the Church of England. One correspondent wants to know on what grounds the use of this familiar Catholic prayer is justified by them, seeing that the "Book of Articles" reprobates the invocation of saints as a "fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God."

The inconsistency of our Anglican friends is past comprehension. We cannot be expected to explain things for which they themselves have no explanation. It should be remembered, however, that the "Articles" no longer express the religious convictions of many Anglicans. The arguments presented in advocacy of the revival of the "Hail Mary" are weighty and well-expressed. It is asserted, "The Book of Common Prayer" to the contrary notwithstanding, that to pray to "special saints, to have the example of Mary the Virgin in special remembrance, are permissible and commendable, as well as ancient in practice. It is time," declare the advocates of the "Hail Mary," "to defend the faith by a practice or devotion which will raise the loyalty of Christians."

They hold that the omission of it accounts for the denial of the virginity of Christ's Mother, and for the tendency to lower the Saviour of mankind to the level of a prophet, a philosopher, a leader, or mere preacher of righteousness. After declaring that the central dogma of Christianity is the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, and that the *Incarnatus est* of the Creed—which words express the humility of God and the redemption and exaltation of man—have always been recited with special devotion, the writer of the tractate from which we

are quoting goes on to remark that the "Hail Mary" is "like an *Incarnatus est* out of the Creed. To use the 'Hail Mary' is to confess the faith in brief, to strengthen its hold in the heart and mind. The omission of the 'Hail Mary' by individuals or communities, like all omissions, has helped to bring about disproportion of the faith, a forgetfulness of some important truths. To continue to omit it will bring to succeeding generations, as heretofore, other ignorant attempts to deny Mary's virginity and the divinity of Him whom she conceived."

Another reason alleged for the revival of the "Hail Mary" is the danger of woman's degradation, threatened by the legalization of divorce from marriage bonds. Christ exalted all womankind by being born of Mary; and the Christian Church has restored woman to her rightful position and proved her constant defender. Therefore, "by the use of the 'Hail Mary' the true position of woman, and the part that she has taken in the redemption of mankind, are kept before the world."

We like to believe that our Anglican friends are "moved by the Holy Spirit" in their efforts to revive the "Hail Mary." As we have often remarked, a proper understanding of the Blessed Virgin's place in Christian worship will have the happy effect of removing many stumbling-blocks in the way of a reunion with the one true Church, and of hastening the blessed day when, as Our Lord said, there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

WHEN you examine into the matter, what is called progress is nothing more nor less than the multiplication of the recourses of those who, by means of dicker and barter, are trying all the time to overreach the public and their fellows in one way or another. This sort of thing now has a double name: it is called civilization as well as progress.

—Joel Chandler Harris.

Notes and Remarks.

The superintendent of the parochial schools of Boston has issued a statement which shows that in Massachusetts alone Catholics have permanently invested more than ten millions of dollars in buildings and property for the primary education of children, and annually expend nearly two millions more for the same purpose. Similarly, the Catholic School Board of New York reports that in that single archdiocese our coreligionists have invested nearly five millions of dollars, with a yearly expenditure of one-third of a million to operate the schools. The example set by these officials might be profitably imitated in other dioceses. The publication of the facts in terms of dollars and cents will do more than anything else to help the public to understand that there is a school question in this country. Bishop Spalding was quite within bounds when he said, in an address before the Catholic Historical Society in Philadelphia last week, that "the greatest religious fact in the United States to-day is the Catholic school system maintained without any aid except from the people who love it."

The *Literary Digest* is interested in the prospects of Catholicity, and devotes some space in a recent issue to "Ultramontanism in the Twentieth Century." A credulous and uninformed reader of this article might readily come to the conclusion that at long last the old historic Church is approaching dissolution,—that it is inevitably gravitating toward that deplorable condition which Mr. Mantalini euphemistically designated "the demnition bowwows." The case, however, is not, we opine, quite so desperate as the extracts quoted in the *Digest* would lead the unsophisticated reader to imagine. In the first place, the views of an anonymous writer in the

Guardian (London) on the question of modern Ultramontanism are not to be accepted offhand as of any particular value, even though the *Guardian* vouches for the writer as "a Roman Catholic correspondent." The fantastic lucubrations of Catholic "disloyalists" are not precisely the data from which to argue against the Church or her prospects; and the opinions of philosophic students of the times, the world over, directly antagonize the conclusions of the pessimistic Dr. Ehrhard, who in his book, "Catholicism in the Twentieth Century," has allowed his fears to outrun his sanity of judgment and prevision.

Referring to the remarkable tribute to the Blessed Virgin by a Presbyterian minister lately noticed in these pages, an esteemed correspondent in Canada writes: "I suppose that, apart from Infallibility, there is not a single Catholic dogma for which we can not quote good Protestant authority in abundance nowadays. Only recently I picked up a copy of a Montreal paper and found a really strong argument for the Real Presence in a sermon of an Anglican parson." We hope this sermon will come under the eye of that P. E. bishop who, in a speech at the annual dinner of the Church Club in New York last month, declared that "the doctrine of Transubstantiation is foolish"!

Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, certainly has the courage of his convictions. Something more than a year ago he nobly refused a decoration offered him by Waldeck-Rousseau, who had just passed the law against the French Congregations. A few weeks ago he just as magnanimously denounced himself as one of the prelates who had brought about the collective petition of the French episcopate to the Chambers in favor of the Congregations. Having shared the responsibility of this act with his colleagues, he disdained to evade

the consequences which the latter have suffered in the suppression of their indemnities, or salaries so-called. The accommodating M. Combes forthwith informs the public that he would have passed over the matter had it been kept secret; but, "in view of the publicity," etc., he is constrained to suppress Mgr. Chapon's indemnity also. M. Combes' suppression is a greater honor than would have been Waldeck-Rousseau's decoration.

Of every hundred citizens who have carefully read the testimony thus far given before the coal strike commission, from sixty to seventy had probably prejudged the question before the taking of any evidence; and of the remaining thirty or forty, it is doubtful whether more than one-half have attained the mental attitude necessary to the giving of a truly impartial judgment as to the rights and wrongs of the matters in dispute. Consciously or unconsciously, the average man during the past few months has been biassed—often very strongly biassed—against one of the two parties in the contest, the operators or the miners. Whether capital or labor gets the bulk of a man's sympathy in the course of the existing controversy is largely dependent upon the man's personal status, his social rank and habitual environment; and the arguments of the side that has his sympathy are safe to impress him with a force quite lacking to the plea made in rebuttal.

In the meantime the exceptional citizen who has given the whole question and its underlying principles his best thought, who has honestly endeavored to divest himself of natural prejudices against the one or the other side, must, we think, candidly admit that neither party in the dispute has thus far shown itself worthy of unreserved commendation or censure. The methods of some of the operators must be condemned by all right-minded people; the acts of some of the miners

deserve the most outspoken reprobation. The economic principles upon which the opposing parties take their stand verge on the one hand perilously near autocratic tyranny, and on the other almost identify themselves with socialism and anarchy pure and simple. There is ample room, in the settlement of the question, for the exercise of the highest judicial abilities of the commissioners; and the magnitude of the issues involved is such that all good citizens may well pray that the commission's report be calculated to harmonize conflicting interests and so avert future disasters.

As a pendant to the incident, recently narrated in these columns, of the removal from an Eastern city's fire department of an official who in his youth had served a term in the penitentiary, we quote these words of a discourse of M. Henri Houssaye, director of the French Academy: "One day a man applied to Emile de Girardin for a position as the author's valet. He was tall, well-built, and vigorous-looking; his intelligent face and air of frankness spoke for themselves. 'Your certificates?' said Girardin.—'I haven't any.'—'Have you never served as valet before?'—'Yes, but 'twas a long time ago. Since then I've spent five years in the galleys at Toulon.' Turning on him his steel-like glance, Girardin looked the fellow through and through. 'All right,' he said, 'I will take you.' Now, Jean (that was the applicant's name—all the friends of the great journalist knew him well) was for twenty years an exemplary domestic, and even became Emile de Girardin's confidential man."

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The foregoing narrative was told by M. Houssaye apropos of the Rigot prize of two thousand francs awarded to the Abbé Villion for his work among liberated criminals. Fifty years ago or thereabouts, the Abbé was a chaplain of the prisons. Full of pity for the convicts,

he did everything in his power to effect their moral regeneration by awakening their conscience, their repentance, their desire of good. He succeeded sometimes, but recognized with anguish the frightful distress into which those whose conversion he had begun were sure to fall, once they became free again. Without food or lodging, without an opportunity of working (for the prison-brand debarred them), they were exposed—predestined, in fact,—to relapse into crime. To found a refuge for these liberated prisoners became the one object of Abbé Villion. He was the first to work in that field of philanthropy, and his project encountered a thousand obstacles. He was treated as a dreamer. Finally, in 1864, he was able to open St. Leonard's Asylum at Couzon. Four years later his work was recognized as of public utility, and since then the refuge has received about fifty ex-convicts a year.

An interesting incident in the history of this institution is that in 1870 it was suddenly vacated. The Abbé and his *protégés* were off to the wars. In May, 1871, the good folk of Couzon saw the return of the priest and a portion of his "criminals." Many of them bore wounds; one of them wore the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The absent were either dead or detained in German prisons. From that period the people began to speak of Abbé Villion as a remarkable man; nowadays they call him a saint.

Allowing for the delusion under which so many Anglicans labor in regard to their "orders," it is amazing to a Catholic that they do not realize the absurdity of asserting the Church of England to be one in faith, in view of the plain fact that its authorized ministers teach contradictory doctrine. Some bishops, for instance, hold that Christ is really present in the Eucharist, others teach that Our Lord was really absent in the Eucharist. The bishop of

Fond du Lac practises and recommends private adoration, while the bishop of Long Island publicly denies his belief in Transubstantiation. Even the late archbishop of Canterbury, in reply to one who sought to know "the true teaching of the Church" from "the head of the Church" ("the clergy whom I have asked each tell me differently"), wrote as follows: "The bread used in the Holy Communion is certainly not God either before consecration or after. And you must not worship it." It was well said by Bishop Burgess on a recent occasion that the Protestant Episcopal Church has more important business to attend to than the agitation over the change of its name. A city of confusion, Newman called it; and as time goes on the confusion seems to become worse confounded.

The following table, showing the statistics of immigration for the last two decades, contains some surprises:

	1881	1902
British Isles	153,718	45,273
Germany	210,485	28,304
Scandinavia	73,597	48,378
Italy	15,401	178,372
Russia	10,655	107,347
Austro-Hungary	27,735	171,989

From these figures it appears that the astonishing increase in immigration from Italy, Russia and Austro-Hungary is equalled only by the astonishing decrease in the immigration from the British Isles and Germany. The question of looking after the religious needs of Huns and Italians, already an exceedingly difficult and pressing one, is destined to become acute during the present decade.

The last article which the late M. Blowitz contributed to the *London Times* ("France in 1902") led up to a conclusion which no one who has marked the trend of governmental action in that afflicted country will be inclined to dispute: "The future in France is full of uncertainties."



Frost-Flowers.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

HOW they gleam on the window pane,
Like the windows of art in an Old-World fane,
Ferns and mosses, and lilies too,
Pure as their kindred born in dew!
Perfect of frond and leaf and stem,
They glow in the light—each one a gem.
And we wonder how came these flowers there,
Born in the night—of the chilly air.
They were made by Him who makes the rose,
And everything else that lives and grows.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—PEGGY'S DOUBLE.

I SUPPOSE it is the story of 'Peggy's Double' you mean," said good Mrs. Judkins, after a comfortable sup of tea from a gay little cup garlanded with rosebuds; "though there was many another thing happened while I was at Bromley Hall; and if I should tell them all, it would fill a book. I was but a slip of a girl when I first went as maid to Lady Mildred, and I will be one and sixty years next Michaelmas.

"My father and grandfather, and great-grandfather before him, were tenant farmers of the Ramsays of Bromley Hall, a hundred years before the young Lord came to his own. We called him the 'young' Lord, though he was five and forty, I am sure, the day that he first drove through Bromley as master, with all the bells ringing and music playing, the roads arched with evergreens, and the village children, dressed in white, scattering flowers on his way.

"But there was no lady wife at his side: she had died in France the year before he came to the estate. There was only my little Lady Mildred, just turned of sixteen, slender, and white as a day-lily opening into bloom. I was a year older myself, and so could not march with the village children. But as she passed I flung at her feet a branch of the hawthorn that grew beside our gate. It fell on her lap, and I was ready to drop with shame at my clumsiness when I saw the dew-wet leaves and blossoms scattering over her silken gown. But she only smiled and bowed to me, and taking up the branch waved it gaily as she drove on through the cheering crowd.

"Next day she drew up her pretty pony phaeton at our gate. I would have hid myself, but my mother called me down and bade me 'make your manners to my Lady.'

"I came to thank you for the flowers," she said, as I courtesied before her. 'Tell me your name.'

"Peggy, my Lady,' I answered, shyly.

"Margaret—fool!—to your betters,' whispered my mother at my side.

"Margaret fool to my betters,' I repeated, dropping another courtesy; and my Lady's laugh at that was like a tinkle of silver bells.

"I like plain Peggy best,' she replied. 'I am looking for a nice little English maid; for I had to leave my good Annette in France. I would like to have you, Peggy, if you will come.'

"Is it this booby, my Lady?' said my mother, taken all aback. 'God bless you, she doesn't know a stay-lace from a shoestring!'

"So much the better,' laughed Lady Mildred again. 'I will teach her my own French ways. I like her because she does not know too much. Come

up to the Hall to-night, Peggy, and be my own little maid.'

"And that was how I went to Bromley Hall, when I was only seventeen, as maid to Lady Mildred Ramsay. It was a fine place, and there were many that envied me my good luck. My Lady had governesses and riding-masters and teachers of all kinds; and fine gowns and bonnets were sent to her from London; for she was one of the greatest heiresses and matches in all England. And, though five and twenty sat down every day to dinner in the servants' hall, and the housekeeper wore silks and satins like a lady born, there wasn't one in the grand house treated better than Peggy Gwynn.

"My little Lady taught me the ways of her own country; for she had been born and bred in France, where my Lord had held a place at the English Embassy. And she herself ordered my clothes—caps, kerchiefs, and aprons. I always wore a black gown; and when I went out, a long merino cloak, a drawn silk bonnet and gauze veil. That cloak and bonnet were the pride of my heart.

"My mistress was so gay and gracious, and so good to me, that I loved her with all my heart; and one day when Sara Gregg, the parlor-maid, whispered something against her in the servants' hall, I came near losing my gentility and boxing her ears.

"'It is a lie you are telling, Sara Gregg!' I cried, hotly. 'My Lady a Papist, indeed!'—for that was the name we gave the Roman Catholics then, and it was thought a bad enough one.

"'Her mother died a Papist, sure,' insisted Sara. 'My own cousin was there waiting, and said though my Lord was dead-set against it he could not refuse her at the last. And my Lady never goes to church, as we all see.'

"'She reads prayer-book and Bible at home,' I retorted.

"'What prayer-book and what Bible?' asked Sara.

"And I could answer nothing; for my Lady's books were all in French, which I could not read.

"'But it is no business of mine or yours,' continued Sara, wisely. 'And we had better hold our tongues if we would keep our places. My Lord will hear naught of Popery around Bromley Hall, as we all well know.'

"Aye, I knew it well. My own father and mother were much the same. I had been bred to think that devil, witch, and Papist were very near akin. Though the old bitter feeling against Catholics was passing away in other places, it was still strong at Bromley. Our boys threw stones at the windows of the little chapel that had been built in the next village, for the mill hands, a few years back; and the children ran from the old grey-haired priest as if he had the plague,—as well they might run, when their mothers told them he would boil them down for oil to cure the sick. And we were told that the sweet-smelling smoke, or incense, in their churches carried a spell that took folks' wits and turned their brains—"

"O Mrs. Judkins!" Tessie could not help interrupting. "You did not believe stories like those?"

"Well, I didn't know, my dear. You see, it was a time when the greatest scholars and preachers in England were going back to Popery, as we called it; and there was such wonderment, that people began to talk of witchcraft and spells. That was enough to turn the wisest heads. And, I being the fool that I was, you may be sure my heart fairly leaped into my mouth when, going on an errand to Bromley, I met the old grey-haired priest, and he stopped to speak to me: 'I was glad to see you at Mass, my child. Come again when you can. There will be Benediction every evening this week.' I couldn't answer a word, I was so taken back; but there was more to come.

"Judkins, who was under-butler at

the Hall then, and had just begun sparking me, said: 'You were off and away early Sunday morning, Peggy. I called to you to wait for me, as you went out; but you wouldn't stop.' And a queer creep went through me, for I had not left the house until noon. 'And you might stop for a word with your own as you are passing the door,' my mother said, reproachfully, next day. 'I saw you hurrying by Saturday eve in your fine London clothes.' Then I began to tremble indeed. If my double was walking like this, it meant death to me sure; for I had not been next or nigh my father's house for a week.

"I talked to Sara Gregg about it, for I was sick with fear.

"I don't like to frighten you, Peggy,' she said; 'but I myself saw you passing out of the garden gate early Sunday morn. I couldn't mistake your bonnet and cloak.'

"I never left the house until after twelve,' I answered, a chill at my very heart. 'My Lady said I might have the morning to rest. This bodes me no good, Sara Gregg. We all know what happens when a double walks.'

"It's wraith they call it in my country,' said Sara, who was Low Scotch. 'And it's a sign that never fails,' she added, shaking her head. 'You'd best see a wise woman about it before it's too late.'

"Where shall I find one?' I asked, all atremble at her words.

"There's old Nance Lowe on Rinnon's Hill. She was a seventh daughter and born with a caul. She can do more than she dares say, since the old Lord threatened her with the cucking-stool if she tried any of her witch tricks around Bromley. But I'll take you there this evening, if you will not tell.'

"You can see what geese we were, my dears. But I was only seventeen, and there are more tales told in the old country than here, where rich and poor can have all the schooling they ask.

"That evening at sundown Sara and I started for Nancy Lowe's cottage,—our shawls thrown over our heads, that we might look like country lasses and not maids from Bromley Hall. We found the wise woman's place poor enough—a mere hovel, set among the thorn bushes. She opened the door to our knock, and I saw an old bent, withered hag with a red turban twisted over her grey hair and a strong smell of gin in her breath.

"What is it you want?' she asked, eying us suspiciously.

"It's me, Nance—Sara Gregg, that you know; and this is Peggy Gwynn, lady's-maid at the Hall. She is in sore trouble and asks your help.—Cross her palm with a half crown, Peggy, and she will let you in.'

"I crossed her palm timidly.

"You must remember, it's "solemnum secretum,"" said Nance, hoarsely.

"That means you are never to tell,' explained Sara. 'Now, say it after her, Peggy dear.'

"Solemnum secretum,' I gasped as well as I could speak—"

"Oh, how funny!" giggled Tessie, merrily. "But"—and her voice grew graver—"wasn't it awfully wrong and superstitious for you to do all this, Mrs. Judkins?"

"I suppose it was, my dear. But I hadn't the sense to know or see it. I was a little goose, and Sara was another; and, as I remarked before, in those days neither young nor old were as wise as they are now.

"So I said the words, and with that Nance let us into the room. There was only a fire spluttering on the hearth, an old settle, and something else high on the wall, covered with a red cloth.

"Sit down and show me your hand,' she said. 'Ah, you are in sore trouble, as I see!'

"I am indeed, ma'am,' I replied, all in a flutter. 'It's about my double that is walking the place, and I'd like to have it laid before worse comes of it.'

“‘Laying doubles is a hard thing,’ said Nance, shaking her head,—‘a very hard thing, my girl. Does it show in daylight?’

“‘It does,’ answered Sara.

“‘That is bad,—very bad,’ croaked Nance, hoarsely. ‘When a double walks in daylight it always means there will be an open grave before the change of the moon.’

“‘Murder, murder!’ I cried, wringing my hands in despair. ‘Save me, please, ma’am,—save me, and I’ll give you anything you ask!’

“‘Hush, you fool!’ whispered Sara, jerking my sleeve,—for her Scotch thrift never left her, even if her wits did.

“‘It will take a guinea down,’ said Nance, giving Sara a look that was black enough.

“‘I’ve got it,’ I said, drawing out the little leathern bag with my savings in it, that I wore hung around my neck.

“‘She clutched the gold in her bony fingers and looked at the bag greedily.

“‘Now answer me true,’ she went on. ‘Who saw the double?’

“‘Me, for one,’ replied Sara.

“‘And my mother, for another,’ I said, trembling.

“‘That’s bad,’ returned Nance.

“‘And her sweetheart, Tom Judkins, saw it,’ put in Sara, knowing well I’d never tell *that*.

“‘Worse and worse!’ croaked Nance.

“‘And the Romish priest,’ I gasped, feeling that only the truth would get me my money’s worth.

“‘The priest!’ exclaimed Nance in real surprise. ‘The Catholic priest, you say! Heaven help you then, my girl! That’s worst of all.’

“‘Can ye do nothing for her?’ asked Sara,—for by this time I was quite beyond speech.

“‘I will try,’ said Nance; and she hobbled up and drew the red cloth from a tall cracked mirror, before which she began to writhe and mumble. ‘Only smoke!’ she muttered at last,—‘smoke,

smoke,—sweet-smelling smoke. I see nothing more.’

“‘The Lord save us!’ exclaimed Sara, appalled. I could say nothing, I was that frozen with fear.

“‘It’s a Popish spell that’s on you,’ said Nance, huskily.

“‘I thought as much,’ put in Sara.

“‘It will take a year off my own life to look further,’ and she turned to me solemnly. ‘I couldn’t do it for less than two guineas more.’

“‘It was all I had, and the old hypocrite knew it. I put my little bag in her hand without a word. She looked back into the mirror and began to groan and twist again.

“‘I see,’ she whispered at last,—‘I see—I begin to see. It’s to the chapel your double is called, and it’s there you must go yourself and lay it. Listen!’ and she faced me again. ‘I will lend you my cloak which is inwoven with hemp from hangman’s rope, and my stick which was cut from Tyburn tree. One stroke from that, and your double will be laid and your trouble ended. But you must give that stroke yourself: none can do it for you. And I’ve given you help that was never given to mortal woman before, so you can not fail. I can do no more.’

“‘Well, my dears, I took the cloak which was little more than a black rag, and the stick which was only a bit of oak, and went off, my head still in a muddle with all that I had seen and heard. The twilight had fallen before we left the old hag, and the bell of the Catholic chapel was ringing, as it often did at that time, for evening service.

“‘Now is your chance!’ said Sara, as we saw the people flocking in the door. ‘Look in and see if *it* is there.’

“‘Will you come with me?’ I asked, all atremble.

“‘I daren’t. I have all my evening work to do yet. It’s well for you that can call your time your own.’

“‘But I knew this was but an excuse, and that she was afraid to share my

luck. As for me, with my three guineas paid down, and the grave opening before me, I couldn't turn back now, but must dare all. So, with my heart fairly in my throat, I pushed on through the door of the little chapel.

"Ah, my dears, never, never shall I forget the sight! It was as if heaven had opened on me after all the black fears and terror I had been through the last hour; for I had never seen the like of this before. The altar a glory of soft lights and blooming flowers; the little boys in red gowns and white surplices; the old grey-haired priest all, it seemed to me, in shining garments of gold. I walked forward, staring about me like one bewitched, it was so very beautiful—when of a sudden the heart seemed to leap out of me; for there before the shining altar was my double with bowed head and on bended knee!"

(To be continued.)

Playing Indian.

BY L. M. D.

Most boys have, at one time or another, a wild desire to "play Indian." Last summer a well-known writer and traveller gave instructions, through published articles, how to indulge in this pleasant game agreeably and successfully. The consequence was that about two thousand lads took to the woods, learned woodcraft, and passed more or less time close to the heart of nature; storing up strength and health, and becoming better fitted to settle down to study again.

These boys lived in all parts of the country, but were united in obeying Mr. Seton's instructions to the letter. He called them the Seton Indians, and laid down certain rules to govern his tribe. One was that no one should use a gun: the bow and arrow was the only weapon permitted, for the reason that it was what the Indians of the old days used.

Then no Seton Indian could smoke, because smoking was formerly permitted only to the grown-up braves who had earned the privilege by distinguished courage. Another very strict rule forbade the use of matches, each boy of the two thousand being expected to make a fire by rubbing two sticks together. Prizes were given for the best runners and swimmers, and for the best eyesight and skill at following a trail.

I rather think that Mr. Seton made the rule about matches because he thought it unsafe for an army of boys to be starting fires in the woods, and he was right. But it is uncertain how many of them succeeded in lighting a fire Indian fashion, and large numbers gave up and said it could not be done. Recently, however, Mr. Seton announced through the Boston papers that he would lecture on the Indian, and would be glad to have as many of his two thousand boys present as possible. As not a few of them lived in Boston, there was a goodly number present. They listened attentively to his talk, grew very excited as he showed pictures of the various tribes, but when he made a fire on the stage by rubbing two pieces of wood together they simply went wild.

Mr. Seton's address was interesting to grown-ups as well as to the boys who had played Indian under his direction. We should not judge the Red Man, he said, either by the impossible creatures in Cooper's novels or the type seen about the plain towns to-day. The old Indian had many virtues and but one great vice, and that was cruelty while on the warpath. The woods were his college, and the boy who does not learn what the Indian learned does not get the most out of his play.

This may be the beginning of a movement that will in time make us all love the woods as the Indians loved them. And perhaps it would not hurt the grown-ups if they, too, could play Indian every summer.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The "Catholic Directory" for 1903 (Burns & Oates) fully maintains its reputation for accuracy. It has all the accustomed features, with some extra lists which enhance its usefulness. The contents are excellently arranged and carefully indexed. The printing and binding leave nothing to be desired,—which can be said of few books of this kind.

—The Macmillan Co.'s announcement of new books includes "Letters from the Holy Land," by Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson). It will contain sixteen colored illustrations by herself. A book from the pen and brush of this gifted woman is sure to be of much value. Her famous picture "The Roll Call," is among the most perfect of contemporary masterpieces.

—It is evident that there is to be no lack of dictionaries of the Gaelic language. The elaborate lexicon on which Father Dinneen has long been engaged is now so far advanced that several of the letters are ready for the press; and Mr. T. O'Neill Lane announces that the English-Irish half of a dictionary which he is preparing is already in the hands of the printer.

—Miss Agnes Grace Weld was fortunate in selecting the right sort of uncle, for she has found in him a theme for a very fresh and attractive book. The uncle was Tennyson, who moves through these pages a much more gracious, conservative and religious figure than he has usually been made to appear. Miss Weld was evidently a favorite with the poet, with whom she took long walks in the country—he speaking simply, and she worshipping affectionately. Of these walks Miss Weld writes as follows:

Nothing that others ever spoke to me, and nothing I ever read, even in the pages of the Bible, ever made the impression upon me that his words and manner did when he would say to me, in exactly the same natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion: "God is with us now on this down, as we two are walking together, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus; we can not see Him, but He, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, are nearer perhaps now than then to those that are not afraid to believe the words of the Apostles about the actual and real presence of God and His Christ with all who yearn for it." I said I thought such a near actual presence would be awful to most people. "Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," he answered. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel He is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the joy of my heart."

There is also this pleasant reference to the attractive youth whose untimely death evoked "In Memoriam," the noblest elegy in literature: "In after years he would frequently talk to me about the friends of his youth, especially Arthur Hallam, of whom he spoke as of one who had died but yesterday. He used to dwell much upon

his stainless purity and absolute truthfulness; and this it was which made my uncle feel that the lessons of perfect purity and of utter truthfulness which he strove to teach in the whole cycle of the 'Idylls of the King' were not impossible to be put into practice by the sons of men." A glorious tribute, that!

—As Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, the late Lord Acton delivered two courses of lectures,—one on "The French Revolution," and another on "General Modern History." These lectures will be published in two volumes, together with a reprint of Lord Acton's Inaugural Lecture, by the Macmillan Co. It is announced that one or more volumes of essays may also be published.

—Lovers of the best in poetry, that which raises and ennobles, will be glad of the appreciation indicated by the fact that a new edition of Bishop Spalding's poems is called for. This second printing is an improvement in form over the first issue. In speaking of "God and the Soul" one does not call it a poem (which it properly is), but poems, because each part seems complete, and over each part one lingers for all that is between the lines. They are an illustration of Lowell's doctrine that "it is the high and glorious vocation of poetry to make our daily life and toil more beautiful and holy by the divine ministrings of love." Published by the Grafton Press.

—We notice that the uniform course of study for the commissioned high schools of Indiana—perhaps of other States—includes Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," a work now discredited on account of the author's partisan views; also Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," concerning which Ruskin wrote:

Primarily none but the malignant and the weak study the decline and fall of either state or organism. Dissolution and putrescence are alike common and unclean in all things. Any wretch or simpleton may observe for himself, and experience in himself, the process of ruin; but good men, study, and wise men describe, only the growth and standing of things,—not their decay.

For the rest Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or wit; his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid.

We learn that Gibbon is praised for style as well as matter and frequently quoted by a well-known Catholic educator.

—A story which goes to show that "the most convincing touches of fiction are not always copied from life" is told by the *Bookman*. Mr. Edwin Lefevre, author of "Wall Street Stories," was one

day regaling the late Frank Norris, who was a convinced realist, with an eloquent description of a panic on Exchange. He described the pandemonium—the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of men to whom the next change of a point or two meant ruin. And then he followed one man in particular through the events of the day, and pictured him groping his way blindly out from the gallery, a broken, ruined man. So far Mr. Lefevre had told only what he had seen. But at this point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to “fake” a dramatic conclusion, and he told how the mar. was still striding restlessly, aimlessly along the corridor when the elevator shot past and some one shouted “Down!” and the ruined man, his mind still bent upon the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, “Down! down! down!” At this point Norris sprang to his feet. “There you are!” he exclaimed; “there you are! That is one of those things that no novelist could invent.” And yet we have Mr. Lefevre’s word for it that it was the sole bit of invention in his story. The fact is that realism and idealism are combined in any work of art, and the controversy between the schools is a question of proportion in mixing. There is truth in these words from Amiel’s “Journal”: “The ideal, after all, is truer than the real; for the ideal is the eternal element in perishable things: it is their type, their sum, their formula in the book of the Creator, and therefore the most exact and concise expression of 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.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Shakespeare’s Art. *James H. Cotter.* \$1.10.

The Four Feathers. *A. E. W. Mason.* \$1.50.

Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.

Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. *Nancy Huston Banks.* \$1.50.

A Child of the Flood. *Rev. Walter T. Leahy.* \$1.

The Art of the Vatican. *Mary Knight Potter.* \$2, net.

Forty-Five Sermons. *Rev. James McKernan.* \$1, net.

In the Days of King Hal. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

The Silver Legend. Saints for Children. *I. A. Taylor.* \$1, net.

Discourses: Doctrinal and Moral. *Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly.* \$2, net.

From Hearth to Cloister. *Frances Jackson.* \$1.35, net

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

Upward and Onward. *Archbishop Keane.* \$1, net.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

The Mirror of Perfection. Being a Record of St. Francis of Assisi. \$1.35, net.

Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Very Rev. George Deshon, C. S. P.* \$1.

A Book of Oratorios. *Rev. Robert Eaton.* \$1.10, net.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. *P. J. Coleman.* \$1.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. *George Horace Lorimer.* \$1.50.

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. *B. C. G.* \$1.25, net.

Later Lyrics. *John B. Tabb.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. James Michael, of the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Frederic Leland, diocese of Springfield; Rev. D. J. McCormick, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Patrick Egan, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Walter Walsh, Ireland; and Rev. Joseph Heidenkamp, S. J.

Mr. Henry Fink, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Joseph Schneider, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Lilly O’Donnell, New York; Mrs. Dora Maney, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. George Kaylor, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Isabella Monroe, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Monica Oatman, Hoosic Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles Kingsley, Albany, N. Y.; Captain Bernard Cogan, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Henry Whelan and Miss Agnes Ashe, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Edward Hogan, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Owen Cassin, Watsonville, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Pharnes, Hamilton, R. I.; Mr. J. G. Lee, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Cecilia Williams, Mrs. Rose Wilt, Mrs. Bridget Kelly, and Miss Margaret Flanigan, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. Charles Charton, Fort Wayne, Ind.; and Mr. J. W. Grussi, Sidney, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 49.

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To the Soul.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

NOT for thee the Lethean sleep, O Soul!

What wouldst thou with the stagnant rest of woe?

Thy need is for new life, new power to grow;
Thy task to strengthen with thy strength the whole
Of God's great universe, to make Life's goal

Thy slave, and lead the firmament below;

Banish the night and set the earth aglow,
And through the dust's great Arch of Triumph roll
The exultant psalm of Life! Not for thee

The calend of death and the inglorious grave;

But, uncontaminate of earth and free,

Follow where all is fled: to that which gave

Be thou the giver, and be Eternity,—

The fire and passion and the power to save!

The Proposed Separation of Church and State in France.

BY MANUEL DE MOREIRA, PH. D.

THE attention of the whole Catholic world is centred upon the tragedy which is convulsing the religious life in France. Citizens of other countries are apt to ask why are French Catholics so inactive, why is the hierarchy so passive under a persecution which, though using the less repulsive means of moral measures in place of physical violence, is, nevertheless, as bitter and as relentless as any persecution of the Roman Cæsars.

The merits of the case will be best discerned by a brief review of the causes

which have led to the present conditions under which the Church exists in France. To do this we must go back to the days of the great Napoleon. That wonderful organizer, while by no means a pious man, had intellect enough to perceive that a State without religion can not endure, and that a purely national church contradicts the essential notion of what a true church should be. It was impossible for him, under the circumstances, to think of France as absolutely cut off from the Catholic or world-wide Church of Christ. But, then, there was a difficulty. He could not brook any power over which he himself did not wield strong influence. He aimed, therefore, to have such arrangements made that the Church, while recognized as the religion of France should, nevertheless, be in some way, subject to his dictates. The unworthy treatment which Pius VII. received at the Emperor's hands, and the energetic measure adopted to force the Pope to concede certain privileges, are matters known to all students of history. But, to make the present situation clear, we must recall briefly certain articles of the historic Concordat which was reluctantly signed by the illustrious prisoner of Fontainebleau.

Art. I. The Roman Catholic and Apostolic Religion shall be freely practised in France. Its worship shall be public; subject, however, to those police regulations which the government may judge necessary to preserve order and peace.

Art. II. New boundaries will be made for all dioceses. These boundaries will be

arranged by the government in concert with the Holy See.

Art. III. The First Consul will name within three months the candidates for archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new dioceses; and his Holiness shall confer canonical institution according to previous custom.

Art. IV. The nomination to vacant bishoprics shall also be made by the First Consul, and the canonical institution will be conferred according to the previous article.

Art. V. The bishops after receiving canonical institution shall take, in the presence of the First Consul, the oath of allegiance to the government.

Art. VI. Diocesan priests shall take the same oath in the presence of a magistrate approved by the government.

Art. VII. At the end of the divine service the following prayer shall be recited in all the Catholic churches in France: *Domine, salvam fac republican; Domine, salvos fac Consules.*

Art. VIII. The bishops can name for rectors of parishes only those who are acceptable to the government.

Art. IX. All metropolitan churches [cathedrals] needed for divine worship shall be put at the disposition of the bishops.

Art. X. The government will make adequate provision for the bishops and priests whose dioceses or parishes are included in the new divisions.

Art. XI. The government will sanction any new foundation made by persons in behalf of the Church.

When Napoleon made known the articles of the Concordat he published simultaneously with it a code of "Organic Laws," with, as it was supposed, the view of rendering the acceptance of the Concordat less objectionable to the "Corps Legislatif," by which it was ratified April 5, 1802. These laws are in substance as follows:

"No bull, rescript or mandate, no provisions or enactment of any kind

whatever coming from the Holy See, even should these refer only to individual and single cases, shall be received or published or printed or carried into effect without leave from the government.

"Bishops shall be amenable for misdemeanors to the Council of State, which, if a case be made out against the arraigned, shall be competent to pass a vote of censure.

"No synod may be held in France without leave of the government.

"On the death of a bishop his See shall be administered by his metropolitan; or, should he be prevented from so doing, by the senior bishop of the province.

"Vicars-general shall continue to exercise the functions of their office after the death of the bishop and until his successor has been inducted.

"Parish priests shall give the marriage blessing only to those who can prove that the marriage ceremony has been already performed before a civil magistrate.

"The parish-register shall be valid evidence as to the reception of the Sacraments, but shall not be received as proof of what is purely a civil matter."

The natural consequence of these arrangements are clear to every reflecting man. Had the government officials been saints or absolutely unselfish, spiritually-minded individuals, the Concordat might have been a great blessing. But politicians are not always remarkable for their sanctity, and statesmen are inclined to color with worldly views even their opinions as to what should be done in the sanctuary.

In the hands of unscrupulous men, the Concordat was frequently turned into a misfortune. Evidently, a worldly government would choose for promotion only those whose goodness was purely negative or those who were known to be extremely favorable to Cæsar. The government held everything in its control. The Concordat, while promising ample provision for the bishops and the

clergy, really bound them in many ways to the State and rendered independent action more or less impossible, because disobedience or inattention to governmental wishes meant the withdrawal of salary and of other pecuniary perquisites.

Still, it must be admitted that no really great harm arose to religion from this Concordat until 1880. Dupanloup, Darboy, Affre, Lavigerie are names which will always be an honor to the Church. In 1880 the first great evil effects of governmental interference was felt in the partial expulsion of the religious. It remained, however, for our days to complete this iniquity.

When Waldeck-Rousseau came into power, he determined to effect a change in the religious situation in France. This eminent jurist felt that, while the State might possibly be satisfied with the condition of affairs with regard to the diocesan clergy, it was not so with the religious and monastic bodies. These organizations were, in a measure, absolutely independent of State control; and he, therefore, proposed a new line of legislation which should accurately define the relations between the Congregations and the State. This led to the famous Association Bill.

Under lenient interpretation, this bill might, perhaps, have made the existence of the religious life in France possible. It would have been a struggle, but the religious life would not have been strangled. When M. Combes came into power, however, the catastrophe was hastened and a series of persecutions was begun which made the religious life in France an impossibility. His rigorous interpretation of the Bill caused the government to present in the Chamber of Deputies the following motion, which met with the approval of the Deputies:

"Resolved, that the Chamber of Deputies, seeing in the decree of application of the Law of Association only the beginning of measures for the entire secularization of the State, invites the

government to propose without delay a bill for the abrogation of the Concordat, the separation of the Church and the State, the suppression of the budget of worship, and the entire secularization of teaching and of religious service."

Two days later M. Ernest Roche laid on the table of the Chamber of Deputies the following bill:

Art. I. All recognized churches are to be separated from the State.

Art. II. From the date of the present law, the Concordat and all previous agreements established with the different church officials are abrogated.

Art. III. The monies voted yearly for religious worship are to be withheld.

Art. IV. The embassy at the Vatican is to be suppressed.

Art. V. The exercise of every form of worship being equally free, the members of the different churches will be able, according to the law of July 1, 1901, and according to Articles I. and V. of this law, to band together in association and to possess a legal standing which will permit them to provide for the maintenance of their establishments. They will likewise be enabled to acquire and to possess the necessary properties, and for this purpose to arrange with the State about the location of the buildings which will be needed for their object.

Art. VI. A special law will determine the method to be followed in the abrogation of the Concordat, and also the means which can be taken concerning the status of the clergy now supported by the State.

Art. VII. The monies which will thus be placed at the disposal of the government shall be applied to the creation of a fund for the support of sick and aged workmen.

A commission of thirty-three members has been nominated to discuss the bill. It would seem that the very fact of appointing a commission must lead, as matters now are in France, to an actual divorce between the Church and the

State. True, many committees of the same kind and for the same purpose were named before without any tangible result. But at present affairs are in a far different condition from what they were in the past. Still, even now the language of officials, especially of the President of the Chamber, is very vague and his tone is hesitating when this subject is broached. The views of the leading ecclesiastics are conflicting: some of the clergy would welcome the change, others would regret it, still others would regard it as a doubtful experiment.

The editor of the *Figaro*, wishing to know the opinions of prominent priests, sent his reporters to seek interviews with them; and he gives us the result thereof. The eminent Dominican, Père Maumus, wrote to him:

"In principle, the power of the Church is in a direct ratio with the liberty she enjoys: She possesses in herself, by her doctrine and by the divine strength which animates her, all that is required to conquer souls—her only aim. Liberty is not only a sufficient but an indispensable condition for the work. If her union with the State were to bring the loss of her freedom, separation would, of course, be preferable. On the other hand, if the State respects the inalienable liberty of the Church, and offers her only the help which is due her as a most important and useful social factor, the régime of the Concordat would be the best solution. If, after abolishing the Concordat, the State left to the Church untrammelled liberty, the Church would gain in influence what she might lose materially, and her situation would be greatly improved. Still, the abrogation of the Concordat does not necessarily mean the suppression of the budget of worship, which is a national debt."

"What the Church might gain in force from the separation," says the well-known Père Ollivier, "has been indicated by the writings of the school of Lamennais and of *L'Avenir*. In reading

over the pages of this paper, you will find many interesting discussions upon this point. Personally, I believe that from freedom, if it were genuine, more advantages would result than from the actual slavery under which the French Church now groans. But I am not a prophet, and, in any case, I see only slight possible success, especially when one considers the spirit of the times."

These sentiments express the general view held by the clergy upon the subject. On the other hand, the friends of M. Combes are all intensely anxious for the change, because they say the State would be thus freed from a heavy burden, and the funds now devoted to the religious purposes could be turned to what, in their eyes, would be more profitable investments.

Should the Concordat be rescinded, the result would be twofold. On the part of the Church, there would be absolute autonomy within her own sphere; she would be unshackled by civil interference in the choice of bishops, and she could attend with greater energy to the spiritual life of the people. But she would have to forfeit the present means of subsistence, and the clergy would have to depend upon the people for the ordinary necessities of life. As the people have not been trained to support their priests, it is doubtful if they could be relied upon to do so,—at least, in a satisfactory manner. It is this doubt which makes the prelates and the clergy hesitate before accepting the government's challenge. Independence without the means of living has many drawbacks, and the spiritual work of a priest suffers when he has to spend a large portion of his time in collecting funds to pay the bills of the butcher, baker, and other household tradesmen.

As for the State, the abolition of the Concordat, while it would undoubtedly set free a large sum of money now used for religious purposes (though this in itself would be a gross injustice), would

bring many new forces into play, the strength of which the majority of French statesmen do not wish to test. The French people, when they are not irreligious, are thoroughly devoted to their priests; and an independent clergy backed by well-organized bodies of lay-supporters could not only paralyze governmental action, but might bring about its downfall.

That this possible coalition is deeply feared by several prominent French statesmen is evidenced by the reluctance shown to discuss this vexed problem. But matters can not remain as they are. Either the religious must return or there will be so strong a revulsion against the government as to effect its ruin.

Kresstoffsky.

—
A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

—
BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

VI.—MYLES MAKES HEADWAY.

COUNT O'REILLY and Percy Byng set forth in search of a suitable flat sward for the pitching of a cricket wicket; for O'Reilly while at Stonyhurst College had been in the first Eleven and was as keen on the game as young Byng. Sir Henry Shirley, under the guidance of the General, and followed by a couple of *mujiks* armed with hatchets and billhooks, entered the forest seeking branches suitable for walking sticks; so Myles had Miss De Lacey all to himself,—an accident that gave him the most complete satisfaction.

A short stroll through the pleasance led them to a wicket gate, through which they emerged into a wild waste of greensward bordered by the dense, dark and silent forest.

"You need not lie awake listening to the wolves," observed Eileen; "for they sometimes make night hideous with

their howlings. We are accustomed to them, but you may find them a little *trop fort*. You may have heard the *banshee*; but even her cry could not vie with the dismal howl of a wolf,—the most melancholy, the weirdest, the most hopeless of Nature's calls. Just now they are unusually musical, as we are in the full of the moon. Oh, such moonlight as we have in Russia! And the dreamy white nights of summer, and the radiant Northern Lights in winter!"

At a turn in the park they encountered Paddy Casey, who was violently engaged in the distressing and laborious task of endeavoring to induce a *boneen*, or little pig, attached to a hay rope, to pursue a path utterly opposed to its swinish idea.

"Bad cess to ye, but ye'd vex a saint!" growled Paddy. "Can't ye be sensible an' dacent, an' behave yerself? Now, ye think ye're mighty clever, don't ye? But I'll tell ye what ye're doin' wid yer cuteness. Ye're walkin' tin mile instead o' wan; an' sorra a bit o' good it'll do ye, for ye'll be landed as sure as Sunda', like a head of cabbage, at Widow Shalinky's, in a brace o' shakes. Ah! wud ye?"—as the pig was for plunging into a clump of tangled shrubbery.

"Paddy, this is Mr. O'Byrne," said Miss De Lacey.

"Och, murdher, but the light's dancin' in me heart for to meet ye, sir! An O'Byrne sure, an' an ilegant wan into the bargain—bad luck to ye!" (this to the pig) "but it's belly bacon ye ought for to be instead of—wud ye?" (this as a protest to a violent movement on the part of the *boneen* to dart between Casey's legs).

"How do you like Russia, Paddy?" asked Myles.

"Well, now, Misther O'Byrne, sir, why shouldn't I like it? I come here a gossoon, the height of a bee's knee, an' I'm here now nigh forty years, an' never a verst, as they call it, beyant the village below—oh, may the devil run to

luck wid ye, ye contrairy baste!" (to the *boneen*, which had become involved in a sapling, winding Paddy to the tree with the *suggawn*, or hay rope). "An' how's the ould cuntry, sir? An' are ye—if I may make so bould—wan o' the O'Byrnes o' Wicklow, sir? Because if he is, Miss," (addressing Eileen) "he has the finest blood of all Ireland in his veins. I know Wicklow well, sir. I tuk a horse wanst from Dycer's in Stephen's Green to Mistor Thravers in the town of Wicklow, no less,—a fine employer. An' that horse won the cup at the Murragh races—arrah be aisy, ye spalpeen! I'm comin'. If ye only knew it, ye're betther off where ye are, *ma bouchal*,—yer sarvint, Miss! Yer sarvint, sir!" and, bowing to the earth, cap in hand, Paddy spasmodically departed; the pig pulling hard and tossing him at its sweet wild will in acrobatic jerks.

"Your retainer is not a bit un-Irished, Miss De Lacey," laughed O'Byrne. "He is just as though we met him in the Wicklow hills. My Aunt Kate has a changer-on—one Andy Rooney,—Casey's *alter ego*. Does he speak Russian?"

"Doesn't he! At first, they told me, if he did not understand them he usually belabored them, acquiring a rudimentary knowledge of the language with his fists. Later on, he fell in love with one of my dear mother's maids, and I assume that their spooning led to an interchange of languages; for the girl picked up Irish, and Paddy came in for his share of Russian. It is to his first love, now an elderly widow, that he is endeavoring to drive that unruly little piggeen. Who knows but this truly unromantic episode may lead to a *rapprochement*?"

"Let us hope so," said O'Byrne.

At this moment Paddy rushed back breathless, minus his charge.

"Murder, murder, sir, but sure I ought for to be flogged wid nettles for not sayin' wan word in regard to yer splendid action in regard to Miss Eily.

It's a Hecthor ye are, an' ye've saved wan o'—"

"Now, Paddy!" cried Eileen. "Where did you leave your pig?"

"Below in the wood, Miss. An' I'll go bail he's atin' the hay rope off, an' I'll have for to carry him, an' *that* will be a job! God be good to ye, Mistor O'Byrne; an' He will, sir. Ye done a splendid thing, an' the whole cuntry wants to thank ye."

They had entered a beautiful glade, bordered by enormous trees that threw black shadows upon greenest sward.

"You are very fond of old Ireland, Miss De Lacey?"

"I love it dearly. I love it for its sorrows, for its bravery, for its hopefulness and cheerfulness under such crushing conditions. I love it for its beauty. All my ancestors were Irish. My great-ancestor came to Russia after the Battle of the Boyne. He rose to be field marshal; and we have given a field marshal to Austria and to France. We have married into the Plantagenets. The history of Ireland—sad, sad, piteous reading—I have off by heart. I have some of Grattan's and Curran's, aye and of Daniel O'Connell's speeches committed to memory. I used to weep, and could still weep, over those last solemn words of Robert Emmet. I have a little place here that I have named Erin; a little river, the Shannon; a little hill, Tara; a little village, Dublin. Talk of heredity! Every drop of my blood is Irish. Why not? I shall show you the family tree some day—but excuse me, Mr. O'Byrne! I only bore you. Still, you see, I have so little chance for talking of dear old Ireland. I was one whole year at the Ursuline Convent at Black Rock, close to Dublin; and I write every month to dear Reverend Mother, and—"

At this moment a bell clanged from a high clock tower.

"Visitors! Come this way, Mr. O'Byrne, and we shall get a view of the avenue and see who is coming."

Taking a short cut through the trees, Eileen scampering like a joyous school-girl, they came to an opening, and in the distance perceived a landau, containing two ladies, drawn by four horses and preceded by two outriders.

"Alexandrovna Gallitzin!" cried Miss De Lacey. "I did not know that she was at Poscovitch. This is our professional beauty."

"And Irish-jig dancer," laughed Myles.

"They will, I hope, remain for the night, and then we can get Count O'Reilly to 'welt the flure' with her. Ah, the Baroness Grondno too!—a widow, a very dull person, but the possessor of enormous domains in the Caucasus and gold mines galore in Siberia. She talks of nothing but eating; she is not twenty-five yet and is ever on the lookout for a new *chef*."

The carriage dashed up; the outriders wheeled to face the equipage, sitting their horses like a pair of centaurs; while two footmen on the box leaped to the ground and to the door.

Then came very affectionate greetings and double, treble kissings—forehead, cheeks, lips. Myles was duly presented,—bowing stiffly and looking very dignified, and very handsome to boot. Both ladies spoke English perfectly.

"We are immensely pleased to meet you, Mr. O'Byrne!" said the Princess Gallitzin. "In fact, this visit is for *you*, sir. We learned by wire that you were coming on here from St. Petersburg, and we wanted—the Baroness Grondno and I—to add our mite of thanks for your splendid bravery in stopping those dreadful horses and saving the dear little Irish maid to us,"—kissing Eileen most affectionately as she spoke.

The Countess was tall, elegantly formed, and *grande dame* every inch. She was fair, with hair of wine color that Titian loved to paint, a tip-tilted little nose, lips like Cupid's bow, and a smile that lighted a face whose expression was that of an earnest coquette.

One waited to see the red portals of her lips open up in order to reveal a set of pearls, while her voice was low and musical and sympathetic. Her every movement was grace. She was the renowned beauty of the great Russian court, and indeed of every court in Europe; and ere she selected Prince Gallitzin forever and aye her suitors were thick as leaves in far-famed Vallombrosa,—men of position, power and wealth.

Her companion was squat of figure and stout. Her face was colorless like that of the majority of Russian women, with a low forehead, massive brows, a nose of command, and eyes like black beads. She was one of the wealthiest women in all Muscovy, her husband having left her the possessor of a *datcha* on the Black Sea, a palace on the English quay at St. Petersburg, a superb apartment in Paris, and a cash balance in the Imperial Bank of Russia, that trumpet-tongued millions of roubles.

The Princess and Eileen led the way to the castle, the Baroness Grondno and O'Byrne following. The Princess, speaking in Russian, said:

"Your Irishman is a very fine specimen of the Celt."

"Yes," responded Eileen, in a careless tone. "He is not half bad-looking."

"Perhaps this may be the beginning of the great romance of *your* life, Eileen."

"Don't *you* be so silly, Alexandrovna!" said the other,—blushing, nevertheless, up to her hair. "Are you stopping at Poscovitch or at Bermaloffsky?"

"Both,—that is to say my house is open; so is Vera's. She slept with us last night. I go over for 'forty winks' to-night to her. You must bring your Irish hero to Bermaloffsky. It is a splendid place, and will give him pleasant memories to take back to his bogs."

"He happens to reside at Dublin—a very large city, the capital of Ireland."

And the Baroness, opening her conversation by asking Myles if he had eaten

soudac, a very delicious white fish, continued discussing Russian dainty food until the great terrace was reached. Here they found the General and his wife, a pale, emaciated lady, with black eyes that literally glowed as she thanked Myles. She lay upon a wicker sofa, and was fairly weighed down with wondrous and costly old lace that had done duty at Peterhof when the Empress Catherine held court and royal revel there.

Count O'Reilly bounded up the steps, and immediately challenged the Princess to a jig, cutting a few figures with admirable agility.

"They little imagine in Dublin that our Irish jig is being danced in the heart of Russia," thought Myles. "This is glorious!"

The visitors consented to remain to dinner, and were led off by Miss De Lacey to their respective dressing-rooms; the General, who was now in evening dress, taking charge of O'Byrne.

"We have pressed Paddy Casey into the service on your account, Mr. O'Byrne; and he will, aided by myself, look after your comforts. Our servants are all of the estate. I did have one or two English butlers; but the natives invariably conspired against them, and it was literally *war to the knife*; for one night one of them—a rather pompous personage—received a stab between the shoulders, which still remains a mystery. The owner of the weapon or the party who did the deed has never been discovered. The Russian peasant is sullen, jealous and ferocious."

"But my countryman Casey has held his own?" observed Myles.

"Ah, yes! He came when a boy, and held on with his fists and his shillelah. Besides, he understands their language and their ways. I shall, with your permission, send him to you. A bell in thirty minutes will announce that your presence is requested in the blue drawing-room. You will find hot and cold water and a bath on tap. *Au revoir!*"

Evening dress suits some men to perfection; it makes shabby-looking waiters of others. Given a good chest, a snowy expanse of shirt, a well-cut coat and waistcoat, and you have a man of class at his very best. Myles became the borrowed plumage, and the borrowed plumage did him ample justice. The Baroness Grondno gazed at him with her beady eyes, and nodded sagaciously to the Princess Gallitzin, who displayed her priceless pearls of teeth in acquiescence. O'Reilly, upon whom nothing was ever lost, came over to Myles and, in a low and confidential tone, remarked:

"That little widow is going to be gone on you. Go in and win!"

"Go in for her yourself!" laughingly retorted O'Byrne.

"I *have* thrown a fly or two, but the golden fish won't rise. The fact is—"

The great oaken portals solemnly swinging aside, giving ingress to the dining hall, prevented Count O'Reilly from finishing his confidences. He had to fly to the Princess Gallitzin, while the General led in the Baroness. Miss De Lacey fell to Myles; her aunt remaining on the terrace, being too much of an invalid to stand the test of the elaborate and almost endless Russian dinner and its preprandial *zacouska*. This is a repast laid out upon a buffet, or side-board, in every home in Russia. It consists principally of dried fish, caviare, bedevilled eggs, and other edibles of a kindred nature. Everybody marches straight to the buffet, eats what seems tempting to the condition of the appetite, while the men toss off a *liqueur* of vodka after tasting each *plat*.

The dinner was a very lively one. The General commanded that nothing but English be spoken, in compliment to his guests. Two of them, Sir Henry Shirley and Percy Byng, were absent, having wandered too far afield in search of walking sticks; but they turned up in time for "walnuts and wine."

"What day are you going to take Mr. O'Byrne to visit my poor home at Bermaloffsky, General?" asked the Baroness, looking at O'Byrne the while.

"Any day it may please you to name, Baroness," gaily responded the host.

"Why not come back with us,—escort us to-morrow?"

"Assuredly! A capital idea! We could lunch here and get over in time for dinner—"

"A dine and a sleep, General."

"A right royal invitation, Baroness!"

"Mr. O'Byrne," said the widow, "I have some rather good horses to show you,—at least the General says they are good—"

"I say it," laughed the Princess.

"And I too," merrily chimed in Eileen.

And it was arranged that the party should leave the *datcha* the following day for a drive of about twenty versts, to the Castle of Bermaloffsky, there to remain for a few days.

"By St. Paul," whispered O'Reilly, as he encountered Myles in the hall *en route* to the terrace for coffee and cigarettes, "the work goes bravely on!"

This amused Myles immensely. There was not a particle of conceit in his entire composition. As yet the infernal poison of society had not sicklied his veins. He was a simple, honorable gentleman, with a remarkably healthy mind in a remarkably healthy body. The idea of any woman falling in love with *him* never entered his thoughts. The idea of marrying any woman for worldly wealth seemed monstrous. So he laughed heartily as O'Reilly, who appeared quite in earnest, wagged a joyous forefinger at him, winking a jocose wink.

On the terrace caressing chairs were placed all around; and little tables of quaint design stood at intervals laden with curious fruits and tempting cakes. Chance, *alias* O'Brien, placed a chair for O'Byrne by the side of the Baroness,—the Count having skilfully piloted him. The widow seemed well pleased, and

fluttered a gorgeous fan as she asked honest Myles about Irish cookery.

"Have you any special dishes, Mr. O'Byrne—say, for instance, in your own family?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed Myles, whose sense of humor sorely assailed him. "In my own immediate family we eat a great deal of bacon and cabbage, the bacon being agreeably diversified by a jowl or a *crubeen*."

"*Crubeen!* What is that?"

"A little pig's foot, Baroness."

"Is it good?"

"Yes. If boiled long enough, and the cabbage with it, in the same pot, it is a dish for the—inferior gods."

"I shall order some *crubeen*," she said, thoughtfully—"yes, for to-morrow. I have no doubt my new *chef*, Vallami,—I took him from the King of Italy—will understand it."

"Not *he!*" laughed Myles. "It takes a native of Ireland to do justice to it. Don't think of insulting Signore Vallami. When you come to Ireland, *I'll* give you a genuine *crubeen*."

"I hold you to your word. Hand and glove!"—extending a very dainty, jewelled hand as she spoke.

"Hand and glove!" said Myles, with the gravity appertaining to the grave and important pact, placing his hand in hers.

At this moment Count O'Reilly's roving eye perceived the joined hands, and his ecstasy recognized no limit.

"By St. Paul," he muttered, "the work goes bravely on!"

"Strange as it may appear to you, Mr. O'Byrne," continued the Baroness, "I have a standing invitation to Ireland. I met at the British Embassy in St. Petersburg, the year before last, some charming people, who brought introductions to us (the Baron was alive at that time)—the Earl and Countess of Cadogan."

"Ah! They are our Lord and Lady Lieutenant now," said Myles.

"Precisely. I have a letter from Vice—something or other."

"Viceregal Lodge,—a fine old house in the Phoenix Park—the official suburban residence of the Viceroys."

"Yes. I am invited there *en revanche* for their visit here; for they came out into the wilds and spent a week, and seemed enormously pleased. Do you know them?"

"Bless my soul, no! How should I?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Why, Baroness! I am only a poor bank clerk, at a stipend somewhat less than you pay your gorgeous outriders."

"But you have good blood."

"Not as good as gold," he laughed.

If Myles O'Byrne had been playing for this very high stake, he could not by any possibility have pushed a better card. The open and honorable avowal of his position and his poverty flung its glamour over this young woman, who had never known any but *aurati juvenes*—gilded youths,—the indolent possessors of titles, lands, wealth; insolently proud of their high positions, and treating as *canaille* their inferiors in the social *strata*. The honest way in which O'Byrne had repudiated the possibility of intimacy with *her* friends amused her, whilst it created a feeling of considerable respect; for had he been a snob or a liar, he might have passed over her question in a diplomatic and non-committal way. On such trifling incidents sometimes hang important consequences.

The Baroness was silent. At length she remarked:

"We shall see about this," and rose to meet Eileen, who had called to her.

"You are in for the full moon, Mr. O'Byrne!" exclaimed Miss De Lacey. "And such a moon!"

"A honeymoon!" whispered O'Reilly to Myles.

(To be continued.)

At first we hope too much; later on, too little.—*Abbé Roux*.

My Mother.

BY P. C. RETLAW.

SHE entered Death's grim jaws, that I, possessed
Of life and of her fed, might live. Her arm
My cradle was, where, safe and far from harm;
I slept upon the pillow of her breast.
With gentle touch her lips my brow caressed
With kisses, which her sleeping babe would charm,
And waking, soothe and quiet all alarm.
When softly to her gentle bosom pressed,
Her face, bright with the light of mother's love,
To me was Heaven, whence shone her eyes
Like stars that sparkle in the sky above;
Her voice with gentle music stilled my cries.
Though since I saw thee years have taken flight,
Thou'rt still my thought by day, my dream at night.

The Marquise de Lafayette.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

II.

THE position of the young Marquise de Lafayette at the outset of the Revolution was a difficult and delicate one. She was then living in her own house, on the Rue de Lille; and her husband's advanced views and prominent situation as leader of the Liberal party unavoidably estranged her from the friends and relatives who had been her intimates at the Hôtel de Noailles. In their eyes—and, alas! future events fully justified their opinion—Lafayette, who believed that he was promoting the cause of liberty and justice, was in reality fostering revolution and anarchy.

His wife studiously kept aloof from political intrigues, and took advantage of her husband's momentary influence and popularity only to serve the interests of the Church so far as she was able. Deeply religious as she was, it was a trial to her when she found herself obliged to comply with her husband's wishes and to receive at her table priests who had taken the schismatical oath now required of the clergy. However, she steadily adhered to her own opinions

on the subject, and expressed them frankly, but at the same time so courteously that her unwelcome guests never took offence. Only once, when the schismatical Bishop of Paris dined at her house, she obtained her husband's permission not to appear.

The increasing state of anarchy now induced many French nobles to emigrate, with a view of forming an army beyond the frontier, which might eventually return to France and deliver the King from the hands of his enemies. Monsieur de Montagu's father was a warm advocate of this plan; but his son wisely argued that by deserting their post, the *émigrés* deprived the master whom they wished to save of his most faithful defenders. Finally, however, his father's remonstrances, and still more his example, had their effect on Monsieur de Montagu: he began to contemplate the expediency of leaving a country where those who, like himself, wished to stem the advancing tide of revolution, seemed unable to decide upon a common line of action.

During the autumn of the year 1791 the Duchess d'Ayen passed some quiet weeks with her daughter at Plauzat, a castle belonging to the Montagus and situated in the mountainous regions of Auvergne. Here, for the last time, the two who were so tenderly united enjoyed each other's society. They spent the grey autumn days in the most affectionate companionship. They sat, we are told, in a large room that overlooked the wooded valley; and, while they worked and conversed, the younger woman felt a secret presentiment that never again on earth should she enjoy the same happiness. With wistful tenderness she watched her mother's gestures and treasured up her every word. The Duchess, who read her child's heart, purposely avoided discussing the political events of the day; and gently led her young companion to dwell on things unchangeable and eternal, as if

to prepare her for the trials to come. Her earnest and eloquent speech found a ready echo in Madame de Montagu's sensitive heart, and her lessons were never forgotten.

From Plauzat the Duchess went to Chavaniac, the home of the Lafayettes, where the atmosphere was very different. Her son-in-law was convinced that, the King having accepted the Constitution, the Revolution was now ended; and, blind to the alarming symptoms that were visible on every side, he looked forward to a life of rural peace in his ancestral home. His wife gladly accepted his views as to the future of the country.

Madame de Lafayette, in her life of her mother, tells us that the weeks spent by the Duchess d'Ayen at Chavaniac were extraordinarily peaceful and refreshing; undisturbed, on her part, by the gloomy forebodings that had distressed Madame de Montagu. "I always parted from my mother with sorrow," she writes; "but this time I hoped to see her again soon. How many years of my life would I give to be united to her even for an hour!"

A few weeks later Monsieur de Montagu finally decided to emigrate; but it became every day more difficult to cross the frontier, and the utmost secrecy was therefore necessary. His wife made her preparations with a heavy heart, and the details of her departure are characteristic of the times. On the 7th of December, 1791, before daybreak, she and her sister, Madame de Grammont (the only member of her family who was then in Paris), set out to hear Mass in a private house,—the priests who had refused to take the schismatical oath had by this time been forced to leave their posts and to live in concealment. A heavy fall of snow made the sisters' progress long and difficult. So fearful were they that their footprints might betray the priest's hiding-place that they walked several times to and fro before

venturing to enter the house where he had found a refuge.

During the day Madame de Montagu wrote farewell letters to her mother and elder sister; and although her heart was full to overflowing she preserved her outward calmness. It was important that the servants should not suspect the real object of the journey. Had one of them chosen to denounce his master as a would-be *émigré*, all hopes of crossing the frontier would have been at an end.

Only at the last Madame de Montagu contrived to be alone with her sister. Although she knew that the separation might be a long one, she did not foresee the years of poverty and sorrow that lay before her; and when Madame de Grammont asked her whether she had packed up her diamonds, "No indeed," she said: "We are not going to a *fête*."—"Poor dear!" was the reply; "for that very reason you may want them." Madame de Montagu understood, and hid her jewel case under her travelling cloak. A few days later the fugitives landed in England.

The months that followed were full of distress and anxiety for the Duchess d'Ayen and her daughters. On August 10, 1792, the Palace of the Tuileries was invaded by the mob; and the Duke d'Ayen and his son-in-law, Monsieur de Grammont, narrowly escaped death. A few months later, in January, 1793, the King's trial and execution marked the beginning of what has been justly called the Reign of Terror. By this time the Duke d'Ayen had taken refuge in Switzerland, the Vicomte de Noailles in England; Madame de Grammont and her husband had gone to their estate of Villersexel, where they lived in daily peril of being arrested; the Montagus were wanderers in Germany; the Duchess d'Ayen and her eldest daughter, with the latter's children, had retired to St. Germain, where the aged Marshal de Noailles was slowly dying. Strong in their mutual love, they decided to

remain together at what seemed to them the post of duty.

While her nearest and dearest were thus scattered far and wide, Madame de Lafayette, in her distant country home at Chavaniac, was suffering keen anxiety for her husband. The excesses of the Terrorists had roughly dispelled his delusive visions, and he courageously protested against the iniquities that were daily committed in the name of Liberty. This brave act drew upon him the fury of the Jacobins; a price was set upon his head, and he sought safety in flight. But on reaching Germany he was arrested by the allied powers, who considered him a dangerous character on account of his liberal proclivities. The news of his imprisonment came almost as a relief to his wife, who knew that now his life, at any rate, was safe.

Her own position was one of extreme peril. She was alone with her three children and an aged relative of her husband, and kept as a prisoner in her own home. The inhabitants of the village, who loved her dearly, had offered to be responsible for her. "She is a good woman," they declared. "If she promises not to escape, she will not do so." Her letters to the blood-stained tyrants who at that time governed the country breathe extraordinary dignity. Her only wish was to join her husband in his foreign prison; but her pleadings to be allowed to leave France were disregarded.

Her daughter tells us that, in the midst of anxieties that would have absorbed a weaker spirit, she still found time to devote to her children's education. She used to walk out with them, read with them; and, by example even more than by counsel, she taught them the great lesson of submission to the will of God. She often repeated the words of St. Paul: "In proportion as our sufferings increase, so also does our comfort in Jesus Christ increase."

At last an order came to transfer

Madame de Lafayette to the prison of Brioude, a small town close to Chavaniac. She alone received the news with undaunted courage, in the midst of the consternation of her children and servants. The prison was filled to overflowing, chiefly with ladies belonging to the aristocracy of the country, by whom the newcomer was coldly received. Naturally enough, the part played by Lafayette at the outset of the Revolution was resented by those who were now suffering from its effects; and the unswerving loyalty with which his wife had identified herself with her husband's cause made her the sharer of his unpopularity. Soon, however, her sweetness and kindness overcame party prejudice, and instinctively her fellow-sufferers looked up to her as their support and consoler. Her children had remained at Chavaniac, but they contrived to send their mother scraps of news with her weekly provision of linen.

The winter passed drearily enough, Madame de Lafayette, in spite of her own torturing anxieties for her dearest relatives, sought with characteristic self-forgetfulness to minister to the wants of others. She nursed the sick, encouraged the timid, and even cooked the meals of a blind nun whose helpless condition excited her compassion. She carefully kept aloof from all small quarrels and intrigues, and made her influence felt only to pacify and soothe her fellow-sufferers. Now and then, at long intervals, she received news of her mother. Thus she heard that her grandfather, the Maréchal de Noailles, had died at St. Germain; and that his daughter-in-law and granddaughter, the Duchess d'Ayen and the Vicomtesse de Noailles, remained near his aged and infirm widow; then that they had removed with her to Paris and taken up their abode in their old home, the Hôtel de Noailles.

After Madame de Lafayette had been six or seven months in prison at Brioude, orders came to transfer her to

the prison of La Force in Paris,—a removal that meant almost certain death. For many months past the guillotine had been erected on what is now the Place de la Concorde, and between thirty and forty persons, of all ranks and all ages, were executed daily.

Here we must mention an incident which proves the sympathy that our heroine roused among those who knew her, and also her own delicate sense of honor. The order was that she should be transferred to Paris in a common cart; but a police officer, M. Gissagner, wishing to spare her the fatigue and discomfort that such a conveyance must entail, offered to drive her to Paris in his own carriage. Before accepting his offer she asked him to tell her frankly if she had any chance of making her escape on the way. "If there were such a chance," she added, "I would avail myself of it; and in that case I should prefer declining your escort, as on no account would I put your life in peril." The officer assured her that there would be no possibility of escaping, and she then consented to travel with him.

Her own secret conviction was that she was going to meet death; and before leaving the Brioude prison she sought the Curé of Chavaniac—who, like herself, was a prisoner,—and made her confession. The old priest was, we are told, more moved and agitated than his penitent. Then she went to a neighboring cell where some nuns were confined, and, in order to rest her mind, her daughter tells us, she spent the time in prayer with them until her children came to take leave of her. It was the octave of the Ascension; and, after reciting the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* with them, she spoke to them gently and firmly, and made them promise that, in case of her death, they would do their best to join their father. Her eldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, begged to be allowed to accompany her to

Paris: her request was harshly rejected.

When our heroine arrived in Paris, the "Terror" was at its worst. Between fifty and sixty persons were executed every day, and the most elementary forms of justice were now completely set aside. Madame de Lafayette was imprisoned first at La Force, then at Le Plessis, formerly a college, where her husband had been educated. Here she found among the prisoners her cousin, Philippine de Noailles, Duchess de Duras, from whom in past times she had been somewhat estranged on account of Lafayette's attitude in politics. Madame de Duras, an ardent Royalist, had reproved her cousin's advanced views; but on all other subjects the two ladies had the same thoughts and feelings, and their common peril now proved a close bond of union.

The Duchess de Duras was a most devoted daughter, and thought less of her own danger than of the sufferings of her parents, who were detained in the neighboring prison of the Luxembourg. Her urgent petition to join them had been ignored; but she now and then received a few lines from her father, the Maréchal de Mouchy. These hurried notes suddenly ceased, and upon Madame de Lafayette devolved the duty of informing her relative that the Maréchal and his wife had been executed on the 27th of June, 1794. They met their fate with the dignified calmness that had become, in those evil days, the chief characteristic of the once frivolous French nobility. As the aged couple passed out of the prison a voice in the crowd exclaimed: "Courage, Monsieur le Maréchal!" The old man turned round. "My friend," he said, "when I was seventeen I went to battle for my King: now I am seventy-eight and I am going to the scaffold for my God. I am not to be pitied."

In addition to her deep compassion for Madame de Duras' heart-breaking

sorrow, our heroine suffered keen anxiety for her own beloved ones. She knew that her mother, grandmother, and sister were now prisoners at the Luxembourg. In the previous month of October they had been placed under arrest at the Hôtel de Noailles; but, though subjected to many vexations, they were grateful to be left in their own home, and the education of Madame de Noailles' three little children absorbed their thoughts. In the spring, however, they were transferred to the Luxembourg; leaving in the large and empty hotel the children and their tutor, M. Grelet, who contrived, by bribing the jailers, to send the young mother news of her darlings and to tell her when and where to look for them in the Gardens that surround the prison.

Both the Duchess d'Ayen and her eldest daughter at the Luxembourg and Madame de Lafayette at Le Plessis were equally resigned to a fate that, humanly speaking, seemed inevitable. A paper written by the latter during these terrible days gives us an idea of the degree of heroic submission to which she had attained. It begins thus: "Lord, Thou art my helper and my strength.... All the events of my life are in Thy hands. Come to my assistance; remain with me and I shall fear nothing,—not even the shadows of death." She goes on to make a profession of faith, love and submission. She begs God's blessing on her persecutors, and concludes by giving her last blessing to her children. "Full of trust in Thy great mercy, I place my children and my own soul in Thy hands.... In Thee, my God,—in Thee alone I place all my trust."

The violent death to which Madame de Lafayette was so bravely resigned was to be spared her; but her mother and sister were among the chosen victims, and the story of their sacrifice is one of the most dramatic and pathetic episodes of the Reign of Terror.

The Bible in the Breviary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

SEXAGESIMA WEEK.

TWO things are taught us by the history of the great Deluge: the terrible way God punishes sin and sinners, and the tender watch He ever keeps over those who strive to serve Him. The first is thus introduced to us by the Bible: "God seeing that the wickedness of men was great on the earth, and that all the thought of their heart was bent upon evil at all times, it repented Him that He had made man upon the earth. And, being touched inwardly with sorrow of heart, He said: I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth;...for it repenteth Me that I have made him."

And He was to execute His punishment by bringing the great Deluge upon the earth: "Behold I will bring the waters of a great flood upon the earth, to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life under heaven. All things that are in the earth shall be consumed." "But Noe found grace before the Lord;...for he was a just and perfect man in his generations, and walked with God."

God, then, was about to destroy, by means of a great flood, all flesh under heaven wherein was the breath of life; "but Noe was a just man." Was God, then, going to destroy the righteous, the just, with the wicked? No; and let us observe the tenderness of the Lord's care for His servant, "who was a just man and walked with God." Because of His love for Noe, God must needs tell him what He is going to do. "Can I hide from Noe what I am about to do?" "And when God had seen that all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth, He said to Noe: The end of all flesh is come before Me,...and I will destroy it. *Make thee an ark* of timber planks; for

behold I will bring a great flood upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life under heaven....*And I will establish My covenant with thee.*"

Is God's mercy patient, or does He strike swiftly? For perhaps if men at the time of the Deluge knew that God was so incensed, and that He was going to destroy the world by a flood, they would have repented. For a span of full one hundred years God gave them warning that He was going to destroy the world by a flood. For that time He waited; and for that one hundred years they went on as before—"marrying and giving in marriage." David, in the Psalms, says of God: "When Thou art judged, Thou shalt overcome." Judge God now; and is it not true 'when He is judged He doth overcome'?

"Noe was five hundred years old when he began to build the ark"; and he was six hundred years old when the waters of the great Deluge overflowed the earth,—that is to say, he was in the face of the people one hundred years building it. They saw him at it, and they learned from him of God's threat; for "they were all as one family and spoke one tongue." And in the Day of Judgment it will be seen that there was not a human being come to the use of reason, at that time, who did not know of God's terrible threat; but the people minded it not. "For the sons of God, seeing that the daughters of men were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose." And "giants [of stature and of iniquity] were upon the earth in those days; all flesh had corrupted its way."

At last the fatal day came. It was in the beginning of the year, in the second month, and on the seventeenth day of the second month. "In the six hundredth year of the life of Noe, in the second month, in the seventeenth day of the month, all the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the floodgates of heaven were opened, and the rain fell upon the earth forty days

and forty nights... And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and lifted up the ark on high from the earth. For they overflowed exceedingly, and filled all places on the face of the earth; and the ark was carried upon the waters. And the waters prevailed beyond measure upon the earth, and all the high mountains under the whole heavens were covered. The water was fifteen cubits higher than the mountains which it covered. And all flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth."

There is God's terrible vengeance on sin and sinners. "And He destroyed all the substance that was upon the earth, from man even to beast, and the creeping things and fowls of the air; and they were destroyed from the earth. And Noe only remained, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days."

It will be asked why God destroyed the beasts and the birds, for surely they could not have sinned. St. Ambrose gives the answer in his homily on the portion of the Bible which the Church reads in the Breviary on this Sunday, and which will be given later on: "because the animals were for man." But, first, let us look for a moment on the other picture—the tender care which God takes of Noe.

God tells Noe to make an ark: He enters into details about it. Noe is to make it of three stories; there shall be little rooms in it; it shall be pitched within and without; a door is to be on the side of it, and a window; all food that may be eaten shall be stored up within, and it shall be food for Noe and all the animals that he is to take in with him; for, said the Lord, "thee [alone] have I seen just before Me in this generation." "And Noe did all the things which the Lord had commanded him; and he was six hundred years old when the waters of the Deluge

overflowed the earth. And Noe went in, and his sons and his wife, and the wives of his sons, to the ark, because of the waters of the great flood."

Let us remark now what God does. The Holy Bible says: 'And when all had gone in, as God had commanded, *the Lord shut in the ark on the outside.*' We go further and follow the ark with its inhabitants. "And the flood was forty days upon the earth, and the waters increased and lifted the ark up on high from the earth." When it was so lifted and drifting at will, behold what we read: "And God remembered Noe, and all living creatures, and all that were with him in the ark." We are told then what God does: "He brought a wind upon the earth, and the waters were abated; the fountains also of the deep and the floodgates of heaven were shut up, and the waters returned from off the earth."

Noe saw, from the window in the ark, that the waters were abated, "and that the face of the earth was dried." He could open the window; but 'God had shut him in on the outside,' and Noe could not open the door; and he was too just to make any move without God's orders. 'God Himself came and opened the door on the outside, and spoke to Noe, saying: Go out of the ark, thou and thy wife, thy sons, and the wives of the sons with thee, and all living things that are with thee. . . . So Noe went out, he and his sons, his wife and the wives of his sons with him, and all living things.'

And then—oh, how beautifully the Bible tells it!—"Noe built an altar unto the Lord; and, taking of all cattle and fowls that were clean, offered holocausts upon the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor and said: I will no more curse the earth for the sake of man; for the imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth. Therefore I will no more destroy every living soul as I have done. All the days

of the earth, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, night and day, shall not cease."

"Here you have it that God was angry," says St. Ambrose in his homily. "He had, no doubt, considered that man, weighed down with flesh in this region of earth, could not be sinless; for earth is an apt place for temptation, and flesh an inducement to evil. But, although men had a mind capable of reason, and had, moreover, the virtue of the soul infused into the body, nevertheless when they fell into corruption they were unwilling to be withdrawn from it. Now, God is not as man, that any opinion or thought should come to Him as new, or that being angry would mean that He changed. But these things are thus written that the grievousness of our sin might be made manifest, which drew down the divine vengeance; as if sin had been increasing and increasing until God, who is not moved by anger or hatred, or any such emotion, should seem at last provoked to resentment.

"Then He threatened that He would take away man. 'I will take away,' He says, 'from man to the beasts, and from the reptiles to the birds of the air.' But why destroy irrational creatures? Because they were made for man; and man being taken away, for whom they were made, they necessarily should be taken away, since there was no one for whom they were to exist. In a higher sense, however, the same lesson is given. Man is mind; mind is capable of reason; for man is defined to be a living, mortal, and reasonable being. But when the principal ingredient is destroyed, even all sense is extinguished; inasmuch as there is nothing left for salvation when virtue, which is the foundation of it, is extinct.

"To express on the one side, then, condemnation of the others, and yet manifest the tenderness of divine love, Noe is said to have found grace with God. It is shown us that the wicked

acts of others cast no shadow on the just; since he is preserved for the regeneration of the human race. And he is not praised for nobility of descent, but for the merit of his justice and perfection; for the race of just men is the benediction of virtue. The generation of men beget men; and the virtues of souls beget virtues. Families count their nobility from the splendor of descent; but the nobility of souls, from the excellence of virtue."

"The internal construction of the ark," says Dom Calmet, "is scarcely less to be admired than its miraculous preservation amid the waters. Some writers make it too large, some too small; some find difficulties in the manner of the passages and corridors: some in the position of the door, whether in the side or at the end of the ark; but few think on the wonderful manner whereby provisions and light and air and water were secured for such a multitude of living beings."

No incident related in the Bible is so calculated to fill the soul with holy fear as the Deluge.

A Glimpse of an English Arcady.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

Something comes o'er me from these old words felt—
"I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt."

THESE are the words I found myself repeating as I explored the Arcadian county of Norfolk when the roses were abloom. I had heard the cathedral bells chime in the "Garden City," as old Fuller quaintly styled Norwich; had stood on the bridge and watched the barges sailing slowly along the sunlit river; had admired gabled houses and old buildings and new. I had come on pilgrimage to a part of the country which has for long been noted for its Arcadian beauty and simplicity.

The other, or second, name of East Dereham might be "Cowper's Town,"

so full is it of memories of the gentle, melancholic poet. In this tall, red house in the High Street he fell asleep; in this peaceful church he rests. And all day long apple-cheeked children pass and re-pass his sleeping place on their way to and from school; and Darby and Joan, in their market cart, jog unconscious past it. Very lovely is this district. Here are the Costessy Woods, through which the Saxon peasant-saint, Wulstan, was taken to his burial place by two white oxen, his sole earthly possessions. So at least Mr. Walter White tells us in his instructive book on East Anglia.

The brush of a painter is needed to do justice to this same wood. It has green copses, in which nightingales make sad, melodious music; and the rath primrose and wood hyacinth are things of beauty when swallows build. Here and there you come quite unexpectedly on a keeper's cottage or a small homestead. The dog-rose and honeysuckle twine round each other in the hedgerows, and all manner of wild creatures draw near you in the most confiding way. When I have read Dame Nature's story-book in Costessy, I visit some of the villages and hamlets round.

Here is the large village of Shipdham, with its silvery broad in the principal street, its quaint cots, white rose-wreathed rectory, and tree-fringed God's acre wherein "the village Hampdens" and worthies rest. Dr. Browne, in his work on the early Puritans, tells us that a pioneer Pilgrim Father lived in this quaint village, in (if I remember rightly) Queen Elizabeth's reign. If this Puritan pioneer could revisit Shipdham he would surely know it again, so free is it from modern changes. This may be owing to its not being a show-place; few if any week-enders have purposely visited it. Yet it is well worth seeing; for it is the centre of a group of most interesting old English villages, amongst which is Bawbergh, where St. Wulstan worked on a farm as a Saxon hind.

I am not going to say much about the broads, because so much has been already said,—only this. If you have leisure, go and look at the smaller broads, such as Rockland. They are like diamonds surrounded by emeralds, so clear are they, so green is the country round. Castle Rising, too, and the old Hospital are worth a peep. Winfarthing makes you feel as if you had gone back a century or two and really lived in Merrie England. When I was a child, there was an old English hostel there, close by the historic oak; and this antique inn had a host who might have entertained Mr. Pickwick, so genial and hospitable was he. In his garden were all manner of fruit-trees, not to speak of "seven sisters" and other roses; and you could help yourself to both free of charge. But the old order changes.

Some of the East Anglian homesteads would make exquisite studies for the landscape painter. As I write I recall two at E—, some distance from Rockland: the Hall and the Cottage Farm, both perfect specimens of early English homes. The former—a quaint, irregular building, with hooded windows and gabled front—had a moat, a lawn like green velvet, and a wide oak staircase. Flower-panelled rooms, gardens,—all spoke of Tudor England.

The Farm made you think of Arcadia. It was approached by a long beech avenue, in which grew some mulberry trees. Its creamy front was vine-clad, its rooms were wainscoted, it was honey-combed, with strange and unexpected passages and closets. It and the Hall had belonged to the same old English family for generations. The last of the old stock who lived there was, like the famous Man of Ross, a quiet philanthropist. He was a friend of Fowel Buxton, of Wilberforce, of John Joseph Gurney, and of those literary men and women who turned Norwich into an East-Anglian Athens. Many a beautiful woman and learned man sat in the

frescoed parlor and discussed wise, broad, humanitarian schemes over "sillabub" and jellies and mince pies.

Fortunately for himself, the owner of the Farm had a wife who was prompt and business-like, as well as fair, as the following instance will show. Her husband was one of the first to build cottage homes for the aged poor; but the laborers round became possessed with the notion that these were workhouses under another name, and determined to show their dislike by acts as well as words. One autumn night Mrs. R—, awaking suddenly, saw fire-light reddening the window panes of her bedroom. She hurried to the window. The beech avenue was half full of men and a large hayrick near the house was on fire. The rick-burners had come; and if she did not do something speedily the homestead would be in flames. She threw on a dressing-gown, hastened down and into the stackyard, to the pump. The midnight visitors looked on in awe, as she cast bucket after bucket on the burning stack; between whiles, as the Scotch say, reasoning with the ring-leaders, who, when convinced that no scheme to drive them, *bon gré malgré*, into a new kind of union was afoot, went off, after aiding in extinguishing the fire.

All over Norfolk you come upon great flocks of turkeys and of geese, with goose-boys driving them; all over it also you come upon water—shining water,—large broads, like Wratham, Scoulton, Oulton; small ones, like Rockland; deep, clear rivers, the wide and beautiful sea. Indeed, one of the beauties of Nelson's County is that, like a sea bird, you are ever near the sea.

No single great deed is comparable for a moment to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side and strew all life with hope and good cheer.

—N. D. Hillis.

The Soldier's "Hail Mary."

BY AN OLD SERGEANT OF MARINES.

IT was in Africa. We were new to the country, and during the first two months the course of our life was calm and peaceable. But we were doomed to be rudely awakened from this repose. One morning the trumpet sounded: twenty of my companions and myself were ordered on an expedition into the interior of the country, under the command of our sergeant.

Our clothing was not suitable for the season; the rations were short; and finally, after a long two days' march, torrents of rain began to fall. This was followed by the appearance of fever among our troop, and we soon had the misfortune to see one of our companions expire in the greatest suffering. We carried him to the little eminence we had chosen as his burying-place. Our good commander, apparently feeling that something was lacking to the solemnity of the occasion, looked around our little band, inquiring:

"Is there no one among you, my friends, who can say a morsel of a prayer for the poor fellow lying here?"

A youth—quite a boy he was—at once stepped forward.

"I can, Sergeant," he replied.

"On your knees!" commanded our chief; and instantly every one obeyed, with head uncovered, despite the mud and pouring rain.

The young soldier, having made the Sign of the Cross began: "Hail Mary, full of grace!" Every one, even those who had not prayed for many years, soon recalled to mind the words of the beautiful salutation, and recited it with great fervor.

The old sergeant contented himself with making the Sign of the Cross; possibly he had never learned the "Hail Mary." But when it was finished there

were tears in his eyes, and, clapping the boy on the shoulder, he said:

"Never forget that prayer, conscript! It has served us to-day: it may serve you in the future,—it most certainly will at the last hour."

The boy smiled and said nothing.

That night we were attacked by some natives, who annihilated our ranks so that a single companion and myself were the only ones left on the field. Affrighted by some unknown cause, the attacking party suddenly took flight; otherwise we, too, should probably have been numbered among the dead.

Under the stars, side by side, lay the old sergeant and the young conscript; the latter feebly murmuring for the last time the beloved "Hail Mary," which he had learned, no doubt, from the lips of a pious mother in his distant village home. "Amen!" feebly responded the old man—and a moment later all was over for both.

I have made many campaigns and am now a sergeant myself, but I have never forgotten to say every day at least one "Hail Mary." Please God, it will also serve me at the end.

Annulled Marriages and Divorces.

ONE must possess a great deal of true charity to bring oneself to believe in the good faith of those who periodically resurrect, and launch against the Church, slanders that have time and time again been shown to be without a shadow of truth. If the good faith of the accusers be actually admitted, it can only be at the expense of their scholarship or their intelligence. Take, for instance, the comments on the Holy See's "annulling" certain marriages,—comments made of late in a number of European journals, and quite likely to be reproduced in American papers of similar tastes and proclivities. The theme is discussed, of course, in connection with

the recent scandal in the royal house of Saxony; and the statement is made that there have been instances in which Rome has really granted a divorce in the full sense of the word,—that is, has dissolved the bond of a genuine and consummated marriage and allowed the husband or wife, or both, to contract forthwith another marriage.

It need not be said that the statement is an untruth, no matter by whom asserted; as made by a good many, it is in all probability a lie as well. The Church for sufficient reasons has authorized, does authorize, and doubtless will continue to authorize, separation from "bed and board" in the case of Catholics really married; but she does not declare that the bond of marriage has ceased to bind: she does not permit either party to marry again within the lifetime of the other.

This species of separation is not, however, what the slanderers have in view when they charge the Church with having granted divorces. They refer to the infrequent cases in which the Holy See has pronounced a marriage null and void,—to the annulment of the marriage bond. Now, the Church has been in existence for some nineteen hundred years. Her practice regarding the Sacrament of Matrimony has ever been uniform through the centuries. That practice has been so repeatedly explained and thoroughly justified that it might reasonably be hoped by Catholics that misrepresentation on this point, at least, should cease. Since it has not ceased, let it be reiterated yet once more that when the Holy See annuls a marriage, it does not break or dissolve the marriage bond or tie, but simply declares that such bond or tie never existed between the parties concerned. Canon Law mentions the specific cases in which a marriage contract is invalid, is null and void; and any annulments ever pronounced by Rome have been the result, not of caprice, arbitrary exercise

of power, or expediency, but purely of the application of laws pre-existing in a regular and elaborate code.

Some months ago the American press noted at considerable length the case of a woman who had lived in New York for a number of years as a man, and a married man,—the late Murray Hall. It will probably be granted by even the most irreconcilable enemy of Catholicism that the ceremony by which this woman was contracted to another woman, as her “wife,” was not a real marriage, and that to call the separation of the two, had it taken place, a *divorce* in the real sense of the word, would be nonsense. Just as nonsensical, in its ultimate analysis, is the charge that annulled marriages are true divorces.

Another charge against the Church in connection with this matter is the insinuation that she is apt to be complaisant in the case of royal or princely sinners. The Saxon scandal had hardly become public before the omniscient editor had it that proceedings for the annulment of the Crown Princess’ marriage would be at once instituted at Rome. Only crass ignorance of history can acquit of foul calumny those who make this insinuation. As often as kings and emperors have asked Rome to sanction their divorces or adulteries, they have been met by an absolute *non possumus*,—“we can not do it.” Nicholas I. said so to Lothaire, King of Lorraine; Urban II. and Paschal II. said so to Philip of France; Clement VII. and Paul III. said so to Henry VIII.; and Pius VII. repeated the declaration to a greater ruler than any of these sovereigns—Napoleon.

ONE necessity of primary education is to follow the order of the child’s mind. The mistake of all systems of education is that they follow the order of the mind of the grown-up person, between which and the mind of the child there is a great difference.—*Creighton*.

Notes and Remarks.

Through the zealous efforts of the Rev. Father Ganss, the rules relative to religious instruction which govern the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, have been extended by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the various Indian schools throughout the United States. In a circular promulgating these rules, the agents and superintendents are urged “to co-operate loyally with the honest and sincere desires of religious authorities to furnish the Indian pupils in the government schools with religious instruction of the faith to which either pupils or parents are adherents.” We regard this action of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as a great victory over the enemies of the mission schools. But might we suggest to those who conduct them that when difficulties arise with Indian agents the bishop of the diocese be consulted before complaints are lodged in Washington? It may be said further that the interests of Catholic Indians are now so well safeguarded that the airing of any grievances in Catholic papers is not only useless but calculated to do great mischief. The friends of the Catholic Indians have always been zealous, but their zeal has not always been unto sobriety.

Theoretically, the policemen, police captains, inspectors, commissioners, magistrates, district attorneys, and the like officials of our large cities, are the sworn opponents of crime and vice, the natural antagonists of the chronic and the occasional lawbreakers. Every such official is naturally supposed to be an upright citizen, thoroughly honest in his work of upholding the law, and arresting, arraigning, and punishing the law’s transgressors. In practice, we witness phenomena which seem to indicate that the supposition is a mere theory, “more honored in the breach

than the observance." Let there spread through a great city the impression that a given officer of the law is uncompromisingly honest in his efforts to repress crime; is absolutely incorruptible by plain bribes, or venal promises equivalent thereto; is sincere, straightforward, or "straight" in its colloquial acceptation,—and there arises forthwith, among such of the criminal class as live within his jurisdiction, a commotion that certainly testifies to previous laxity in the enforcement of the general and specific ordinances of the city in question. Can it be that the thoroughly trustworthy official in police circles is the exception, not the rule? Contemporary American history, as detailed in the great dailies, very often conveys that impression. A competent witness as to collusion between the appointed guardians and the habitual violators of the law, an avowed gambler, recently gave this interesting testimony as to the honesty of an Eastern district attorney: "Generally speaking, I think he's on the level; the bird that flies on an even wing these days is a rare specimen."

We quote this remarkable editorial statement of the *Chicago Tribune*:

A bill has been introduced in the Michigan House of Representatives prohibiting the insurance of the lives of children under ten years of age for more than fifteen dollars. The bill is the outcome of statements made by Detroit physicians, who say that the insurance of children for greater sums has led to wholesale child murder in that city.

There are four insurance companies in Michigan that make a specialty of child insurance, which is, of course, legitimate and honorable business. But at present it is possible at a small outlay to insure a child's life for \$250, and the physicians say that "a certain number" of innocents are annually slaughtered for insurance money. It is nauseating to think that human depravity could go so far; but some readers will recall that in Pennsylvania a similar law was passed some years ago, after it was

publicly proved that "there were institutions which insured the lives of children and then underfed them; or when sick let them die of neglect." How soon the world would revert to paganism if Christianity did not bar the path!

We have the open confession of a Protestant minister who became a convert to the Church that the arguments against her claims never seemed so strong as when, pondering questions of the soul before retiring to rest, he caught sight of a row of little stockings and wondered how, in the event of his taking the important step so long contemplated, he should be able to provide for the innocent wearers. The value of the estate of the late Archbishop of Canterbury is placed at £18,262. Had he been a poor man, how much more positive his doubts might have been as to the validity of his orders and the character of the Established Church! It is precisely the same with those of the household of the faith. When the world is too much with us, as the poet expresses it, we forget that stern truth: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."

The following paragraph from an address to American teachers by a school superintendent in Manila is quoted by "Our Parish Calendar" from the Report of the Philippine Commission (p. 947):

If I, who am not a Roman Catholic, may, without offence, say one word to the many teachers in this division who are Americans of that faith, I will add this: I have heard from one or two of you criticisms so strong of the ecclesiastical system here as to make me think that perhaps away from home the practice of your religion is irksome. If you maintain this attitude, there is sure to be antagonism between yourself and the *padre*. But think what a special opportunity you American Catholics have of reassuring these people and of reconciling them to American sovereignty. You are of the same faith. The Spanish type of Catholicism has prevailed necessarily in the past. Your underlying faith is essentially the same. The abuses which some of you object to are peculiarly

Spanish; they are even now passing away. If by the quiet practice of your religion, and, if the opportunity offers, your conversations with the *padres*, you can illustrate the genius of American Catholicism and get the *padres* to catch the spirit of it, you will have done a great work indeed,—a work no less for your country than for your Church.

A Protestant school superintendent intervening between American Catholic teachers and the *padres* strikes us as being somewhat anomalous. It is too bad that there should have been any occasion for this rebuke. The superintendent spoke wise words, however; it is to be hoped that they will be heeded by those to whom they were addressed.

The average Catholic probably thinks too little of the responsibility under which he lies of giving a good example to his fellows, whether of his own or of a dissentient creed. He would undoubtedly be astounded to learn with what momentous potency his individual acts are sometimes charged. The consistency or inconsistency of his conduct with his belief may readily on occasion turn a non-Catholic friend or acquaintance to or from the path of inquiry leading to conversion. An incident related of the late Judge Bagshawe furnishes a case in point. We have told the story before but it will bear repetition now.

On one occasion a Protestant friend, his host, laid a trap for him, by ordering a meat dinner on a fast-day, taking care to whet the Judge's appetite by some preliminary hours of sea-fishing. They sat down to dinner, and the Judge was helped to lamb, the first of the season. He was about to put the bit into his mouth when his host cried out: "Bagshawe, you forget this is a fast-day in your Church." The Judge at once put down his knife and fork, pushed the plate away from him and dined off bread and cheese—the only fasting food available. The host was dumfounded at such an act of self-denial, and was covered with confusion. He apologized most humbly for his want of

charity as well as hospitality; but so impressed was he by the self-denial that he afterward became a convert.

For one such incident that becomes public there are doubtless a hundred known only to the persons immediately concerned. No individual is so humble that his example does not exert on his fellows a notable influence for good or evil; and the individual Catholic should uniformly prove a living mission to non-Catholics.

Candidates for canonization are not so common in this country that we can afford to ignore the fact that Cardinal Ferrata has recently been appointed *Ponente* in the cause of the Ven. Felix de Andreis, the first superior of the Lazarists in the United States, and the first Vicar-General of Louisiana, with residence in St. Louis. While still teaching theology in the chief seminary of his Order in Rome, Father de Andreis seems to have had a premonition that he would come to America. Walking one day with a favorite pupil who confessed a special devotion to the Hebrew tongue, Father de Andreis said: "My young friend, it is not Hebrew you will need in the future but English. You and I will one day preach the Gospel in English, and I entreat you to learn this language in preference to all others. I myself have been studying it for some time." The young man was Joseph Rosati, afterward first Bishop of St. Louis, whither he accompanied his saintly preceptor in 1817.

A collective letter of the Swiss bishops points out the duties of Catholics in their choice of newspapers. As these duties are practically the same the world over, a paragraph or two of this official pronouncement may prove interesting to our readers:

Whoever takes a paper that is hostile to the Church participates by that very fact in the paper's evil work. Yes, the price you pay for the journal is an aid, a war-contribution which you hand over

to the enemies of the Church. And to what end? Simply that the journal may prosecute its work more successfully. Thereby you are indirectly helping to fight the Church, our mother; while at the same time the good press which is devoted to the defence of that Church is allowed to languish in indigence; you go so far as to refuse it your niggardly subscription. Subscribe to these good papers, and, when read, pass them on to others. By this means you will be doubling your alms to the good cause. Your money will help to support such a journal; it in turn will do good among your neighbors; and the blessing of heaven will not be wanting to your trifling sacrifice. Communicate to these papers your news, endeavor to secure subscribers, correspondents, and contributors for them in your neighborhood.

Papers directly hostile to the Church are perhaps less a danger to the Catholics of this country than are the no-church periodicals whose influence is inimical, not merely to Catholicity but to Christian morality itself, and to the best interests of social order and civilization. The average American Catholic is perhaps somewhat the reverse of scrupulous in allowing his children, especially, an utterly indefensible license in the choice of their reading material, from the more or less erotic magazine to the multi-paged Sunday paper with its generally inferior and frequently indecent "comic" supplement.

Anti-Catholic lecturers, especially "escaped nuns," who visit Australia have no reason to complain of being ignored by the newspapers; though the attention they receive is not always to their liking. No doubt they would very willingly dispense with any notice from Miss Henrietta Charlton, a well-known writer on the Victorian press. This lady has a way of introducing them to the public which, it must be said, is not calculated to fill lecture halls or to excite interest in alleged revelations of convent life. Most women, it is said, always insist on having the last word; Miss Charlton is an exception: she sometimes wants the first. For instance, when any "escaped nun" appears on the scene Miss

Charlton writes a tribute to nuns in general, calling public attention to the good work they are doing everywhere, and inviting her readers to visit their institutions and see for themselves. The result is a very small audience to greet a greatly disgusted lecturer. Miss Charlton is a graduate of a convent school, and she shows that her training was not lost on her. If all convent graduates had a like spirit and were as zealous in availing themselves of opportunities for doing good, there would be more sweetness and light in the world than the world dreams of.

A newspaper man writes to us from a Southern city: "From the veiled prophet of Khorassan to the 'immortal J. N.,' who in pre-secession days 'lifted the veil' at the street corners of Washington and its neighborhood, there has been no unveiling more striking than that made by an army officer in his report from Zamboanga, P. I., dated April 17, 1902, but made public in a recent issue of the *Baltimore Sun* :

I conceive that the objects sought to be accomplished are twofold and may be thus stated:

First—To cover the Filipino lands with liberty-loving Negro settlers, whose religious independence would ever resist the efforts of any priesthood to control their conscience.

Second—To relieve the existing congestion of Negro population in the Southern States by transferring large numbers of this race to the congenial soil of the Philippines, where they may aid in the development of the country.

"Thus failing to pervert the Filipinos, it is, he thinks, proposed to transfer their lands to Negroes deported from the Southern States of the Union. As the Southern whites have no notion of exporting the hands and arms of their labor field, and as the Negroes would not go, the only possible end of the absurd proposal will be to open the eyes of some of our blind brethren to see that the failure to pervert the Filipinos by moral suasion is openly confessed. Why not, as a last chance, send the

Negro preachers to the Filipinos? The South will make no objection to their exodus, even if all the confrères of the late colored clergyman, Brother Jasper, follow the sun and 'do move.'"

The reports sent in "from the field" show that missions to non-Catholics, as we expected, are quite as effective in reclaiming fallen-away Catholics as in converting the stranger. A typical case is that related by Father Sutton of a servant who informed her mistress that she was attending the sermons. "The lady became very much affected, and in a moment burst into tears. 'Oh!' exclaimed the poor woman, 'to think that you, a Protestant, should take such an interest in the Catholic religion! I was once a Catholic, but I married out of the Church twenty years ago, and no one but my husband knows I am a Catholic. But I'll go back to my Church.'" It hardly ever happens that the spark of faith is utterly extinguished in a "born" Catholic. Usually he has drifted away because of indifference. A non-Catholic mission comes, interest is aroused, the Church is advertised, her teaching is gravely and respectfully discussed. Grace has found its opportunity and the winds of God fan the smouldering spark of faith into a flame.

Partly as affording a glimpse of the beginnings of the "Catholic Revival" in England, and partly as a belated footnote to the sketch of Father Ignatius Spencer which appeared in this magazine some time ago, we reproduce from the London *Catholic Times* this extract from a letter written by a Protestant gentleman sixty-three years ago, on occasion of the conversion of Father Spencer:

The conversion of so amiable and illustrious a nobleman in these eventful days is in itself not a little remarkable; but what renders it more so is that by the change he will have to forego a very large and lucrative church preferment, amounting to near three thousand a year. This fact, whatever

may be thought of the change itself, is highly creditable to the honesty of him who has made so great a pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of his conscience. This is the seventh or eighth person of consequence who has been converted within as many years; among the number may be reckoned several scholars from Cambridge... There is something in the tenor of the times, and in the course that religious politics have taken, that looks very much as if Catholicism would again increase. It is remarkable that the Right Rev. Dr. Weld, the owner of Lulworth Castle, who was last month created Cardinal at Rome by his Holiness, is the first Englishman who has held that elevated post since the days of Charles I. This gentleman also has foregone the enjoyment of a large fortune in order to become a prelate of the Catholic Church.

More remarkable than the writing of such a letter is the fact that it was permitted to appear in a London daily newspaper—the *Morning Herald*—at so early a date.

Jewry in London is divided over the attempt of a section of Hebrews to introduce into their worship radical changes calculated to weaken its strong racial character and to bring it into closer touch with the rest of the Western world. The custom of holding services on Saturday morning is especially odious to these schismatics, and the use of the Hebrew tongue in the ritual is almost completely abolished. "The loud-voiced, emotional, half-disciplined style which roars out its petition to Providence," a Jewish eye-witness of the new worship assures us, is replaced by "the whispered, dignified prayer of a restrained cathedral congregation." Most surprising of all is the suggestion that lessons be read from the New as well as the Old Testament, because the Jewish soul is awakening to "the divine beauty of the teaching of Christ." Usually the Jew is more tolerant of agnosticism than of Christianity; and that such a suggestion could be even offered is a token not only that the proverbial solidarity of the Jews is threatened, but that the twentieth century may witness a great ingathering of the ten tribes into the Fold of Juda.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Bluff Old Winter King.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home.")

○ THE sun shines bright o'er the meadow, lake and hill:

'Tis winter; the young folks are gay;
The snow-crust's hard, and the blood is all athrill
As the sleds speed down the icy way.
The sleigh-bells ring through the crisp and frosty air,
Full merry, full joyous and clear;
And their jingling chimes all exultingly declare
That old Winter is the King for cheer.

CHORUS.

Laugh still more, my laddie;
Be merry while you may;
And we'll sing one song for our bluff old Winter King,
For the winter-time fast slipping away.

○ the lake's just glass, and the skaters skim along
Like swallows, as swiftly and free;
And the ice-boats' speed where the wind is good and strong
Fills the boatmen's hearts with lively glee.
There's a perfect glare on the steep toboggan slide,
And they don't know the meaning of fun
Who down such a steep never yet have had a ride,
Swift as bullet shot out of a gun.

CHORUS.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—SUNDAY FRIENDS.

AFTER an impressive pause Mrs. Judkins continued her story:
"Aye, there was my double! I couldn't mistake it. The face was hidden in its hands, but there was my height and shape in the drawn silk bonnet, gauze veil and merino cloak, that myself and everyone at Bromley knew, and that I kept in my own little closet, off

my Lady's room, the year round. It was my double indeed; and knowing what I knew, my dears, you will not wonder when I tell you that the lights and flowers for a moment seemed to swing around me, and I felt I was going to faint. Then the double lifted its head, and I saw what was half hidden by the maid's big bonnet—it was my Lady's sweet face, with a light upon it that seemed to come from heaven itself.

"How I stumbled back and out of the church I never knew, I was that dazed with joy and sorrow and wonderment; for, stupid girl that I was, I saw it all now. My Lady was a Papist indeed, as Sara said; and had come as a poor maid to the foot of the altar she loved, that she might worship God in her own and her dead mother's way. So I flung the witch cloak and stick into the nearest ditch, knowing well that I had paid full price for them, and flew back to the Hall to hide my Lady's absence as best I could.

"Did you lay it?" whispered Sara as I passed her on the stair.

"No," I replied. 'Let it walk!'

"With the grave open before you!" said Sara, staring.

"In old Nance's cracked looking-glass!" I retorted, boldly. And that was all she ever got out of me, my dears; but that night I knelt at my sweet Lady's feet and told her all I had seen and heard.

"O Peggy!" she said, half vexed and half laughing,—'foolish Peggy!'

"Aye, my Lady," I answered, 'foolish indeed; but fond and faithful. Wild horses won't drag your secret from me, if you want it kept. But you can no more hide yourself in a maid's bonnet than a star can twinkle into a farthing dip. It's out it will all come sooner

or later, and it may as well be first as last. And my Lord loves you well enough to give you your way.'

"'I believe you are right, Peggy,' she said, softly; and then she told me how she had learned the old faith from her dying mother's lips, but that my Lord had been so stern against it she dared not confess her secret to him. 'But Mildred Ramsay should be without fear,' she added, a proud look coming over her sweet face. 'I will go to my father to-night and tell him all.'

"And she did, my dears. What passed between them I can not say, but my double was laid forever; and my Lady went to her own church the next Sunday in a coach and four—which reminds me that I must give orders to have the carriage out for you to-morrow, Miss Tessie, as the master bid," concluded Mrs. Judkins, rising to touch the stable bell.

"Oh, I quite forgot to-morrow will be Sunday!" said Tessie, starting up.

"And the mistress will be back with a round dozen of guests for dinner," said Mrs. Judkins. "There will be little time for story-telling the next week; though it heartens me up to talk about those old days. We get homesick for old England sometime—me and 'Lady Jane' and Poll." And Mrs. Judkins stopped by the cage to scratch her old pet's neck.

"Meaw," said Lady Jane, rubbing herself against her mistress' skirt.

"God save—save—save the Queen!" wheezed Poll, with half-open eyes.

And Joe and Tessie tripped off to bed, their English entertainment over.

"Church day, isn't it, Tessie?" said Uncle Ben at breakfast next morning. "The carriage will be up at nine, for it is a five-mile drive. So be ready in time."

Tessie did not need the warning. Full fifteen minutes before nine Mélanie was snapping the clasp of the new kid gloves that completed the stylish outfit sent home three days ago at Aunt Marian's orders. "Sister Suzarina" might roam the hills and lawns of Wycherly in her

little convent cloak and hood, but beyond the gates Judge Neville's niece must go in the style befitting her name and station.

So in a beautiful dark blue dress cut in the latest fashion, jaunty little coat fur-trimmed and satin-lined, with a wonderful plumed hat set upon her golden ringlets, and a bewitching little muff in her gloved hands, Tessie tripped down the broad stairs with the feeling of satisfaction that such clothes give even to the most righteous-minded of church-goers.

"Whew!" whistled Wynne, who was lounging on the cushioned lounge in the hall, fairly snowed under by Sunday newspapers. "Whew, maybe we are not altogether stunning this morning! Whirl around, Suzarina, and let us have a look at that French rig."

And the girl whirled in a delighted little pirouette.

"Isn't it a lovely dress, Uncle Ben?" she asked of the Judge, who stood on the rug before the great log fire. "Oh, I never expected to have such beautiful things as these! And the darling little muff has a pocket in it!" she exclaimed with new delight, as she discovered a tiny satin receptacle hidden under the rich fur.

"Here is something to put in the pocket and drop in the box," said Uncle Ben, handing her a five dollar gold piece.

"Oh, all that, Uncle Ben?" said Tessie in surprise.

"Yes. It is not often Wycherly Hall has a representative at St. Paul's," he answered, with a grave smile.

Tessie flashed a little wistful look at her uncle's face.

"Can't you come and put it in yourself, Uncle Ben?" she said, softly.

"Not to-day, my little girl," he replied; and there was a sudden chill in his manner like a breath from some frozen height. For, amid all the splendor and luxury of his home, the proud man felt the pang of a loss, that he let no one see.

And Tessie, who had heard of that old home where the fatherless little boys had learned faith at a saintly mother's knee, drove away with a vague sense of pity and sorrow in her heart, that neither the darling little muff nor the French hat and feather, could quite dispel.

There was something of a stir among the humble church-goers of St. Paul's this morning when Judge Neville's handsome open carriage swept up to the door, with the two prancing bays champing restively at their silver bits; and James, the English coachman, buried to his ears in furs, holding the reins with the expressionless calm which stamped him at once as an importation from the land where coachmen are born and not made, as they must be here. Many a curious and admiring glance was turned to the pretty little stranger, whose furs and plumes were less beautiful than the sweet reverence and devotion with which she assisted at Mass.

For though the simple little village church looked poor and bare after the lovely sanctuary of St. Anne's, and the singers sadly needed such training as Sister Marcella gave the convent choir every week, and good Father Dolan preached on temptations that never enter cloistered walls, Tessie felt, with a sweet sense of safety that she was in her Father's house again, and laid at His feet all her hopes and fears for the kind friends at Wycherly.

"The top of the mornin' to you, Miss!" said a hearty voice as she passed out of the church; and Tessie turned to meet the beaming gaze of Mr. Farley, the milkman, who had so kindly brought her to church a fortnight ago in his milk wagon. Mrs. Farley, in her red broché shawl and purple velvet bonnet, was at his side, with five small Farleys shining in their Sunday best around her.

"Oh, how are you all? I am so glad to see you!" said little "Miss Neville," cordially mindful of the cushioned soap box and hot bricks that had made

her last ride to church so comfortable.

"We can't complain, Miss, thank God!" said Mr. Farley; "though the old woman had a touch of rheumatics last week, that crippled her up for a day or two. But she limbered up, as you see, to come to Mass this mornin'."

"I know my duty, Miss," said Mrs. Farley, who was tall and spare, and wore her Sunday clothes with rigid dignity. "The children shall never have it to say that five miles kept me from Mass as long as I had a leg to walk on."

"Walk!" said Tessie. "Good gracious, you did not *walk*, Mrs. Farley?"

"She did that, Miss," said Farley, with evident admiration of his better-half's "sperrit." "The brown mare is that lame from a slip on the ice that we couldn't hitch her to the wagon."

"And you *walked* to church all that cold, rough way, and poor Mrs. Farley with the rheumatism too! Oh, how good of you!" exclaimed Tessie warmly, recalling what Sister Patricia had told the girls of the "strong Irish faith" and all it had wrought for God and His Church. "And you are going to walk back again?"

"We are, Miss," said Farley, with a complacent consciousness that a staring audience was witnessing his friendly relations with the "quality" from Wycherly Hall.

"Oh, I can't think of such a thing!" said Tessie. "I have plenty of room in the carriage for you all."

"In your carriage, Miss!" exclaimed Farley. "We're not looking for that at all. We wouldn't think of it, Miss."

"Why not?" asked Tessie. "Didn't you bring me to church two weeks ago? And do you think I will let you walk home in the cold to-day? No, indeed!"—as the stately James drew up his prancing bays at the church door. "You must get right in, Mrs. Farley. We'll pack Nora and Kitty and little Pat in with us; and Mr. Farley can take Tom and Ned on the box with James."

"In with you all, then, as Miss Neville wills it!" said Farley, delightedly. "You will have the taste of a cushioned coach this day, my girls, if you never get it again! Up in the box with you, lads! Scrouge in between my knees, Tom; and sit straight, Ned, so you'll not be in the way of this gentleman's reins. Are you all right below there?"

"We are,—good-mornin', Mrs. Lane!" said Mrs. Farley, with a nod to her especial crony, who stood speechless with surprise on the church steps.

"Give them their heads, then!" said Farley; and what James the peerless felt words can not say as the bays pranced down the road, champing on their silver bits in a way which told that James was curbing their spirits and his own as only an English coachman can.

There were other church-goers on the road this Sunday morning. It was such a beautiful winter's day that the guests from Broadwood had found it convenient to attend service at St. Alban's, where a very fashionable preacher had eloquently discussed "The Decline of Dogma,"—a most interesting subject, all his hearers declared as they drove over to dinner at Wycherly in a line of elegant equipages.

"I should have so liked the Judge to hear it!" said Aunt Marian, who, wrapped in Russian sables that were the envy and admiration of all beholders, sat opposite her friend and social rival, Mrs. Lester Warren. "Of course we don't discuss such matters, but you know he comes of an old Catholic family of Maryland,—most aristocratic, of course, but a trifle mediæval. And early impressions are so lasting. One can not be too careful of the influence around a child, as I always said to the Judge when I insisted upon English nursery maids. True, they are a little trying, and I discovered the last one was given to gin drinking, and let little Joe get a dreadful fall. But my boys acquired the proper accent from their cradles."

"I have observed it," said Mrs. Lester Warren. "Though with girls I really find French maids are more desirable. They are so clever and understand all the little tricks of toilette. We have a perfect treasure now. Do you know, she has massaged little Lenore's nose into quite another shape! It was just a trifle too *retroussé*. Fanchon is really the most artful creature I ever saw. My dear, I am sure she has a past that would make a three-volume novel—"

And the good lady suddenly paused in her recital of Fanchon's talents, and stared through her golden lorgnettes in shocked surprise.

"Goodness! what can that be coming down the road behind us? Surely not a circus wagon on the Sabbath Day?"

Aunt Marian turned to see the sight that had so startled her *vis-à-vis*. A circus wagon! No, indeed. Her own prancing bays; her own peerless James in icy state upon the box; her own carriage emblazoned with the Neville crest—but who—what were the dreadful people within?

(To be continued.)

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

III.—MARGARET.

There are statues of men all over the United States—Washington on foot and on horseback, statesmen, heroes, scholars, philanthropists, discoverers,—but there was not, until a few years ago, any figure, in bronze or marble, of a woman. Then there lived and died a woman so good, so brave, so pious, that with one accord the people of her city said, "We will have her statue in marble, and it shall stand where every passer-by can see it and learn the lesson of her life."

As yet you can see nothing very wonderful, but listen! The woman to whose memory the people of New Orleans erected this memorial could not

read or write. She was a poor working-woman, and, when she began the career that made her name a household word, was a laundress in a hotel. There were plenty of hindrances in her life, but she was greater than they; and under the power of love, which conquers all things, they became helps.

Most of the people who look at her statue do not ask if she had any name but Margaret. Indeed, I believe it would be difficult to find any citizen who could tell you that her name was Margaret Haughery, and that her parents were poor Irish immigrants, who died in Baltimore of the yellow fever soon after their long voyage across the sea, leaving their little daughter dependent upon the charity of the community.

A kind Welsh couple adopted her, and in time she married a young Irishman, whose failing health caused him to take his wife to the warm climate of Louisiana. This did not cure him, however; and, for the sea-voyage, he sailed back to Ireland, where he died. Soon afterward Margaret lost her baby, and was then in a strange land and alone, and only twenty years old. Work was easy to obtain for those strong arms and that willing heart, and so she washed and ironed in the laundry of the St. Charles' Hotel.

Before long she heard it said that the Sisters of Charity had more orphans under their charge than they could care for, and that they sadly needed a larger building. It chanced that one day, soon after, a sturdy young woman called upon them. "I will do what I can to help you," she said.

She—for of course it was Margaret—bought two cows with her savings, and started a dairy. What was more, she delivered the milk. No matter what the weather she went her rounds. Afterward she would go to the hotels for the broken fragments of food, taking them to be made into palatable meals for the orphans. Success attended her, and she

had to enlarge her business, and was soon able to see a fine new asylum, as well as a training-asylum for grown girls, completed and in use.

Then she gave up the dairy business and started a bakery, driving the bread wagon as she had the milk cart. She supplied the asylums at a trifling price, and gave away countless loaves; still she prospered, and in time was at the head of a building large enough to be called a factory. As she sat in the door of her office everyone stopped to have a word with her—from bootblacks to the mayor of the city,—each proud to ask her advice; and to one and all she was her sweet, simple self,—just "Margaret," nothing more.

One day she died, leaving all her savings to the poor. As she could not write, her will was signed only with her mark; but she had made many a friendless orphan comfortable and happy. Every newspaper in New Orleans draped itself in mourning as it praised Margaret in loving words, which she, could she have read them, would not have felt that she deserved.

There was no time lost in erecting a statue to her memory. No one went around with a subscription paper urging people to contribute: money flowed into the coffers of the committee until they had to give notice that there was enough and more.

When the statue was unveiled the greatest dignitaries of the State were proud to be present; but it was the orphans who had the places of honor, and it was one of them that pulled the cords when the time came to uncover the figure of the Margaret to whom they owed so much.

There she sits in marble to-day, represented as wearing her familiar old gown and the little shoulder-shawl her dear orphans made for her. Her arm is thrown around a little child, and on the base of the monument is the simple word, "Margaret."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among important reprints we note a new and cheaper edition of the "Life of Blessed John Fisher," by the late Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., which is one of the best biographies in the language.

—Among the works whose publication has been undertaken by the Irish Texts Society is the Gaelic life of St. Columkille compiled by order of Manus O'Donnell in 1532. The original MS. is in the Bodleian, and the only copy known to be extant is in the Franciscan Monastery in Dublin.

—Mr. Guilbert Pitman sends us a copy of the "Garden of the Soul"—a few sections of it, rather, —printed in Pitman's shorthand. It is a dainty booklet, and may be recommended to all who can read the signs with fluency. It is not intended to supply the place of a regular prayer-book. We hope no one will ever be tempted to sing the hymns out of it. Well printed, of convenient size, and durably bound in leather.

—There was a notable increase in the output of fiction, theology, science and minor poetry in England last year, and as notable a decline in essays and belles-lettres. We can not, however, share the joy of the capable Mr. Alden at what seems to be the growing interest in "theological literature." Much of the writing of sectarian divines nowadays, truth to tell, is simply an exercise in audacity. It is as stupidly destructive and as recklessly sensational as much of their pulpit oratory; it is fit to be classified neither with fact nor with fiction, but it resembles current fiction in that its object seemingly is to excite nervous sensation rather than to suggest thought.

—The *Lamp* is the title of a new "Catholic monthly, devoted to Church unity." It is published by the Anglican community at Graymoor, N. Y., and placed "under the special protection and patronage of Our Immaculate Lady Mary, Queen of Heaven; and her Seraphic Knight, St. Francis of Assisi." In order to make the mission of the publication more plain, the words of our Blessed Lord, *ut omnes sint*, are the headline of every page. The *Lamp* is ably edited, and of its honesty of purpose there can be no question. The editors are in perfect union with the "Vicar of Christ" on all points save one: "the head on earth of the Catholic Church" does not believe in Anglican orders, the editors of the *Lamp* do. It is held that in declaring against the validity of Anglican ordinations Leo XIII. did not speak infallibly. Granted. But what of Christ's command to "hear the Church"? Is the voice of His Vicar to be heard and obeyed only when it speaks in tones of infallibility? Is it authoritative only when infallible? The editors of the *Lamp* will not object to our proposing

these questions, since they have quoted some words of our own as "a true conception of Papal Infallibility." In saying that 'the Pope is very rarely infallible' we did not mean that his authority is not always supreme.

—We welcome new and cheaper editions of two admirable books by the late Canon Bagshawe—"The Credentials of the Catholic Church" and "The Threshold of the Catholic Church." Both are of long proved utility, and they need no recommendation to our readers. The usefulness of the first-named volume would be enhanced by an index. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—From the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago we have received a copy of Percy Fitzgerald's "Words for the Worldly," which we noticed on its first appearance among the publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. It is hard to understand why this booklet should be reprinted in our country: it could be imported for a trifle; besides, the American edition is no improvement over the English one, that we can see.

—A strange mixture of sense and sentimentalism is a pretty little book lately published by an author who shall here be nameless. It must be said, however, that the sense is shrewd and the sentimentalism not too sickly. We quote a specimen of the former:

I know a lady who prayed to St. Anthony to help her to find a mosquito that was troubling her: and I wonder whether he himself prays to a higher power that he may lose the many mosquitoes of the moral order that must be troubling him.

We like to believe that St. Anthony isn't the least bit troubled by trifles of any sort. What that good lady needed was patience. The insect was probably enraged at having encountered such a person.

—We venture to say that no former issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* ever proved so interesting to "the faithful Irish people" as the January number, which prints the list of the martyrs whose cause is still pending—or suspended?—in Rome. There are few Irish names which do not figure on the roll of honor. The list is not, of course, complete—it would be interminable if it were,—but it includes the names of those "in respect of whom a definite claim has been put forward as capable of being made good by historical evidence, first, that they were put to death for the faith; and, secondly, that in their deaths were fulfilled the conditions recognized by the Church as entitling those who have so died to a place on the roll of canonized martyrs."

—In a hitherto unpublished letter of Newman's, dated July 24, 1864, discussing the prospects of a proposed Catholic magazine, the great convert

wrote with characteristic candor: "Nothing would be better than an historical review—but who would bear it? Unless one doctored all one's facts one should be thought a bad Catholic." It would, of course, be unwise to attach too much importance to an *obiter dictum* in a private letter to a friend; but the words are worth remembering and the warning is perennially useful. The adversaries of the Church have been—some of them skilful, some only industrious—"doctors"; and the temptation to beat them at their own game would be only human. It would be worse than folly, nevertheless. The holiest cause has no need under any circumstances of the smallest lie.

—It is proper to congratulate the Chicago *Tribune* on the literary supplement it distributes with the Saturday issue. The book-chat is good, the gossip spicy, and the literary judgments sane, conservative and Christian. We are pleased to note that Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, the most discriminating critic on the *Tribune's* staff, does not share the general enthusiasm for the superb new edition of Edward Fitzgerald's work, and notably for his translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. A "corrupting utterance," she calls it; and again: "'Monstrous beauty' is the word for the Rubaiyat. It is a handful of lascivious poppies, grown in a Persian garden, and drowsing the senses of those who gather them. Or, to speak with more particularity, exquisite are these blossoms to look upon, but fatal if their distilled essence be used with indiscretion."

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.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Shakespeare's Art. *James H. Cotter.* \$1.10.

The Four Feathers. *A. E. W. Mason.* \$1.50.

Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.

Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. *Nancy Huston Banks.* \$1.50.

A Child of the Flood. *Rev. Walter T. Leaby.* \$1.

The Art of the Vatican. *Mary Knight Potter.* \$2, net.

Forty-Five Sermons. *Rev. James McKernan.* \$1, net.

In the Days of King Hal. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

The Silver Legend. Saints for Children. *I. A. Taylor.* \$1, net.

Discourses: Doctrinal and Moral. *Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly.* \$2, net.

From Hearth to Cloister. *Frances Jackson.* \$1.35, net.

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

Upward and Onward. *Archbishop Keane.* \$1, net.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

The Mirror of Perfection. Being a Record of St. Francis of Assisi. \$1.35, net.

Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year. *Very Rev. George Deshon, C. S. P.* \$1.

A Book of Oratorios. *Rev. Robert Eaton.* \$1.10, net.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. *P. J. Coleman.* \$1.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. *George Horace Lorimer.* \$1.50.

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. *B. C. G.* \$1.25, net.

Later Lyrics. *John B. Tabb.* \$1, net.

From Canterbury to Rome. *B. F. De Costa.* \$1.25, net.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. *R. J. Meyer, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William Gleeson, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Very Rev. Canon Kelly, Cootehill, Ireland; and Very Rev. David Kenrick, C. M.

Mr. Charles Kirk, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss A. V. Picot, New York; Miss Angela Brady, Plainfield, N. J.; Mr. John Hastings, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Patrick Cullen, Halifax, N. S., Canada; Mr. F. Macaulay, Victoria, B. C., Canada; Mrs. Elizabeth Pohlmann, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Ellen Doran, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Davis and Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Eliza Currie, Berkeley, Cal.; Mr. Octave Tremblay and Mr. Joseph Conroy, Montreal, Canada; Mr. John Gessner, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. M. J. Geraghty, Providence, R. I.; and Mr. Conrad Kammerer, St. Joseph, Mich.
Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. LVI.

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NO. 8.

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The Lily of Israel.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

OUT of the slime and darkness of the earth
 Came a fair lily, wondrous to behold:
 Calyx of purest white, and heart of gold,
 Bearing no blemish of her lowly birth.
 Clad in the spotless robes of purity,
 Like a rare bride of Christ she sweetly came
 In innocence, her noble Spouse to claim,
 With simple beauty and with majesty.

Out of the lowly earth, where life is bred,
 Came a fair lily, beauteous and white,
 Purer than untouched snow on mountain height,
 Bearing the glory of the high Godhead.
 Mystery of heaven! Out of Israel's sod
 Blossomed the Mother of the Most Pure God.

St. Peter's Chair.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



IN the 22d of February the Church solemnizes a feast the origin of which belongs to the very dawn of Christianity; in fact, there are very few feasts of the ecclesiastical year that can be said to have greater antiquity behind them than that of St. Peter's Chair. On this day is commemorated the fact that St. Peter was made head of the Church by Our Lord, and that to him and his successors was given plenitude of power to rule and to feed the entire flock of Christ.

The wonderful words of Our Lord to Peter by which these powers were

conveyed are familiar to every well-instructed Catholic. "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."—"Feed My lambs.... Feed My sheep."* On these divine promises, and not on any subsequent development in the history of the Church, rests the unique privilege of Peter and his lawful successors in the See of Rome.

So important to the very existence of the Church of God is this headship—or, primacy, as it is usually called—that from the earliest times it has been customary to celebrate annually a special festival in memory thereof, under the title *Cathedra Sancti Petri*, or "Chair of St. Peter."

But the 22d of February is not the only day in the year on which there is a commemoration of St. Peter's Chair. Again in January it is the object of a particular celebration. In our present calendar these two days are marked as referring to Rome and Antioch respectively. Some explanation of this double annual recurrence may be gathered from the following notes.

According to the universal custom of the Church, two events in the life of every bishop are regarded as worthy of yearly commemoration; these are his *dies natalis*, as it was anciently called,—the day when he began his episcopate; and his *dies depositionis*,

* St. Matt., xvi, 18, 19; St. John, xxi, 15, 17.

or day of death.* These anniversaries have been maintained by the Popes from the earlier ages.† St. Peter being head of the Church, it is only natural to suppose that these two corresponding anniversaries in his case should be celebrated both universally and perpetually. Hence as early as the year 336, in the Philocalian Calendar—which marks the greater feasts of the Roman Church after the persecution of Diocletian,—there is noted on the 22d of February a festival designated *Natale Petri de Cathedra*—"Feast of St. Peter's Chair,"—the beginning of his *episcopate*.‡ The 29th of June was consecrated to his *depositio*, when he ended his earthly course by a glorious martyrdom.

No written document exists to explain why the 22d of February should have been chosen for commemorating the Episcopate and Primacy of St. Peter. But no doubt there existed in Rome an ancient tradition that it was in February Our Lord addressed to the chief of the Apostles the famous words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church"; and the 22d was selected as a suitable day on which to commemorate so momentous an event. In the time of St. Leo the Great this day was celebrated as the *Dies Apostoli* (the "Apostle's Day"), in the Vatican Basilica; and for many years the festival was made still more solemn by the ceremonial enthronization of the Supreme Pontiff in the very chair which the Apostle himself had used.§

* During a bishop's lifetime, on the anniversary of his election all the clergy within the diocese have to recite a special Collect in the Mass. Every bishop of a diocese must celebrate the yearly anniversary of the decease of his predecessor. (Vid. *Cærem. Epis.*, cap. 35 and 36.)

† "Origines du Culte Chrétien," Duchesne, p. 266.

‡ Ibid.; also "The Holy Year," by F. Thurston, p. 143. The Philocalian Calendar is sometimes styled "Bucherianum," from its first editor.

§ "Roma Sotterranea," Vol. I., p. 495. Mgr. Duchesne does not admit any tradition as to the time when the Primacy was instituted. (Vid. "Origines.")

Apart, however, from the existence of a tradition as to when St. Peter's primacy really began, it is well known to those familiar with classical Latin authors that there was celebrated on the 22d of February a popular festival termed *cara cognatio* (beloved relationship) in memory of the departed of each particular family.* The observance of such a fact, and the rites associated therewith—the placing of viands and wine on the tombs of the dead, as if to recreate them,—were deemed incompatible with the Christian profession. Hence the celebration of a Christian feast on a day already taken up with pagan rites would do much to eliminate superstition from the minds of converts.† But it took several centuries of Christian teaching before these heathen practices entirely disappeared; indeed, a well-known writer of the twelfth century, John Beleth, tells us that the old custom had left its trace in the very term by which the festival was still known: *Festum Beati Petri epularum* ("St. Peter's banquets").‡

The Council of Tours, in the year 567, thus denounces the inveterate custom: "There are some who, on the Feast of Peter's Chair, offer food to the departed, so that on their return home from Mass they revert to the superstitions of the heathen, and partake of food offered to the demon, after having partaken of the Body of their Divine Lord."§ In the Breviary lessons appointed to be read at Matins on the 22d of February there is a sermon attributed to St. Augustine, in which reference is made to the same practice: "Since pious custom has properly introduced this solemnity into all the churches, I wonder why that detestable error has grown up on this

* Ovid's "Fasti," 2, 617.

† "Origines du Culte," p. 266; also "Christian Antiquities," Smith; art. "St. Peter." Similar rites are still kept up in Eastern lands.

‡ "Patrol." Migne, ccii, 87.

§ "Origines," p. 266.

day, by which some unbelievers lay food and wine upon the graves of the dead, as if souls once rid of the body had any longer need of bodily refreshment."

This for the celebration in February. It now remains to be seen how a feast of the Chair originated in January.

It would seem that in certain localities there existed a difficulty concerning the date of the festival. It often fell in Lent. Now, according to the custom of the Church in Gaul and Spain, as formulated in the Council of Laodicea in the fourth century, it was deemed incompatible to observe saints' days during the penitential season of Lent. The authorities of the Gallican Church, however, overcame the difficulty by anticipating the date of the feast; and they allowed their choice to fall on the 18th of January, a day already sacred in some places to the memory of the Blessed Mother of God.* Thus from a comparatively early period the Feast of the Chair of Peter has been kept on different days in different places.

But a difficulty yet remains to be solved. How did the idea of Antioch become associated with the February feast? It is quite true St. Peter spent seven years of his apostleship in that important city, and that those who there professed the faith of Christ were first called Christians; but this is insufficient to account for the sudden appearance of "Antioch" in the calendar against a feast which, by the consent of all, originally belonged to Rome.†

According to Mgr. Duchesne, one of the greatest modern authorities, it came

about in the following manner. The copy of the Martyrology (or Calendar) of St. Jerome in use at Auxerre in France during the seventh century indicates very precisely that the 18th of January is the Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. The copyist responsible for this work had evidently conformed the calendar to the custom of his country. But as the text upon which he worked marked St. Peter's Chair on February 22, he conceived the idea of retaining both days, and attributed the second feast to Antioch, where the Prince of the Apostles had also ruled as bishop.* The combination, however, was not happy. In Gaul they continued to keep the 18th of January only, and hence we find in sacramentaries of the eighth and ninth centuries the feast in January accompanied with the words, *secundum Gallos* ("according to the Gauls").

So far as Rome was concerned, the 22d of February was kept up, to the exclusion of the other, down to the sixteenth century, when Pope Paul IV. inserted the January feast in the universal calendar. This was done, we are told, in order to nullify by the authority of the Liturgy the strange pretensions of Protestants, who at that time endeavored to throw doubts on the fact that St. Peter lived and died in Rome.† It is thus that liturgical writers explain

* "Orig. du Culte," l. c. The sermon attributed to St. Augustine, read in the Breviary on this festival, makes no mention of Antioch. Possibly the scribe may have been misled by the feast of St. Gallus, a martyr of Antioch; the text may have run thus: *VIII Kal. Mart. Cathedra S. Petri Antiochiæ S. Galli mart.*, in which case a mere change in punctuation would cause the error. (Vid. "Roma Sott.," p. 496; "Acta SS.," Feb. 22; "St. Peter in Rome," p. 56.)

† "Roma Sotterranea," p. 494. The following Missals, which have been consulted, ignore Jan. 18, and simply inscribe Feb. 22 as "Cathedra S. Petri": Missale Romanum of 1474; Rossylin Missal, Westminster Missal, Missal of Robert of Jumièges, Mozarabic Missal, Sarum Missal, Leofric Missal, and Canterbury Missal. All historians of any repute agree that the fact of St. Peter being in Rome is incontestable.

* "Origines du Culte Chrétien," p. 266. "Liturgical Year"; Lent, p. 25. "The Lectionary of Luxeuil" counts two Sundays only between the Epiphany and the Feast of the Chair, and places three Sundays between it and Lent. "The Sacramentary of Bobbio" places the Feast of the Chair immediately before that of Our Lady, on the 18th of January.

† The three great patriarchal sees held in veneration on account of their connection with St. Peter are: Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch.

the existence of the double feast of St. Peter's Chair in our present calendar.

Not only has it been customary to commemorate the primacy of the Vicar of Christ on this day, but from time immemorial there has been venerated on this festival a real chair of St. Peter, symbolical of his spiritual authority and jurisdiction.

There are two places in Rome which from primitive times have been especially connected with the apostolic work of St. Peter in the Eternal City: these are the house of Pudens the Senator, now represented by the Church of S. Pudenziana; and the Cemetery of Ostrianus on the Via Nomentana. The latter place is situated beyond the Church of St. Agnes outside the Porta Pia. Here the memory of St. Peter has been particularly cherished, and here pilgrims have been accustomed to congregate to do homage to the chair in which Peter first sat while instructing the infant Church and confirming his neophytes.

It is still possible to venerate this hallowed spot. The original chair is no longer there; but a stone seat, cut out of the tufa itself, and dating back to the second century, is regarded by the faithful as representing the first apostolic throne set up in Rome.* The essence of a cathedral does not depend on magnificence of structure, but on the possession of the *cathedra*, or chair of the bishop; hence this chamber, in an obscure cemetery, may rightly be regarded as the earliest cathedral of Christian Rome.

Opposite to this ancient seat may be seen the column which supported the great bowl of oil in which a light constantly burned to honor so holy a shrine. At Monza is still shown a phial containing some of the oil taken from that very lamp during the reign of St. Gregory the Great in the seventh century. The oil had been collected by

John the Abbot, and carried to Queen Theodolina as a precious treasure.*

All trace, however, of the actual Chair of Peter which originally existed in the Cemetery of Ostrianus has now disappeared; but another chair is still preserved in the Vatican Basilica, and this relic in all probability found a place in the original house of Pudens.†

This ancient treasure now occupies a prominent place at the extremity of the apse of St. Peter's. It is enclosed in a monument of gilded bronze designed by Bernini. Pope Alexander VII. placed it in its present position, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Before its removal to the apse, this Chair of Peter had always been kept in the baptistery of the Basilica, except during a period of some three hundred years, when it was kept near the altar of St. Leo.‡ In earlier times the baptistery was always considered the suitable place for the bishop's chair: in that building he confirmed and instructed the newly baptized.

The baptistery of St. Peter's was built by Pope Damasus in the fourth century, and in all probability he placed there the chair of the Apostle, as may be inferred from the inscription which he caused to be engraved in the very building: *Una Petri sedes unum verumque lavacrum* ("One is Peter's chair, one and true is the font of baptism"). This inscription is still preserved in the crypt of the Vatican.§

Ennodius of Pavia, who lived at the end of the fifth century, says of the newly baptized at Rome, that they went to be confirmed by the bishop, who was seated in the "gestatorial Chair of

* *Ibid.*, p. 37.

† *Ibid.*, p. 80; also "Roma Sotterranea," p. 483. The bishop's chair was usually placed in the centre of the apse, against the wall, facing the altar, as may be seen in Rome still; hence the custom of celebrating Mass in the basilicas with the celebrant facing the congregation.

‡ "St. Peter in Rome," Barnes, p. 79.

§ *Ibid.*; also "The Holy Year of Jubilee," F. Thurston, p. 155.

* "St. Peter in Rome," Rev. A. S. Barnes, p. 36.

the Apostle's Confession." From the fact that the baptistery possessed the Chair of Peter, the actual building came to be designated, *Cathedra Apostolica*.*

Before its transference to St. Peter's, in the fourth century, there can be little doubt that the chair was preserved in the residence of the Pope at S. Pudenziana, where the baptistery of Rome then was. Here on this spot had been the house of Pudens, where for a time the Prince of the Apostles had been the guest of the Roman Senator. In the absence of documentary evidence, tradition asserts that this chair was the gift of Pudens to St. Peter. †

This venerable relic was last shown in 1867, the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of the Apostles. The legs are of oak, and the seat and back are of acacia wood, introduced at a later date to strengthen and ornament the older portions. In the legs are fixed rings through which poles were passed; making the whole a *sella gestatoria*, to be carried on the shoulders of four or more bearers,—a custom introduced by the Roman senators in the time of Claudius. It may, therefore, be affirmed with safety that the oaken part of the chair, which is plain and unadorned, must be original; in it the Church possesses a relic of the beginning of Christianity, and a throne which is probably the most ancient in the world. ‡

The Office appointed to be sung on February 22, as well as on January 18, is taken largely from that allotted to a bishop and confessor, thereby giving emphasis to the object of the festival. The lessons at Matins are all proper to the day, while the responsories which

follow them embody in majestic language the promises which Christ made to St. Peter. The Collect, in the usual terse and pregnant language of the Liturgy, thus sums up the spirit of the whole celebration: "O God, who by the delivery of the keys of Thy heavenly kingdom didst confer upon Thy blessed Apostle Peter the pontifical power of binding and loosing, grant that by the help of his intercession we may be delivered from the bonds of sin!"*

The Mass opens with the familiar words, *Statuit ei Dominus*, but the remaining portions are special to the day. The Epistle in all the ancient Missals, as well as our present Roman one, is taken from St. Peter's own words. The Gospel is also invariably the same in all ancient service books, being taken from the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, in which the confession of the divinity of Christ by St. Peter is recorded, followed by the promise of the power of the keys.

It is a tradition of the Roman Liturgy never to celebrate a feast of St. Peter without commemorating St. Paul, his fellow-laborer in founding the Church of the Eternal City and of the world; hence on this day the praises of the Apostle of the Gentiles are blended with those of the chief Shepherd of Christ's flock.

In these later days, when the dividing line between Catholics and so many millions of non-Catholics is practically acknowledged to be the question of the divine institution of the Primacy, the significance of the Feast of St. Peter's Chair can not be too emphatically insisted upon. May God in His own good time give the grace, to the non-Catholics of both East and West, to understand that a religion which is not in communion with the Chair of Peter is powerless of itself to save!

* Ibid. Almost all writers consider that *cathe-dra*, or *sedes*, is to be taken literally and not in a metaphorical sense, as Duchesne would have it.

† "St. Peter in Rome," p. 82. On account of the fact that the Popes resided in the house of Pudens, it was dignified with the title of *Pastor*. (Vid. Brev. Rom. for feast of St. Pius I., July 11.)

‡ "Holy Year of Jubilee," p. 155; "St. Peter in Rome," p. 81; "Roma Sotteranea," p. 487.

* In the Gallican Liturgy, quoted by Mabillon, the words *hodierna die* occur in the Collect. The present Collect of the Liturgy is attributed by Durandus to Pope St. Leo II.

The Chair of Peter is the centre of all spiritual authority: from that source every Catholic is ruled and sanctified; and such will be the case till the end of time, because so has it pleased Christ to ordain. All our pastors receive their powers from this divinely-appointed Apostolic See, and in honoring and obeying them we honor and obey Jesus Christ. If they come to us lacking the mission of the Bishop of Rome, we have no guarantee that they come to us endowed with powers which claim to be divine.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

VI.—(Continued.)

SIR HENRY SHIRLEY, stepping up now, monopolized Eileen. In his stupid way he tried to make himself agreeable,—an effort he was not in the habit of indulging in.

"Capital woods for walking sticks, Mademoiselle! My Russian collection will be unique. Got at least two prizes this afternoon. But missed dinner, you know! An Englishman must be very keen on something else to—ah—let his dinner go by."

After a silence.

"Fine woman, the Princess,—English-looking. The Baroness unmistakably Russian, you know. You are not a bit like a Russian."

"I was born in Ireland, Sir Henry."

"Bless my soul!"—and he fixed his monocle on his eye to stare at her as though she were some *lusus naturæ*.

"My dear mother—God rest her sweet soul!—was Irish: a Blake of Ballinafad, in the 'wild West.' My dear father—whom God protect!—met her at Dublin Castle, at a dance called St. Patrick's Ball. I was born at Ballinafad, and

was brought to Russia when one year old. I returned to school at a convent near Dublin."

"Why, then you are a Pa—I mean Catholic!"

"Yes, thanks be to the good God!" replied Eileen, devoutly.

"By Jove!" he muttered, still staring at her through his monocle, and fumbling the while for a cigarette. "Extraordinary! Russian-Irish,—more Irish than Russian. Irish eyes, by Jove! Lashes as long as a whip, by Jove!"

Ere the moon rose, the house party broke up to repair to the billiard room. Myles endeavored to learn the Russian national game of Vint, but proved a very dismal failure; and, feeling like a bad whist-player who only spoils the game for the rest of the party, he withdrew, to find himself again on the terrace and bathing in the liquid pearl of the moonlight.

Came to him for the first time the utterly dismal, weird howling of wolves from the adjoining forest.

"Them's wolves!" exclaimed a voice by his side, as Paddy Casey sidled up to him. "It's nice serenadin' we get in Roosia. There's none o' them varmint in ould Ireland, sir."

"Do they ever come near the house, Paddy?"

"It's the stockade an' the dogs that hould them out, or they'd be atin' us all. The dogs are ilegant bastes, nearly civilized they are so knowledgeable. I'm to see that ye want for nothin', sir; so I left a bottle of Irish an' a bottle of Scotch an' a bottle of rum no less, an' a bottle of *vodka* in yer room, sir; an' a taste of *zacouska* they call it—some dried fishes,—an' caviare an' sandwiches an' soda-wather—aye, an' bilin' wather in a samyvar, for feared ye'd be dry in the night, sir, an' might incline to a sup. Will ye want me for to put ye to bed, sir?"

"Not much, Paddy!" laughed Myles.

"I thought so; but there's Frinch

gentlemen that comes here wid what they call valleys, that puts their masthers to bed as if they wor childher. Is there anything else ye'd incline to, Misther O'Byrne?"

"Nothing more, thank you, Paddy! Good-night!"

"Well, sir, as I get up at cockcrow an' am workin' all day, I'd ax ye for to excuse me. Good-night kindly, sir, an' 'God bless ye!' as me ould mother used to say to six of us afther batin' us an' pitchin' us into bed." And Paddy Casey respectfully withdrew.

Such moonlight! Bright as silvern dayshine, with a few stars twinkling brilliantly in the dark blue vault. A wondrous stillness held the night, broken only by the ghastly howlings of the wolves and an occasional peal of laughter coming from the card-room. The shadows cast by the trees were of inky blackness; the forest loomed a solid mass dark as Erebus, while the open sward seemed silver-white.

Thrusting his hands in his pockets, Myles started for a stroll. Passing across the pleasance, he came to a wicket in the stockade which he proceeded to open—having discovered the trick of the latch—and stepped out upon the plain. The howling of the wolves seemed so close to him now that he involuntarily turned to see that the wicket was open and his escape assured; then he remained quiescent, like some ardent disciple of Wagner listening to discord, which has been defined as "harmony not understood." Having satiated himself with wolf music, he re-entered the enclosure, closing the wicket after him.

Scarcely had he clicked it when his gaze became riveted upon the creamy white of the pleasance, and his heart gave a beat backward as he descried four enormous wolf-hounds making straight for him *ventre à terre*, at full stretch, and emitting what might fairly be termed "roars" of anger. Instinctively

he half turned to open the wicket, with eyes still glued upon the approaching dogs, which were now closing up; but he could not unfasten it. The trick that took him perhaps a minute as he went forth on the plain was simply impossible now. He bethought him of climbing over the stockade: it was too high; and ere he could, by the help of the gate, hope to reach the top, he should be dragged down to a horrible death.

He had no weapon, not even a knife or a stick. The hounds, with hideous "roaring"—he could describe it afterward by no other word,—were now within thirty yards. He was doomed. Thrusting his hand into a small vest pocket over his heart, where he carried the old silver crucifix given to him by his mother on leaving home, he cried in a sort of glorified enthusiasm, such as the Christian martyrs in the arena were wont to feel when the wild beasts sprang upon them: "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*"

At that moment the leading hound, now within about four yards, stopped short as if it had been shot; the other dogs doing the same, and lying down opposite to her in a semicircle, panting, panting, their cavernous jaws wide open. What did this portend? Instinctively he thanked God for that moment's respite, in order to make an act of contrition and murmur always the sweet, prayerful, hope-laden *Ave Maria*. He dared not cry out or move an inch, lest the hounds should spring upon him.

"Ha!" A cry from the direction of the *datcha*; another—a series of cries—and he could perceive a man and woman speeding toward him.

The hounds never moved a muscle, but kept their eight bloodshot, awful eyes fixed upon him.

He could now make out Count O'Reilly, who was calling off the dogs at the top of his lungs; and in advance of him Eileen De Lacey running like a deer. Would he yet be saved?

In a few seconds the girl had leaped over one of the dogs and flung herself upon O'Byrne, gasping:

"Oh, my God! if you had not visited the kennels this afternoon, you would have been torn to ribbons! They recognized you just in time."

And then she fainted.

VII.—BERMALOFFSKY.

It is scarcely necessary to say that everybody in and around the *datcha* was full of the narrow escape, under God's providence, from an awful death of O'Byrne, upon whose coolness and bravery the most extravagant eulogiums were lavishly showered.

"*Per Bacco!*" cried the Count, "but he stood as calm as if he were the whipper-in calling the pack to hue. It was Mademoiselle who heard his cry; and, *corpo de Bacco!* can't she run!"

"It was rather fortunate that you visited the kennels, O'Byrne," observed the General; "and it was more fortunate still that it was such bright moonlight. It is quite evident that Kossjik, the leading hound, recognized you and stopped the other three. But he must have argued to himself: 'What the deuce is this man doing out here away from the rest? We must keep him where he is until some of my friends arrive.'"

"Enormously clever dog," said Shirley.

"I must bring back a pup!" cried Percy Byng, who had been narrating the adventure to a group of retainers, not one of whom understood a single word of his very acrobatic discourse.

The Baroness gazed at O'Byrne, saying never a word; but the Princess put him through a very rigid cross-examination as to how he felt when the hounds were approaching and he saw that he could in nowise escape.

"Let us talk of yourself, Princess!" laughed Myles, who felt rather bored even by this very beautiful young woman. "What would you have done under the circumstances?"

"I should have screamed and—and—slapped their faces,"—at which everybody laughed.

Eileen did not put in an appearance until near luncheon time. She was very white, her glorious violet eyes wearing a scared look almost amounting to terror. A mighty wave of gratitude and tenderness swept over the heart of Myles when he perceived how ill and shocked the poor girl was, feeling that he had been the innocent cause; and, in the impetuosity of his nature, he was about to utter what was welling up in his heart to his lips, when Sir Henry observed:

"By Jove, Mademoiselle, you are a brick,—a brick of the most adhesive quality!"—and fell to tugging at his wisp-like mustache with rapid and nervous twists.

Percy Byng, in company with Count O'Reilly, having discovered a very desirable piece of flat ground hard by the house, set up a wicket and easily induced Myles to bowl for him; the Count acting as wicket-keeper and backstop; Sir Henry Shirley serving as umpire with the gravity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; while Paddy Casey and half a dozen of *mujiks* flew after the ball. For a long hour by "Shrewsbury clock" these young gentlemen kept up the merry game; declaring that it was the only game worth playing, and that they would play it every day during their stay; and break in some of the *mujiks*, three of whom showed signs of vigorous capacity.

When the moment for departure to Bermaloffsky arrived, the Baroness quietly remarked:

"I am taking Mr. O'Byrne."

"But—" exclaimed the Princess.

"Come along with me. I'll drive *you*, and we'll set the pace," interposed Count O'Reilly, springing into the drosky and extending his hand to the Princess in a fashion that forbade refusal.

The General, Sir Henry, and Percy,

with Eileen brought up the rear; the old lady waving a languid adieu as the equipages spun past the terrace.

Myles smiled—nay, chuckled inwardly as he lay back in the luxurious carriage and began to dream:

"If Joe Murphy could only see me now, or the bank manager, or O'Donnell, they wouldn't believe their eyes; and it would be all over College Green in an hour. To think of it! Here I am in a carriage as gorgeous as the Lord Mayor's, with four *such* horses and two outriders; and beside me—*me*, Myles O'Byrne—a young widow, a Baroness, and one of the wealthiest women in all Russia. Joe, I'd give a quarter's salary if you could get one look at me. And that conceited Mulcahy, who tried to patronize me with a nod until I knocked his hat off—"

"A kopek for your thoughts, Mr. O'Byrne! Was I in their midst?"

"Well, indeed you were, Baroness,—right in the thick of them."

"Pleasantly?" she continued, with a coquettish smile.

"Naturally."

"Would you dare to reveal them?"

"Why, of course!" he laughed. "I was just thinking that if some of my fellow-clerks in the Hibernian Bank were to see me in this gorgeous equipage instead of being in a penny 'bus, how they would stare and wonder if they still retained their senses."

"But this thought was not of *me*," said the Baroness, pertinaciously.

"Perfectly of you, because this is your carriage, and it is at *you* that they would stare, wondering by what chance I had flown up to the stars and brought you to earth,"—which was very neatly phrased by Master Myles.

"Then you think of me only as the owner of a handsome equipage. Bah! we must change all that,"—shrugging her shoulders.

At this moment the vehicle came to a very sudden halt, the outriders wheeling

and plunging to the carriage door; and the *starosta*, or headman of the village, bowing to the ground, craved permission to address the Baroness.

"*Da! da!*—yes! yes!" she answered.

The man then spoke very vehemently, pointing in the direction of the road upon which they were travelling,—gesticulating, bowing, imploring, all in turns; the Baroness listening in silence, with compressed lips and angry eyes.

"This man is a cowardly dog," she said in reply to the questioning glance of O'Byrne. "He says that a gang of convicts have escaped from Potoffsky prison close by,—all desperate and some armed; that they are concealed in a wood about four versts from here, and on our road: we must pass through it. He urges me to return. This I will not do, if all the dungeons in the fortress of Cronstadt were emptied of their jail-birds. But I have consented to wait till the others come up. See how scared my retainers are! Look at their putty-colored faces! Ah, here comes the General! Now for a council of war!"

Myles secretly admired the coolness and pluck of the little lady beside him, however misguided her judgment might be. A gang of murderous convicts, with everything to gain, and nothing to lose but worthless lives already rendered unendurable by torture, was indeed a lion, and a very formidable one, in the path. What would the General advise?

"Let us speak English, General!" exclaimed the Baroness as Romansikoff drove up. "My servants have all been nearly frightened to death by the *starosta*; and this is what he says,"—repeating in substance the tale of the village headman.

The gentlemen assembled in the road; the ladies descended and surrounded the vehicle in which the Baroness remained seated. The *starosta* having been closely interrogated by the General and the Count, Romansikoff asked:

"Are you all armed?"

O'Reilly, Percy, and Sir Henry promptly replied in the affirmative.

"And you, O'Byrne?"

"I never carried a weapon in my life. All I have is this *kippeen*—this gay little blackthorn!"—whirling the shillelah over his head after the fashion of the stage Irishman.

"I'll lend you a Winchester repeating-rifle, eight rounds; you, too, Sir Henry. I never travel without them on account of the wolves."

"Where do I come in?" asked Byng.

"You will use your revolver—but," added the General, "I do not think that we shall be called upon. Even if those convicts are in force, they are unarmed—unless they have killed their guards and taken their rifles,—and we are too many for them. Do not be alarmed, ladies,—I see that you *are* not. I know the Potoffsky wood, every metre of it; and they have chosen a very secure hiding-place,—that is, until the troops come up. I shall speak to the *starosta* and have the wires tapped."

"This is awfully jolly, Mademoiselle!" cried Percy to Eileen.

"I can not see anything very jolly about it,"—gazing anxiously in the direction of the woods.

"It will be no end of fun to pot those blackguards."

"Suppose they choose to pot *you*?" laughed O'Reilly.

"Let them if they can."

(To be continued.)

LA BRUYÈRE said: "I would fain see a man who is sober, moderate, chaste, equitable, declare that there is no God; but such a man is not to be found." For my part, I would fain see a young man who is chaste, modest, humble, seriously instructed in Christian doctrine, declare that the faith which he received from his mother, the Catholic Church, is without foundation: hitherto I have never met with such a young man.

—Laforet.

Chasing Shadows.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

CHASING shadows, empty shadows,
All the day,
While the noblest, sweetest graces
Slip away;
Building idols to be worshiped,
Out of clay.
Passing by the humbler flowers
For the rose;
Seeing not their homely beauty
And repose;
Seeking vainly the contentment
Home-life knows.
Looking backward o'er the valley
Dark with rue,
From the ruin of your making,
Know that you
Have been chasing empty shadows
For the true.

The Marquise de Lafayette.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

III.

DURING the few months that the Duchess d'Ayen and her eldest daughter spent as prisoners in their old home they occasionally received the visit of an Oratorian priest, Father Carrichon, who was living in Paris under a disguise. The increasing number of executions impressed the two ladies: among the victims were many of their own friends and relatives. And as time went on and the horrors of the Reign of Terror showed no signs of abating, the thought of death on the guillotine was constantly brought closer to the two noble women.

On one occasion they inquired of their Oratorian friend whether, in the event of their being sent to execution, he would have the courage to accompany them, to absolve and sustain them. He promised to do so; and added that he would on that day wear a blue coat and a red *casaque*, so that they might easily

distinguish him among the crowd. It was to this old priest that the Duchess and her daughter owed their last earthly joy; and their relatives, the true and touching account of the final scene.

Monsieur Grelet, the boys' devoted tutor, contrived, by bribing the jailers, to send the Vicomtesse de Noailles news of her children. Her answers to his notes have been preserved, and they are inexpressibly touching. This young woman, a happy and beloved wife and mother, whom so many ties seemed to bind to life, never indulges in a word of murmur or even of regret. Her short letters, written hastily and conveyed with the utmost secrecy, breathe the sweet serenity of a soul absolutely resigned to the will of God.

"God supports me, and will continue to do so; of this I feel certain," writes the Vicomtesse; and in an affectionate letter to her absent husband she says: "When you hear of the situation I was in, it will surely comfort you to know that God took care of me and sustained my strength and courage." In her last note to Monsieur Grelet she again expresses her gratitude to one whom she regarded as her boys' elder brother rather than their tutor. "May God repay the debt I owe you!" she writes to this noble-hearted man. With this letter was the writer's last will, a document full of faith, hope, resignation, and forgiveness.

In the dreary atmosphere of the Luxembourg prison the young Vicomtesse de Noailles moved like an angel of peace. The prison was crowded to overflowing, and among the captives were her father and mother-in-law, the Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife, to whom she showed affectionate attention. Her own grandmother, the Duchess de Noailles, and her mother also needed her assistance: she made their beds, helped them to dress, and joked over her numerous and varied duties.

Only a few days after the execution of

the Maréchal de Mouchy orders came to transfer a certain number of prisoners to the Conciergerie. Among the victims were the Duchess d'Ayen, her mother-in-law and her daughter. When the news was brought to the Duchess she was reading "The Imitation of Christ." She rose, wrote on a slip of paper these words, "My children, courage and prayer!" and placed the paper at the chapter she was reading; it was the singularly appropriate one entitled "The Royal Road of the Holy Cross." Then having kissed the volume, she gave it to her fellow-prisoner, the Duchess of Orléans; and begged her, if she was released, to convey it to her daughters. As she spoke her tears fell fast.*

Two hours later the prisoners came out of the Luxembourg. At the door, near the carts that were to convey them to the Conciergerie, stood Monsieur Grelet. Madame de Noailles pressed his hand as she passed; then, having seated herself in the cart, she turned toward him, joined her hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and made him understand that she was blessing her children in his person. These signs attracted the attention of the bystanders, and Monsieur Grelet was immediately arrested. But, fortunately, after some hours he was released; and at daybreak he hurried to Père Carrichon and summoned him to keep the promise he had made to the Duchess and her daughter.

The old priest relates in his simple way how, deeply moved and trembling, he put on the blue and red costume that had been agreed upon, and sallied forth on his errand of mercy; and how he stood at the gate of the Conciergerie, till the prisoners who had just been condemned were led out to be executed. The guillotine had lately been transferred

* Some years ago we had the good fortune to see, in the hands of a great-granddaughter of the Duchess d'Ayen, the precious relic of those terrible days, with its tear-stained pages and the slip of paper yellowed by time.

from the Place de Concorde (then called Place de la Revolution) to the Barrière du Trône, at the other end of Paris; and on that fatal 22d of July forty prisoners took their seats in the carts that were drawn up at the prison gate.

The aged Maréchale de Noailles was the first to appear; then came her daughter-in-law and granddaughter, the Duchess d'Ayen and the Vicomtesse de Noailles. The last named, dressed in white, looked like an angel. She spoke cheerfully and tenderly to her mother, and occasionally scanned the crowd that surrounded the carts, looking for her old friend. In spite of his endeavors to attract her attention, Père Carrichon failed at first to catch her eye; only in the Faubourg St. Antoine, when a violent storm broke out, was he able to approach the prisoners without attracting attention. A bright smile overspread Madame de Noailles' countenance when her eyes fell on an old man dressed in red and blue, who, in spite of the pelting rain, kept close to the cart. Her hands were bound behind her back, but she leaned toward her mother and whispered the good news. Then both mother and daughter, bending their heads, received the last absolution, which Père Carrichon gave them unobserved, but, as he remarked, with a feeling of superhuman peace and recollection.

At last the funeral procession reached the Barrière du Trône; the storm had passed away and the evening sun now shone over the tragic scene. Père Carrichon, standing somewhat apart, saw that the old Maréchale de Noailles was one of the first to die; she seemed half unconscious of what was passing around her. Madame d'Ayen, calm and dignified, was absorbed in prayer. As for her daughter, her youth, her smiling countenance, and evident devotion to her mother impressed the bystanders. "See how happy that young woman looks!" they said to one another. With moist eyes and a beating heart, the old

priest watched them one after the other mount the steps and bow their heads under the knives. The Vicomtesse, he quaintly says, looked, in her white robes, like a sweet little lamb about to be sacrificed, or like a young martyr of the early Church.

The news of the execution of their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother was broken that same day to the Noailles children by their devoted tutor, Monsieur Grelet, to whom, in the absence of her husband and other relatives, the Vicomtesse had entrusted the entire responsibility of her little ones. At Le Plessis, it was Madame de Duras who undertook to convey the fatal tidings to Madame de Lafayette. Her grief was terrible to witness; many months later she wrote that 'God had saved her from rebellion, but that for a long time afterward the mere thought of any human consolation was unbearable to her.'

As yet she knew nothing of the details that in after days brought balm to her wounded spirit: of Père Carrichon's ministry and of the heavenly peace that hallowed the tragic scene. She was convinced that any day she, too, might be sent to the guillotine, and all her efforts tended to prepare for the fate that possibly awaited her. Later on she owed to her children that the thought of following in the footsteps of her mother and beloved elder sister made even the scaffold and its attendant horrors welcome to her.

The sacrifice she was so willing to offer was not demanded of Madame de Lafayette. Only a few days after the execution of the Duchess d'Ayen came the revolution of the "Nine Thermidor" and the fall of Robespierre, which put an end to the worst days of the Reign of Terror. The previous evening unusual excitement had prevailed among the prison authorities, and the report was spread that a general massacre was impending. Next morning the prisoners

at Le Plessis heard that there was fighting in the streets, and toward evening they noticed that the persons who lived in the houses that overlooked the prison were trying to attract their attention, and were evidently in a state of joyful excitement. Again, a few hours later, they heard that Robespierre had been executed, and almost immediately a number of them were released. Among these was the Duchess de Duras, who relates in her "Memoirs" the strange sensation she experienced when she found herself outside the prison, which she had expected to leave only to die; and how her sense of freedom was saddened by the loss of her nearest and dearest.

Madame de Lafayette was detained for six months longer, but she was removed from Le Plessis to a private house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. In spite of her extraordinary strength of character, the loss of her mother and sister had almost broken her heart. The only influence that seemed to alleviate her sorrow was that of Père Carrichon, who, disguised as a carpenter, ventured to visit her. With him she went over the details of the terrible 22d of July; and, though her tears flowed, her tortured spirit was relieved, and the example of her beloved dead gave her courage to face the future.

At last, on the 22d of January, 1795, she was released; and her first visit was to her mother's only surviving sister, Madame de Ségur, a sweet and gentle woman, whose soothing influence was of great benefit to her niece. Then she sent for her son, who had remained in Auvergne; and remembering her husband's wish that, owing to the unsettled state of France, the boy should, if possible, be sent to America, she determined to carry out his intentions. With some difficulty, she was able to procure a passport; and Georges de Lafayette, a youth of sixteen, sailed for the United States, accompanied by his tutor, whose courage and devotedness to his charge

during the Reign of Terror had been above all praise. The boy was bearer of a letter from his mother to General Washington; in that letter she placed her son "under the protection of the United States"; and, after requesting the General not to separate him from his tutor, she adds: "My wish is that my son should lead a very quiet life in America; and that he should pursue his studies, which the events of the last unhappy years have interrupted."

After bidding adieu to her boy, Madame de Lafayette hastened to join her daughters. They came to meet her at a village near Clermont; and the next day being Sunday, the three went to a tiny mountain hamlet where Mass was celebrated in secret. They had been separated for nearly a year, during which the children had more than once wept over their mother's supposed death. A few days later Madame de Grammont, our heroine's youngest sister, and her husband arrived at Brioude, having walked nearly all the way from their home in the east of France. They had no money to hire a carriage, and after the tragic events of the last few months Madame de Grammont yearned to see her sister again.

Their meeting was a short one. Madame de Lafayette's ideal of wifely duty led her, at whatever cost, to join her husband. Her life in France might now have been safe and comparatively easy, but she would not for one instant admit that her place could be anywhere but at her husband's side. She remained in Paris for a time, in order to accomplish some necessary formalities concerning her mother's large inheritance, which was to be divided among herself and her sisters. Her daughter tells us that the time that she did not spend on business matters was devoted to praying in the secret oratories, where those she had loved and lost had knelt only a few months previously. After having been for so

long deprived of the consolations of religion, it was a great joy to her to be able to approach the sacraments once more.

At last, her presence in Paris being no longer necessary, she and her daughters embarked at Dunkirk for Hamburg. M. de Lafayette had been transferred from Magdeburg to Olmütz. Beyond the fact that he was alive, his wife knew nothing of him; and, as was afterward discovered, all her letters to him for the last three years had either been miscarried or purposely suppressed.

Near Hamburg, at Altona, the party were met by Madame de Montagu, who, after wandering through Germany, had found an asylum under the wing of her father's sister, the Comtesse de Tessé. The two sisters embraced each other with an emotion too deep for words; and Madame de Lafayette was immediately carried off to the little French colony over which her aunt presided, and where she consented to spend a few days before pursuing her journey to Olmütz.

It is characteristic of the French *émigrés* that throughout their dreary wanderings across Europe they retained the light-heartedness, the buoyant hopefulness, the sociability that had distinguished them in happier days. The Comtesse de Tessé was a typical society *grande dame* of the old régime, with the qualities and defects of her eighteenth-century contemporaries; while Madame d'Ayen and her daughters had inherited the earnestness and high-minded views of the grave magistrates from whom the Duchess derived her descent. This peculiarity gives them a place of their own among the remarkable women of the day.

In spite of the Comtesse de Tessé's remarkable activity and constant good-temper, life was sometimes monotonous enough in the remote German town where she had pitched her tent; and the arrival of Madame de Lafayette in

the autumn of 1795 was a welcome and important event. To her sister Pauline it meant more still, and it was touching and pathetic to witness Madame de Montagu's clinging to her elder sister during her brief stay at Altona. From her lips she heard the details of her mother's last hours, and she was never weary of talking of her beloved dead with one who felt as she did on all the subjects that lay nearest her heart.

After a short visit, Madame de Lafayette and her daughters pursued their journey, in spite of the remonstrances of the Comtesse de Tessé and her guests. It was in vain that they implored the brave wife to give up her plan of joining her husband; in vain they tried to convince her that she was sacrificing her own and her children's health and welfare to an exaggerated ideal of duty. Her mind was made up: her post was by her husband's side; and she set forth on her pilgrimage of love, leaving the little colony of Altona deeply impressed by her sweetness and her courage. Madame de Montagu's admiration for her sister bordered on worship, and, according to her own words, she continued to live on her conversations and example long after she had lost her bodily presence.

From Altona the travellers proceeded to Vienna, where the Emperor himself gave our heroine permission to share Lafayette's prison. Her joy was now unbounded, says her daughter; and when on October 15, 1795, she came in sight of the towers of Olmütz she gave way to a passion of tears. The terrible anguish and sufferings of the last years were forgotten; from her lips burst the glorious canticle of Tobias, of which she was particularly fond, and which, many years later, she recited on her deathbed in sight of the eternal haven of rest.

(Conclusion next week.)

IN youth one has tears without grief; in old age, griefs without tears.—*Roux.*

The Bible in the Breviary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

IT was Adam at Septuagesima; Noe at Sexagesima; it is Abraham at Quinquagesima. "A great man, most evidently, is Abraham, and eminent for his many virtues," says St. Ambrose; "and such a one as philosophy with all its wishes could not produce." Born in a far-away Eastern country, living in the time, and perhaps in the very house, of Shem, as Hebrew tradition says, we meet with him, not in his young days like Isaac or Jacob, but at the moment when he has already spent his noviceship in God's service, and is on the road to the highest excellence and perfection.

"The Lord spoke to Abram, saying, Go forth from thy country and from thy kindred, and come into the land I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee."* "In him that virtue held first place," adds St. Ambrose, "which is the foundation of all virtues [faith or trust in God]; and therefore does God require it of him first of all, saying: 'Go forth from thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house.' It ought to have been enough to say, 'Go forth from thy country'; for thus he would have gone forth from his kindred and from his father's house. And yet God mentions each and all, that the patriarch might be tried in each and all; lest he should seem to have begun rashly in anything, or that there should lurk any deceit or concealment in the designs of Heaven... He is tried as a strong man, urged forward as a faithful man, and incited as a just man."

And, in the words of the first Christian martyr: "He went out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charan.

And from thence, after his father had died, he removed him into this land in which you now dwell."* "Abram was seventy-five years old when he went forth from Haran. And he took Sara his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all the substance they had gathered, and the souls they had gotten in Haran; and they went out to go into the land of Canaan."†

Abraham travelled then as the tribes of the desert travel now. His party formed one company, guarded in front and rear by its strong men; having its old men, its women, children, cattle and possessions in the middle; and moving slowly because of the women and children and cattle. "Abram had sheep and oxen, and men servants and women servants, and asses and camels." "And he was very rich in possession of silver and gold." "The name of Abram's wife was Sara; the woman was very beautiful; but Sara was barren and had no children."‡ And the steward over all his possessions and goods was a man named Eleazar, surnamed Damascus, because either he was born at Damascus, or Abraham had got him on his way through Damascus.

On leaving Ur of the Chaldees, which to this day is but some indeterminate place in the East, they travel south and westward. They have to cross the Euphrates in their journey. The crossing is made by ford; and after this crossing it would take them seven days' journey at least to come to the eastern bank of the Jordan. Once they leave the fertile valley forming the basin of the Euphrates, their way lies through a wild, uninhabited desert country. There is no grass for their cattle; there is no water for man or for beast; there is no tree to cast a shade. There is hot sand beneath their feet, there is a cloudless sun above. Their substance rests on the backs of their camels or of their asses.

* Acts, vii, 4.

† Gen., xii, 4, 5.

‡ Gen., xii, 16; xiii, 2; xi, 12.

* Gen., xii, 1, 2.

Their sheep and cattle travel slowly along. Their young and their feeble faint for heat; their very dogs stretch out their tongues and lick the coolness of the shadows that the weary beasts cast upon the earth.

Day after day drags along until it seems an age, and at last the hills east of the Jordan break upon their distant view. Trees are dimly spied. On a nearer approach, the eye and the heart are cheered to see a green carpet enlivened by red anemones. Welcome and more welcome does the prospect become; richer and richer does it grow. This is the future land of Reuben and Gad and half the tribe of Joseph's eldest son.

Another day, with increasing delight, brings them to the banks of the Jordan. With awe they look down into its mysterious depths,—a channel carved, as it would seem, in the very bowels of the earth. Its solemn waters are cool and slow, and its banks are rich beyond anything that Tigris or Euphrates could display. And away beyond the beautiful waters, the sun is shining on the thousand hills and vales of a "pleasant" and a "goodly land."

This was the land to which he was to come, and which God was to show him; and there He was to 'make him a great nation, and to magnify him; to bless those that blessed him, and to curse those that cursed him.' We cross the river with the patriarch, and "Sara his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and with all their substance, and all the souls they had gotten in Haran"; and we dwell with him for a brief while in the several places where he "cast his tent, and raised an altar to the Lord." These were: 1, Sichem; 2, Bethel; 3, Bethel again, 4, Hebron; 5, Bersabee.

SICHEM.—Abraham crossed the Jordan for the first time—not opposite Jericho, where his descendants, under Joshue, crossed it long afterward, but much more northerly. He descended from the hills on the eastern side, by the slope

that led to the ford opposite Sichem; and coming up on the opposite bank, he "passed through the country unto the place of Sichem, as far as the noble vale. Now, the Canaanite was at that time in the land. And the Lord appeared to Abram, and said to him: To thy seed will I give this land. And he built there an altar to the Lord who had appeared to him."

And well might it, according to all descriptions, be called a noble vale. "All at once," says Robinson,* "the ground sinks down to a valley running to the west. There a scene of luxuriant and almost unparalleled verdure burst upon our view. The whole valley was filled with gardens of fruit, watered by various fountains, which burst forth in several parts and flow westward in refreshing streams. It came upon us suddenly like a scene of fairy enchantment. We saw nothing to compare with it in all Palestine."

BETHEL.—"Passing on from thence [from Sichem], he came to a mountain that was on the east side of Bethel. He there pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east. He built there also an altar to the Lord [as well as in Sichem], and called upon His name."

Beth-el means the "house of the Lord." This place was about one day's journey from Sichem. Its ancient name was Luz. By this migration we are informed of two things: first, that although the Canaanite dwelt in the land, it was sparsely inhabited; otherwise Abraham could not go where he wished with his cattle and feed them there. It was thinly (but not so thinly) inhabited in the time of Jacob also; but in the time of Joshue and the twelve tribes it was thickly inhabited. The second thing we see is the care and never-failing providence of God; for if Abraham were brought into Canaan when it was thickly inhabited,

* "Biblical Researches."

he could not support his family and flocks and herds; and unless it had been thickly inhabited at the time of Joshue, cities would not have been built, the ground would not have been tilled, orchards and vineyards would not have been planted, and the land would not have been fit to receive the multitudes of Israel.

BETHEL (a second time).—Abraham went to Egypt and returned after the famine to this place. Here the dispute occurred between Lot and Abraham. "And he returned from the south to Bethel, to the place before where he had pitched his tent." It was on a *mountain* that he had formerly pitched his tent. This mountain had Hai on the east, Bethel on the west. On the top of that mountain stood Abraham and Lot. Naturally it gave an extensive view, and we can thus easily understand Abraham's words: "Behold the land is before thee. If thou wilt go to the left, I will take the right; if thou wilt choose the right, I will pass to the left."

Here again we must conceive the land as thinly inhabited; for otherwise how could they have had their free choice? It is said there were in all this country but two populous districts: that of "the five cities of the plain," and the city of Mambre in Hebron.

HEBRON.—After Abraham had so peacefully and unselfishly parted with his nephew, God, as if in reward, appeared to him and said: "Lift up thy eyes,"—just as he had told Lot to lift up his eyes and look upon the whole land and choose,—"lift up thy eyes and look up from the place where thou now art" (the top of the mountain near Bethel). "All the land which thou seest I will give thee. Arise and go through the land. So Abraham, removing his tent, came and dwelt in the vale of Mambre and built there an altar to the Lord."

Mambre was the name of the chief, or king, that ruled over this beautiful vale; for we read in Genesis, chapter xiv, verse

13: "And behold one that had escaped came and told Abram the Hebrew, who dwelt in the vale of Mambre the Amorrhite, the brother of Escol and of Aner; for these had made a league with Abram." And again in the same chapter, where Abraham refuses to take any of the spoils "except the shares of the men that came with him: Aner, Escol, and Mambre; these shall have their shares."

Here Abraham dwelt the longest, and here took place the most striking of God's visions to him. Hebron was an upland vale,—that is, a vale on a high tableland. Underneath a patriarchal tree the patriarch pitched his tent. In chapter xviii we get a glimpse of everyday life, and the simple and beautiful customs of this great man and those early times. "He was sitting at the door of his tent, in the vale of Mambre, in the heat of the day. Three men appeared standing near him. As soon as he saw, he ran from the door of his tent to meet them, and adored down to the ground." He uses beautiful words: "If I have found favor, my lord,* in thy sight, pass not away from thy servant; but I will fetch a little water and wash ye your feet, and rest ye under the tree. And I will set a morsel of bread, and strengthen ye your hearts, and then pass on; for therefore are ye come to your servant." "And they said: Do as thou hast spoken."

Now we see what a hasty meal was like with them; but we are to look upon it as a respectable one also, for it would not have become Abraham to offer anything else. He hurries back into the tent, and Sara is asked to "make haste and to temper three measures of flour and make cakes upon the hearth." He himself runs to the herd and takes therefrom "a calf very tender and very good." One of his young men boils the calf. The patriarch gets

* It is to be supposed that one of the three stood a little forward as spokesman, and that the words, "my lord," were addressed to him.

butter and milk. The three guests, after the washing of their feet, have taken their seats under the terebinth tree. We can make a good guess at the size of this tree, for there stands at present such a tree within a mile of Hebron. The girth of its trunk is twenty-three feet, and the ambit of its branches is two hundred and seventy feet. Under the magnificent terebinth a table is prepared; and he brings forward for his guests the boiled calf, butter and milk, and the three cakes baked on the hearth; while, as if he were but a menial, he then stands in humble and respectful attendance upon them.

BERSABEE. — "After these things Abraham removed thence and dwelt in the south country." This is Bersabee. It is at the extreme south of Palestine, on the borders of the wilderness. It was here that Isaac was born, and into the neighboring wilderness Ismael and Hagar were driven. The meaning of the name is "the well of the oath," or "of the seven"; for Abraham and Abimelech made a league here. "And Abraham set apart seven ewe lambs." And he said to Abimelech: "Thou shalt take seven ewe lambs, that they may be a testimony that I dug this well. Therefore the place was called Bersabee, because they both of them did swear." When Abimelech had gone, "Abraham planted a grove there, and called upon the name of the Lord God eternal."

Abraham lived a long time here,—"and he was a sojourner many days." It was in this place that he received the command to sacrifice Isaac; so that he must have been twenty-five or twenty-seven years here. "Abraham returned to his young men; and they returned to Bersabee, and he dwelt there."

HEBRON (a second time). — It is doubtful whether Abraham returned here again, for all circumstances point to his having made Bersabee his permanent home. And yet in no other way can we account for the fact that

"Sara, having lived one hundred and twenty-seven years, died in the city of Arbec, which is called Hebron. Hebron, at any rate, is the place he selects in all his wanderings for his bones to rest. The courtesy with which he is treated by the chiefs of the place, and the deference and respect shown by the patriarch to them, are all quaint and beautiful. The description of the burial field is given us: "And the field that before was Ephron's, wherein was the double cave, looking toward [the vale of] Mambre; both it and the cave and all the trees thereof in all its limits roundabout were made sure to Abraham for a possession. There Abraham buried his wife. This is Hebron in the land of Canaan."*

BERSABEE.—It was from Bersabee that Abraham sent into his own country for a wife for his son Isaac, and "would not have a daughter of the Canaanites among whom he dwelt." When Rebecca was coming, "Isaac was gone forth to meditate in the field, by the well called Of the Living and the Seeing; for *he dwelt in the south country*,"—that is, Bersabee. "And Abraham gave Isaac all his possessions. And the days of Abraham's life were a hundred and seventy-five years. And, decaying, he died in a good old age; and having lived a long time, and being full of days, he was gathered to his people. And Isaac and Ismael his sons buried him in the double cave, which was situated in the field of Ephron, the son of Seor the Hethite, over against [the vale of] Mambre; which he hath bought of the children of Heth: there was he buried, and Sara his wife."

* Gen., xxiii, 17.

In all ages of the world and in all places there are men of restless but superficial minds, who mistake repose and serenity for stagnation.

—Joel Chandler Harris.

Masonic Myths about Washington.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

ON December 14, 1899 the Masons of the English-speaking world held at Washington city and Mount Vernon a centennial commemoration of the death of George Washington. THE AVE MARIA of the previous Saturday, in an article entitled "Washington and Masonry," examined into the real relations of the Father of his Country to that widespread organization, and reached the conclusion that "he had become a Mason before he was twenty-one years of age; and as the order was then a mere social club, he sowed some of his 'wild oats' there. Afterward his Masonic connection was only formal, but he never disavowed it." The centennial committee has since published a handsome volume which, with a detailed report of the centennial proceedings, contains "The Masonic Life of Washington, by Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston, P. M., Dove Lodge, No. 51."*

This volume, so far as it refers to facts, entirely and abundantly sustains the narrative of "Washington and Masonry" in THE AVE MARIA; but it goes much further and ventures into the region of legend, guess and fiction, apparently in order to contradict Washington's own statement, made in a letter to the Rev. G. W. Snyder, dated September 25, 1798, in these words: "I have not been in a Masonic lodge more than once or twice within the past thirty years,"—that is from 1768 to 1798. The book could not and does not discredit this letter; but declares

* "Official Souvenir of the Centennial of the death of Worshipful George Washington, Past-master Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, A. F. and A. M. 1799-1899. Mount Vernon, Virginia, December 14, 1899. Published by George T. Parker & Co., 400-402 Sixth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Under authority of the Washington Central Committee of the Grand Lodge of Virginia."

that "it can be easily demonstrated that figures can lie, and that oft-repeated statements of so-called proven history may sometimes be found to be only the creation of a heated imagination. It can also be shown, with equal ease, that traditions handed down the ages 'from mouth to ear' almost always have in them truthful statements."

It is with this sort of criticism that the book assails the plain word of General Washington that he had not been in a Masonic lodge more than once or twice in all the thirty years extending from 1768 to 1798. The "once or twice" were June 24, 1784, when he dined with Alexandria Lodge on its invitation; and on April 1, 1797, when he again dined with the same lodge at Albert's tavern in Alexandria. Besides this, on February 12, 1785, he walked, wearing a Masonic apron at the funeral of his distant cousin, William Ramsay; and, as President of the United States and as a Mason, he took part in laying the corner stone of the Capitol of the United States on September 18, 1793.

On this slight foundation Washington is claimed as a Masonic leader. There is no doubt that an attempt was made to thrust Masonic leadership upon him. He was chosen Grand Master of Virginia Masons, but declined. A movement was set on foot to make him, while President of the United States, General Grand Master of American Masons; and a medal was struck showing on the obverse the bust of Washington with the words "Washington, Pres.," and on the reverse "Geo. Washington, General Grand Master." Washington, however, resolutely kept out of such entangling alliances, and contented himself with replying to the various messages sent to him by grand lodges by an expression of approval of those benevolent principles which are the common inheritance of all the nations upon whom Catholic civilization has descended.

Even now the Washington Masonic

myth is publicly countenanced by the United States Ambassador to Great Britain. The *Washington Post* of recent date contains this:

Joseph H. Choate, American Ambassador, yesterday afternoon unveiled a portrait of Washington in Masonic regalia in the presence of many Masons in Freemasons' Hall. The Earl of Warwick, the deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, who presided, paid a tribute to Washington, in which he referred to the great veneration in which the first American President was held in England and his consistent remembrance of fellow-Masons during the war for American Independence. Mr. Choate read a eulogy of Washington, in which he referred to the fact that his best portrait extant is now in London in Lord Rosebery's house; the former Premier thinking so much of the great American that he would not be satisfied with anything but the best picture. The speaker hoped that the memory of Washington might be cherished in England as in America to the end of time.

It is inexplicable that any one should hope to secure the credence of thoughtful people for legends about General Washington. He seems to have determined that there should be no ground for myths or wild stories about him. He kept during the greater portion of his life a diary entitled "How and where I spend my time"; so that it is quite possible to test, by his own record, any narrative purporting to set out his doings. Hence all the legends omit dates and many of them are not careful in their report of places. In many cases the story of "The Three Black Crows" is exceeded. There is not even "something black" to begin with. Dr. Eggleston's narrative does not sin by omission. He gives in full all the documents which contradict the legends and guesses which he records concerning the relation of General Washington to Masonry. To build up a theory that Washington was more of a Mason than Washington's letters, diaries or any records show him to have been, he brings forward the vague gossip of unknown people that would not only be ruled out of court, but would be thrown into the wastebasket of any reputable newspaper.

In two instances his narrative of

myths approaches—at a considerable distance, however—the edge of history, and gives names, if not dates, which seem to impart some slight probability to the case. The narrative says: "The first of the lodges named in honor of Washington was probably an army lodge in Massachusetts in 1779. There exists a tradition that he [Washington] often visited it; and it is probably true, as Simon Greenleaf, Past Grand Master of Maine, is said to have asserted the fact on the authority of his father, who was its master." This is the sort of testimony used by modern Masons to impeach the word of General Washington that he was but once or twice in a lodge from 1768 to 1798.

The next instance comes nearer home to Mount Vernon and to the writer, whose grandfather, by this most modern instance of them all, is set up as an authority. The book, page 122, makes the following statement:

"As to the question of his ever having occupied the chair he presented to Alexandria Lodge [and which is still in their possession and is cherished as of priceless value] as their presiding officer, we are dependent entirely on tradition, and yet there is no doubt of it whatever. Time, war and fire shut us off from the record evidence of the fact; and yet that grand old man, Past Grand Master —, still living in Alexandria, states that he often heard the question put to faithful old John Shakes, who answered always that he had heard his father, the Rev. William Shakes, repeatedly say that he had seen Washington sit in it in open lodge many a time. This John Shakes, who was born in Maryland, lived in Alexandria from 1801 until his death in 1860, at the age of eighty-six. Mr. Shakes was tyler of Alexandria Washington Lodge for thirty-one years."

John Shakes, the long-time tyler of Alexandria Washington Lodge, has now no descendant who is not a Catholic.

This venerable gentleman, whom the writer loved and revered, was a good Methodist and a good Mason, who met upon the level and parted on the square, and read King James' Bible through once every year. He would rise from his grave if he could do so to contradict any legend that makes him a doubter of the word of General Washington. John Shakes knew his own father, and he wrote this of himself in his family Bible: "John Shakes, son of George Shakes and Mary Shakes (whose maiden name was Tanner), was born the 20th day of October, 1773."

"The Lodge of Washington," officially published by the Alexandria Washington Lodge,* says of the old man: "John Shakes was the son of a Revolutionary soldier born in Kent County, Md.... His father died in camp during the Revolution." As Alexandria Lodge was not established until 1783, several years after the father of John Shakes died, it was not possible for him to have made any such statement with expectation of being credited. We may well dismiss the fictitious son of the fictitious Rev. William Shakes that saw what was not to be seen, and with him may fairly go the Greenleaf story. "These our actors... were all spirits, and are melted into air—into thin air."

It is the general custom, when the Masons are called upon to lay a corner stone or officiate at the dedication of a public edifice, for the Masonic orator to expatiate bravely upon Washington as a Mason. At the dedication of the Washington National Monument, Grand Master Parker gave Washington an extra degree without his knowledge or consent and eighty-five years after his remains had been laid to rest. He

announced that "while Washington was Worshipful Master of Alexandria Lodge he received the Royal Arch degree."* Dr. Eggleston, however, in a more recent work contradicts this, and says (p. 114): "There is no evidence extant that Washington ever received any other degree beyond that of Master Mason."

Is it not childish to attempt to dwarf Washington into this or into that,—as an Episcopalian when he asked for no minister at his deathbed, or as a Mason when he made no suggestion that any lodge should bury him? "I am just going," said he to his private secretary. "Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand? 'Tis well!" He has not left his memory to any sect or society or state. He did great deeds and wrote twelve great volumes to show himself to be, what indeed he was, an American, the Father of His Country.

* Dedication, Washington National Monument Oration, etc. Government Printing Office, 1885. p. 24.

NOTHING that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect: part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom—is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies, which are not only signs of life but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed; that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.—*Ruskin* ("The Stones of Venice").

"The Lodge of Washington. A History of the Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, A. F. and A. M. of Alexandria, Va., 1783-1876. Compiled from the original records of the Lodge by J. L. Brockett, Pastmaster, Lodge No. 22. Alexandria, Va. George E. French, publisher. 1876."

A Notable Discourse.

WE should be glad and grateful to see a full report of the sermon delivered by Father Basil Maturin at a recent meeting of the Ladies of Charity, an admirable association of English Catholics already referred to in these pages. It was a sermon worth hearing and worth remembering, and worth quoting too. How refreshing it is to hear a preacher remark in this practical day and generation, "Work for souls has no statistics,"—"spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned; and spiritual work must be spiritually done"! The *London Tablet* affords the following summary of Father Maturin's discourse, but some one ought to see that it is published entire for the benefit of many besides the Ladies of Charity. This preacher "says things" and speaks in no muffled tones:

It is necessary that we should always bear in mind the radical distinction between the natural and spiritual orders. Yet radical as this distinction is in the nature and results of our work, the powers we employ for our work are the same in both orders. We have no special faculties for either. All work, spiritual or natural, is done with natural gifts; and the same fault in our character which leads to distractions in our prayers will make us inattentive in reading a novel. There are two things that greatly influence us in all our work: 1st, that the oftener we do a thing the better we do it—practice giving us a facility which becomes almost mechanical; 2d, that no one cares to do work in which he sees no results. The strongest inspiration of our work lies in our hope of achieving something, and we become active and alert through success. This applies both to spiritual and natural work; and yet it is the destruction of work for souls. In spiritual work, the day when everything seems to go badly, and we are discouraged by a sense of failure, may really be the day of our best work. And the day when everything goes well and we begin to count up our results and the souls we have saved, is a fatal day in our work. For, though in practical things we can calculate our successes, work for souls has no statistics. The material is different, and we can not measure or calculate spiritual effects. Thus some of the surest foundations of spiritual works have been laid by anonymous or apparently unsuccessful workers....

The question of the use of personal influence in work is a difficult one. The general feeling of distrust of personal influence is often exaggerated, but at the same time it is based upon an element of truth. On the one hand, those who are gifted with great power of personal influence ought to sanctify this gift by using it for God's work. St. Paul, who possessed a marvellous power of magnetic influence, was deliberately chosen by Our Lord that he might use it for the persuasion of souls. On the other hand, when personal power is used merely to subjugate others, and when advantage is taken of their weakness or susceptibility to influence, to coerce them into doing what they would not otherwise have done, it becomes an abuse of power and can lead to no good results. In dealing with souls, we deal with something that is very sacred, and which in its nature is free; and if we, by the force of our personality, persuade any one against his will, or if we use arguments unsound in themselves, but which we consider good enough for the unenlightened individual we may be dealing with, then we are acting wrongly and dishonestly; and the people we have thus subjugated will break away as soon as our influence is removed.

Spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned; and spiritual work must be spiritually done. If we set about it in a purely natural way—using our natural powers simply because it gives us pleasure to exercise them; giving our time and money because we "like the work"; visiting the poor for the same reason that we go to the theatre, *because we like it*,—we shall not achieve any result that is of the least spiritual value. The object of all work for souls is to win them to God. Our successes are not for ourselves, but are gifts that we present to Him. The pleasure we feel in the work may help us to do it better; but it is a means only, and must never be an end. The end is the glory of God, and must always be kept in view....

Thus it often happens that the best work is not done by the most gifted workers. For while a gifted worker may trust to her natural gifts, and an experienced worker may trust to the facility of long practice, the blunderer and the nervous, timid, ungifted worker will have recourse to prayer; and, distrusting herself, will depend only on the power that comes from prayer. Therefore let no one think that because she is not naturally gifted she can do no work. Those of little power may do a greater work than those of much power, because they will be forced to seek help in those spiritual sources from which alone spiritual results will be attained. The extent of our work is known only to God; and at the Last Day, when the results are made known, it may be that the greatest achievements will be traced to the efforts of unnoticed, anonymous workers.

Notes and Remarks.

“A useful article” is the *Church Times*' exceedingly euphemistic characterization of Lord Nelson's admirable paper on “Home Reunion and Protestant Reunion Compared” in the *Anglo-Catholic* for January. Home Reunion, his Lordship contends, proceeds upon the principle that there is only one Church, of which all who have been baptized are members; and the acceptance of that principle is the first step toward unity. The second step is to define “the many things we hold in common”; and the third step is to discuss, “in a spirit of prayer and brotherly love,” those points on which we apparently differ. “Our divisions being the outcome of several centuries of mistakes, it is not reasonable to suppose that they will be healed in a day.” “Moreover, Reunion can not stop short of taking the Roman Church into its embrace.”

Lord Nelson is amazed that Canon Henson should preface his scheme with the remark that “we must put the Roman Catholics out of consideration, because there are very few of them in this country, and they chiefly Irishmen and foreigners.” “What on earth,” asks his Lordship, “has paucity of numbers, or the being Irishmen or foreigners, to do with it,—for everyone must allow that they are fully baptized members of the One Holy Catholic Church of Christ?” He goes further indeed, and says that a man who can utter such a sentence “puts himself entirely out of court: he cuts himself off from all practical Christianity.”

It is greatly to be desired that the mission of Father Eaton, of the Oratory, who has come to this country to solicit contributions toward the erection of a memorial to Cardinal Newman, should be entirely successful. The memorial is to take the form of a church at

Edgbaston, Birmingham, where Newman lived forty years of his great and holy life, and where his brethren are doing their utmost to continue his work. The debt of the whole English-speaking world to this great teacher and father of souls can never, indeed, be repaid in full. There have been great converts since the beginning of the Western heresy, but none so great as Newman; there were great figures among the Catholic leaders in England and America during the last century, but none was quite so great as Newman. If every soul that has profited directly or indirectly by the word and the ministry of the illustrious Cardinal were to contribute a penny to the proposed memorial, the sum would be more than sufficient; failing this, we trust that American Catholics, so often called upon to contribute to purposes which appeal but feebly to their generosity, will express their appreciation of the signal services of Newman to his day and generation by contributing with more than usual generosity to the proposed memorial.

The Emperor of Germany has been reproached in some quarters for attending a lecture in which the most extreme views of the “higher critics” relative to the Bible were set forth; and the suggestion has been made that he is overfond of heterodox persons and opinions. The Kaiser's attitude toward the Christian religion is no mystery at all. He has repeatedly said—what few other rulers in Christendom have the sense or the courage to say—that the material and moral well-being of the State depends upon religion; and he has expressed his wish that the Catholic Church should develop without restraint in the Empire. When the notorious ex-Jesuit, Count Hoensbroeck, recently sent the Kaiser two anti-Catholic books from his own pen, his Majesty returned the package unopened, with the manly comment that the books were “insulting to Catholicism

and offensive to my Catholic subjects." On the whole, William II. seems to be a very tolerable sort of personage, and we should be glad to believe that other rulers were half so wise and conservative as he is.

It was a hard blow that our gentle Cardinal struck when he said in a recent sermon in his cathedral: "There is a social scourge more blighting and more destructive of family life than Mormonism. It is the fearfully increasing number of divorce mills throughout the United States." As if to accentuate the timeliness of his Eminence's words, the newspapers tell us that there is consternation in many quarters at the thought of a Mormon going to the Senate, while there is no strike on at the divorce mills, and no prospect of even a temporary lockout. A clever woman, writing in the *Pilgrim*, has this to say:

In a period of twenty-two years, New Hampshire increased her divorces threefold, without changing her laws during a longer period. Said a young Methodist clergyman in a New Hampshire village to me recently: "In my first pastorate I married eleven couples. That was six years ago, and to-day seven of them are divorced and some of them are remarried. One of those divorced couples continued to work in the same shop, and greeted each other with, 'Helloa, Hal!' and 'Helloa, Lou!' as aforetime, apparently no more abashed or conscious of the horror of the situation than so many cats or crows would be."

It is quite true, as Cardinal Gibbons says, that divorce is a more serious menace to morality in this country than Mormonism is; and, though we are fully alive to the enormity of the Utah code, we can not but think that the shocked sensibilities of those who blink at divorce while they cry horror at Mormonism are largely a case of—

Compounding sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.

"Recent acts and expressions from high authorities in the Roman Catholic Church," says the *Literary Digest*, "are giving a severe shock to the traditional

charge of Protestants that their great rival church is hostile to the free use of the Bible." The appointment of the commission for Bible study and the exhortations of certain international Catholic journals are the occasion of the remark. We may be permitted to question whether any possible word or deed of even the very highest authorities in the Church could "shock" such misapprehensions as still exist on that threadbare subject. It is some years since the present Pontiff attached a considerable indulgence to the reading of the Bible. We had hoped that so unmistakable an act would give the *coup de grace* to the old Protestant tradition. If it has not done so, we can only throw up our hands.

The question of Bible-reading in the public schools has been resuscitated in Utica, N. Y.; and Monsig. Lynch quotes approvingly the surprising plea of a non-Catholic clergyman, that "the rights of the majority should not be trampled on by the minority." It is not often that such a demand is made, but Monsig. Lynch explains the epigram in this way: "I believe that if a correct census of this city were taken, it would be found that the Catholics outnumber the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, atheists, agnostics, infidels, and all other sects combined." Of how many other cities in this country could such a claim be made?

A convention of prominent educators from all parts of the country met in Chicago last week to discuss the possibility of giving religious instruction in the public schools without offending any religious denomination. The necessity of moral education was frankly admitted. "While the speakers emphasized home influence in shaping the minds of the young in religious directions, it was the sense of the meeting, developed in the discussion, that it was on the schools,

both public and Sunday, that the greatest reliance must be placed in imparting religious instruction."

We must praise the zeal of these religious educators; but that of the principal of the schools of Anderson, Indiana, ought to be checked. It is said that he has already made religion a part of the regular course, "without giving any cause for complaint on the part of the parents." The taxpayers of Anderson are yet to be heard from. In any case Mr. Carr has violated the Constitution, and it is to be hoped that he will be taken to task for it. If we had the honor of being one of his fellow-citizens, we should want to know all about the religious instruction which he has taken upon himself to impart to his youthful charges. We doubt very much whether it would suit us, judging from the reports of Mr. Carr's address.

* *

The *Chicago Tribune* had an opinion to present on the questions discussed at the Convention for Religious and Moral Education which the members would do well to consider, for it has weight:

The Protestant churches should put their belief into a form intelligible to the juvenile mind. A great deal of confusion is now caused by the kaleidoscopic character of the doctrine which comes from some Protestant pulpits. If men do not know what they think, how are they going to tell the children?

The School Question may still be a long way from final settlement, but there are indications that in all future discussions of it there will be regard for the rights of those whose beliefs on religious subjects are settled for all time.

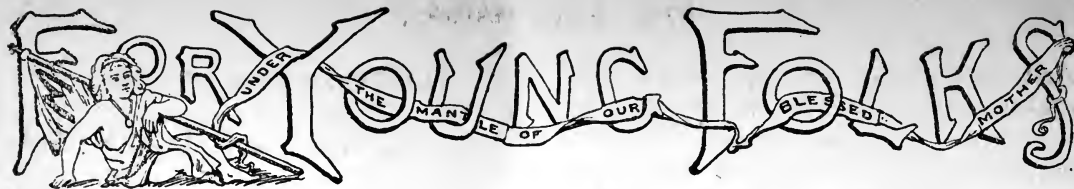
The death of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his eighty-seventh year, at Nice last week, was the passing of a great and picturesque figure. As poet, journalist, historian, patriot, statesman and governor, he had loomed large in the public eye for almost three quarters of a century; and when the perspective of

history shall have dwarfed many of the "giants" of the day, Gavan Duffy will still appear what he really was: one of the most amazingly versatile and energetic men of the last century. Next to Davis he was the moving spirit of the *Nation*; he was the intimate friend of O'Connell for many years; in a certain sense he was the creator of the modern Irish Party in Parliament; and after rounding out a brilliant career in his own land, he went to Australia, where an entirely new set of activities and honors awaited him, and where he spent about half his life. The *Edinburgh Review* last year described him as "one of the most romantic figures in the history of the British Empire in the nineteenth century." *R. I. P.*

Naturally, Charles Carroll was one of the two distinguished sons whose statues the State of Maryland has placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. When the marble figures were formally accepted by Congress, the character of the "Last of the Signers" was the theme of many orators, one of whom, the venerable Senator Hoar, emphasized the lesson of the hour in this telling way:

I would like to speak for a moment of one lesson, that has been often forgotten, which the life of Charles Carroll teaches alone among his illustrious companions: Charles Carroll was a devoted Catholic. He belonged to that Church which preserved for mankind learning, literature and law through the gloomy centuries known as the Dark Ages. Yet that Church is the only denomination of Christians against which anything of theological bitterness or bigotry seems to have survived amid the liberality of our enlightened day. Every few years we hear of secret societies and even political parties organized with the sole view of excluding the members of a single Christian Church from their equal privileges as American citizens. Yet certainly the men of the Catholic faith have never been behind their countrymen either as citizens or soldiers.... The American Catholic did his full and noble share in winning the liberty and in framing the Constitution of the country which he loves as we do, and which we love as he does.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



St. Botolph's Town.

Tis strange that the Puritans, who left England because they wished to have nothing to do with people who believed in saints, should have named their town in the New World "Boston"; for to say "Boston" is just another and shorter way of saying "Botolph's Town." And Botolph was a great saint, whom all sailors, and many besides, loved and honored. I will tell you how the beautiful city on our Atlantic coast came to be named for him.

In the middle of the seventh century two little brothers, by name Botolph and Adulph, lived in Britain. Their family was a noble one, and, like many high-born lads, they were sent to France for their education. They were always good children, and when old enough became members of a religious Order, and were soon famous for their learning and zeal. The French King was so won by Adulph that he induced him to stay and labor in France; but Botolph had had enough of foreign life, and was glad that he was permitted to go back to his island country. Two sisters of the King of East Anglia, who lived in France, hearing that the holy Botolph was going to return, said to him:

"Will you take a message to our brother, the king?"

"That I will," answered Botolph.

"Then tell him," said the sisters, "that we beg him to build a monastery for the love of the divine reward, and over it we beg him to make you abbot."

The King, when he heard the message of his sisters, bade Botolph choose his own spot for the monastery, and the good man said:

"I know a place possessed by the powers of darkness and deserted by man. I pray you give it to me."

When Botolph arrived at the place he had selected there was great consternation. "Cruel stranger," exclaimed the demons who inhabited it, "why do you drive us away? Can we not possess this solitude in peace?" But Botolph made the Sign of the Cross and they fled, shrieking.

Two centuries afterward, when foreign hordes had made a ruin of the monastery over which St. Botolph was abbot, and where he was buried, some men sought among the fallen stones for his body. When they had found it they tried to carry it away; but it grew so heavy that it could not be moved, and a great roaring sound arose from the ruined cloisters. Then some one said: "His brother was buried near him. Let us search for him as well." So they sought and found the relics of his brother Adulph, and the body of Botolph became light again and easy to be moved.

Early in the fourteenth century the great Church of St. Botolph began to rise on the site of the old monastery, on the river Wytham and near the sea. Its tower is three hundred feet high, and sailors used to implore the protection of St. Botolph; for in that tower was always a light blazing that could send its warning gleams for forty miles over the waters.

The town that grew up about the church was at first called St. Botolph's Town; but after a while as religion became more lax, people forgot to say "St. Botolph's Town" and spoke of the place merely as "Botolph's Town." It was then very easy to grow still more careless and say just "Boston," and Boston it remains to this day.

And now about the city that is the daughter of old Boston across the sea.

The first name of the pear-shaped peninsula on which the American Boston stands was Shawmut, called that by the Indians on account of its many springs, the word *shawmut* meaning "living fountains." When Governor John Winthrop first saw the three hills on this sea-girt projection he said: "It shall be named Tri-mountain." But later, in 1630, we find upon the old records the statement that the settlement should henceforth be known as Boston. This was no doubt out of compliment to the Lady Arbella Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and others who thought of the English Boston as home.

Poor Lady Arbella! Her story is as short as it is sad, yet it is too long to tell here. One month after she landed on the strange shores of the New World they made her a grave, and a few weeks afterward her husband died of sorrow. "He tried to live without her; liked it not, and died." She was a good and gentle woman, although her religion was narrow; and a quaint old parson of her day said that she stopped in the new Boston on her way to heaven. Let us hope his words were true.

So now you know how the Puritan city of the New World come to be named for St. Botolph, the good Abbot of Ikanho, which was the ancient name of the monastery founded for him by the English King.

FRANCESCA.

WHEN the Spaniards first went to Yucatan the Indians could not understand them, and kept replying to their many questions, "*Juca tan?*"—meaning, "What do you say?" Thus this name came to be applied to the country.

IN nature there is, as a rule, no positively black color. The dark spot in the centre of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—A TOUCH OF THE FROST.

For a moment the stately mistress of Wycherly was so overcome she could scarcely see; then the whole shocking picture burst clearly upon her blazing eyes: Mr. Farley, in his Sunday best—a very tight tan overcoat, green necktie, and shining hat; between his knees little Tom muffled in a red comforter; and Ned "scrouged in" so close to James that a shock of yellow hair reposed on that indignant Jehu's fur sleeve.

Within, little "Miss Neville" was altogether eclipsed by Mrs. Farley, who turned majestically in the cushioned seat, with little Pat, in bright blue velveteen coat, in her lap; while Nora and Kitty leaned out on each side, their flaxen curls and pink hat ribbons streaming in the wind, that bore their shrill peals of laughter to Aunt Marian's horrified ear.

"Aisy down there, children!" warned Mr. Farley from the box.

For, startled perhaps by the unusual sounds behind them, the off bay began to curvet in the traces,—a trick that at any other time James could easily subdue by a turn of the rein. But he was not his calm coachman self this morning; or perhaps it was that he had caught a glimpse of his mistress and lost nerve and grip. He gave a fierce tug on the curb that the bays resented, as such highbred steeds should, and began to prance and rear indignantly.

"Hould to thim, man!—hould to thim!" shouted Farley, in wild excitement, clutching a shrieking small boy in each arm; while a terrified litany arose from Mrs. Farley and the girls.

"Leap out, children!—leap out afore we're all kilt entirely!"

"No, no, no!" cried Tessie, catching the screaming girls by the skirts. "You'll be killed if you do."

"Murder! murder!" cried Nora and Kitty, naturally dismayed at such an alternative; and another wild chorus of invocation arose from mother and children, as the startled bays broke into a run. And then, with the whole Farley family shrieking within, Aunt Marian's elegant equipage dashed by with all the mad abandon of Buffalo Bill's "Deadwood Coach."

It was only a brief spurt; in less than three minutes James' iron grip had brought his well-trained team into submission. But the sweep of a cyclone could scarcely have been more deadly to Aunt Marian's wrathful gaze.

When Tessie drove back to the Hall after leaving her still excited friends at Farley Dairy, judgment was awaiting her,—judgment untempered either by justice or mercy; for Uncle Ben had been summoned by a telegram to the bedside of a dying friend in town.

The newly arrived guests had scattered to their various rooms to laugh quietly over the *contretemps* of the morning; and, unconscious of any wrong-doing, Tessie was just removing her beautiful hat and feathers, with kindly thoughts of the generous donors, when her aunt hurriedly entered the room. Tessie turned from her pretty muslin-draped toilette table with a happy little smile.

"O Aunt Marian, the things you bought me are so lovely! I want to thank you—"

"Thank me!" gasped Aunt Marian, almost struggling for breath in her fury. "Thank me! You miserable, lowbred little idiot! Don't talk to me about thanks! I would like to box your ears. What do you mean by filling my carriage with a crowd of drunken, shrieking beggars? Don't look at me like that. You did it,—only you. As James truly says, it was not his business to interfere. Never have I been so mortified, so disgraced, made so absurdly ridiculous!"

"I—I don't—don't understand!" the

girl faltered, quite stunned by such an unexpected attack. "Do you mean the Farleys, Aunt Marian?"

"The Farleys!" repeated Aunt Marian, in biting tones. "Nice occupants for *my* carriage—that boor of a milkman, and his wife and children. Any fool would have known better than to take them in,—any fool that had not been trained into absolute idiocy. But you shall learn one lesson from me, if you never have another. I will have some authority while you are in my house. You are to stay in your room to-day and not show yourself. Stay here in the disgrace and punishment you deserve."

And Aunt Marian swept out of the room like a storm-cloud, leaving Tessie standing before the toilette table, white, mute, breathless, her tender little heart cut to its depths. Reprimand, rebuke, reproof,—all these the motherless child had known before; but they had been to this as the raindrop to the hailstone, the fall of the dew to the touch of the frost. Oh, what had she done to deserve such harsh, cruel, biting words?

Tessie tried to steady her quivering nerves and think. She had asked the Farleys to ride from church in Aunt Marian's carriage,—the good Farleys who had walked so far, and had been so kind to her; and then the horses had been frightened and kicked up a little, and that was all,—all for which she had been lashed with cruel, stinging words almost as pitiless as blows, and put here in shame and disgrace that everybody would hear of.

And Tessie's cheek paled and burned, and paled again; and something woke in her heart, cold and bitter and strange, that she had never felt before,—something that made her eyes glitter and her lips set together in a thin line, and her little hands clinch fiercely until the nails pressed into the skin.

She would *never* like Aunt Marian again,—never, never! She would not stay another day in her house: this very

night she would go to Uncle Ben and ask him to send her back to St. Anne's. And Uncle Ben was always just, and would be on her side, she knew. He would dare to be angry even with Aunt Marian; he would say things that would sting and hurt even as Aunt Marian's words had cut her. And then Tessie resolved she would write a long letter to her papa, and tell him all,—the big-hearted, hot-headed sailor papa, who fired up at a word. Oh, how angry he would be for his little girl! He would swear bad words about Aunt Marian, Tessie knew, and never speak to her again. And, with evil triumph growing in her heart, she pictured all the discord and darkness with which she could cloud Aunt Marian's sunny sky. Ah, the touch of the frost was on our little convent flower in all its bitter blight!

"I won't stay in her house another day!" concluded Tessie, with an angry toss of her pretty head. "To be shamed and punished and talked to dreadfully just because I brought the poor Farleys home from Mass!"

Mass! The word seemed to check Tessie in the full sweep of her wrath. Oh, how dreadful it was to have all this happen on Sunday, and just when she had been to church and had prayed so lovingly for the kind uncle and aunt who had been so good to her! Tessie's softening eye fell upon the muff and hat and feathers.

"Temptation,"—Father Dolan's half-comprehended sermon flashed back into her mind. Temptation had indeed met her to-day (though not in the saloons and dance halls he had pictured); had met and—Tessie's awakening conscience whispered, "conquered!" Never before in all her sheltered life had she been so angry, so bitter, so wicked; never had she longed to make mischief; never had she wished for revenge.

Tessie shrank quite appalled at the whole table of unprecedented sins that seemed to start out from the well-

remembered pages of her catechism and confront her. True she had *done* no wrong—but what had she thought? What had she felt? What had she wished for? And the tender young soul, trained to see by the "sanctuary light," shook off the first touch of the frost as if it were a deadly spell. Tessie fell on her knees, and, burying her face in the lace counterpane of her pretty bed, burst into a flood of tears, warm and sweet and saving as the summer rain.

The winter twilight had fallen, and Tessie's room was dusky save for the bright glow of the open fire, when there was a gentle tap at her door.

"May I come in, dear?" said a sweet voice, and the shadows were suddenly filled with springtime fragrance as Miss Winifred entered. She was dressed for dinner—in beautiful soft grey velvet, wrought with frostwork of silver that shimmered and glistened in the firelight; and she carried a pretty box of flowers in her hand. "I heard you were not well," she said, noting with pitiful tenderness the effort the little bowed figure made to start up cheerily from the cushion on the hearth rug; "so I have brought you my violets this evening. If you love them as I do, they will cure quicker than medicine."

"Oh, thank you, dear Miss Winifred!" said Tessie, her voice still a little shaken by the past storm. "But I can't take your violets: they will look so beautiful in your dress. And I am not sick at all, only—in trouble."

Miss Winifred sank into the wicker rocker before the fire and drew Tessie back to the hassock at her feet.

"Is it trouble that can be talked about, dear?" she asked, while a hand light as a lily leaf strayed among Tessie's curls.

"Oh, yes! I—I—thought maybe you had heard," said Tessie, with a little sigh of relief that her disgrace was an unpublished one.

"Of what?" inquired Miss Winifred,

tenderly evasive of the fact that Tessie's trouble had been the subject of much quiet mirth and indignation among Aunt Marian's guests.

"I did something very wrong," Tessie continued, sadly. "I brought all the Farleys home from church in Aunt Marian's carriage. You see they had been very good to me, and when there was no way here for me to go to Mass took me in their wagon; and Mrs. Farley put hot bricks for my feet, and fixed a nice cushion on a soap-box for a seat, and gave me gingerbread and milk for luncheon. So when I met them to-day, and heard that they had walked five miles to church, and Mrs. Farley had the rheumatism too, I did not think Aunt Marian would mind it at all, and asked them to come home with me in the carriage. Oh, it was very wrong, I suppose!"

"Not wrong, dear," replied the lady, softly; "only a mistake."

"You see I did not know," said Miss Winifred's little penitent. "We don't learn things like that at St. Anne's. Sister Marcella often takes Mrs. O'Day to town in the convent carriage. But Aunt Marian was very angry—and I—I got very angry too."

"Good!" said Miss Winifred, with a silvery little laugh. Then hastily correcting herself: "I mean only natural, my dear. You couldn't be your father's daughter and altogether an angel."

"Oh, I am not an angel at all!" said Tessie, ruefully. "I had all sorts of wicked feelings about it, but they are all gone now. I begin to understand how Aunt Marian felt; and—and I have written her a little note, telling her how sorry I am to have troubled and mortified her. Will you give it to her, please, dear Miss Leigh?" And Tessie slipped a tiny missive into her friend's hand. "I don't want any one else to see it but—but—you understand?"

"Yes, dear." And now it was Miss

Winifred's voice that trembled as she stooped and pressed a kiss on Tessie's brow before she rose to go to dinner. "How did you find that out, Dick's little daughter? I understand."

It was late that night when Judge Neville returned, a little shaken from his usual proud composure; for he had stood by his friend's side while he went down into a darkness in which there was no gleam of faith or hope. Wynne had met him at the station, and tried to cheer him with a merry account of Tessie's misadventure; but, wrapped in gloomy thoughts, the Judge had paid little heed to the story.

When he entered his wife's room, she was glancing over a little note she had found resting on her pincushion. An elegantly appointed and most successful dinner had quite restored Aunt Marian's equanimity.

"That absurd child!" she said, tossing Tessie's little missive back upon the toilette table.

Judge Neville picked up the bit of paper and read its neat, pretty handwriting:

DEAR AUNT MARIAN:—I am very sorry I caused you pain or mortification this morning. I did not know it was wrong to ask the Farleys to ride in your carriage; but I understand my mistake now, and hope you will forgive it. You and Uncle Ben have been so kind that I should be very ungrateful if I did not try to please you in every way.

My muff and hat and all the other things are beautiful. I thank you very much for them.

Your affectionate niece,

TESSIE NEVILLE,
Enfant de Marie.

Something dimmed Judge Neville's eye as he tore the little note into bits. It was too simple, pure and sweet to be profaned; for, like Miss Winifred, he too could "understand." There are roots that lie too deep for even the frost of twenty years to kill.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among the latest additions to the Temple Classics is "The Legend of St. Francis," by the Three Companions; translated by Miss E. Gurney Salter, with appendices. This is the first English translation of "The Legend."

—Handsome tributes have been paid to the late M. de Blowitz, "the wonderful foreign correspondent," as one London journal calls him; adding, "It is unlikely that this generation will witness another journalist of his mark." His death was as serene as his life had been strenuous and eventful. He received the Last Sacraments with the greatest devotion, after which, again and again with edifying fervor, he kissed the crucifix—an object of piety that always hung upon his wall; and "drawing forth two medals of the Blessed Virgin which were constantly suspended about his neck, he pressed them to his lips with all possible veneration."

—In a popular lecture discussing the evidence for the dates at which the several books of the New Testament were written, included in a volume just published by Mr. Murray, Dr. Headlam makes this apposite remark: "If you wish to understand the early history of Christianity, a careful study of the Apostolic Fathers, which are all perfectly accessible in the excellent translations and editions by Bishop Lightfoot, will be far more profitable than pages of magazine articles and popular pamphlets." In quoting this true remark the *London Tablet* adds: "It would not take more than two or three hours to read the writings of the Apostolic Fathers through."

—It is announced that Columbia University is preparing to offer its students a course in Chinese literature. If so, it will probably use not only the Latin translations of the Chinese classics by the late Father Zottoli, but Father Perny's invaluable "Chinese Dictionary" as well. Apart from their missionary labors, which are never permitted to suffer detriment even for the cause of science, the brave priests who carry the Faith into foreign countries deserve the gratitude and support of the general public for their services to geography, natural history, and especially linguistics. In proof we may cite the Madagascan Dictionary by Father Abinail, the Siamese Dictionary by Bishop Pallegoix, the Thibetan Dictionary by Father Desgodieux, and a score of other similar works that the world owes to Catholic missionaries. The successors of the present noble band will continue their labors, and by perfecting their work supplant them in the lecture-room; but, as the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* points out, the pioneers had first to systematize the chaos of mysterious syllables, discover their meaning, transcribe their

sound, formulate the laws of grammar, and compile glossaries. This was at once a most burdensome and most necessary duty; and to have done this in so many cases is a great and inalienable glory of the missionaries of Holy Church.

—A book that boys will like and be benefited by is "The Talisman," by Anna T. Sadlier, just published by the Benzigers. It is full of the sort of adventure in which healthy boys delight, and the good lessons it teaches are all the better for the way in which they are inculcated. There is not a single page where the author stops to moralize: the story runs straight on, as it should. The moral is there, though; and the most heedless reader will not miss it.

—"Roadside Flowers," a new volume of verses by Harriet M. Skidmore, contains not a few fair legends, gracefully told with poetic touch. But they are placed side by side with verses that give a false idea of the general contents of the book. The very first lines, "Riding in a Street-Car," strike the wrong note. Had there been something like selection, "Roadside Flowers" would have been worthier the writer's name. Aside from a little crowding, the make-up of the volume is decidedly attractive. A. M. Robertson, publisher.

—Sidney Lee, editor of the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," is of Jewish birth. When he entered Oxford he matriculated as Solomon Lazarus; but Dr. Jowett, impressed with the young man's talent and convinced that race prejudice would bar his progress toward fame, advised him to change his name. Sidney Lee's biography of Shakespeare, which has largely supplanted all others, is merely an expansion of an article which he prepared for the mammoth Dictionary; similarly he is about to expand his article on Queen Victoria into a volume. Mr. Lee is now visiting this country.

—We must not neglect to note a new translation, by the Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S., of Henri Perreye's "Journée des Malades." It is issued by the Christian Press Association under the title "The Day of an Invalid." The book consists of reflections, which cover the long day of the invalid, from the hour of taking up the burden that oppresses by mere thought of it, till the weary hours before sleep mercifully comes to his relief. The anxiety and suspense, the despondency that accompanies weakness—all these are touched upon with the pen of [experience. The counsel regarding books is especially good, but for reading we could wish nothing better than that every one bound for any length of time [to his bed by sickness might have a copy of Henri Perreye's "Day

of an Invalid." The first English edition of this precious little book was published some years ago by C. Kegan Paul & Co., and was entitled "Counsels to the Sick." The translation was by the late Kathleen O'Meara, who prefixed to it a charming sketch of Henri Perreyve,—which was one of many, by the way, she had contributed to this magazine.

—A writer in the London *Tablet* calls attention to the singular fact that many of the hymn-writers most popular with Protestants nowadays were not Protestants but Catholics and converts to the Church. Not to speak of Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," Father Faber's hymns—"adapted" of course—are included in every hymn-book of every denomination; Canon Oakley's translation of the *Adeste Fideles* is by far the most popular version of that sweet hymn; of the many translations of the *Stabat Mater* the best-known is that by Father Edward Caswall; "Brightly Gleams Our Banner," so frequently heard in Protestant churches and so great a favorite with Protestant Sunday-schools, was written by another convert-priest, the Rev. Thomas Potter. Then there are Father Rawes, Mr. Hawker, Coventry Patmore, Adelaide Procter, and others not a few.

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 Talisman. *Anna T. Sadlier.* 60 cts
 The Day of an Invalid. *Henri Perreyve.* 75 cts.
 Roadside Flowers. *Harriet M. Skidmore.* \$1, net.
 England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.
 The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.
 Shakespeare's Art. *James H. Cotter.* \$1.10.
 The Four Feathers. *A. E. W. Mason.* \$1.50.
 Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.
 Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. *Nancy Huston Banks.* \$1.50.
 A Child of the Flood. *Rev. Walter T. Leahy.* \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. P. Ponchon, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. Andrew O'Rourke, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Bernard Connolly, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Joseph Keyes, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Fidelis Kircher, O. F. M.

Mr. Charles Stewart, of Utica, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Governey, Franklin, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Smith, Mrs. Peter O'Donnell, and Mr. Edward Curran, New York; Mrs. R. Warren and Mr. E. M. Ronan, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, Allston, Mass.; Mr. J. A. Bunce and Mr. James Davies, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Keefe, S. Boston, Mass.; Mary E. Elliot, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Anna Short and Mrs. Margaret Conway, Blairsville, Pa.; Mr. Charles Svendsen, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Catherine Jelley, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Vincent Ring, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret Donnellan, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Murphy, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. James Comer, Bridgeport, W. Va.; Mr. Frank Falvey, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Wakefer, Dunkirk, Ohio; Catherine O'Donnell, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. E. J. Briggs, Mrs. Nicholas Bourke, and Mrs. Ellen McGiveran, Peoria, Ill.; Mr. Joseph Mortzel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Christopher McCullough, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Catherine McDonald, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Anton Kopp, Canton, Ohio; John O'Mara and Anna O'Keefe, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. John Tate, Altoona, Pa.; Bridget Loughrey, Providence, R. I.; Michael McCaulay, Augusta, Ga.; Mr. Bernard Heidt, Erie, Pa.; Mary Hennessy, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mr. George Webster, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Bridget McLaughlin, Milwaukee, Wis.; and Mrs. Jacob Engelbert, Miriam, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

- To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:
 Mc., \$5; Friend, \$1; S. D., \$3; J. O'H., \$100.
 For the Propagation of the Faith:
 Friend, \$1; X. Y. Z., \$1.
 The Indian and Negro Missions:
 Friend, \$1; Mc., \$15; T. N., \$5; per Sr. M. C., \$5; H. F. C., \$1.
 The Indian schools:
 Friend, \$1.
 The famine sufferers in India:
 Per Rev. T. F., \$5; E. H., \$3; Friend, \$1; E. McG., \$6.
 To promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:
 C. F., \$5; Thomas Gallagher, \$1; Sr. M. I., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. LVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

NO. 9.

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On Ash-Wednesday.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

ONCE more the warning day
Doth bid us halt,
In mute contrition for each hapless fault
Along the way

That, careless, we have trod;
Unmindful of the reckoning to come
When, sightless, deaf and dumb,
We shall meet God.

“Ashes to ashes!” Darkness, must,
Decay, and rank corruption are to be
For each poor creature of mortality,—
“Dust unto dust!”

Here, now, to-day
Blind souls are standing idly on the brink
Of Death. Pause, sinner,—think,
While there is time to pray.

The Lenten Stations in Rome.

BY JOHANNES JÜRGENSEN.



HE Carnival was over,—that poor, miserable Roman Carnival which now is but a shadow of its former self. On the last day of the celebration a number of boys with exaggerated cardboard noses ran up and down the Corso; and from windows and balconies were scattered great masses, not of *confetti*, but of small bits of colored paper; or long serpentine soars out of the open windows above them. A carriage filled with masked persons pursued its way here and there,

and was received with joy by the crowds.

On the evening that followed this pitiable Carnival a thick fog enveloped the city of Rome; and through the fog and the dark came a heavy peal of church bells—the Fast had begun. Early next morning the faithful received the blessed ashes on their heads, and heard the solemn words: *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es!*—“Remember, man, that thou art dust!”

There is one custom pertaining to the observance of Lent in Rome that never can be treated lightly by those who love the memories and things of days past—“the visits to the stations.” Throughout the Middle Ages every day of the holy season was marked by a procession of the entire Roman clergy to a certain church, where a common service was then held. These churches were designated beforehand; they were called “stations,” and their names are yet preserved in the Roman Missal.

This custom was abandoned ages ago, nor are the “stations” any longer occupied by the canons, priests and deacons of Rome. In some respect, however, the old observances have been continued. On the station days the churches in question are ornamented in the prettiest manner: the pillars covered with red cloth, the floor strewn with twigs of box. All the relics are placed upon the altars; and if there is a crypt, it is lighted.

Numerous churches are open to the public only on this day of all days in the year; and this is true especially

of old and out-of-the-way churches. Consequently a large number of people make a pilgrimage to such places during the great Fast; the afternoon promenades of students of religious colleges invariably take that course. Then, if any one remains in Rome for the purpose of studying ancient art, he will realize by this time that an unusual opportunity is offered to him who desires to see things without paying a goodly number of *soldi* for the privilege.

A complete list of the station churches is found in the "Diario Romano" for the current year,—a church calendar that can be obtained at the bookstores. Or one may purchase *La Vera Roma*, a periodical that contains, on its last page, a list of the stations of the coming week.

Lent begins on Ash-Wednesday, and likewise the station pilgrimages. As many as three churches, all unusually interesting, are open to visitors on this day. First the Santa Maria in Cosmedin, opposite the Vestal Temple. In its hall we find the well-known "Bocca della Verita." This ancient Byzantine basilica has a splendid floor of mosaics; its apse and its two side chapels are ornamented with antique frescoes, recently repaired. Beneath the chancel is a crypt where a number of curious relics are exposed; the place is illuminated with many oil lamps and wax-tapers.

From the Santa Maria the road rises up along the slope of Mount Aventine, enclosed on both sides by spacious gardens with mighty pines. As we ascend, we reach the two other station churches of the day—S. Sabina and S. Alessio. We first arrive at the S. Sabina, which belongs to the Dominicans. Above the main portal of this edifice we find the oldest known representation in pictorial art of the Crucifixion; it is done in wood and belongs to the fifth century. Our Lord is represented as standing rather than in a hanging posture, and the cross runs up into a triangular roof above His head. To

the right and left of Him are the two robbers, and a wall-like structure in the background would seem to indicate the site of Jerusalem.

The convent adjoining the S. Sabina is a building of historical significance. It forms a part of the old Papal Palace that was erected in the year 1216 by Honorius III. Here St. Dominic once lived, and it was in this building that Honorius authorized the statutes of his Order. In the garden the stranger is shown an orange tree, the first ever planted in Italy; this tree was set there by the Spanish saint. Here, too, that friar lived who in time became known as Pope Pius V.; now his cell and the cell of St. Dominic have been changed into chapels that may be visited by any one. Above the entrance of St. Dominic's cell is an inscription stating that "here the holy men Dominic, Francis and Angelus, the Carmelite, passed many nights in conversing about divine things." The cell of St. Pius V. is larger and brighter; its window commands a view of the Tiber's edge, up toward the Capitol. The Dominicans are permitted to use merely a portion of their old convent; the remainder has been appropriated by the government for a military hospital.

Close by the S. Sabina stands the S. Alessio, another basilica, which, unfortunately, underwent a thorough process of renovation sometime in the eighteenth century. On the episcopal throne in the chancel one finds, however, a pair of splendid, incrustated pillars, made by Jacob Cosmas; the mosaics run in blue, violet and purple streaks over a background of gold.

Having visited these three churches, we close our promenade by an excursion to the magnificent Garden of the Maltese Knights. A great brown gate with the renowned "keyhole of St. Peter" forms the entrance. Scarcely have we reached the gate when a number of old women and eager boys rush forth, pointing to

the wonderful keyhole; and on bending down and peering through it, we discover, as in a stereopticon, the cupola of St. Peter's Cathedral rising far above the end of a long, straight alley of shade-trees. We are not satisfied, however, with a peep through the keyhole, but proceed to knock at the gate, and are allowed to enter. It is an old garden, wonderfully well kept, and seems to be reserved solely for the enjoyment of two old gardeners. It is the property of the Maltese Knights, but they never resort there.

Close by the Garden of the Maltese Knights is a new Benedictine convent called the S. Anselmo. Pope Leo XIII. gave the money both for the extensive building and for the grand Romanic church. It is the dwelling of certain young Benedictines that are pursuing special studies in Rome; and here also resides the Primarius of the Benedictines.

We descend the street that runs along S. Anselmo's walls. On the slopes of Mount Aventine the almond-trees are in bloom; the distant view embraces the ancient convent of S. Saba, with its Roman arcades above the front portal. There yet remains some of the old city. Down below, by the foot of the mountain, we are met by the electric street car from S. Paul's, which takes us directly to the Piazza Venezia.

Now we make an excursion to S. Giorgio in Velabro, down by the Forum Boarium. The church is very old and very moist, and smells of mold and physical decay. *In velabro* means "in the marsh." Close by is the same triumphal arch that was erected by the money-changers in honor of Septimius Severus and his sons; but the same vindictive Caracalla that removed the name of Geta, his brother, from the Severus arch has also cut off the head of Septimius.

On another occasion we stroll down past the Coliseum, through Constantine's Arch to the S. Gregorio Magno,

with its elegant Renaissance staircase, erected by Cardinal Scipio Borghese. As we walk about S. Gregorio, we find, in a chapel to the right of the main altar, a room from the home of the great Pope's parents. It is well preserved and was taken from the original building, which formerly stood on this very site. We also see an old curule chair, once the seat of Gregory; and the niche where he used to sleep. And in the garden of the Camaldolese convent near the church are to be seen three chapels; in one of them we find the marble table at which the Pontiff used to feed twelve indigent persons every day. A cross hewn in the top of the table marks each of the twelve seats. One day, however, a thirteenth person arrived, and Gregory fed him with the others. But the thirteenth person was an angel.

Leaving S. Gregorio, we turn toward the right, ascending a steep, quiet street spanned by imposing mural arches. Soon there arises above the budding tops of the trees on our left the lofty apse of the S. Giovanni e Paolo. With its small Roman arches, it reminds one of the renowned chancel of the Roskilde-Cathedral, in Denmark. A little farther on we step out upon a quiet piazza, surrounded by the church itself, with its arcades, the bell tower, and the convent (which rises up and encloses the place like a fortress), and by the walls of the city of Rome.

St. John and St. Paul, for whom the church was named, are not identical with the two Apostles. The names refer to two martyrs who sacrificed their lives for the faith under the reign of Julian the Apostate. The Acts of the Martyrs describe them as officials of the royal court; and, to avoid public notice, Julian caused the execution to be carried out in their private homes instead of in the usual place beyond the city walls. In 398, after the death of Julian, Senator Byzanticus and his son Pommachius transformed the house

where the bloody deed had been done into a church; and it is interesting to note that in our day an ancient Roman dwelling has been found underneath the church now standing on the site. During the "station" this subterranean place is lighted, and one may move about it without the least danger. In several rooms Christian frescoes are yet to be seen, in other places heathen ones. In the so-called *oratorium* there is a picture representing the beheading of the two martyrs, together with a female figure with hands uplifted—an *Orante*, or "the praying one." She is thought to represent either the Church or our Blessed Lady.

On still another day our journey extends to the church of Santa Maria in Dominica, on Mount Cœlio. Passing the Coliseum, we follow the Via Claudia, and soon reach a square close by the walls of the city. In the middle of this square is a pillar surmounted by a small antique ship done in marble. The place—the Piazza della Navicula—has been named after this marble sailing-vessel. The ancient Romans, on returning from a long and perilous voyage, always offered such a ship as a votive gift to the gods. The *navicella* now crowning the pillar is a copy of the original, which was removed by Leo X., who caused a fac-simile to be put in its place. Behind this pillar is the entrance to Santa Maria in Dominica, an old church, whose apse is decorated with precious mosaics. Here, as in the chancel of the Lateran Church, or on the front of the Santa Maria in Trastevere, we see the figure of the Pope who contributed these mosaics,—a tiny human form kneeling before the Blessed Virgin and kissing her foot, or guided by a patron saint.

Here, on the site of the Santa Maria in Dominica, was located in olden times the *Castra Peregrina*, the casern of the Foreign Legions. Here St. Paul passed the first days of his sojourn in Rome, until "permitted to dwell by himself"

in a hired house, down by the old Flaminian Road,—the Corso of modern times, in the place where now stands the church of Santa Maria in Via Lata. Santa Maria in Dominica is the property of Greek friars and opens its gates only on the "station" day. This is an occasion of much solemnity, and a service is held morning and evening, with a great deal of melodious, monotonous singing by numerous clear, youthful voices.

On the opposite side of the piazza, beyond the walls, stands the remarkable church of S. Stefano Rotondo. It was originally an old Roman slaughter-house (*macellum*)—a round building supported by five and twenty antique pillars; in its hallway we see the bishop's chair said to have been used by St. Gregory the Great when preaching. Thus the station pilgrimages continually offer possibilities for seeing interesting objects.

We pay a visit to each of the better known mosaic-churches in Rome: Santa Maria in Trastevere, S. Lorenzo fuori delle Mura, Santa Pudenziana, SS. Cosma e Damiano, Santa Prassede. One must not pass by any of them; and if one desires to obtain a perfect knowledge of the art of mosaics in Rome, some are yet to be added: the Lateran Church, St. Paul's, Santa Cæcilia, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Francesca Romana, by the Forum. The art is of a rather uniform character, and it is difficult to remember the many various patterns. But the subjects are usually closely related to one another. In the centre Christ is enthroned, saints at both sides, under the green palms and the golden skies of Paradise. Below, by way of a frieze, a double row of lambs, coming from Jerusalem and from Bethlehem—the two symbolic places,—approaching the Lamb of God on Calvary, the place from where the four rivers of the Gospel flow. In S. Clemente the Cross is represented as the Tree of Life, whence grows the true vine-plant, with twelve doves—the twelve Apostles—resting on its

branches. This, probably, is the most conspicuous feature of all Roman mosaic art. There is not much besides, yet what a grand, liturgical dignity in the sum-total! What a contrast to the art of the after-Renaissance which employed such great outward show to cover up its lack of profundity of spirit!

The "station" excursion also takes us to places in Rome that are otherwise of little interest to the tourist. In our search for the small church of S. Trifone, which is located in the Piazza Fiametta, we wander about the old quarter between the Piazza Navona and S. Luigi Degli Francesci, where Anima's German church unexpectedly raises its green, tiled steeple above the Roman roofs. Finally we arrive at the S. Clemente, a wonderful basilica, dating from the time of Constantine, decorated with beautiful frescoes, lighted and accessible without the aid of a sacristan. We proceed along the Via Latina, a deserted thoroughfare, as far as Porta Latina, now closed. A tinge of the verdant spring overspreads the brown walls; and crowds of beggars on this one day are permitted to flock about the entrance of the old church of S. Giovanni ante Portam Latinam, erected in the place where the Apostle John was cast into the caldron of boiling oil, during the reign of Domitian.

Thus day after day, week after week of the Lenten season passes. Before we realize it, Palm Sunday has arrived, and Holy Week begins. Strangers are everywhere in evidence. We are no longer able to sit quietly, mirror in hand, in the Sistine Chapel. Even St. Peter's, in spite of its immense capacity, is densely packed. Great crowds flock about the mighty cathedral, and the footfall of many persons resounds in the most secluded nooks, like the far-away noise of roaring waters. Groups of pilgrims come forward and rend the air with the vibrating notes of the *Te Deum*. Swarms of tourists oscillate about,

repeating now and again the words "wonderful" and "beautiful." They stand before the Apostle's grave, idly talking and laughing; or they point insolently to the Romans who kiss the bronze foot of St. Peter's statue. In short, they behave like summer visitors at a country fair. Never for a moment do they stop to think that they are the guests of *Petrus*—that, although strangers, they are kindly received into his house, and should therefore feel bound to treat with some consideration the children of the house, and much more the master of the mansion.

And so Holy Week arrives, with its beautiful and impressive ceremonies. The *Tenebræ* is sung, also touching Lamentations, and the world-renowned *Miserere*. To strangers, however, they bear a much more festive aspect than they do to the Romans. The well-known proverb is fitting here: Grand church, little devotion; little church, great devotion. On Saturday before Easter a festive joy is already felt, on the occasion of the consecration of the Easter tapers, with the glorious *Exultet* and the Litany of the Saints.

In the Catholic Church Easter is decidedly the chief festival, around which all the others congregate as auxiliaries. Christmas is the beginning of our salvation, but Easter is its consummation,—the victory of humanity, the memorial day of the world-battle that was fought on the Cross at Calvary. Toward this peak the road of the Church ascends through the ecclesiastical year, and from it again it descends. Through the Lenten season, from Septuagesima Sunday, we proceed with our face turned toward the Easter festival; and after the solemn darkness that rests upon the liturgy from Maundy Thursday to the evening of Holy Saturday, the Easter sun rises in a burst of glory.

ATHEISM is rather on the lips than in the heart.—*Lord Bacon*.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

VIII.—AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

THE *starosta* having started off upon one of the horses of the outriders, General Romansikoff returned to the Baroness.

"Here is what I propose to do: to drive easily so as to keep the horses fresh for a gallop through the wood—if necessary. We men will mount this carriage and move along—a small battery. You ladies will take seats in my drosky; and in the event of any firing you must lie down flat in the bottom of the vehicle. The servants will bring up the rear. Remain as you are until we come near to the wood. We have at least four, nearly five versts to cover."

"What do you think of the situation, Mr. O'Byrne?" asked the Baroness as the drive was resumed.

"A most enjoyable incident."

"I do believe that if you were not encumbered with ladies, the General would make an effort to capture these runaways."

"Poor wretches! I rather imagine that they will be recaptured."

"To a man and—shot," replied the Baroness Grondno, a sinister flash in her glittering little black eyes.

The outrider now galloped up to announce in a whisper to the General that the body of a man lay in the centre of the wood; and, as the spirited horses would not pass it, he asked instruction.

"Some drunken *mujik*," observed the General, ordering the body to be rolled aside and placed in a natural sitting position on the grass.

This was rapidly done; but as they drove by, Myles beheld a deep red pool

of blood where the body had lain and evidences of a murderous struggle. That the General also perceived this was evident; but he drew the attention of the whole party to the other side of the plain by starting up and pointing skyward.

When near the wood, they arranged themselves as planned by Romansikoff, and the cavalcade started at a gallop. Hardly had they proceeded half a mile, the shade becoming denser at each stride, when a shot was fired from behind a tree, and the outrider, with a loud shriek and flinging his hands in the air, fell from his horse, which started off at the pace that kills.

"I see the blackguard who fired that shot!" cried Percy Byng, springing from the carriage and dashing into the wood.

"Come back! come back! come back!" yelled the others.

Almost ere the last appeal had sounded there was another shot, and poor young Byng fell forward on his face; while two men in the hideous garb of the Russian convict, their bullet heads shaven on one side, darted forward to seize and bear the body into the recesses of the wood.

In a second Myles O'Byrne was in action, and in a hand-to-hand conflict with the desperate convicts, of whom there were now three. Using a strength that had done yeoman's service on many a wrestling green in the Wicklow hills, he literally pounded his assailants—for two of them had fallen upon him—with fist and foot, blinding them with his right and left, and doubling them up with his heel. The third convict was rapidly retreating, dragging the inanimate Byng, when Myles darted upon him and, wresting the body, flung it over his shoulder, and at a run reached the carriage—while a shot rang out and O'Byrne dropped, an unendurable spasm of agony flashing through every nerve in his body.

In the meantime O'Reilly had rushed to the rescue, the General at his heels;

while Sir Henry Shirley, coolly wiping his monocle, observed that, being a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, it devolved upon him to arrest these audacious fugitives from justice.

"Drive on!—get out of range!" roared the General.

The three ladies, leaping from the drosky, rushed to the aid of Percy Byng, not knowing or suspecting that Myles was wounded; and, lifting the body into the carriage, started off at a gallop,—the coachman being nothing loath to obey the command of his master and get out of range.

Myles, almost fainting from physical pain and loss of blood, with the aid of the servants crawled into the drosky, and was in turn rapidly driven out of the line of fire, and placed on the ground. The remaining three gentlemen came up to where the drosky had stopped, Sir Henry observing that he was failing in his duty as a magistrate of the county of Hampshire in permitting these "audacious fugitives from justice" to remain at large.

Count O'Reilly's grief and dismay upon discovering that Myles was wounded were really pitiful to see. Taking him by the shoulder, he gently raised and lifted him into the drosky again,—entering first and keeping the wounded man's head up against his chest as tenderly as a mother handling a sick babe. The General, producing a flask, poured some brandy into O'Byrne's mouth, and in a moment or two he was able to half growl, half groan:

"Don't bother! I shall be all right—yes—yes—all right!"

"Sir Henry," cried the General, "please hold his legs and feet! I shall support the body. We must get to Bermaloffsky as fast as the horses can fly,"—issuing directions in Russian to the coachman.

"I shall be only too glad to be of any service," said Sir Henry. "But I am not performing my duty as a magistrate of Hampshire county in making no effort

to secure those murderous fugitives from justice."

Happily the road was a good one for Russia, and the springs of the double, roomy drosky of the very best. The horses rushed rapidly along, thus rendering the motion somewhat easier for the luckless patient.

"Have you any idea where he is hit?" asked the General of O'Reilly.

"Here somewhere," replied O'Byrne, in a steady voice, indicating with his eyes the direction of his left shoulder.

"We are at least twenty minutes behind the others," said the General. "They will have arrived at the castle, and have sent for Dr. Filcovitch, who will be there as soon as we."

"I hope the poor youngster is not badly shot," observed Myles. "A plucky young fellow!"

"There was no want of pluck in *that* skirmish!" cried O'Reilly. "You did a brave thing, O'Byrne,—a very brave thing. We dared not fire for fear of hitting you or the boy, although I had one of those murdering villains covered twice. They must have taken the rifles of the warden."

"I wonder why they shot at all, and especially the outrider?" interposed the Baronet.

"They wanted that horse, and then they wanted us. They meant to drag Percy into the wood and use him as a hostage or target,—they didn't care a kopek which."

"And the outrider?"

"Oh, he's all right!—more frightened than hurt."

When the castle was reached, the General counselled entering by a postern door, in order that the ladies might not be too rudely shocked; also that O'Reilly or himself should communicate the intelligence of the disaster after such a fashion as might be deemed advisable. The wounded man was most carefully bestowed upon a bed in a very cheery apartment on the groundfloor, and scouts

were immediately posted to intercept Dr. Filcovitch and bring him straight to Myles.

The news from Percy was exceedingly reassuring; he felt very little pain, partook of nourishment, and was most anxious to see the surgeon in order to be "set to rights." He was also reported as being very cheerful, and quite enraptured at having experienced such an exciting and sanguinary adventure.

A very staid, middle-aged woman, with hands of steel, took charge of Myles, cutting away his clothing, and bathing and sponging him with tepid water as she proceeded in her delicate operations.

"Tell her to give me my crucifix," said O'Byrne to the Count. "It is in my vest pocket here"—indicating his heart.

Very gently and reverently did the dame extricate the silver cross given to Myles by his mother; very gently and reverently did she wipe away the blood-stains; very gently and reverently did she press her lips to it ere handing it to her patient. At that critical moment the only care on the heart of Myles was the safety of his mother's little cross.

Dr. Filcovitch duly arrived,—a small man with a piercing eye and a brusque manner.

"Tell me how this happened. Don't all speak at once, but speak quickly,—you, General."

As the General complied with the request, the Doctor unlocked a case of instruments and laid two or three aside.

"That will do. I will take you and this woman, General, to aid me in my examination. You, gentlemen"—to O'Reilly and Sir Henry,—“will please wait in the next room,”—this in very fair English.

It was marvellous how that little man turned over and under and roundabout the large frame of O'Byrne,—gently too, and causing little or no pain.

"I *must* hurt you a bit now. This is a Nélaton probe. I want to find where that bullet lies."

Myles, tightening his hold upon his mother's cross, and murmuring "Ave Maria!" went through the painful ordeal with scarcely a groan or a move.

"I have the bullet, and I'll take it out. Give him a glass of brandy"—to the nurse—"while I prepare my antiseptics."

In a few minutes that bullet was in the right hand of Myles instead of being imbedded in the muscular portion of the back of his shoulder.

"You will be all right, my son. I'll keep you here in this bed for a day or two, perhaps a week. We must run no risk of inflammation. We'll dress you up and make you look as interesting as the Emperor. I shall send two trained nurses from St. Catherine's Hospital in St. Petersburg; reliable women both,"—prattling on as he used antiseptics and placed bandages. "Let your friends in, General. I know how anxious they are."

"I have not done with you yet, Doctor. There is another patient awaiting you upstairs—another victim of those infernal convicts." And the General went over the situation.

"A regular *batterie*," observed the Doctor; and as O'Reilly and Sir Henry entered: "Your friend will be up and stirring in a day or two. Not a bone splintered. A narrow shave. He has splendid nerve. Now for number two! Lead on, General."

"How did you get in, Doctor?" asked the Baroness. "I was waiting for you in the great hall."

"Backstairs influence, Baroness. Now tell me how your patient is."

"He really seems all right."

"Good! Let me at him!"

As the Doctor approached the gorgeous bed upon which Percy Byng reclined, propped up by colored silken cushions, the Princess Gallitzin and Eileen seated upon either side, the lad exclaimed:

"How is dear old O'Byrne?"

"Never you mind O'Byrne. I want to have a talk with you. Ladies, kindly withdraw for a few minutes."

When they were readmitted the Doctor remarked:

"This young gentleman has had a slight flesh wound. He is in luck. He is all right. He must use a liniment to the abrasion, keeping it cool. To-morrow he can move gently downstairs and visit his heroic Irish friend,—one of the most nervy men I have ever met."

"Have they arrived?" exclaimed the lad. "What's the news? Did they shoot those villains? Oh, if I had not been bowled over, I would have given a good account of them! I saw them. They shall not escape. Do send for O'Byrne! I *must* see him. I am able to sit up. Send for him, dear Baroness!"

"Certainly, provided the Doctor has no objection."

"He can not come: he is wounded."

"Wounded?" cried all four at once.

"I have just succeeded in extracting a bullet from his wound. Do not be agitated: he is in no danger. He will be about in a week. Come, come, young lady! This will never do"—addressing Eileen, who, deathly pale, appeared about to faint. "I never tell lies. I say again, with his superb Irish constitution, he will be up and stirring in a week."

"How did it happen?" inquired the Baroness, a slight quiver in her usually calm voice. "We saw nothing of it. Mr. O'Byrne bore the boy on his shoulder, dropped him into the carriage, and then we were driven off."

"It was while he was carrying this lad off that he was shot."

"And yet he walked up to the carriage as calmly as though he were about to hand me a bouquet."

"Just like him!" murmured Eileen. "Are you sure that he is safe, Doctor?" And she added in an underbreath: "I shall offer up a fervent novena to Our Lady of Dolors for his speedy recovery."

"And he dared all this for *me!*" cried Percy, enthusiastically. "There's not such a splendid fellow in the world."

The Baroness gazed at him with deep gratitude in her eyes.

"Everything has been done, Baroness," said the Doctor. "He is in no pain, but must be kept quiet. I shall now telegraph for two trained nurses from St. Catherine's,—both speak English. This boy can come down with me now, as he will only chafe himself into fever if I prevent him. Now, my lad, I will, as the Yankees say, 'fix you up' for your trip."

"God bless you, Doctor! You *are* a brick!" exclaimed Percy, tears in his eyes and a quaver in his voice.

Filcovitch fixed him up in a trice, and, placing his arm deftly around him, led him from the room.

"I am coming too," said the Baroness.

"But—"

"Yes: it is my duty,—it is my place. This is my house. Only for a moment, but that moment is *mine*, sir!" And there was a haughty ring of command in her tone,—a tone that admitted of no refusal.

"A most deplorable business," said the Princess. "It seems impossible. Are we living under Nicolai or under 'Ivan the Terrible'? We, a pleasant, laughing party, start out to drive from one *datcha* to another, and lo! two of our party are nearly murdered!"

Eileen, who had turned to the window, her beautiful arms stretched along the sash, shuddered.

"Imagine, Eileen, if either or both of these gentlemen had been shot dead—and no redress, mind you,—what a horrible thing! Imagine—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Eileen wildly, as she flung herself on the bed and burst into a fit of sobbing.

Dr. Filcovitch calling O'Reilly, whom he left in charge of the patient, and who was delighted to find young Byng so very fit, told him to prepare Myles for the coming visit.

"Come in!" gaily cried O'Byrne. "You young beggar, you ought to be

birched for giving us so much trouble. Pardon, Baroness! This is indeed most gracious of you."

The Baroness, saying never a word, her eyes fixed upon him, walked to the bedside, took his hand and, bending low, kissed it. Then, without a word, her gaze never averted, she slowly quitted the apartment.

"Dear, dear Myles O'Byrne! And you saved my life—at what a cost!" Percy blubbered, fairly breaking down. "I'm not worth it,—I—I'm not worth a—drop of y—your blood,—not one drop," he went on, incoherently.

"Shut up! It was great fun, my dear boy; and we shall have many a laugh over it by and by. You are a brave lot, and went for those fellows like a lion. It was just as well that I was behind you—"

"Shut up," interposed the Doctor,— "both of you! This is enough for to-day. To-morrow this young lion can come down for half an hour. I shall be here by noon. You know what to do, Mr. O'Byrne? Absolute quiet and plenty of lotion and liniment. Now, my young friend, march!"

He took Percy gently away, much to the dissatisfaction of that young gentleman, who would have loved a seat on the bed, a chat and a cigarette; while the Baroness telegraphed to St. Petersburg for a renowned specialist, and Eileen De Lacey began her novena.

(To be continued.)

LABORARE EST ORARE is true only of those who have first gained the grace of prayerfulness. In this age of activity, Labor, far from being Prayer, in many cases chokes it. The blessing of God probably rests continually on the worker who feels unsuccessful; but every successful worker has buzzing round her the seven devils of love of power, impatience of control, self-satisfaction, hurry, irritability, the lust of finishing, distaste for meditation.—*Lucy H. M. Soulsby.*

Not Then, but Now.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

IF I were dead and in my coffin lying,
My still face changeless 'neath the candles' rays,
Around my bier low voices would be vying
In eager haste to speak their kindly praise.
Forgot or thrust from sight each past transgression,
Love's mantle o'er my faults and errors spread,
Compassion sweet would surely hold possession
Of all whom I have known—if I were dead.

If I were dead, and on my features rigid
They came to look, those whom I meet each day,
Ah! then at least no glances stern and frigid
Would envy, spite or jealousy display.
Eyes soft with pity on my closed eyes falling,
Would see perchance that they had been misled;
And hearts bestirred, to my heart throbbless calling,
Might e'en for pardon sue—if I were dead.

If I were dead—yes, some few friends would mourn
me
A little while, perhaps let fall a tear
In sign of deathless love full often sworn me;
And enemies would cease to mock and sneer.
O would such gracious change e'en now might
lighten
My dreary way with gloomy clouds o'erspread,
And friends and foes conspire my life to brighten
With kindness they would show—if I were dead!

The Bible in the Breviary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

QUADRAGESIMA SUNDAY.

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven"
is a saying in many lands. What importance may be attached to it is worth discussing, and we shall in a moment talk briefly about it; for the present, however, let us remark that while Isaac is the most striking type of Our Lord among the patriarchs, the history of his marriage is almost the one fact of his life given in minute and even repeated detail.

He was most like Our Lord (1) in that he was the "child of promise," as Our Lord most especially was; indeed

the promise made to Abraham in Canaan seems all but a repetition of the promise made to Adam in Eden. (2) Isaac was miraculously born of a woman advanced in years: Our Lord was miraculously born of a Virgin. (3) All were cast out from the inheritance but this child of promise and his descendants: in Our Lord's case, "no one ascendeth into heaven but He who descendeth from heaven." (4) But it was in that strange carrying of the wood up the Mountain of Vision, on the top of which he was to be sacrificed, that Isaac most closely resembled Our Lord: He, too, "went forth carrying His cross."

The various points of Isaac's life are deeply interesting.

(1) Abraham complains: "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me? I shall go without children; and the son of the steward of my house is this Damascus Eliezer?... Immediately the word of the Lord came saying: He shall not be thy heir; but he that shall come out of thy bowels, he shall be thy heir."* Then took place a mysterious sacrifice. A cow is divided in two, a she-goat of three years is divided, a ram is divided; half is set against half, and a passage, wherein a man might walk, is left in the middle; a turtle also and a pigeon; "but the birds he divided not." This was done in the afternoon. The birds of the air came, but the patriarch drove them away. At the moment the sun began to set, a deep sleep with a peaceful dream came upon Abraham; and when the sun had set, a miraculous fire came, and, passing between the divisions, consumed the carcasses.

(2) Abraham cries again: "O that Ismael may live before thee! And God said to him: Sara thy wife shall bear thee a son; thou shalt call his name Isaac; and I will establish My covenant with him."† "Isaac" means laughter: there was to be joy in Abraham's

house, in the first place; and in all the nations of the earth, in the second; for they were to be blessed through him.

(3) The promise was as yet indefinite; but as Abraham sat in his tent at Hebron and received three strangers, it became definite; for God through His angel said: "I will certainly return unto thee this time next year, and lo! Sara thy wife shall have a son."

(4) It was at Bersabee, which is at the south of Palestine, that Isaac was born; and there he lived, almost without change, all his days. And Abraham journeyed from Hebron to the south country. "And Sara bore to Abraham a son at the time appointed. And Abraham called the son whom Sara bore Isaac.... And Sara said: God hath made me to *laugh*, and all that hear it will laugh with me. Now, Abraham was one hundred years old when his son Isaac was born unto him";* and Sara was ninety years old. It was therefore twenty-five years since Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees. "And Abraham planted a grove in Bersabee, and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God."†

(5) God *tempts* Abraham,—that is, tries him. God had tried the angels; God had tried Adam and Eve; now He tries Abraham. "God said: Abraham. And he said: Lo! here I am. And He said: Take now thy son Isaac whom thou lovest, and offer him as a burnt-offering on the mountain that I will show thee." We know what a burnt offering is. A pile of wood, in the form of an altar, is raised up. The victim is bound hand and foot; a knife is plunged into its bosom; and while its life-blood ebbs, fire is set to the wood and the victim is consumed. It was an easier thing to abstain from taking the fruit of the tree in Paradise than for a man to bind and slay his only son, that he loved, and burn him on a lonely

* Gen., xv, 2, 4.

† Ibid., xvii, 18, 19.

* Ibid., xxi, 2-6.

† Ibid., xxi, 33.

mountain. Isaac had often seen his father offering sacrifice. He knew all about it; and as the two ascended the hill alone, he put to his father the pathetic question: "We have the fire and the wood and the knife, but where is the lamb for the burnt-offering?" All the rest we know: Abraham built the altar, and bound his son Isaac and laid him on it.

Oh, how different from Adam and Eve! It was a curse in Paradise: it is a blessing on Moriah. "By Myself have I sworn, saith the Lord: because thou hast done this thing, and hast not spared thy only-begotten son for My sake, I will bless thee and multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven."

Now you will exult over me. When I was young I took it that Isaac was but a boy of twelve years or so when his father laid the wood on his back and they went up the hill; and it was only when I had already grown old that I found out that Isaac was at the time of this sacrifice twenty-five or twenty-seven years of age. I was stunned when I learned this for the first time. It seemed to take away all the romantic innocence and beauty of a simple, guileless child being led to sacrifice. But, thinking on it, I thanked God; for reflect how obedient Isaac must have been when he bore the wood; how resigned to God and how docile to his father when there alone by the altar of sacrifice, on the solitary hilltop, he, a man of twenty-five or twenty-seven years, allows his father to bind him hand and limb, and offers no resistance. No words except the words used of another Victim explain it: "He was offered because it was His own will." Of a truth Isaac must have been a saintly man.

(6) Marriage of Isaac. "Sara was one hundred and twenty-seven years old, and she died at Hebron in the land of Canaan."* Isaac was at that time

thirty-seven years of age. Three years afterward Abraham took "the eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all he had," and swore him "to go to his own country, and of his own kindred to take a wife unto his son Isaac." We all know the sacred story—how the servant made an agreement with God, and how God fulfilled the agreement on His side.

Rebecca was a type of our Blessed Lady. She was beautiful: therein she typified the soul of Holy Mary. In the Sacred Scriptures the Virgin Mother of Our Lord is foretold by Isaias, and in the Hebrew language is called *gnalma* (Latin, *alma*), meaning "virgin." This word is found in six places only in all the Bible; and one of the places is in reference to Rebecca, where the servant of Abraham says to God: "O Lord God of my master Abraham, . . . behold I stand by the well of water, and the virgin [*alma*] that shall come out to draw water, who shall hear me say, Give me a little water to drink of thy pitcher; and shall say to me, Both drink thou, and to thy camels I will give drink, let the same be the woman whom the Lord hath prepared for my master's son."*

St. Jerome says: "*Alma* is not merely a maiden or a virgin, but emphatically a *hidden and retired virgin*." The modesty of Rebecca is shown us when, on learning that "the man walking in the fields to meet them" was Isaac, she alighted from her camel and covered herself with the veil. Isaac's holiness is at the same moment revealed. His purpose in going forth "in the afternoon air" was to meditate, or "walk with God." And the place he chose was "holy ground." It was by the Well of the Living and the Seeing. Turning to the Bible, we understand what this means. The Lord appeared to Agar by a fountain in the wilderness; "therefore she called that well, the Well of Him

* Ibid., xxiii.

* Ibid., xxiv, 42-44.

that liveth and seeth me." "For she said: Verily have I seen the hinder parts of Him that seeth me."* And when Isaac met them, the old servant told him all that he had done. And Isaac took Rebecca to his wife,† and "brought her into the tent of Sara his mother; and he loved her so much that it moderated the sorrow that was occasioned by his mother's death." He was then forty years old.

We will not enter into any lengthened discussion, but I will tell you my own mind on the question. Are marriages made in heaven? When I consider that in the Garden of Eden, as 'there was not found for Adam a helper like unto himself, God cast him into a deep sleep; and taking a rib of his, built it into a woman and brought her to Adam';‡ when I recall this incident of the life of Isaac, related at unusual length and in minutest detail; and hear the servant say, "Let the same be the woman whom the Lord hath prepared for my master's son"; when, in the Book of Tobias (vii, 12), I find the Archangel Raphael, "one of the seven who stand before the throne of God," saying to Raguel, the father of Sara, "Be not afraid to give her to Tobias; for to him who feareth God is thy daughter due to be wife, and therefore another could not have her"; when, not to mention others, I recall the Christian tradition that Joseph was, by divine appointment, chosen to be the husband of Holy Mary; and, lastly, when I consider that it was at a marriage feast that Our Lord, who "did all things wisely," wrought His "beginning of miracles," I can come but to the one conclusion: that for the soul that "fears the Lord," whether life be for such a one in the world or in the cloister, there is

a special and ever-abiding Providence.

(7) In his married life Isaac was a Christian husband rather than a Hebrew patriarch. Unlike Abraham his father, or Jacob his son, he was the husband of but one wife, never another. Of his attachment to her we have no doubt; for when Isaac abode in Gerara, "and very many days were passed, Abimelech, king of the Palestines, looking out through a window, saw him playing with Rebecca. And calling for him, he said, It is evident she is thy wife: why didst thou feign her to be thy sister?"*

We have another touching proof. For twenty years after their marriage Rebecca had no children. "And Isaac besought the Lord for his wife, because she was barren; and He heard him.... Now, Isaac was threescore years old when the children were born unto him."†

Abraham lived to be one hundred and seventy-five years old; he was one hundred when Isaac was born; so that the boys Esau and Jacob were fifteen years old when Isaac and Ismael buried Abraham in the double cave, which he had bought of the children of Heth. "And after his death God blessed Isaac, who dwelt by the well named Of the Living and Seeing." And "Isaac sowed in the land, and he found in that same year a hundredfold.... And the man was enriched, and he went on prospering and increasing until he became exceedingly great. And he had possessions of sheep and of herds, and a very large family."‡

* Gen., xxvi, 8, 9.

† Ibid., 21, 26.

‡ Ibid., xxvi, 12-14.

THE most reckless spendthrift in the world is the one who squanders time. Money lost may be regained, friendships broken may be renewed, houses and lands may be sold or buried or burned, but may be bought or gained or built again. But what power can restore the moment that has passed, the day whose sun has set, the year that has been numbered with the ages gone?

* Ibid., xvi, 13.

† The wives of the patriarchs had each of them a tent for herself, furnished with different apartments.

‡ Ibid., ii, 21, 22.

The Marquise de Lafayette.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IV.

LAFAYETTE had spent three years in prison, deprived of all news from the outer world, when on the 15th of October, 1795, the door of his cell suddenly opened and his wife and daughters entered. Not only was he totally unprepared for their visit, but he had not known for certain whether they were alive or dead: his jailers had received orders not to answer his questions, and all the letters written to him had been either lost or suppressed. He vaguely knew that there had been a Reign of Terror, but was ignorant of its details; and after his first outburst of joy at meeting his wife and children, he instinctively refrained from questioning them as to the events of the last three years. Madame de Lafayette, on her side, was unwilling to spoil the happiness of the moment, and a whole day passed before she ventured to inform him of the losses in their own family.

Life at Olmutz was harder than our heroine had been led to expect. Both herself and her daughters were required to submit in all things to the rules laid down for the prisoners. They were allowed no communication with the outer world or even with their fellow-prisoners—the General's aids-de-camp and secretaries; they had no servant, no knives and forks; and, worst of all, were prevented from hearing Mass on Sundays. Madame de Lafayette wrote to the Austrian Minister of War to protest against this last privation, but her letter was disregarded. However, her relief at being near her husband at the post of love and duty was so great that all things seemed easy to bear.

She was deprived of pen and paper; but she contrived to conceal a tiny piece of *encre de Chine*, and with this and a

toothpick she wrote the life of her mother upon the margins of a volume of Buffon. The education of her youngest daughter Virginia was another occupation. Both girls were brave and cheerful; while the younger read and studied with her mother, the elder sewed and mended, and even made shoes for her father out of an old piece of cloth.

At last in September, 1797, General Bonaparte, whose star was in the ascendant, required from the Austrian Government that Lafayette and his family should be released. The General had been in prison five years, his wife nearly two, during the latter part of which she suffered from violent eruptions on her limbs and continual fever; but her state of health brought no change in the prison regulations, and for six months she had not even an armchair in which to rest herself.

On the 10th of October, a month after their release, the General, his wife and daughters arrived at Witmold, a small property that Madame de Tessé had lately bought near the Lake of Ploen. They were received with enthusiasm by the little colony. Madame de Lafayette was sweet, brave, serene as ever; the General calm and placid, firmly rooted in his former opinions, and looking upon the Reign of Terror and its horrors merely as a deplorable accident. His incurable optimism provoked Madame de Montagu, though even she felt the charm of the affectionate, forgiving and lovable nature that in private life made him so popular.

Madame de Tessé was delighted with this new addition to her circle. The General, his aids-de-camp and secretaries brought a fresh and somewhat stormy element into the conversations of her salon, and she threw herself into the fray with all her wit and spirit. Madame de Lafayette and her sister, to whom these discussions were far less interesting than their *tête-à-tête* conversations, sat a little apart, enjoying each other's

society, and speaking much of those whom they had loved and lost.

Not long afterward a wedding took place at Witmold that brought another pleasing diversion. Our heroine's eldest daughter married Monsieur Charles de la Tour Maubourg; and though both parties were poor and in exile, their youth, mutual affection, and the cordiality of the friends and relatives that surrounded them, made the occasion a festive one; all the more so as, Georges de Lafayette having returned from America, the family circle was now complete. Madame de Lafayette had to be carried to the church for the ceremony. The wounds on her limbs had enlarged and her sufferings were great; but her joy and her gratitude to God were greater still. She wrote about this time: "When I remember the horrible situation in which only lately I saw my children, whereas now I not only possess them all three around me, but I am about to adopt a fourth child after my own heart, I feel that I can not thank God as He deserves."

As soon as she could walk, she returned to France in order to promote the material interests of her family. Peace and order were gradually being restored by Bonaparte. Madame de Lafayette, not having emigrated, was able to come and go as she liked; but her husband and her sister were still considered as *émigrés*, and in consequence as outlaws. It was upon her that, by common consent, devolved the duty of promoting the division of the Duchess d'Ayen's large property among her daughters. The pressure of poverty was beginning to be keenly felt among the *émigrés*, whose estates were either sold or confiscated, and it became necessary to provide for immediate necessities. After the preliminary steps had been taken by Madame de Lafayette, it was arranged that the sisters and their husbands should meet in the little Dutch town of Vianen in the spring of 1799. The

Dè Grammonts came from France, the Montagus from Witmold. They lodged in a house taken by the Lafayettes; and while their husbands discussed various business matters the three sisters gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of the meeting.

Their letters written at this period breathe intense happiness. They used to sit together in a small room, without a fire—economy being the order of the day,—closely wrapped in their cloaks; and while the north wind blew through the disjointed doors and windows, they opened their hearts to one another with unreserved confidence. Life had dealt hardly with the sisters since the distant days when they had gathered round their mother's *bergère* at the Hôtel de Noailles. Three of the circle—the mother and two daughters—had been called away, and the lives of the survivors had been full of pain and peril.

Madame de Lafayette was now forty years old. Since her marriage at the age of fourteen she had seen life under many aspects. Her husband's campaigns in America, his short-lived popularity, and responsible position brought her a full share of anxiety even before the Reign of Terror. Then came the horrors of 1793: her separation from husband and children; her imprisonment, with the immediate prospect of a violent death; the execution of her relatives; her captivity at Olmutz, resulting in broken health and life-long disease. Throughout trials and dangers of no common order she was ever the same: brave, sweet, gentle, thinking more of others than of herself; submissive to God's will in all things. The Marquise was, perhaps, the most intellectual and cultivated of the sisters. In her dealings with the tyrants of the Revolution, and later on with Bonaparte, she was helped by her gift of persuasive eloquence as well as by the unusual vigor of her mind. At the same time she was essentially womanly, and her

heroic actions were performed with a childlike simplicity that, in one so gifted, had a touching charm.

Madame de Montagu was thirty-two when she met her sisters at Vianen. Frail and delicate in appearance, she was timid, sensitive, and easily moved to pity, sorrow or indignation. Charity was her ruling passion; and although she herself was reduced to poverty and dependent upon her aunt, she contrived to assist the more unfortunate *émigrés*, for whom she deprived herself of every comfort, and to whom she gave her time, her every thought and effort. Her exertions on their behalf were so well known that this timid, retiring young woman was looked upon as their earthly providence by hundreds of penniless refugees scattered throughout Europe.

Madame de Grammont was two years younger, — small and plain, without beauty or charm. But her character was a wonderfully strong one. Of her nine children, only one survived. Still, these private sorrows, as well as the public catastrophes in the midst of which her lot was cast, were borne with unflinching and uncomplaining patience. Her life was spent almost entirely in her country home of Villersexel, where she died in 1853, the last survivor of the five sisters.

The education they had received had created certain points of resemblance among Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Montagu, and Madame de Grammont. Their mother's teaching and example had made them equally fitted to rise above the vicissitudes of life and to seek happiness only in the fulfilment of duty. Each one, however, retained her distinctive individuality. Thus Madame de Grammont gently reproved her sister Pauline's extreme sensitiveness and exhorted her to self-possession; while Madame de Lafayette, as good, patient and resigned as the other two, was too much identified with her husband's pursuits not to be keenly interested in the political questions of the day.

After the meeting of Vianen, our heroine returned to France; and by degrees, as the laws against the *émigrés* became less severe, Madame de Montagu, General de Lafayette, his children, and lastly Madame de Tessé and her colony were able to cross the frontier, and after so many years of wandering to take up their abode on French soil. In the division of the Duchess d'Ayen's estates, which had taken place at Vianen, the Castle of Lagrange, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, was allotted to Madame de Lafayette, and it was there that she and her family made their home.

With inexpressible relief, the woman whose courage and conjugal devotion had made her a public heroine sought in a simple country life the quiet domestic happiness that she prized above all things. The well-being of her husband and her children, the moral and material interests of her dependents, henceforth absorbed all her thoughts, and her aspirations were confined to the narrow circle of her household. In 1802 her son married Mademoiselle de Tracy; and the following year her second daughter was united to the Marquis de Lasteyrie, whose descendants now possess Lagrange.

Only on one occasion did Madame de Lafayette's name again appear before the public; then it was in the interests of a work that appealed to the sympathies of many stricken hearts. One of her first thoughts on returning to Paris had been to discover the exact spot where her mother and sister were buried. This was not easy. A certain amount of secrecy had been observed in the matter. The victims of the guillotine were generally buried at night and in haste; and when peace and order were restored, those who had once taken part in the executions were anxious to escape notice. At last, however, Madame de Montagu discovered a poor workwoman whose father and brother had perished

at the Barrière du Trône, and who at nightfall had followed the bloody carts to a spot where the bodies were cast into a common grave. Guided by her, the two sisters made their way to a lonely field at Picpus, where in the midst of waste land, not far from the ruins of an ancient monastery, thirteen hundred persons had been carelessly thrown into a huge pit.

On returning from this sad pilgrimage, they determined to buy the land and to place it under the patronage of a religious Order. An appeal was made to the families of the martyred dead; and with the money that was thus collected not only the burial place but also the adjoining field and gardens were secured. A convent was built, in the cemetery of which the relatives of the victims obtained leave to be buried. There are few spots in Paris more impressive than this unique burial ground. Close to the grass-grown pit where rest the Duchess d'Ayen and her companions are the tombs of her surviving daughters: Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Montagu, Madame de Grammont, their husbands, children and grandchildren; and over the General's tombstone now waves America's flag.

In the neighboring chapel, which belongs to the nuns of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, are two large marble tablets on which are inscribed the names of the persons executed at the Barrière du Trône and buried at Picpus. The mere perusal of these lists conveys, more forcibly than any description, an idea of the wholesale massacres of the Reign of Terror. The lists contain twelve hundred and ninety-two names; among the victims over a hundred are under twenty-five years of age,—boys and girls of sixteen and even of fourteen years. There are more than one hundred and ninety old people between sixty and eighty-six; and in all one hundred and seventy-six women. Besides men and women belonging, like the Duchess

d'Ayen and her relatives, to the very flower of French nobility, we notice a large proportion of peasants, laborers, workmen; also a certain number of priests, and a whole community of Carmelite nuns whose beatification is now being discussed before the Roman tribunals.

The foundation of the Convent of Picpus, of which she and her sister were the promoters, was one of Madame de Lafayette's last earthly joys, outside her family circle. Since her imprisonment at Olmutz she had been in failing health; but, in spite of her physical sufferings, her life at Lagrange was a peaceful one, troubled only by anxiety on behalf of her son and sons-in-law, who were serving in the imperial armies. When at last, in 1807, they returned unhurt, it seemed, to use the words of her daughter, Madame de Lasteyrie, as if her cup of happiness were filled to overflowing, and the months of untroubled tranquillity that followed realized her fondest dreams.

In the autumn of that same year, 1807, her health suddenly gave serious cause for alarm. Till then, in spite of her sufferings, her serenity and cheerfulness had blinded even those who loved her best to the gravity of her condition. On the 11th of October she heard Mass for the last time in the chapel of Lagrange; shortly afterward she was removed to Paris. From the first she was delirious, but even then she remained faithful to the ideals of her whole life. "God and my father absorbed her thoughts," says her youngest daughter. Now and then her mind seemed to clear, and she loved to recall the distant memories of her youth: her marriage and her husband's campaigns in America. Her mother's name was often on her lips. "To-day I shall see my mother again," she said the very morning of her death. During the night she sang the canticle of Tobias, which twelve years before she had recited when the

towers of Olmutz loomed up in the distance; now, within sight of the Promised Land, she repeated the inspired words with still greater fervor.

Once, when her husband spoke to her of Lagrange, she remarked: "To return there would be too delightful. O my God, my God, give me six years more of Lagrange!" But her resignation, her patience, sweetness, and loving gratitude to those who nursed her, never failed, and made the doctor who attended her exclaim: "I had no idea that human perfection could go so far!" At the last she gave her blessing to her children with her usual tenderness; then she said to the General: "You have been satisfied with me, you love me: give me your blessing." Turning again to her husband, she put her hand in his, saying: "I am yours!" These were her last words.

She died during the night of Christmas, 1807, surrounded by those she loved and whose tender care of her was her last earthly joy. "It would be impossible to imagine a more peaceful end," writes Madame de Montagu. The sorrow of her husband and children was intense; and in a long letter to his friend, the General de La Tour Maubourg, Lafayette renders a touching homage to the brave woman "whose tenderness, devotedness, nobility of soul, generosity of heart," were the honor and happiness of his life during thirty-four years.

Madame de Lafayette now lies in the cemetery of Picpus, close to the husband whom she so passionately loved and believed in. He survived her twenty-seven years, and died in 1834. Five years later Madame de Montagu closed her long and useful life.

From the American patriots who continue to pay General Lafayette a lasting tribute of gratitude, his wife deserves a full share of reverent homage. With her sweetness and her courage, her rectitude of purpose, her devotion to duty, and absolute submission to the will of God in the trials of a most

troubled life, she is certainly one of the most interesting characters of modern times. Her fidelity to her high ideals was equalled only by the tenderness and simplicity that made her irresistibly winning. The daughter of an illustrious house, born and educated at a period when French society was notoriously frivolous, if not worse, she and her sisters are bright examples of high-minded and heroic virtue. Seldom did a mother's lessons bear richer fruit than those taught to her young daughters by the martyred Duchess who sleeps in the quiet Picpus graveyard, and of whom it may be truly said that "her children rose up and called her blessed."

(The End.)

The Final Rendezvous.

IN 1859 or 1860, according to a reliable journal, Gaillard, the famous French engraver, became acquainted with a young artist who, like himself, was studying the works of Perugino. They grew to be friends, found themselves in Rome together, and from the beginning of their acquaintance were very fond of discussing religious subjects.

At that time M. Gaillard was an unbeliever, and took a certain pride in combating matters of faith. His young companion defended the points to the best of his ability, with firm conviction, yet displaying a great sweetness, which, while it did not convince, never failed to win the admiration of his adversary.

The last time they met was at the Villa Medicis. Gaillard again resumed the discussion, vainly endeavoring to impress his own ideas on the mind of his friend. Finally he left him with these words:

"You are still very young: I will meet you again in Paris ten years from now, and we shall see. You will have entirely changed your views. Your faith is beautiful but it is absurd. You

will become convinced of this and alter your opinions."

"No," replied his opponent, simply. "I do not count on seeing you again in Paris; and it is possible I may never see you again. But I promise to meet you at the Last Judgment, and you will see then who was right."

An ordinary man, a frivolous one, would have laughed; but Gaillard's serious mind was struck by the firm faith which had made this audacity possible. He looked at the young man for an instant, stupefied, touched to the heart by the sincerity of his belief.

"Adieu, then!" he murmured. "I will remember that."

The two adversaries never met again: they are awaiting the Judgment Day. What became of the youthful artist is not recorded; but the seed sown in the heart of Gaillard took root and bore fruit,—he died a Franciscan friar.

A Legend.

There is a beautiful legend telling that one morning a poor old woman was visited by an angel, who assured her that Our Lord would pay her a visit that very evening. She set to work to clean her house, and watched all day for His arrival; but He did not come. A wet night set in, and presently there was a knock at the door. Trembling with excitement, she opened it and saw only a little boy, who begged for food and shelter. The house was spotlessly clean and all was ready for the Master's visit: how could she let in a dirty beggar? So she contented herself by giving him a trifle and telling him to seek shelter elsewhere. The beggar child turned to go—suddenly he seemed to change, and stood before her bright and glorious, then vanished; and she heard a voice saying: "As long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me."

Notes and Remarks.

It is to be hoped that no one who feels that he can not give as much as he would to the Newman Memorial Church will be deterred from giving as much as he can,—at least something. That great father of souls would be the last to despise the widow's mite. If every reader of THE AVE MARIA were to contribute a dollar or even half a dollar, the amount required would be fully realized. It ought to be considered a privilege to give something toward the erection of so fitting a memorial of Cardinal Newman. Who does not venerate his memory? Who is not under obligation to him? It was no inaccuracy on the part of Cardinal Manning to call his colleague "our greatest witness for the Faith." Grateful appreciation of the inestimable services which the greatest Cardinal of our time rendered to the cause of religion should find expression in the erection of a church second to no cathedral in Christendom. The address of Father Eaton, the priest of the Oratory, who is now in this country collecting funds for the Newman Memorial Church, is: St. Patrick's Rectory, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is hard for American Catholics, who are fortunately not compelled to figure as a distinct body in politics, to realize exactly what Monsig. Schæpman was to the Catholics of Holland. "The Dutch Windthorst" is good enough as a phrase, but Dr. Schæpman was both more and less than Windthorst. The great leader of the Centre Party wrestled with stronger antagonists, for a larger stake and with a greater following; but in personal qualities and in versatility Dr. Schæpman was the more notable figure. Many of his poems are household words in Belgium as well as in Holland; he was an accomplished linguist; and his broad outlook, his accurate knowledge of the religious, social and political currents

of the national life, with his marked urbanity of character, made him an inevitable leader. In the spirit of Aaron he began his priestly work as professor in a seminary, and in the spirit of Moses he took up the political leadership of his people. During his life, and largely as the result of his policy, the Church made marvellous progress in Holland. Dr. Schæpman, like many another Catholic leader, had to contend with opposition from within as well as obstruction from without. But Leo XIII. was his never-failing friend and supporter; and it was only poetic justice which permitted the great Dutch Parliamentarian to die in the City of Peter, surrounded by the solicitude and fortified by the blessing of Leo. *R. I. P.*

Many shrewd sayings might be cited to prove that the philosopher of Archey Road sees further than the ordinary jester, and that he has grasped the ironies which underlie modern life. We lately quoted a notable saying of Joel Chandler Harris on progress. Mr. Dooley remarks on the same subject:

I sometimes wondher whether pro-gress is anny more thin a kind iv a shift. It's like a merry-go-round. We get up on a speckled wooden horse an' th' mechanical pianny plays a chune an' away we go hollerin'. We think we're thravellin' like th' divle, but th' man that doesn't care about merry-go-rounds knows that we will come back where we were. We get out dizzy an' sick an' lay on th' grass an' gasp: "Where am I? Is this th' meelin-yum?" An' *he* says: "No, 'tis Ar-rehey Road."

The honesty, fearlessness and intelligence of the late Senator Dawes have been the themes of much obituary eulogy; but it is the duty of Catholics to remember that those sterling qualities were never more effectually evidenced than when Mr. Dawes, at the beginning of his political career, threw himself into the thick of the fight against Know-Nothingism. Another American who deserves to be gratefully remembered

is Senator Vest, who, after a quarter of a century of distinguished service, is about to retire to private life. It does not require so much moral courage to denounce Know-Nothingism now as it did when Senator Dawes was young; but even in these expansive times it does require a Full-Grown Man to champion the cause of the Catholic Indian schools in the United States Senate; and that is what Mr. Vest has consistently done whenever occasion offered. "Every dollar you give these [State] day-schools," he once said, "might as well be thrown into the Potomac river under a ton of lead. You will make no more impression upon the Indian children than if you should take that money and burn it and expect its smoke by some mystic process to bring them from idolatry and degradation to Christianity and civilization. I would put this work in the hands of those who could best accomplish it, as I would give the building of my house to the best mechanic. And to every man who says this is a union of Church and State I answer: 'Your statement is false upon the very face of it.'" More than once Senator Vest spoke in this spirit, though he knew that by so doing he was not furthering his political prospects. Like Mr. Dawes and Mr. Hoar, he is a man among senators.

The editor of the *Contemporary Review*, and other editors as well, owe an apology to the Prime Minister of Spain, who in an article on "Catholicism vs. Ultramontaniam," which has been widely quoted from the *Contemporary*, is accused of having refused to meet a colleague that had incurred ecclesiastical censures until the apartment had been "blessed by a priest, sprinkled with holy water, and fumigated with incense." The incident was cited as an example of Catholic credulity and superstition. In a letter to his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, dated Jan. 23 and published in

the *London Tablet*, General Azcárrago declares that 'not a word of what the article contains about him has the slightest foundation.'

The personality of the Holy Father is beyond question the most distinguished and the most interesting in the world of to-day. Hence the impressions formed of his actual appearance and physical condition by notable visitors to the Vatican are perused with avidity by a world-embracing public. Here is a paragraph from a letter in which the Bishop of Moulins, France, records the impressions received by him in a recent audience:

I found Leo XIII. absolutely the same as I left him four years ago. His eye is as quick, his voice as resonant, his intelligence as lucid, his smile as conquering, his gesticulation as expressive, his memory as imperturbable, his faculties as intact. And one is absolutely astounded to see behind these emaciated features, under this frail and almost diaphanous envelope, within this body bent beneath the crushing weight of ninety-three years, the palpitation of a soul so young and a life so intense.

On the 20th inst. the venerable Pontiff celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his election to the Chair of Peter. March 3 will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation. His ninety-fourth birthday falls on the 2d prox. It is now sixty years since he was consecrated bishop.

Those Anglican parsons and prelates whose contributions to the "Encyclopædia Biblica" have so greatly shocked the orthodox laity of the Church of England must have winced a little on reading an article by Mr. Andrew Lang in the current *Longman's*. He says among other things:

A clergyman . . . is under certain obligations—in honor, if not in law—to uphold, or certainly not to attack, a given set of beliefs. If he holds none of them, but still preaches them, that is between himself and his conscience. If his conscience does not tell him that he is a sneak, a humbug, and a hypocrite, he will be so much happier. If he chooses to have, in one sense, the courage of his opinions and of other people's opinions, and to

publish ideas which leave the religion which he professes with no more historical basis than the tale of Troy, nobody will interfere with him. He is quite safe. Nobody will deprive him of his bishopric. Still, his conduct is amazing to the lay mind. To that unsophisticated intellect it seems that such a man has a plain course before him. He should send in his papers. After that he would be free with honor to invent any theories, however absurd; and to promulgate any mythological hypotheses, however antiquated and obsolete. . . . How these things can be done with honor while a man wears the uniform of any Christian sect is a mystery to the laity.

Referring to Mark Twain's "blasphemy" and "ridicule of the Christian religion" in the pages of the *North American Review*, the Washington correspondent of the *Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser* remarks: "If ever boycott was justifiable, Christians of all denominations should unite in boycotting the *North American Review*, and in doing so take a little side-swipe at other Harper publications." There is little likelihood that Christians of any denomination will unite in any such action. Blasphemy and ridicule of the Christian religion are not often thus resented by its adherents. They are a meek lot, these modern Christians; and the fact is well known to all publishers like Col. Harvey and all authors like Mr. Clemens. They don't have to be cautious about wounding the feelings of Christians. Provided the Christian himself isn't injured, it doesn't matter much what is said against his religion. There must be thousands of Catholic Christians who read Mr. Clemens' outrageous article, but we venture to say that hardly a baker's dozen of them would be roused to practical resentment of it; though no doubt every one of the number was more or less shocked. Still will Catholics listen to Mark Twain, still will his publishers go unrebuked.

* * *

Mark Twain is a great humorist, and of course most people are careful not to betray lack of appreciation of modern

humor, especially the American kind of humor. Yet one need feel no special obligation to sit silent under blasphemy and irreverence even from a world-renowned wit. It is not bad form to resent it, in proof of which we may quote from a highly respectable source a dissentient note amid the general chorus of appreciation. Not all people shout with the mob, and sometimes Christians are Christian enough to protest against irreverence of any sort. Let the *Speaker* of London be heard:

To the American humorist nothing is sacred—old age, infirmity, suffering, even death. He reminds us of the urchin Mr. T. A. Trollope tells of, who, during the funeral services over some high magnate of the Church, diverted himself with hiding beneath the bier and producing ghastly effects on the dead man's countenance by tugging at the pall. Skulls are designated as grinning. The grin seems often to be all that appeals to the American humorist; and the grin he gets up in answer is ghastlier than the one it mocks at.... Mark Twain's travelling jest, the sleepy, slow, reiterated question, in the Colosseum and elsewhere, with regard to old-time worthies whose memorials he was viewing—"Is he dead?"—falls on us as it did on the Roman guide, who, as the perpetrator of the pleasantry complacently remarks, could not "master the subtleties of the American joke." The awful memories of the place seem to turn the laugh against it, and it dies away in a faint, unmeaning cackle. Charles Lamb would laugh at a funeral, it is true; but Elia's laugh was never out of keeping with the most tragical suggestion. Our English humorist, too (for his image seems to rise before one as a relief from the kind of humor we are considering), would never have employed his wit on such a subject say, for instance, as the Siamese Twins; or, if he had, his most reckless mockeries would have been still underlaid by his own peculiar current of sympathy.

The kindly tone of the secular press in noting the Silver Jubilee of the election of Pope Leo XIII. on the 20th inst. was not unexpected; for the great Pontiff has not only won the reverent and admiring affection of "the faithful," but in a marked degree he has elicited the sympathy and esteem of the alien world. The marvellous vitality of Pope Leo was naturally a subject of general

comment. "The man put in any office, no matter how light its duties may be, when he is nearly sixty-eight years old can hardly expect to retain it for a quarter of a century," says the *Chicago Tribune*; "yet the Pope has done it. He has a frail body but his mental powers are unimpaired." The *Tribune* adds some words so appropriate and so well-considered that they might be uttered by a Catholic speaker in a jubilee address:

The position which Leo XIII. fills has in itself, quite apart from the character of the man who occupies it, a totally sufficient amount of grandeur and glamour. To be the infallible spiritual guide of a multitude of people—perhaps a sixth of the population of the world; to derive from the Chief of the Apostles, through two hundred and fifty-five intermediaries, a primacy of honor and authority among Christian folk; to be seated in this ineffable honor in the city of Rome, imperial and eternal; to operate a governing machinery of patriarchs, metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, priests, and innumerable orders of monks, friars, and nuns,—a machinery which in delicacy and efficiency is the wonder of the world; to have interests and duties in connection with every nation in either hemisphere; to watch all things, political and ecclesiastical, on behalf of an organization which has its tendrils in every cranny and crevice of the social structure of all Europe and America, and many parts of Asia and Africa,—what position has earth to show which can compare with this for eminence of standpoint, breadth of view, and reach of power? To have occupied such a position for the flicker of a single moment would be worth a lifetime of preparation. *To have occupied it for twenty-five years is an achievement on which Vincent Joachim Pecci may look back with almost as much natural fear as righteous pride. His responsibilities and his honors have been equally great.*

We could not permit such an edifying sentiment as this to pass without the emphasis of italics.

According to the *Gerarchia Cattolica* for 1903, seven cardinals died last year. There are now fourteen vacant places in the Sacred College, one cardinal having died since this official directory was issued. During his pontificate, Leo XIII. has seen the death of as many as one hundred and forty-five cardinals.

Notable New Books.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P. B. Herder.

How important the early Christians regarded the attentive study of Holy Writ may be gleaned from some words of St. Jerome to his friend Gaudentius, who had consulted him regarding the bringing up of his infant daughter Pacatula. "She is now a child without teeth and without ideas," wrote the saint; "but as soon as she is seven years old... she should, until she is grown up, learn by heart the Psalms and the Books of Solomon; the Gospels, the Apostles and the Prophets should be the treasure of her heart." It would greatly stimulate the study of the Bible among adults as well as youths if devout commentaries such as this were available for all portions of the Sacred Writings.

Father Wilberforce modestly disclaims any intention of writing for scholars, and intends this book to be used chiefly for spiritual reading. It is indeed well adapted to such purpose, but none the less it is a scholarly effort. The commentary is largely that of St. Thomas, but is reinforced by notes and paraphrases gathered from modern authors. Father Wilberforce's introduction, as those familiar with his other work need hardly be told, is substantial and decidedly interesting reading.

Boston Days. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co.

Miss Whiting occupies her own place in literature, and her point of view is unique. From her sky parlor in the Back Bay district she looks out over what she calls the City of Beautiful Ideals, and sees with the eyes of a cheerful little mystic not only its physical side but the strange and varying modes of thought that have long made it the rallying ground of the clever and the erratic. Her sense of perspective, or the want of it, leads her to magnify much that seems to us to deserve but scant mention; and she fails to recall many names which should shine in any record of the makers of literary Boston. But she is so kind, so cheerful, and usually so entertaining, that he would be a captious critic who measured her by conventional rules. If she overestimates some individuals, presumably because they agree with her pet theories, it is easy enough to skip to the delightful mention of Mrs. Hawthorne carrying a broom across Boston Common, or the pleasant chatter concerning other Concord folk.

To those who love Boston, and admire, however much they may differ from, those who have made it illustrious, we recommend this beautiful book. One can not know too much of the people who,

amid growing luxury, held steadfastly to the rule of plain living and high thinking; and Miss Whiting has materially added to the world's stock of information concerning them.

A Reed by the Rivers. By Virginia Woodward Cloud. **The Dancers.** By Edith M. Thomas. **Days We Remember.** By Marian Douglas. Richard G. Badger.

These three slender volumes of poems, attractive in make-up, are reprints of verses which have appeared in the leading magazines, and embrace a variety in the way of matter and manner, "Intimation" in "A Reed by the River" is rhythmic, full of the color of Spring, and has the elusive charm of good poetry. Edith Thomas approaches nature with the poet's insight, and her touch is sure. In "The Flutes of the God" there is marked poetic energy musically expressed. Cheerful and cheering are the poems "Days We Remember." They run the gamut of the year, and every festival from St. Valentine's Day to Labor Day has its verses. The religious poems are reverent, and there is a real love of nature in the singer's heart when her song is of birds and flowers and woods.

Matthew Arnold's Notebooks. With a Preface by the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. The Macmillan Co.

This is a polyglot collection of excerpts from many (and, most frequently, unidentified) sources made by the apostle of "sweetness and light" during some of the years between 1852 and 1888. The volume will appeal less to the general reader than to the scholar; and even to scholars the appeal is not apt to be particularly strong. The collection is not in any sense complete, but it is sufficiently full to furnish a test of value; and we doubt whether any others than the most enthusiastic Arnoldites will characterize that value as priceless. The extracts are in English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek. The publishers have brought out the book in elegant form,—paper, type, and binding being uniformly excellent.

Dogtown. By Mabel Osgood Wright. The Macmillan Co.

From the introduction of Happy, Lumberlegs, and the Mayor of Dogtown to the appearance of Tip at the wedding which closes the story, there is not a dull page in this delightfully human story about dogs. Anne's discovery that Cadence is deaf, which accounted for her poor record in the way of minding and taking instruction, opens up quite a field of thought on animal life; and we more than half believe that Anne was right when she said: "You know, Miss Jule, animals are hardly ever bad: it's mostly something what we've done ourselves." Of course the young folk are interesting, or the pets would not be. The

plight of Hamlet after his introduction to American dog-life is delightful, and one can readily conjure up a picture of him after his beautiful long hair was cut and he goes shivering with mortification to his mistress' room.

There is much information in the record of events, based upon intimate knowledge of dog-life. The illustrations are especially fine and are taken from pictures from life.

The Sons of St. Francis. By Anne MacDonell. J. M. Dent & Co.; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here we have, within reasonable limits, a sympathetic collection of pen-portraits of the immediate followers of St. Francis of Assisi. In this gallery we find not only the well-known and loved Brothers who were the daily companions of the Poverello, but those separated from him by time or circumstance, although united in spirit. The author has gone to original sources for most of the material utilized, but has in many instances freely quoted the opinions of modern biographers, notably M. Sabatier. In the various sketches there is seen, like a golden thread in a garment of cloth of silver, the vivid personality of St. Francis himself. Dante is great, but greater is he whose brown robe the poet wore. Leo is holy, but he is holier who was at once his master, teacher, and example. Never once does the author swerve from devotion not only to the founder of the great Order but to the principle that inspired it. Lady Poverty has her due meed of praise; and the more contemplative of the early companions of St. Francis, all honor.

One wishes that all record of dissension might have been omitted, but perhaps without it the picture of him who was above and beyond it might not have been brought into full relief. Happily, in all the relating of discord which came after St. Francis himself had been called home we find the writer true to the Franciscan ideal.

Some expressions in the volume are misleading. The assertion that St. Francis was a Pantheist is startling unless read in connection with paragraphs like the following: "To him the scheme of the universe was Love; but men had ruined it by sin. Love then made itself manifest in the Passion of Christ to save the world. In gratitude, but also instinctively by his own happy nature, Francis loved all things—birds and reptiles and ravening wolves, and stones and trees, and robber-men and lepers, and his own brothers, and Lazarus and the rich man—with a serviceable love. But with every step of love pain keeps pace: such is the eternal law. And ere on Mount Alverno his was made one with the Universal, he had known the pain of the Passion of Christ." And again: "He flung himself, a burning sacrifice, into the whole, knew in his body the pain of all the world, and learned the price of love.... But into an hour of agony

on a mountain was gathered one day all his sublimated faculty and experience,—a mystery to the highest." He loved the universe, so the writer seems to convey, because God created it; and Christ was God.

The book is not without blemishes. There are impatient words concerning some of the Popes which might have been omitted to advantage; and pages in the early life of one of the followers of St. Francis which, to say the least, are not edifying. But the clear, beautiful English and evident attempt to be faithful to the truth will make this latest addition to Franciscan research welcomed by all lovers of the Poor Man of Assisi.

The Quest of Happiness. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Macmillan Co.

The pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is always optimistic, always reverent in tone, and he has a certain sympathy which makes him helpful. His best efforts have been essays, or *causeries*, on subjects of universal interest. In "The Quest of Happiness," however, he has given us what he styles "A Study of Victory over Life's Troubles"; and the fact that it is an ambitious book in scope and effort invites a critical examination from a literary standpoint.

That all seek happiness is beyond question, but Dr. Hillis embarrasses with the riches he places before us; and, though the table of contents is minutely accurate, the book seems wanting in method and in simplicity. The critics have pointed out inaccuracies in quotation and have found fault with the tendency toward "fine writing." But the readers who will be helped by Dr. Hillis' work will view it ethically; and, after all, that is the best way to judge a work that is sent out as a help to those in quest of happiness.

Life of Blessed Emily Beccieri, O. S. D. By Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O. S. D. M. H. Gill & Sons.

If all the saints were put before the reading world in so pleasing a style as in this life of this little Italian nun of the Order of St. Dominic, the faithful would be better acquainted with the saints of the Church. The Irish Dominican introduces us to her Dominican sister of Vercelli in a charmingly realistic way; and we see the little Emily growing up before our very eyes, and we can hardly believe that she lived in the time of Pope Gregory IX. Her long life of seventy-six years was full of sweet charity and humility, and her example led her spiritual children to great heights of sanctity. The flower of sanctity is the fairest adornment of the altars of the Church; and none are fairer and more fragrant than the hidden cloister flowers, which, whatever the clime, grow to fulness of beauty under the light and warmth of the sanctuary lamp.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

For the Eyes of All.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

OH, the loveliest things in this whole wide world

Are the things that common are:

The blue, blue sky and the cloudlets pearled,

And the light of moon and star!

And common, too, are the rosy dawns,

And the sunsets red or pale,

The daisies white on the hills and lawns,

And the violets of the vale.

There are rarest tints on the purple sea;

There are lustrous shades of green,

Vivid and dark, on the spreading lea,

On mountain and woodland seen.

And each springtide brings to this world of ours,

To open field and glen,

Its fragrant wealth of beauteous flowers,

To gladden the eyes of men.

No hoarded treasure of yellow gold

Can vie with the celandine,

And dim are jewels of worth untold

When the gems of the hoarfrost shine.

The roses red and the lilies white,

All gleaming with crystal dew,

Are freely spread in their beauty bright

For the eyes of all to view.

The silvery rivers that course along

Keep singing high or low,

And no music matches the thrush's song

In the sunset's crimson glow.

For God in His wondrous wisdom planned

That the things we daily see—

The heavens above, ocean and land—

Should beautiful ever be.

THE first library in the White House at Washington was established by a President of the United States who had never seen a copy of Shakspeare or a history of the United States, or even a map of his own country, until he was nineteen years of age. This was Millard Fillmore.

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IV.—THE FRIEND OF THE BOYS.

STRANGE as it may seem, wealth and position are sometimes the greatest hindrances a man can have. Poverty and obscurity are apt to act as tonics; but most people favored by fortune, with everything to make life easy, are content to sit down and let the world take care of itself, becoming both useless and selfish. A man, however, has lately died in England who refused to be spoiled in that way. He might have been idle and as little use in the world as a dead tree; but he chose to do good and to help his fellowmen; and he also took a rather hard way of doing it.

In the year 1863 a boy of eighteen, named Quintin Hogg, was going to school at Eton. In spite of his very plain name he was of a distinguished family, and, as things looked then, would never have anything in his life but comfort and ease. But this gently-nurtured boy had some plans of his own which he kept to himself,—guarding his secret jealously.

One day he was talking with two little London sweeps who kept the crossing clean, and they happened to tell him that they could not read. "I will teach you," he said; and, sure enough, he appeared that evening and gave them their first lesson. The light that enabled them to see came from a tallow candle stuck in an empty beer bottle. Before long they had mastered words of one syllable; and then other little ragged fellows shyly appeared, each one hungry to

learn. The Eton boy never faltered, but taught them all; making himself their merry comrade, and never once appearing to think that they were beneath him,—and indeed he never for a moment thought they were.

Soon he found that he must have a room where he could gather his pupils together, and found one in Of Alley. This is a strange name for a street. Once the Duke of Buckingham had owned a large house in that locality; and when his estate was abandoned to business and cut up into various streets, they were called to commemorate his name, which was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. There were George Court, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street.

In Of Alley, as I have said, Quintin started his ragged school. It had only one room, and that a small one; but it was put to such good use that it answered the purpose. A woman was employed to teach the smallest boys during the day, and at night the big boys came to the evening session. Then came along a penny bank for the savings, and a lending library, and a sort of military company called the Shoeblocks' Brigade. Presently another room was needed; and soon after that Quintin hired the adjoining house and put beds in it, where for twopence the little fellows could have a clean and warm night's lodging. That in itself was a very great blessing for the poor, wandering waifs.

You can hardly believe how poor these boys were. Most of them had only a few rags for clothing, and five of them used to come with no clothing whatever except their mothers' faded shawls pinned about them.

And how the school grew and thrived! In six years it moved into new quarters in Drury Lane, where fifty boys had a home. Quintin lived with them, and was not only their chief teacher but was captain of their football team and

helper in all the games they played in their nice gymnasium and playground.

In 1871 Mr. Hogg—I suppose we must call him that now—married; but the boys did not lose him, for his bride said they were her boys too. It was quite an undertaking to adopt them; for in 1876 there were five hundred, and hundreds on the waiting list.

From this beginning grew the London Polytechnic, a school for youths from sixteen to twenty-seven. To equip this Mr. Hogg spent what would be half a million dollars of our money. When he opened the new building a thousand young men were waiting to enter it. To-day there are between seventeen and eighteen thousand names on its rolls!

Everything useful is taught at the Polytechnic. It would seem like a catalogue if I were to attempt to enumerate the studies. Especial attention has always been given to the acquiring of a trade; and, best of all, the spiritual part of the boys has never been neglected. Head, heart, hand and soul have all been trained. During the holidays a large number of the members go on pedestrian tours over Great Britain, and many have visited the Continent and been to America.

Through all these years Mr. Hogg has been the boys' best earthly friend; and so great is his fame that his titled relatives will be known, not as Lord This or That, but as kinsmen of the beloved philanthropist. Wealth, you see, proved no hindrance to him; and the Eton boy who taught the little crossing sweepers by the light of a candle made fast in a beer bottle has left such a name behind him that to-day millions are in mourning because he is dead.

THE word "Bible" has had a strange history. In Chaucer's time it meant any book or scroll whatever. The word was originally *bublos*, which was another name for the papyrus, on which Egyptian manuscripts were written.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—“MOTHER GOOSE.”

Mother Goose requests the pleasure of Miss Tessie Neville's company Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8 p. m.
THE BAYSIDE INN.

This was the surprising invitation that Tessie found on her plate one morning about ten days after her sorrowful Sunday. There had been no more trouble with Aunt Marian, whose houseful of gay guests monopolized her time and thoughts to the exclusion of such small persons as her little niece.

“What does it mean?” asked Tessie of Ted, who, with Wynne, had received a similar delightful missive. “Loulie Dunn's card enclosed within all.”

“Don't you know?” said Wynne. “We are invited to a party, to which we must go as geese.”

“In—in feather dresses?” inquired Tessie, prepared for any peculiarities in this world of fashion.

“Yes,” replied Wynne, gravely. “And you will have to waddle and quack. It requires some practice, but I'll show you how, Suzarina.”

“Yes: if you want to make a goose of yourself, you can't find a better teacher!” laughed Ted. And Wynne threw a sofa pillow at him, and there was a good-natured boyish tussle.

“Oh, you'll kill each other!” cried Tessie, as Wynne's yellow head went down under Ted's knees, and both boys seemed to twist together inextricably in mortal combat. But in a moment they were on their feet again, flushed and panting.

“Want some more?” asked Ted, prepared for another brotherly onslaught.

“Oh, no, no, no!” exclaimed Tessie, almost crying. “Please don't fight any more! Please—please!”

“Fight!” laughed Wynne. “That isn't fighting, Suzarina. You've got that

turn of Pat Reedon's down to a fine point, Ted. Where did you learn it?”

“From Pat himself,” answered Ted. “Rob Ellis and I have been taking lessons in the Ellis' stable loft. By the bye, that reminds me that when I came home last night I found a very rough-looking customer hanging around our stable gate. I asked what his business was there at midnight, and got no answer. Then I threatened to loose the dogs on him, and he growled with an oath that he had a pair of barkers of his own that would soon settle mine. He slouched away after that. But I thought I would tell Dan to leave Lion unchained at night. You know Red Murdoch has never been caught. Pat Reedon was talking about him only yesterday, and how dead set he was against father.”

“Pooh!” said Wynne. “Red Murdoch is halfway across the ocean by this time, or the officers would have caught him sure. But to return to Mother Goose. It will be a tiptop affair. I hear the Bayside folks are going to make it the swellest thing of the season. Dick Stratton, who has more money than he knows what to do with, is at the Inn this winter, and backing things up.”

“I'll go as King Cole,” said Ted. “Moxley the costumer has a stunning rig of red velvet and ermine. And you might be ‘Little Boy Blue,’ Wynne.”

“Little Boy Blue your grandmother!” retorted Wynne, in deep disgust. “No: if I have to act the idiot, I'll go as ‘Simple Simon’ and play the fool outright. And Tessie can be ‘Bopeep.’ In a big flowered hat, with a crook in your hand, you would be just immense, Suzarina!”

“Oh, wouldn't I!” agreed Tessie, who had caught on to the situation with eager delight. “Do you think Aunt Marian will let me go?”

“Of course; especially as she need not bother about it. I will order all the costumes together from Moxley; and we

will take you with us and show you the jolliest sort of a time."

Ted was equal to his word; and on the appointed evening, Tessie, in a gay little flowered skirt, looped over a pink silk petticoat, big straw hat weighted with blossoms, and a gilt crook in her hand, looked as if she had just stepped out of the pages of Mother Goose on a hunt for her "lost sheep."

She tripped upstairs to show herself to little Joe, who had caught a feverish cold lately while out coasting with his brothers, and was laid up on the pretty cushioned couch in his room, under Mrs. Judkins' motherly care.

"Oh, you look fine, Tessie!" he said, admiringly.

"Don't I!" said Tessie, with frank delight. "Just like little Bopeep, sure enough. And it makes me feel so queer,—somehow as if I were not myself at all."

The "queer" feeling seemed to grow on Tessie, as, with Ted and Wynne and dear Mélanie (for it was proper that little Miss Neville should be attended by a maid), she was swept off in the big cushioned sleigh through the white moonlight, that, clear and cloudless at Wycherly, turned into a silver haze that veiled and changed all things as they drew nearer to the sea. The dull earth vanished; all was unreal and strange: a misty dreamland echoing with the voice of the ocean, as the billows rose and fell in musical rhythm on the unseen shore, where, glittering with myriads of lights, Bayside Inn rose like a fairy palace floating in shining clouds. Through an arched entrance the sleigh passed into a courtyard, where dozens of other equipages were waiting. Pages in gay velvet liveries were running to and fro; and a fountain of electric light played in changing colors—now rose, now green, now golden—upon the bewildering scene; while "mine host," who stood at the door to welcome his guests, was Santa Claus himself, in his big fur coat and cap, with the "twinkling eyes"

and "cherry nose" and "merry dimples" of the well-known verse.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen,—walk in!" was his genial greeting. "Welcome to Bayside Inn, and a merry evening to you all!"

And Tessie was lifted out of the sleigh in the furry arms of the good old saint; and, after doffing her wraps in a pretty little dressing-room, found herself one of a bewildering company, being marshalled into line by a tall spectral individual in gleaming robes of blue and silver, who announced that he was the "man in the moon," who had "come down too soon" for the frolic, but was determined, in spite of time and tide, to wait and see it through.

"Oh, I am so glad that you have come, Tessie! And what a lovely, lovely costume!" said a familiar voice; and little Bopeep was clasped in the arms of "Mary Mary quite contrary."

"It was so good of you to ask me, Loulie dear!" said Tessie, recognizing, under the

Tinkling bells and cockleshells that garnished "Mary Mary's" green satin gown, her best friend of long ago. Then Loulie politely introduced Tessie to various glittering personages, whose real names it was quite impossible to remember, but whom she recognized to-night as old friends belonging to dear dim days that preceded even St. Anne's, when she had turned over the glowing pages of "Mother Goose" at her sweet girl-mother's knee. Here was little Jack Horner, with his "Christmas pie" fairly bristling with plums; and little Miss Muffett in friendly relations with her "big spider"; Humpty Dumpty ready for his tragic tumble from the wall; Curly Locks, Polly Flonders, and all the gay throng whom Tessie had known before she had learned her A B C.

"I believe I am to be your partner in the opening march, Miss Bopeep," said the Little Boy Blue, bowing before her.

It was Rob Ellis' voice, but the young

cadet had vanished: this was the little shepherd boy, in broad-brimmed hat and velvet jerkin, who let

The sheep in the meadow,
The cows in the corn;

and Tessie welcomed him gaily to her side. Then the trumpets sounded a fanfare, Little Boy Blue blew his horn, and, with King Cole's "fiddlers three" leading the march, the grand procession swept up the broad staircase and into the ballroom, gay with flags and streamers and evergreens, where Mother Goose and Mother Hubbard, the Old Woman who lived in the shoe, and the other old dame who was tossed up in a blanket, stood to receive their guests.

Very beautiful old ladies they were, in spite of their historic trials; with their broad-brimmed, peak-crowned hats set jauntily on their puffed and powdered hair, and their flowered brocade gowns just short enough to show high-heeled shoes and diamond buckles. It was a bewildering thing to learn that one of them was Loulie's mother and another one her aunt; for old and young wished to make this *fête* a memorable one in the gay annals of Bayside.

To Tessie it was all enchantment; and as she whirled around the room to the merry dance music, she felt she was in some strange fairyland never trodden before. Partner after partner came up in quick succession,—all familiar friends that belonged to a sweet far-off past: Jacky Horner and Tommy Green, the King of Hearts and the Men of Gotham. Tessie laughed and danced with them all. There was no Uncle Ben to stop the giddy maze to-night. Mélanie only peeped from the dressing-room door, proud of her little lady's popularity.

"Go it, Suzarina!" exclaimed Wynne, in delight. "You are taking the cake in earnest to-night. Every girl in the room is green with envy."

But Tessie thought it was only one of Wynne's jokes, and laughed and danced on happily.

Then when the grandfather's clock in the stair struck twelve supper was served in the great dining-hall of the Inn, roofed to-night with evergreens, and supported, apparently, by huge pillars of red and white candy. Santa Claus was at one end of the table, Mother Goose at the other, and the centrepiece was the celebrated pie that held the "twenty-four blackbirds." Tessie found herself beside the Crooked Man who ran the crooked mile, and who, in spite of his infirmity, proved a very agreeable person.

"This is great fun, isn't it?" he said, when Tessie discovered the blackbird he had put on her plate to be a cunning little *bonbonnière* full of chocolate.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, gleefully. "I don't feel real at all to-night; do you?"

"Well, yes. But it's different with me. You see I am a crooked man naturally."

"Oh," said Tessie, a little dismayed at this announcement; for between the crook in his shoulder and the twist in his legs her companion seemed in a pitiable plight. "Still, Sister Helena at our convent is crooked too, and she does not mind it at all. Her back is all wrong and she has to walk with a stick; but she is the happiest, gayest nun in all St. Anne's."

"Curious, indeed!" said the Crooked Man, slipping an ice in the shape of a "cherry tart" on Tessie's plate. "There must be something very wrong with her head as well as her back."

"Oh, *no!*" said Tessie, earnestly. "Her head is all right. She is just as clever as she can be. She teaches algebra and trigonometry to the senior class. But she is very, very good. She says—" Tessie paused suddenly, conscious that she was nearing forbidden ground.

"Well, what does she say?" asked her companion.

"You wouldn't understand," replied Tessie, with a shake of her head.

"Why not? Was this learned lady's remark in Hebrew?"

"Oh, no!" said Tessie, laughing.

"Sanskrit perhaps?"

"No, of course not. It was just plain English. Only people talk differently in convents."

"How 'differently'?" persisted the Crooked Man.

"Oh, about God and heaven and bearing crosses!" answered Tessie, a sweet gravity stealing over her bright face. "Beautiful things, we must not talk about here."

And the Crooked Man teased her no more; for, though his handsome figure was marred to-night only by the clever costumer's pads and springs, mind and heart had been sadly warped by an idle, selfish, frivolous life; and Tessie's sweet, childish words came to him like a breath from far-off heights that a "crooked man" can never climb.

How long the dance would have gone on that night we can not tell; but, in a last whirl with Wynne, Tessie lost one of the high heels of her gilt slippers and had to give up.

"But don't mind me," she said good-naturedly to her sympathetic partner. "I'll just slip into this cosy cushioned window and look on until you are ready to go home."

It was a very cosy cushioned window-seat indeed, wide and soft, and draped with heavy crimson curtains. Tessie, who was really much more tired than she knew, nestled back under the velvet folds of the curtains, with her head pillowed on a downy cushion, and was nearly off in a light doze when her name spoken outside the draped recess startled her into attention.

"Tessie Neville—Judge Neville's niece, you know. I used to go to school with her once. She was a plain, poky little thing then; but since her rich relations have taken her up her head is turned completely."

"I should say it was," added another speaker, emphatically. "I never saw such airs; did you, Grace?"

"Never!" piped another girlish voice. "The way she tosses her head and giggles is absolutely sickening."

"And did you see her at supper to-night, girls?" continued Tessie's "best friend." "Flirting—actually flirting—with Mr. Stratton, the catch of the season. Of course he was only laughing at her, but she was too silly to see it. Mamma said she never saw anything so bold, and that I must never ask her here again. Rob Ellis danced with her five times,—I counted."

"And I heard Dave Norris tell Jack Bond she was the prettiest girl in the room," added Grace.

"Pretty, pooh!" said the "best friend," scornfully. "It's only fine clothes, my dear. Without them she is nothing but a silly-faced Dutch doll."

Breathless in her cosy cushioned corner, little Bopeep sat, with wide-open eyes and ears, listening to all. They were talking of her—of *her!* For a moment she could not believe it, after the honied flatteries that had been poured into her ear all the evening. "Silly," "bold," "airs," "sickening,"—this was what her "best friend's" world said of her. Tessie felt as if Mother Goose's whole fairy palace had toppled down upon her and she was stunned and helpless in its ruins.

(To be continued.)

THE logs for the fireplaces in the schoolhouses in Colonial days were furnished by the parents of the scholars; and some schoolmasters, indignant at the carelessness of those who failed to send the expected wood early in the winter, banished the unhappy children of the tardy parents to the coldest corner of the schoolroom. The town of Windsor, Connecticut, voted 'that the committee be empowered to exclude any scholar that shall not carry his share for the use of the said school.' In West Hartford every child was "barred from the fire" whose parents had not sent wood.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death is announced of the Rev. Anthony Thraen, in the sixtieth year of his age, at Dingelstädt, Germany. He was an eminent astronomer, and was honored with many decorations for his knowledge of comets. *R. I. P.*

—"The Woman Who Toils" would be well worth publishing if only for President Roosevelt's letter, which forms the preface. The authors—Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst—became factory girls for a time in order to get material for their book, and their philanthropic efforts have roused much interest.

—The number of good stories for Catholic boys and girls is not so large that we can afford to ignore the least of them, and "Harry Russell: A Rockland College Boy," by Cuthbert, is one of the best of its class. It is pleasant to announce that this story, which was so popular as a serial in THE AVE MARIA, is soon to appear in book form. Messrs. Benziger Brothers will be the publishers. A goodly number of really excellent "juveniles" are now included in the catalogue of this enterprising firm.

—The recent death of Augusta Mary Anne Holmes will be regretted by all who are familiar with her songs, many of which have been popular for upward of a quarter of a century. In 1880 her dramatic symphony *Lutèce* gained a prize offered by the city of Paris. She also composed the symphony *Les Argonautes* (1880). In 1895 her opera *La Montagne Noire* was produced at the Grand Opéra. Her last composition was a song expressive of her sympathy with the Breton peasants. Though born in Paris, Madame Holmes was of Irish parentage; her fame was cosmopolitan. It will be remembered that some years ago this remarkably talented composer was received into the Church. *R. I. P.*

—When a selection of the famous Ganganelli letters was appearing in the pages of this magazine (we took care to present only such as were of highest interest and edification, and to the contents of which no one could reasonably have the slightest objection), it was declared by certain persons that these letters were spurious, and we were blamed for republishing them. Now comes the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J., who in an article on the suppression of his Order in the current *Month*, quotes Von Reumont's judgment (*Ganganelli—Papst Clement XIV.—seine Briefe und seine Zeit*, 1847) that the collection of letters published by Marchese Caracciolo in 1776 is in substance a genuine collection, though some of the letters are spurious and others interpolated. "Von Reumont argues very justly that it would hardly

be possible to fabricate so many letters, addressed to correspondents most of whom were alive at the time of the publication, and yet impart to them the unity, distinctness, and spontaneity of a living character."

—In "Shadows of an Ideal," Emily R. Logue has expressed high thoughts in a lyric setting. The best in friendship seems to have been the singer's inspiration, and this little book will prove an appropriate offering where friendship has a message but is denied the gift of song. "Shadows of an Ideal" is published by Mr. Peter Reilly, Philadelphia, Pa.

—It is again reported that Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison (who writes under the pen-name of "Lucas Malet," and who is the daughter of Newman's famous antagonist, Canon Kingsley) has become a Catholic. In the February *Critic* Mrs. Harrison carries on a "real conversation" with Mr. William Archer, in which she says: "Think of the weakness, the unphilosophic quality of Puritanism, compared with Catholicism, as a basis or background for art. And then the eventual outcome of Puritanism is of necessity rationalism; and there we have the real enemy!" This is very good, but we venture to suggest that Catholicism would be very much out of place as a background for certain pages of at least one of "Lucas Malet's" books. If she is really a Catholic, it is quite sure that she does not deserve to be classed as a Catholic writer, but as a Catholic who writes.

—It is queer to see in some Catholic papers well-deserved denunciations of articles and stories appearing in secular reviews and magazines of which other Catholic papers give regular notices. This second class of papers never refer to the *Catholic Quarterly*, the *Dolphin*, *Dublin Review*, *Month*, etc.; indeed their readers must be under the impression that there are no Catholic reviews, or that they are undeserving of attention. Another queer thing is to find various objectionable advertisements in secular periodicals which are constantly exploited by certain Catholic weeklies and monthlies. To us it seems so serious a matter to recommend magazines that often contain erotic stories and irreligious articles, with advertisements of anti-Catholic books, fraudulent agencies, immoral remedies, etc., that we make it a rule never to accept a proposal to exchange from a secular periodical when an advertisement or regular notices are expected. Not once in a whole year do many of the much-advertised secular magazines publish anything of special value or interest to Catholics, though not a few of them frequently allow articles and advertisements to appear in their pages which any self-respecting Catholic

might be expected to resent as an insult. It is well enough to notice secular periodicals when occasion demands, but why should they be exploited?

—Mr. Laurence Housman's own account of the genesis and motive of his miracle play, "Bethlehem," is interesting on several grounds. Writing in the *Critic*, Mr. Housman says: "The play has been written not with any aim at a fantastic revival of a mediæval form, but because I feel that there is working through the present day a great intellectual Catholic renaissance, a recognition not so much of the dogmatic truth as of the imaginative beauty of the Catholic presentment of Christianity. We are recovering from the too violent reactionary spirit of the Reformation, which, sweeping away good with bad, left spiritual imagination in this country [England] hard and stern, and gave us, in place of the familiar tenderness which characterized the earlier spiritual writers, the cold splendor of Milton's Christianity in classical disguise, and the pugnacious piety of Bunyan." The evolution from the old-fashioned Protestant hatred for the imaginative beauty of Catholic life and worship has been so amazing during the last half century that it is fair to expect a similar advance toward a recognition of the dogmatic teaching of the Church.

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.

- A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.
- The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.
- Life of Blessed Emily Bechieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.
- The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.
- Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.
- A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.
- The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.
- Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

- Dogtown. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$1.50, net.
- The Talisman. *Anna T. Sadlier.* 60 cts.
- The Day of an Invalid. *Henri Perreyve.* 75 cts.
- Roadside Flowers. *Harriet M. Skidmore.* \$1, net.
- England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.
- The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.
- Shakespeare's Art. *James H. Cotter.* \$1.10.
- The Four Feathers. *A. E. W. Mason.* \$1.50.
- Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.
- Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. *Nancy Huston Banks.* \$1.50.
- The Art of the Vatican. *Mary Knight Potter.* \$2, net.
- Forty-Five Sermons. *Rev. James McKernan.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. James McDermott, of the diocese of Albany; Rev. James Mangan, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Joseph Dombrowski, diocese of Detroit; Rev. D. J. McCormick, diocese of Pittsburg; Very Rev. N. Crane, Bendigo, Australia; Rev. Father Francis, O. M. Cap.; Rev. Aloysius Bosch, S. J.; and Rev. Thomas Robinson, C. S. P.

Brother John Dipple, S. J. Sister M. of St. Joseph and Sister M. of St. Angelique, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Joanna, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Teresa, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. William Randall and Dr. Edward Nelson, of Baltimore, Md.; Dr. P. H. Conley, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Margaret Murphy, Pontoosuc, Mass.; Mr. John Zang, Paterson, N. J.; Mr. Martin Bates and Mr. Philip Perrier, Halifax, N. S., Canada; Mrs. Ellen Quigley and Mrs. E. Keating, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Elizabeth Dolan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. G. H. Millard and Mrs. Millard, Mrs. John Wade and Mrs. Patrick O'Neill, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. John Carr, Hoboken, N. J.; Miss Cecilia Flynn, New York; Mr. John Reynolds, Sr., Windham, Iowa; Mr. James White, Washington, D. C.; Mr. George Miller, Miss Mary Rafferty, and Mr. Patrick Golden, Princeton, Ind.; Mr. James Reed, Lawrence, Mass.; Margaret Grelis, Geelong, Victoria, Australia; Mr. J. B. Quegles, Natchez, Miss.; Mrs. Johanna Ready, Austin, Ill.; Miss Anna Greagan, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. E. J. Briggs, Peoria, Ill.; Mr. William Paradine, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Johanna Collins, Mr. John Maloney, and Mr. C. McCullough, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. James Raus, Aspelt, Luxemburg; and Mr. Ulysses Douget, Salt Lake, Utah.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 42.

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NO. 10.

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A Lenten Motto.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WILLING the spirit but weak the flesh,—
Word as the Gospel old, yet new;
Each of us clothes it with import fresh
Oft as we strive for the good and true.
Stumbling still where we fain would run,
Fallen from heights whereon late we stood,—
How shall the summit at last be won?
Scourge we the flesh for the spirit's good.
Hostile forever are Virtue and Ease,—
Nature and Grace must be foes for aye;
Futile our efforts the two to please:
Soul or senses will carry the day.
Combat incessant that none can shirk,
How may we win in all likelihood?
Cometh the night when no man can work—
Scourge we the flesh for the spirit's good.

Prayers in an "Unknown Tongue."

BY M. M. MALLOCK.

PROTESTANTS often ask the question as to how, when divine worship is conducted (as in the Catholic Church) in a language unknown to many of those present, such persons can by taking part in it offer to God a "reasonable service." This question is not by any means a foolish one: on the contrary, from those who usually ask it, it is extremely just and natural. The majority of Protestants, as they themselves are very well aware, would find it impossible to join with profit in a service of which the

spoken words conveyed no meaning to them; and it would thus be really strange if they did not wish to find out what there can be in the case of Catholics to make so great a difference.

The inquiry is one, therefore, which we shall try to answer in the way it deserves to be answered—viz., as clearly and fully as possible; and to do so the more conveniently, we shall divide it into the three following points: (1) The reason why the practice thus objected to is permissible. (2) The manner in which it first arose. (3) The advantages which render it in the eyes of the Catholic Church not *permissible* only, but positively *desirable* as well.

To the question as to whether a man can "worship God in spirit and in truth" through the medium of a language he does not understand, a Protestant, with a Protestant's ordinary notion of what "worship" signifies, can, it may be freely admitted, give a negative answer only. But when we come to consider the further question—as to why the same thing should not hold good for Catholics also,—the answer to this, we shall find, lies in the fact that the Protestant idea of worship and the Catholic idea of worship differ from each other in a very material way; this difference springing, in its turn, from another difference, and a difference of the highest theological importance,—that, namely, between the manner in which Protestants on the one hand and Catholics on the other are led, by their respective systems, to regard human

nature itself and its capacity for rendering service to God.

Thus, to the imagination of the pious Protestant, human nature will be found to figure commonly as something altogether evil and sinful; and man himself, in consequence, as a being who neither can nor need do anything but receive passively from the hands of God what God is pleased to bestow upon him. This being the aspect, then, under which the *worshiper* is regarded, there is manifestly no choice left but to consider *worship* as an "asking" or "petitioning" only; or, at most, as including an expression of our miseries or our gratitude. And for purposes such as these but little reflection is needed to show that the use of an unknown tongue, whether in public or private devotion, would be altogether unsuitable.

The case is quite altered, however, when we turn to the Catholic Church. In her eyes, human nature is neither a thing essentially vile and damnable, nor is man himself a being who, whether he will or no, can do only evil continually. She regards him, on the contrary, as a creature who, though inclined to sin, and often actually sinful of his own free choice, has yet received from God his Creator good gifts, both of nature and of grace; and who, possessing as he thus does, in virtue of the divine liberality, *something of his own to offer*, becomes bound to give back this something again as his act of homage to the Giver. "Worship" therefore, for a being thus endowed, will have to consist, not merely in asking, but in giving also,—*in offering up to God whatever it may be that God has already bestowed upon him*. In other words, the Catholic notion of worship essentially *involves*, what the Protestant notion of worship as essentially *excludes*—the idea of "oblation," or "sacrifice."

Under the Gospel, according to the Catholic Church, as formerly under the Law, "sacrifice" in some form or other

is the accompaniment with which man must ever draw near to his Maker. The central act of worship in the Catholic Church is the great Christian Sacrifice—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In this Holy Sacrifice there is, on the one hand, perpetuated and carried on through all time the Sacrifice which Jesus Christ accomplished on the Cross; on the other, it is with and through this Sacrifice that each worshiper draws near to make his own offering of himself and of whatever God has given him. In either case, it is not in what is said, it is in what is done in the *actual sacrificial act*, that we have the essence of Catholic worship. And so long as the worshipers understand this, so long as they are able, in their own words, with their own acts and intentions, to follow and accompany the acts and intentions of the Church, then the mere fact as to whether they also understand the Church's language or not becomes, strictly speaking, a matter of no consequence at all.

That to worship God in this way is neither impossible nor even difficult, we need go no further than to the nearest Catholic church to convince ourselves. Whatever else we may see there, we shall see beyond all doubt that, even for the poorest and most ignorant, the service going on is no mere babble of unmeaning sounds; that a few syllables caught from time to time—*Orate, fratres; Sursum corda; Domine, non sum dignus*,—the ringing of a bell, a movement on the part of the priest,—that each and all of these serve to guide the devotion of those present, and enable them to take what is evidently a real part, of some sort, in the sacred rite.

So much for the first point with which we undertook to deal. The question next follows as to *how it was* that Latin and Greek (for Greek still takes the place of Latin in the Oriental rite) first came, to the exclusion of more modern tongues, to be used for the liturgical services of the Church.

The answer to this is an exceedingly simple one, and lies altogether in the fact that these languages were then the best to be had for the purpose; being not only the most formed and expressive but also the most widely understood throughout the then civilized world. The Latin Liturgy, with which we are now mainly concerned, is in its present form very ancient, dating from the time of St. Gregory, A. D. 590. To have at that time rendered it into any other language would have been out of the question. Latin still remained, as it had been from a much earlier period, the official language of the Empire. All educated men spoke Latin; whoever wrote, wrote in Latin; and Latin was the one stable means of communication amidst a multitude of half-formed and quickly-changing dialects. It was the language used in all countries for the transaction of public business; it was the language of science and literature, and naturally it was the language of the Church as well.

"No doubt," a Protestant reader may be here inclined to answer; "but all this is not the case now. In law, in literature, and in science, Latin has been replaced by the languages of modern Europe, and why should not the languages of modern Europe replace it in God's worship as well? Surely, even if it did Catholics no good to understand the words of their Church's service, it could not at least be supposed to do them any harm." This brings us to our third point—namely, as to what those positive advantages may be which Latin, for liturgical purposes, is supposed in the eyes of the Catholic Church to possess.

In replying to this inquiry, there are several different considerations which must be taken into account. To begin with, it must be recollected that everyone who has learned to read, whether he may know any Latin or not, is perfectly able to join if he pleases not only in the

spirit of Catholic worship but in its words as well; since books containing the Latin and vernacular, side by side, are everywhere procurable for this purpose at a trifling cost. Secondly, change, where, as in the present case, there is no essential end to be gained by it, is in itself an evil; since what is new will always lack the reverence of time and use, which clings to what is old; whilst, finally, not only would no solid advantage accrue from the innovation here contemplated, but such an innovation would draw after itself positive evil, and positive loss; all, as the Catholic Church must view them, of the most serious kind.

Latin, however unsuitable to the many as a medium of private prayer, is yet, as has been already said, able to supply a guide for joining in the offices of the Church which can be readily followed by all; and this advantage is one which no modern language would share with it. Thus, let the liturgy be translated into the various languages of our own day, into the numberless dialects of every newly converted tribe, and what would be the result? Not only would the outward uniformity of Catholic worship be destroyed, but one of the most special privileges of a Catholic would, to a great extent, vanish with it. As things are at present, a Catholic, whatever his nation and language, is equally at home in a Catholic church, whether that church be in New York or in London, in Paris, Vienna, or Hong-Kong. He can follow indifferently the Mass of any priest, let him be English or French or Hindoo or German or Spanish or Chinese. In every case the same familiar sounds meet his ear and mark the progress of the rite.

But supposing the change to have taken place which Protestants fancy so desirable that it seems they can not help thinking Catholics must want it too,—supposing this change once brought about, there are two consequences

which would certainly follow. In the first place, every Catholic who knew no language but his own would find himself a spiritual foreigner, outside the limits of his native country; and in the second, one of the essential notes of the Catholic Church—her Unity and Universality—would be, to say the least, blurred and obscured by the varieties of local coloring, the lines of national demarcation, to which such difference of national usage would inevitably give rise.

Even this, however, is not all; though if it were so it would be more than sufficient to explain the action of the Catholic Church in this matter. There is another consideration, and a most important one, to be taken into account besides. In the Catholic Liturgy—in the Creeds, in the forms for the administration of the sacraments,—there are laid up, as it were for safe-keeping, doctrines of which the Catholic Church claims to be the official guardian. The language in which these doctrines have from the first found their expression has grown, by the lapse of time, to be a *dead* language,—a language which, being no longer used for the purposes of common life, has become “petrified” and ceased to be subject to the ordinary linguistic laws of growth and decay. A living language, on the other hand, is, like a living organism, in a state of continual flux. Some parts are always in process of dying off; others, of being formed to replace them. A word which meant one thing a hundred years ago may mean something quite different a hundred years hence, or have dropped out of use altogether. Few people thus can read easily the English even of Chaucer’s time; but the Latin of two thousand years ago, on the contrary, is still the Latin of to-day.

The truths to which the Catholic Church attaches supreme importance have been thus “embalmed,” as we might say, for centuries in a tongue

whose meaning is now no longer liable to alter; but were the formularies containing them to be translated and retranslated to keep pace with the changes of spoken language, a gratuitous difficulty of the most enormous kind would be wantonly created, in preserving for them through it all their theological integrity of expression.

Such, then, are the reasons for which the Catholic Church, on the one hand *permits*, and on the other *enjoins*, the use of Latin for the purposes of liturgical worship. She permits it, because such worship does not really require to be *verbally* followed by the worshipers; she enjoins it, because by her so doing essential advantages are secured and essential evils avoided.

In worship which is not liturgical, however, just the reverse is the case. *Popular* services—services, that is, in which the bulk of the worshipers take a prominent part—are always in the language of the people. Thus it is when many join in reciting the Rosary or in making the Stations of the Cross, or in repeating the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and so forth; or, again, in baptism and marriage, where an explicit assent from the parties is required. In these, and such as these, it is the speech of the country that is always employed; but that the Catholic Church, for her sacrificial and world-wide offices, should ever permit the language in which these first took shape to be superseded by the changing tongues of common life, is of all things, humanly speaking, the most improbable.

If there be one place in life where the attitude of the agnostic is beautiful, it is in this matter of judging others. It is the courage to say: “I don’t know. I am waiting further evidence. I must hear both sides of the question. Till then I suspend all judgment.” It is this suspended judgment that is the supreme form of charity.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

IX. — CONVALESCENCE.

A FEW days later Myles, thanks to his superb Irish constitution, was able to be out of bed, and it was his habit to recline on the terrace upon an easy-chair, under an awning—for the sun was daily becoming warmer,—and gossip and read, and be read to. O'Reilly was devotion itself; and Percy Byng, now well and fit, made a good second. The General and Eileen had returned home, the Princess remaining to keep the Baroness Grondno company—and very good company too. A livelier, more chatty, more intelligent young woman was not in all Muscovy.

Sir Henry Shirley, J. P., Baronet, and so forth, considering it his duty as a magistrate of Hampshire county, to follow up and bring to condign punishment those "villainous fugitives from justice," had repaired to Vorchoff, a neighboring town, where, by means of an interpreter, he led the unhappy government officials a dismal existence through persistent appeals for action. He employed a *tchinovick*, or government spy, at his own proper expense, to aid in the hue and cry; for all those convicts—there were but three—had so far escaped apprehension. It was Sir Henry's delight to expound the laws of England to the cigarette-smoking, blinking, leaden-eared *tchinovick*, whose only response to the interpreter lay in a cough, a growl, and many sagacious bowings.

"Does he understand us?" Sir Henry asked a dozen times in the two hours' interview, during which the magistrate did all the talking.

"Your Excellency, yes."

"Ask him."

"*Da, da!*—Yes, yes!" was the reply.

When Mademoiselle De Lacey came to say *Au revoir* to O'Byrne, she was flushed, and I may add flurried. She spoke with considerable rapidity, mixing Russian, French and German in a confused if not an absurd sort of way, scarcely looking at him the while. When the final moment came, and she extended her little white hand to him, Myles held it, then kissed it—and then their eyes met, but not till then. She flitted from the room as lightly as though she were treading on the down of a thistle.

"That is a girl!" observed Percy, heaving a sigh. "She's only two years older than I, and—and,—dear old man, I love her madly—to absolute distraction. What am I to do?" And the youth began pacing the floor in rapid strides, his hands deeply plunged in his pockets.

"Go and play cricket!" said Myles, laughing.

"You be hanged! You think I am not in earnest. You think that because I am only eighteen I can not love as madly as if I were eighty. I told you that from the moment I saw her—those eyes—oh, my! *did* you remark her eyes?—from that moment I resolved upon making her mine,"—adding somewhat ruefully—"if she would take me. You see, dear, dear friend, I am an only son and very, very eligible. My father and mother are enormously fond of me—that reminds me, I must write to them *both* to-day."

"Do it *now*, Percy."

"Wait a minute. You see we are very rich. My father is Byng, of Byng, Slosser & Byng—"

"What?" exclaimed Myles.

"Byng, of Byng, Slosser & Byng, 31 Lombard Street, London, E. C."

"Why, they are one of the biggest private banking firms in London!" said Myles.

"Rather. There's no Slosser any more, and I am to be Byng *secundus* when I come of age,—a partner, sir. Now don't you see that I might have

some chance of Eileen,—I mean Miss De Lacey, of course?"

The lad was desperately, honestly in earnest, and ready to lay the whole world at Eileen's pretty feet.

"I rather imagine that if you were Byng, Slosser & Byng all rolled into one, Miss De Lacey would throw you over if she did not care for you."

"That's just it, O'Byrne. That's where the charm lies. If I could succeed in winning her, I should know that it was not on account of the bank—it would be for myself. I have had one or two little affairs already," continued the light-hearted young gentleman; "mere passing fancies,—rainbows of love. But now I am in earnest. My whole soul belongs to one thought. I can not eat, drink or sleep,—no, that is not quite the fact; but I am a little off my feet—at least I was yesterday,—all on account of her. I have written a little poem about those eyes that I should like to read to you. You see I come to you, for you are all to me, having saved my life. And yet I ask myself: 'What would life be without that radiant rosebud?' Why was I not born five years earlier? Confound this mustache! I can't make it come out. What do you do for yours?"

"I use duck oil."

"I never heard of it. What is it?"

"Cold water," laughed Myles, who was intensely amused.

"Oh, please don't laugh at a fellow! I am very miserable. She's not coming back here. I heard her tell the Baroness. I like that little Baroness."

"Why don't you confide in *her*?"

"She's as hard as a bat, and dead spoons on you."

"Tut, tut, man! You imagine that because you have been winged."

"Winged?"

"Well, *hard hit*,—thinking everybody is in love with everybody else. Now, dear lad, do you want my advice?—for I have made it a rule never to tender advice gratuitously. Just keep on loving

Miss De Lacey with all your might. That love of yours for a pure and beautiful young girl will keep you as pure and good as Sir Galahad. If you made love to her just now, dear fellow, you would be laughed at. Keep on loving her till you are a partner in your great firm and your own master; then if you feel that your love is as strong, as pure, as honest as it is at this moment, let her know it,—aye, and let all the world know it."

"That will take three years,"—most ruefully.

"Three years! What of that? Three seasons at cricket. Get into the Oxford Eleven and play the game," said Myles, adapting himself to the other's mood.

"And the three winters,—I'd like to know what I am to do with them?"

"Take to studying Russian. See! I have begun it,"—as indeed he had.

"By jingo, you are right! I will keep on loving her madly, as at this moment. I will stick to Russian and astonish her. I will take care to know all her movements; and if there is danger, fling myself right at the fellow, especially if he is a Russian. I think I could work into the Eleven with some good coaching. Then, as you say, I should indeed be somebody. Yes, I shall take your advice. It is sound as a bell. Good heavens, how very glad I am that I unburdened myself to you!"

"Go ahead! Keep on unburdening yourself. Your secret is safe with me."

"And you did not see that I was worshiping her, hanging on her every word, just basking—no, bathing—in the sunlight of her presence?"

"Pon my conscience," laughed Myles, "your diction is perfect. Do you talk to her in this fine language?"

"Confound it, no! I seem never to talk anything but the weather to *her*. With the Princess, now, I rattle on like a pea in a drum."

This artless youth held O'Byrne to his word, and day after day would come

to him for an hour's rapture over the manifold charms of his Eileen.

"You are coming back to the General's before leaving for St. Petersburg?"

"I have promised to do so."

"So am I. Won't it be glorious? I do not suppose I shall see her till then."

"Why not? Can't you drive?"

"Can't I! I tool tandem at Oxford, and my coach is the crack of the quad."

"Well, then, make an excuse. Drive over. Tell the Baroness, and she will give you a message or something."

"Splendid idea! I'll go to her *now*."

Now, Myles had a decidedly selfish object in dispatching his young friend in quest of Mademoiselle De Lacey. He himself was rather hungry for tidings of her. The Baroness, with whom he instinctively knew that she was in daily intercourse, never so much as allowed her name to pass her lips. Once one of his nurses casually mentioned that she had received a letter from Fontauka (the name of the General's *datcha*), from Miss De Lacey, who wished to be remembered to him. Myles merely said, "Thank you!" being too much of a gentleman to push matters through a third party, albeit he would have dearly liked to cross-examine the "official lady." In the case of Percy Byng it would be quite different, since it was only necessary to "sit tight" and listen; for the lad would gush and gush, and exhaust, if possible, the much-coveted subject.

The Baroness Grondno sat a good deal by the side of the invalid's couch, saying very little but reading to him a great deal. Her voice was rich if metallic, and her enunciation clear-cut. As the library at Bermaloffsky was opulent in English, French and German fiction, it became the embarrassment of riches, and selection was exceedingly difficult. By common consent they chose the animated Pickwick; which, however, was stopped by the nurse, who warned the Baroness that the patient should not be permitted to laugh so much—at

present. From Dickens they naturally turned to Thackeray, and, selecting Pendennis, the adventures of Pen became their literary food for days together.

The Baroness was the perfect hostess, causing her guest to imagine that he was honoring her poor house by his good company; and that it was a lucky, albeit a sorry, chance that gave Bermaloffsky so charming a visitor. Her words to this effect passed, but the impression was there all the time.

Occasionally the private secretary took the place of her employer,—a very fine, astute Russian up in the thirties, who spoke a dozen languages, including some uncouth Asiatic tongues. This lady was very anxious for information on the subject of Ireland, and especially the surroundings, family, and immediate life of the invalid; pushing to his grandparents, their sisters, cousins, and aunts. She produced a history of Ireland, and Myles perceived that she had been reading up the O'Byrnes; for wherever the name appeared there also appeared a pencilled cross, while the page was turned down.

When not engaged in reading, she seldom ceased extolling her mistress, who was of the House of Rurick and had royal blood in her veins. Before her marriage she was a baroness in her own right, with estates in the Urals valued at many millions of roubles. Her heart was warm and large, and her charities enormous but anonymous. Her almoner was a woman of noble birth, the prioress of a convent, who could draw upon the privy purse of the Baroness at any time, and for any amount within reasonable limits. She had given five millions of roubles to the starving peasants in Siberia during the awful famine, and everybody imagined that this money came from the imperial coffers, and the White Father got credit for it.

Thus would the secretary beguile the time, the narratives being rich in detail and of much interest. One sunny day she

caused Myles to "sit up," figuratively speaking.

"I have just written a letter to Ireland for my mistress," she observed.

"Indeed!" said Myles, in some surprise.

"Yes, to—here it is,"—taking it from a leathern bag that hung suspended from her girdle. "The Baroness wished me to ask you if this is properly addressed,"—handing him a letter with an enormous waxen seal—"The Countess Cadogan, Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland."

"Quite right," said O'Byrne, returning the letter. "But I should put 'Her Excellency,' as she is the wife of the Lord Lieutenant and General Governor of Ireland. I should also put 'Personal,' as her Excellency must receive so many letters from rank outsiders, which are handed to her secretary or perhaps go to the waste-paper basket."

Miss Valso, having made the suggested additions, remarked:

"I suppose you are aware that the Baroness intends visiting Ireland?"

"Does she really? When?"

"This coming autumn. This letter accepts an invitation of long standing from the Countess Cadogan. *You* will be in Dublin, Mr. O'Byrne?"

Myles thought of his desk at the bank, of his very, very modest stipend, of his shabby little home at Sandymount—of a thousand and one things that would render his life during her sojourn a prolonged irritating and mortifying misery. When he compared his present splendid surroundings, his refined and charming companions, his daily life in an atmosphere that seemed almost unreal and impossible, with the dreary drudgery of the desk's dead world at the bank, he mentally groaned. No, he would not be in Dublin when the Baroness arrived. He would apply to be changed to perhaps a petty managership. He had been angling for the bank at Naas at two hundred pounds a year and a

house, and was well supported at headquarters. The idea of his being confined in College Green with perhaps invitations to the Viceregal Lodge to luncheons, dinners, dances—invitations which the influence of the Baroness could obtain for him for the asking,—when he had not the price of an outside jaunting car! Fate, which had been caressing him, would now mock at him and cry: "Aha, my good fellow, you have had your dose of sunshine! Now go back into your honest obscurity, and remain where you belong!"

"I believe," said Miss Valso, breaking a somewhat gloomy silence, "that Miss De Lacey will accompany the Baroness."

Myles nearly leaped from his couch, while a low growl, or groan, involuntarily escaped from between his lips.

"What is it? Did you hurt yourself?" anxiously inquired the fair secretary.

"Just a twinge," he replied.

"You are not so strong as you imagined."

"No, indeed," he said, bitterly.

Eileen in Ireland, the land she loved so passionately, and which, when she spoke of it, appeared so very far away! Eileen—bah! she too would be surrounded by grim social walls impossible to climb,—yes, impossible! She would be the same sweet, sympathetic girl, Irish to the heart's core; but the gilded guards around the glittering "Fortress of Swelldom" would place her out of his reach as effectually as though she were in the deepest dungeon of the Fortress of Cronstadt. He must awake from this silly, sickly, sentimental dream, take resolve in both hands, and be Myles O'Byrne, clerk in the Hibernian Bank, Dublin, at the princely stipend of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum! "Shall I see them?" he muttered. "Yes: from the window of my office in College Green as they dash up in a viceregal equipage to visit the old Parliament House opposite. That's about all."

Tu Fecisti ad Nos.

BY T. B. REILLY.

ATRUTH came homeward in the gloom last night,
Its message to my soul is tendering
Promises more rare than ever Spring
Hid in buds of gold and rain-wet light.

Here, in mute advance and quiet flight,
Flash and fade hints of a summering
Beyond the power of human prelude—
Beyond the furthest reach of thought or sight.

Than this, no other truth need I to know,
So sweet the passing of each difficult day,
So sure my soul in her new-found release:
Joy and sorrow, these shall come and go;
This—Thy word—shall never wear away:
Full rest art Thou, and Thou the perfect peace.

A Catholic Captain of Industry.

IT is not because of his position in the financial and industrial world that this sketch of the life of the late Thomas Nevins is presented to our readers. There are too many, alas! among Catholics of the present day whose claims upon the notice of their coreligionists are based principally, often solely, on these distinctions. Therefore it behooves us, almost as a sacred duty, to make known by especial record the characteristics of one who was, to quote from an intimate friend, "a giant in the sphere of business, a saint in the sphere of religion." No recital of ours could justly be called an undue laudation, because it is impossible to accord too much praise to one in whose personality are found united so many elements of the true and only greatness—the greatness of a perfect Christian.

Thomas Nevins was twenty-one years of age when he turned his back upon the land he loved so well to seek his fortune on these hospitable shores which have welcomed so many of his countrymen. Unlike the majority of Irish emigrants, he had some money to begin with; but

he was wholly without influence or friends, save for the companionship of his faithful young wife, whom he had married a short time before. His capital was not large enough to enable him to engage in any great commercial enterprise; yet it allowed him to pause and look about him, while his inborn business capacity withheld him from embarking on rash or chimerical ventures which would have wrecked his little store.

This wonderful talent for business might in his case truly be called genius; for his quick mind took in at a glance—by some mental process which never failed to serve him—what an ordinary man could compass only after long and mature reflection. It was this which made his small beginnings develop into immense undertakings. While his rivals and contemporaries were lost in the contemplation of present possibilities or difficulties, his mind had soared beyond them, and was planning new relations and conditions. "Tom Nevins," as he was familiarly called, soon came to be recognized as a person of great possibilities; and later he was compared to Napoleon, so bold were his schemes and so vast the area they covered.

From the beginning—and this is his first and greatest claim to distinction—he was known as a man absolutely honest and incorruptible. Trickery and underhand dealing in all its shapes and forms were strangers to a man to whom honesty, uprightness, and genuine straightforwardness were the watchwords of each succeeding day. People believed in him so fully that the largest contracts were entrusted to him with perfect confidence, and in a very few years he had realized a substantial fortune, which time served only to increase; for everything he touched seemed turned, as by a magician's wand, into that precious metal which has grown to be the keystone of civilization.

He began as a road-builder in New Jersey, but the use of electricity in car

lines gave him his golden opportunity. His quick eye foresaw the future of electric locomotion. He at once branched out into this line of construction, and was among the first builders of electric roads in the United States. He was for some years the owner of all the street-car lines in Detroit, built the Brookline Gas Works in Boston, was largely interested in the Newark Gas Company, and had extensive holdings in all the street-car lines of Northern New Jersey, besides valuable coal lands in Virginia. Later his enterprises extended to the British Isles. None but a master-mind could control the details of the extended undertakings in which he was engaged; yet to him they seemed easy. Once his consummate skill had arranged his plans, everything went as smoothly as a piece of well-fitting machinery.

This was the commercial side of his character, with which we have no concern but as it related to the religious side. Excuses are made every day by business men that their time is so occupied with necessary worldly affairs that they have no moments for prayer. It is unfortunate for them that, unlike Thomas Nevins, they are not gifted with that extraordinary grace which followed him through life and remained with him through every phase of his career; because he never lost sight of the fact that it is the life we live more than any outward display of piety which counts in the sight of God. With him religion was solid, sincere, enduring; it was at the beginning and end of all his undertakings. He never began a work without praying and having prayers offered and Masses said.

Unlike those persons who serve God in the right way only until worldly fortune smiles upon them, Thomas Nevins made religion the strong, unyielding foundation on which his earthly successes were erected. The greater his prosperity, the more religious he became; the more he received from God, the more he gave

Him in return. Better than this, there was nothing he detested so much as irreligion or the ridicule of sacred things. He has been seen to rise from table when some pretentious coxcomb sought to air his views to the disparagement of the Gospel. If at any time a guest at his own table happened to be the offender, the delinquent never appeared at that board again.

He had also a great contempt for that large and ever-increasing class of Catholics calling themselves by the misapplied title of "liberal," whose faith is usually measured by expediency or human respect. "I have met," he has been heard to observe, "in various places, people who were loud in their profession of Catholicity. I have watched them closely, and I have never known them to give anything to the Church except impudence and criticism. This is the only thing, so far as religion is concerned, of which they are lavishly generous. I always doubt the genuineness of their faith, and would not be surprised any day to hear that they had given up their religion altogether. In the case of several, I have remarked that their great wealth has not lasted beyond one generation."

How marked the contrast between this true picture and his own method of life, so perfect in faith and abandonment of himself and his concerns to the care of the God he delighted to serve! Once, conversing with the reverend writer of the biography from which this sketch is compiled,* he said, with beautiful, unconscious simplicity: "Father, I can never understand how it is that people who call themselves Catholics can live calmly and unconcernedly in deadly sin for weeks and months together. If I thought I was in mortal sin I could not retire to rest at night; for I feel it would be impossible for me to sleep."

* "Reminiscences of the Late Thomas Nevins, Esq., of Mountshannon, County Limerick." By the Rev. John McLaughlin.

He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. The piety he had learned at his Irish mother's knee remained with him to the end. His wife has borne testimony that during thirty-seven years of married life, no matter how urgent his business, she never knew him once to omit the duty of morning prayer. When travelling by train or steamer it was his custom to repeat the Rosary, not once but over and over; saying that he found it much more profitable than spending the time in idle gossip. Nor was he ever known to miss Mass on Sunday during his long and busy career. He would arrange his journeys so as to manage this; and even when crippled with rheumatism could not be induced to stay away. And he was not satisfied with being personally present himself, but would bring facilities within the reach of those who seldom had an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Anything connected with the altar, the Church and its ceremonial commanded his unstinted generosity. Altar rails, sanctuary carpets, vestments, statues, tabernacle lamps, were gifts he gave freely and gladly wherever needed; and more than one church owed its timely completion to his beneficent hand.

Many ecclesiastical students, who would have been unable to carry out the wish of their hearts without his friendly aid, owe to his memory a great debt of gratitude. This kind of beneficence gave him an especial pleasure. "One of my greatest consolations," he observed, "is the thought that those priests whom my little offering helped in some way to arrive at their high calling will remember me when they enter the sanctuary and stand at God's altar to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. That remembrance I prize beyond all the silver and gold the world can bestow."

After the intense affection he cherished for his wife and children there were two loves that held a high place in his heart: love for America, the country of

his adoption and his successes; and love for his native land. He regarded with admiration and gratitude this country of the free, where millions of his fellow-countrymen, driven from their own homes by tyranny and injustice, had found a livelihood and a home. At the same time he was firm in his belief that this forced exodus of the Irish people had worked for infinite good to the Republic: it stood for religious truth and practice against indifference and infidelity; for Irish priests and people were a Christian force that can not be overvalued within the open doors of that shelter of every wanderer from every clime.

But to his faithful heart and patriotic spirit "the Emerald Gem of the Western World," as he fondly loved to call his motherland, represented all that was most beautiful and tender upon earth. Says the sympathetic writer of the memoirs, who was in touch with every generous sentiment of his heart: "There were other countries larger, freer, richer; but to *his* mind there was no nation under the sun where that greatest of all blessings—the inestimable blessing of a happy death—was so easy of attainment for the average Christian as the old land within whose green bosom the holy relics of St. Patrick are enshrined. He had the feeling that the powerful prayers of the national Apostle still surrounded her like a spell, and swayed such a special Providence in her favor that, whatever else she might be deprived of, strong, practical faith should ever remain her most striking characteristic. 'All other things might be torn out of her bleeding hands, but faith can never be wrenched from her grasp.'"

He sometimes philosophized on the condition of privation in which it had pleased Providence to permit her to suffer so long. And here once more his reasoning was based on the truths of faith. It was a favorite theory of his that Ireland had sent more souls—in

proportion—to heaven than any of those countries which possessed the fullest freedom and stood on the highest level among the great powers of the world. And he often expressed the doubt whether so many of her sons would have kept on the right path if her history had been an unbroken record of exceptional material prosperity. Many thoughtful minds have held the same opinion.

It was this great love and appreciation for his native land which had always caused him to cherish the intention of returning there to lay his bones in the soil he thought sacred. He had an idea that if wealthy Irish Americans should return, establish their residence in the Old Country, and use their wealth judiciously for the benefit of their countrymen, much good could be accomplished. But he could not persuade others to cherish these views, and this to him was a sore disappointment. His patriotic project entailed many sacrifices; for he had lived so many years in America that all, or nearly all, of his friends and associations lay here. But he carried out the project, and never repented the change.

His home at Mountshannon was an ideal home. In this house there was no punctiliousness and no standing on ceremony; yet everything was in good taste. He welcomed every visitor with outstretched hand. He rarely left his own domain for social purposes, finding his greatest pleasure in the bosom of his family. Next after God, his first concern was the welfare and happiness of his wife and children; and he had the inexpressible consolation of knowing that their affection was equal to his own. It is doubtful if any son ever occupied a higher place in his father's heart than his. How different his plan of action with regard to that son,—how unlike the response to those of the thousands of wealthy men who build great fortunes for posterity to waste and destroy!

"I saw the boy," Mr. Nevins said, "grow up and develop according to my own standard and taste; and I early began to indulge the hope that he would become before many years my chief mainstay in the business. When he was between fourteen and fifteen I brought him into my office. I found him an apt pupil, a clear-minded apprentice; and learned a little later that he had mastered completely the details of the business. He was not rash or impulsive: on the contrary, he weighed matters with calm deliberation, and decided accordingly with a mature judgment far beyond his years. At sixteen I made him my chief consulter and adviser, and since that time I have never entered into any large scheme without asking his opinion. Thenceforward I gave him a free hand in signing cheques, and allowed him full control over my exchequer. Some people thought it unwise to place one so young in a position of so great responsibility; but events have fully justified my action.

"When he was nineteen I made him my sole partner. I have never had any reason to regret it, but every reason to rejoice at it. He has been a source of the greatest consolation to me. It was a wonderful relief. I feel that I can now be at my ease. I can with safety leave everything in his hands; for at the present moment he understands the details of the immense business better than I do myself. There has never been one angry or unpleasant word between us.... And when I go hence—as I expect to do soon,—it will be a consolation to me to think that there is good reason to hope that his married life will be as happy as my own; that he will continue to be what he has been so far—a stanch, loyal son of the True Church; and that he will ever be a solace to the one being whom I love beyond all the world—the affectionate mother to whom he has been from boyhood so fondly devoted."

Charity was one of the greatest

virtues of Mr. Nevins. He was a father to the poor; hundreds—nay, thousands—have had reason to bless his generous benevolence. He had a particularly strong sympathy for those who, once in opulent or comfortable circumstances, had been reduced to indigence by misfortune. This sympathy nearly always took the form of practical assistance. Any day on which he had not relieved a suffering fellow-creature would have been considered by him a day ill spent.

The death of an amiable daughter hastened his own. He was resigned, as became a true Christian; but the blow had struck him to the heart. He went to rest beside her before the beloved wife whom he always hoped and prayed would live after him, saying that her death would be a sorrow he should not be able to endure. He died on the 21st of August, 1902, three months after the death of his daughter. He was only fifty-eight years of age. His beautiful life teaches numerous lessons, but we will here mention especially two: patriotism and religion. To quote Father McLaughlin once more:

“It is to be hoped that in his display of national philanthropy he was, as in so many other things, a *pioneer*: that other Irish-American millionaires will follow his example and let the effects of at least a portion of their great wealth become visible in the old land. Perhaps the foregoing brief description of the heartfelt blessings poured on his head, during life by an intensely thankful people, and of the numberless prayers that followed him to the grave and beyond it, may stimulate others to work in the same noble sphere and earn a similar recompense. What earthly recompense equal to that? And what more likely to lead to the ‘reward exceeding great’?...It is refreshing, in this age of irreligious criticism and grovelling cynicism, to find a busy man of the world who may justly be styled the personification of practical faith. It is

no exaggeration to say that such a one was the subject of this memoir. If I were asked to point the type of a true Christian man, swayed, elevated, perfected by the supernaturalizing influences of religion, I should point to Thomas Nevins. Rarely indeed has the command of Our Lord, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice,’ been more edifyingly obeyed than it was obeyed by him.

“He was indeed a glorious sample of a true-hearted Catholic. He seemed lifted high above the multitude. When we look at his enormous business undertakings, branching out north, south, east and west, we find it difficult to realize how he could have so much time to give to his spiritual life; and when we consider how much he did *for* and *in* the sphere of practical religion, it becomes a mystery how he had any time left for the claims which his temporal concerns had upon him. But in him the power of uniting the two shone conspicuous,—a power which, while it made him great in the eyes of the world, made him still greater before the eyes of Heaven. In fact, in describing this phase of his character, I feel as if I were giving the reminiscences not of one of the busiest among business men, but of a monk in a cloister, or of some zealous priest in the world who sought nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Would there were more of his kind!”

In all these works of pious zeal the cheerful and encouraging co-operation of his wife was with him. Her aspirations in the domain of religion were the same as his own. What he loved, she loved; what he desired, she desired. Rarely if ever have two hearts beat in more perfect unison. Would there were more of their kind!

THE abstinence of meats availeth not so much as the mortification of vices.

—St. Jerome.

The Bible in the Breviary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

ASAD life was that of Jacob,—saddest of all the patriarchs. “My days have been few and evil,” he said of himself when he had come to be an old man. His one desire seemed to be to live in peace, and yet all his life he was the victim of attack from others. It would be too much to say that the striving which took place before his birth was the beginning of this his strange destiny. Let us dwell for an instant on this interior struggle.

“Rebecca went to consult the Lord. And He answering said: Two nations are in thy womb, and two peoples shall be divided out of thy womb; and one people shall overcome the other, and the elder shall serve the younger.”* How did Rebecca consult the Lord? Later on it was done quite regularly through the priest wearing the ephod, or through the prophets. At the time we now speak of, the father of the family was always the priest of God as well as the chief of the tribe. Was it through her husband Isaac that Rebecca in this instance consulted God? It does not seem at all probable. Most likely it was at the time of sacrifice or in private supplication or in dream that God spoke to her.

This suggests many things which we can not follow now, but we may refer to them again. But one thing particularly to be noted and remembered is this: that Rebecca told this answer of the Lord to Isaac, as is to be supposed; that, naturally, this must have colored Isaac's thoughts ever after with regard to Jacob; that, furthermore, Rebecca did not conceal this from Jacob himself when he grew up; for we read: “Isaac loved Esau, Rebecca loved Jacob.”

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish twins, but it was not so with these. “The first-born was red and hairy, and therefore called Esau”; the second was delicate, and because he held his brother by the heel was called Jacob, or the Supplanter. When they grew up, their tastes were just as different. Esau loved the chase; “Jacob dwelt in tents,”—that is, minded the flocks. In all they are a striking resemblance of Cain and Abel.

Jacob's first great sorrow comes to him; he is making a spare, simple meal of vegetables. Esau comes from the chase. The wild hunter is glad to get anything to eat, savory or unsavory. Jacob, by a sudden inspiration from God (as I believe), is urged to ask for the birthright. Esau gives it in exchange for the tame vegetables cooked with salt and water.

What was the birthright? The usual birthright was a double portion of the father's inheritance; as is seen in the case of Joseph, where Jacob adopts the two sons of Joseph and gives them portions in the land of Canaan, thus assigning to Joseph twice as much as to any of the brethren. For Esau's birthright, in this light, we may safely say Jacob did not care; and therefore did not ask for it in that sense.

Bergier observes that the birthright “consisted in the father's blessing, which made him the head of the tribe, and ordained him the priest of the family to sacrifice to God.” This entirely coincides with the piety and retirement of Jacob. The right of offering sacrifice to God was a thing that Jacob would covet; and was therefore the thing that, in all probability, was most present to his mind. Very likely, however, neither Isaac nor Rebecca knew of this exchange: Esau would have been too proud to tell it, and Jacob too humble. But Esau, as soon as he reflected on it, conceived hatred for Jacob.

They grew to be men. At the age of

* Gen., xxv, 22, 23.

forty Esau married two wives* of the mountain tribe. "Now, Isaac was old and his eyes were dim; and he called Esau his elder son, and said to him: Make me savory meat, that my soul may bless thee before I die." But Rebecca heard this, and she advised Jacob to 'follow her counsel' and to personate his elder brother. He went and brought the meats, and his mother 'dressed them as she knew Isaac liked.' Jacob took the meats to his father. "Who art thou, my son?" said the old man. Jacob answered: "I am Esau, thy first-born." And Isaac blessed him.

On this St. Augustine says: "What Jacob did by the advice of his mother to deceive his father, if duly considered, is not a lie but a mystery.... It is true he covered his person with the skins of kids. If you look only at the immediate reason, you will think it a lie: he did this that he might be taken for one he was not. By the skins are signified sins; by him who was hidden under them is typified Him who carried not His own but the sins of others."

"Esau therefore always hated Jacob for the blessing wherewith his father had blessed him; and he said in his heart: The days will come of the mourning for my father, and I will kill my brother Jacob." But "these things were told to Rebecca, and she said to Jacob: Now, therefore, my son, arise and fly to Laban, my brother, to Haran."

Bethel was not on his way; and yet he made Bethel his way, because it was a place rendered holy by the God of his father and his grandfather. He slept a solitary figure on the ground with a stone for his pillow, and the Vision of the Ladder was shown to him. He crossed the Jordan, a solitary figure. "With my staff I crossed this Jordan," he afterward remarked, alluding to this passage, and insinuating that he had nothing when he crossed it but his staff. He reached Mesopotamia; and we know

of the double marriage, and of Rachel being the favorite wife.

Jacob was seventy years of age* at the time of his marriage. He spent twenty in his uncle's employment; and this is how those twenty years were passed: "Day and night was I parched with heat and with frost, and sleep departed from my eyes. I have been with thee twenty years," he says to Laban. "Thy ewes and goats were not barren; the rams of thy flocks I did not eat. I did not show thee what the wild beast had torn: but I made good the damage. Whatsoever was lost by theft, thou didst exact it of me. In this manner I have served thee in thy house twenty years,—fourteen for thy daughters and six for thy flocks; and my wages thou hast changed ten times."

For peace' sake he had to leave this place again; for he heard the sons of Laban saying: "Jacob hath taken away all that was our father's; and, being enriched by his substance, is become great." Besides, he saw that "Laban's countenance was not toward him as yesterday and the other day." In these circumstances he consulted God, and God said: "Return into the land of thy fathers and thy kindred, and I will be with thee." He consulted Rachel and Lia, and they said: "Have we anything left among the goods and inheritance of our father's house? Hath he not counted us as strangers?"

"Jacob therefore took his wives and children, and set them on camels; and, taking all his substance and flocks and all he had got in Mesopotamia, he went to his father in the land of Canaan."

* We know this from a circumstance mentioned later on. When Jacob went down into Egypt, we find he was one hundred and thirty years old. At that time Joseph was not quite forty; therefore Jacob must have been ninety years of age when Joseph was born. Joseph was born in Mesopotamia, so that Jacob must have been ninety before leaving Mesopotamia; and as he had been only twenty years there, he must have been seventy at the time he fled thither.

* *Ibid.*, xxvi, 34.

In this route he followed the very same track that his grandfather Abraham had pursued in leaving Ur of the Chaldees; and that his mother Rebecca for a time had followed in leaving her brother Laban, coming to wed his father Isaac.

Now, Laban was not a rich man when Jacob went to him at first. "Thou hadst but little before I came to thee; and now thou art become rich. The Lord hath blessed thee at my coming." Laban was away in a distant possession, overseeing the shearing of his sheep. That is a *datum* for us: it points out that it was in the springtime Jacob fled from his father-in-law. He had been gone four days, and it took Laban seven days to overtake him.

Laban was, in all likelihood, an avaricious, overreaching man. Probably he had not settled in his mind what he should take from the peaceable Jacob, but he was prepared to take whatever he could. He would have done so had not God appeared to him. Jacob seems to have a knowledge of this, for he says: "Unless the God of my father Abraham and the fear of Isaac had stood by me, peradventure thou hadst sent me away naked. But God beheld my affliction and the labor of my hands, and rebuked thee yesterday." So they made a covenant on the mount called Galaad—that is, Mount of Testimony. And "Laban arose in the night, and kissed his sons and daughters, and returned into his own place." That is the last we hear of the kindred or family of Abraham in the Chaldees.

No sooner, however, was Jacob freed from one terror than he was met by another. Esau was coming, he learned, with four hundred men. What was Jacob to do? All his possessions and cattle and wives and children were taken across the Jordan, and he remained behind, alone, in the place where the camp stood. We may presume that it was for prayer that he remained alone. An angel appeared and wrestled with him.

Jacob was thus informed that if an angel was not able for him, how could man be? And that Jacob might have testimony of the reality of this encounter, the angel touched him in the tendon of the thigh, and the patriarch halted ever after on that side.

The preparations made by Jacob to meet Esau show the caution and give us the order of his affections. "And lifting up his eyes, he saw Esau coming, and with him four hundred men." He divided his family into three companies. "He put both the handmaids and their children foremost, Lia and her children in the second place, and Rachel and Joseph last." The meeting was peaceable, and the brothers parted as friends: Esau to Hebron, where Isaac still lived; and Jacob to Sichem.

Abraham was seventy-five years old when he crossed the Jordan to Sichem. Abraham had no need to purchase land of any one at Sichem: he had to do so at Hebron, for Hebron was thickly inhabited. Jacob "bought that part of the field [at Sichem], on which he pitched his tents, of the children of Hemor for a hundred lambs; and building an altar, he invoked upon it the most mighty God of Israel." He would not live in their city, but "dwelt by the town" outside. Here Jacob dug the well at which Our Lord sat when the woman of the country of Samaria came to draw water. The well was about six miles from the city of Samaria. In this field the Israelites, when they escaped from Egypt and entered Canaan, over four hundred years afterward, buried Joseph.

Jacob was soon forced to rise once more and go elsewhere. His sons, because of what had happened to their sister, slew the men of that place. God said to him: "Arise and go to Bethel, and dwell there." And he arose and went. Yet he never relinquished his right to the possessions he had got in this place; for we find him later on sending Joseph to go after his brothers "who

were minding the flocks at Sichern."

He came to Ludza, or Bethel, and built an altar, and God appeared to him there. But sorrow also appeared. "Debora, the nurse of Rebecca [that is, employed by Rebecca, and therefore the woman who had nursed Jacob himself], died, and was buried at the foot [of the hill] of Bethel, under an oak; and the tree was called the Oak of Weeping." It was a place of sorrow, and he had not joy in it; so "in the springtime he went forth and came to the land which leadeth to Ephrata." This land of Ephrata, or Bethlehem, had many associations in after times; but for Jacob, here befell him the greatest sorrow of his days.

Rachel was about to bring forth her second child, Benjamin. "And when her soul was departing for pain, and death was near at hand, she called the name of her son Benoni—that is, the son of my pain. So Rachel died, and was buried in the highway that leadeth to Ephrata, which is Bethlehem; and Jacob erected a pillar over her sepulchre." In sorrow he arose and came at last to his father Isaac in Mambre, which is Hebron. "And the days of Isaac were a hundred and eighty years. And, being spent with age, he died and was gathered to his people; being old and full of days. And his sons Esau and Jacob buried him."*

* Gen., xxxv, 28, 29.

IN St. Peter's, at Rome, there are many tombs in which Death is symbolized in its traditional form—as a skeleton with the fateful hourglass and the fearful scythe. Death is the rude reaper, who cruelly cuts off life and all the joys of life. But there is one tomb on which Death is sculptured as a sweet, gentle, motherly woman, who takes her wearied child home to safer and surer keeping. It is a truer thought than the other. Death is a minister of God, doing His pleasure and doing us good.—*Hugh Black.*

Our Kathleen.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

THE day she came to us my mother was ill. The cook had departed suddenly, without notice,—as cooks sometimes will; the chambermaid had developed a painful felon on the first finger of her right hand; and I, a young, inexperienced girl of seventeen, just from school, was launched for the first time on the sea of a housekeeper's experiences. And, oh, what a troubled, stormy sea it was! Therefore my heart bounded with hope when I led the pretty grey-eyed Irish girl, who came in response to an advertisement in the morning paper, to my mother's room.

"You look very young, my dear," said my mother in her sweet, kindly voice, as I lifted the blind a few inches that she might see the face of our prospective handmaiden.

"And sure I *am* young, ma'am," she replied, as one surprised that her state of youth should have been detrimental to the cause in hand. "But I always heard it was good to be young when one is strong, and I'll be growing older every day. Praise be to God that brought me under a Catholic roof this morning! And I hope you'll let me try, ma'am, and see what I can do for you. It's sorry I am that you're lying on your back this beautiful spring day. But we'll have you up before long, I hope, ma'am."

There was not the slightest hint of forwardness in this speech, though to the reader it may seem familiar as falling from the lips of a "greenhorn" not two days "landed." It was simply the delicious innocence of youth and inexperience. We both felt it. I looked quickly at my mother as if to say, "Is she not delightful?" and she answered my thought with a smiling glance of comprehension.

"But what can you do?" she inquired. "Where have you lived?"

"At home in Ireland I could do all there was to be done in the house, ma'am," she answered. "But here I don't know the ways. They are very strange. But I can learn, ma'am; and I'm not slow."

"You do not mean that you have never been at service in America?"

"Yes, ma'am, I mean that. It would be very wrong and foolish for me to pretend otherwise; though some women on the cars told me if I acknowledged the truth it would prevent me getting a place. I think myself it would be far worse to say I could do the things I know nothing about, and then when I came to do them be telling on myself."

She had two of the prettiest dimples in her rosy cheeks that were ever seen. They appealed to me irresistibly, and to my mother also. As the stranger looked from one to the other, with that lovely smile half parting her beautiful lips, the innocent grey eyes, under the longest lashes I ever saw, were scarcely to be withstood.

"My dear child," observed my mother, "I fancy you will have to be taught almost everything."

"Your fancy isn't far from right, ma'am," was the instant reply. "But I'll try my best; and maybe the young lady will teach me a little till you are on your feet again."

The domestic situation was explained to her, my own inexperience, also the temporary disability of the chambermaid, who had gone home that morning.

"I do not know what to do," said my mother, as she finished the recital of our woes.

"Let me stop anyway till yourself are better and you can find one to suit you," was the prompt response. "I can wash the pots and pans and scrub the floors for the young lady, so that she'll not be soiling her hands too much entirely."

Her eyes met mine: Youth spoke to Youth.

"Do let her stay, mother!" I pleaded; and the easy victory was won.

Afterward we both laughed heartily at the mistakes Kathleen made in the beginning,—mistakes that would not have occurred if I myself had not been so inexperienced. But by the time she had been in the house three weeks everything was running smoothly; though our fortunes, already failing, made it necessary that we do without another servant. Before she had been with us six months my father died; the large house was rented, and my mother, Kathleen and myself moved to a smaller one which we owned in the suburbs.

I do not know what we should have done without Kathleen in that dreary time. I had a spell of typhoid fever. After I had recovered, my mother fell and broke her arm. Kathleen bore all the burthens—was cook, housekeeper and nurse all in one. She seemed to grow prettier every day; everything she wore was fresh and becoming, though her attire was of the simplest. She was never out of humor, never tired: work seemed to her but play.

She had been with us about a year and a half when we learned the story of the little romance which had sent her to America. One day a letter came for her,—the first she had received. This did not surprise us, however. She had told us she was an orphan, with no connection that she knew of but a stepmother, with whom she could not agree, and so had come to this country. When I handed her the letter she turned it over several times in a puzzled way; then said, with an embarrassed smile:

"Maybe you would read it for me, Miss Florence, please? I don't know writing at all."

I was surprised, as she seemed fond of reading.

"How is that, Kathleen," I asked, "when you are such a great reader?"

"I am very fond of reading, ma'am," she rejoined; "but I can hardly make out writing at all. After my mother's death I never went to school."

"I am so sorry!" I said. "But after this we will have a writing lesson every evening, when the work is done."

"Oh, that will be just what I'd like!" she replied, with radiant countenance.

I opened the letter; it read as follows:

DEAR MISS BLAINE:—This is to let you know that your stepmother is dead, and has left it upon you as her dying request that I am to be your husband. Times were bad, and my lending her money leaves her and you my debtors to the amount of one hundred pounds. The same I will remit if you promise to come home and marry me. It can not be that you will allow the good woman who raised you as her own to languish in Purgatory for a debt you can repay.

By this time I should judge you were tired of the hard work in America which I learn from Martin Clancy you have been doing. Kindly let me know if you receive this, and I will send passage money; forgiving the past, and always

Your faithful friend,

PETER BREEN.

Kathleen sat gazing into space, with a troubled look in her grey eyes, her lips tightly shut, one foot nervously tapping the floor. At last she spoke:

"Tell me, Miss Florence, would that debt he mentions be on me *at all*, think you? Would there be any obligation? God knows I wouldn't like to be the means of keeping the woman one hour in suffering, though she was but a poor mother to me."

"No, not the smallest obligation," I answered promptly. "Of course I do not know the particulars, but unless you made a promise, Kathleen—"

"A promise is it! To that man!" she exclaimed. "'Twas on account of him mostly that I ran away to America."

"Tell me all about it, Kathleen," I said.

"I will, Miss. Sure, why should I have

any secret from yourself or the mistress? I'd have told it long ago, if I thought there was any need for it. And I'm afraid he'll pursue me, now that he knows where I am."

"But he can not take you, Kathleen, if you do not want to go with him."

"I'd go to my grave first, Miss Florence," she replied.

At this moment my mother entered the kitchen, and the letter was read once more. I think I should have called her if she had not appeared; knowing well that Kathleen's story could not fail to be interesting, and knowing also that I could never have repeated it in her own simple and delightful manner.

"Ma'am," she began, "I'd not think of bothering you and Miss Florence with my little affairs if it were not kind of forced on me by what's happened. I was down town one day and I met a boy from my own place, and it's he that has told where I am. He asked if he could come to see me, and I told him I didn't care for any company; but I was foolish enough at the same time to tell him where I lived. It's my stepmother that's the cause of it all. My father was an old man when he married her; and after he died nothing would do her but that I marry another old man and join the two farms."

"Why didn't she marry him herself?"

"They were cousins, Miss," Kathleen replied. "And if they weren't I don't believe they would have had each other, they were both that cross. She put me herding the sheep and wouldn't allow me to go to school; though we had always a boy tending them before, and my father left her comfortable. But she couldn't make me marry Peter, though she made my life so miserable that I ran away from her at last. I placed myself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, trusting that she would take care of me; and I say her Rosary every day. And that's all the story. Did I do wrong, think you?"

She was speedily assured that she had not done wrong, and that was the end of the episode. No reply was ever sent to Peter, and for two years longer we rejoiced in our little Kathleen.

But one spring day, while we were having some repairs made, a handsome young carpenter made her acquaintance, and not long after Kathleen blushing asked permission to receive him as a visitor. The inevitable end soon came to pass. Felix was apparently all that could be desired, and reluctantly we gave our treasure into his keeping. They returned to Pennsylvania, whence he had come; and we had several cheerful letters from Kathleen. The oil fever was at its height at the time, and she wrote that he was making splendid wages putting up machinery for the operators.

Misfortune continued to follow us. Our little house with all its contents was burned to the ground, leaving us almost penniless. Then a bank failure completed the ruin. Not only myself but my poor mother was obliged to seek for employment. So Kathleen passed out of our existence.

For a dozen years or more I had been housekeeper in a large hotel. The responsibility was great, but my duties were not arduous; and my mother was with me. She employed her time in mending and marking the linen, and we were happy in each other. One day I was requested to prepare the finest suite of rooms in the house for the family of a famous Oil King, whose riches were almost fabulous, and of whose charities and those of his wife the papers had long been filled.

"By the way, they are of your religion, Miss Donaldson," said mine host. "It was specially asked whether this house was in easy reach of a Catholic church. I wrote them that there was one around the corner."

They arrived in the afternoon; but, as my duties did not call me in the direction of their apartment, I had not

seen any of them. The chambermaid who attended the party described the mother as a very beautiful woman, the girls lovely, and the boys remarkably handsome.

About nine o'clock my mother and I were in our little sitting-room, reading, when some one knocked at the door.

"I beg pardon!" said a very sweet voice as I opened it. "But they told me you were Catholics here and would let me know the hours for Mass. I like to go in the mornings whenever I can."

The lady had advanced within the room while she was speaking. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a face, nor one so full of amiability and kindness. But before I could answer her she had my mother's hand and was exclaiming: "O Mrs. Donaldson!—you—you here! O dear, O dear, O dear!"

My mother looked helplessly at me, but I had already recognized the stranger.

"It is Kathleen, mother!" I said. "You remember our Kathleen?"

"And you too, Miss Florence!" she cried. "Ah, you have changed! I would never have known you. But why are you here—working? What happened that you did not write to me? Why did you forsake me in that way?"

She drew us both to the sofa and sat in the middle, now looking at one, now at the other, while tears ran down her cheeks,—indeed we were all crying. After we had accounted for ourselves, she told how her husband, in his occupation of carpenter, had secured some oil lands which had proved of enormous value. For years she had vainly endeavored to find some trace of us; "for I wanted you to share in my good fortune," she said.

We talked laughingly of Peter Breen, who, we hoped, was happily resting in a better land. She told us of her dear husband's death and of her children, whom we must see that very night.

In the midst of it came a girlish voice, following a tap at the door:

"Mother, mother, are you here? We

have been getting worried about you."

"Is it you, Mary?" the mother said. "Come in, come in, darling!—but first call Frank and Cyril and the other girls, and bring them here."

A black curly head was thrust in the doorway to learn the meaning of this extraordinary request, then disappeared.

"I knew there were only two persons in the world that mother could be so delighted to see," the child said afterward when we had become acquainted.

In a few moments she returned with her brothers and sisters.

"Here, children dear," said Kathleen, gathering them all up to us in a loving embrace. "It is Mrs. Donaldson and Miss Florence, for whom I have been searching the world over, and of whom I have told you hundreds of times. Here they are, thank God! But they will not be here long. To-morrow morning will change all this."

They proved to be as lovely, as kindly, as affectionate and as grateful as their mother,—those handsome, unspoiled children. Glad in her gladness, rejoicing in her joy, they surrounded us and bore us off with them to their own rooms, where we talked and feasted till midnight. Next day we were the heroines of the place. Unashamed of the lowly station in which we had known her, Kathleen and her blessed family told the happy story everywhere. Henceforward we were numbered among their own; and, though in spite of all entreaties I declined to give up my position on the instant, summer found us established in their seashore cottage on the Sound.

My dear mother died several years after, with my arms about her, and Kathleen's hand in hers. The boys and girls are all married now, but are constantly flitting to and from the maternal nest. I believe I am almost as dear to them as their mother; they and their little children call me "Aunt Florence."

The Word of God in Lent.

L E N T E N services in most dioceses include, as a rule, an instruction or two a week in addition to the regular sermon or sermons of Sunday. The Word of God thus frequently heard should be eminently fruitful to the hearers,—more fruitful in all probability than in actual practice it often proves. The one great drawback to the efficacy of the spoken Word, in Lent as at other periods, is the failure of the listener to make a personal application thereof. Very general is the tendency to place an unlovely or undesirable cap on some other head than one's own. We are all perhaps too apt to indulge in some such commentary on the preacher's strictures or rebukes as, "That just suits so-and-so," and too little inclined to admit that his words are clearly applicable to ourselves.

An oft-recurring refrain in many Lenten instructions will probably be St. Paul's warning to the Corinthians: "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Now, an error sufficiently common among good-living Catholics to merit mention is the conviction that this text, as addressed to them, has no real appropriateness at all. To their minds the words of the Apostle clearly refer to unrepentant sinners—to those who live in open and habitual violation of God's law; to lax Catholics who never go to confession from one Easter to the next, even though their consciences be burdened with the guilt of mortal sin throughout ten or eleven of the twelve intervening months. For such people, of course, Lent *is* the acceptable time; but for such only. As for themselves, thank God they do not belong to any such category! They are practical Catholics: regular in attendance at divine services; monthly communicants; assiduous in the discharge of the duties of their state in life; given to prayer and spiritual

reading; habitually free from mortal sin; guilty of many venial sins, it is true, but normally and continuously in the state of grace. Consequently, the watchword of Lent possesses for them no special significance.

Such statements as the foregoing are not, it may be, frequently formulated in actual words, or even mentally conceived with such explicitness as is here given to them; but they, nevertheless, represent with approximate accuracy the intellectual attitude of many a hearer of Lenten sermons. That the attitude is an erroneous one need scarcely be stated. Lent is the acceptable time, the day of salvation, and peculiarly so, to all Christians,—the fervent and the lukewarm as well as the cold. It is the season when generous provision of arms, together with the strength and courage to wield them effectively, is to be made for that continuous struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil from which none are ever exempt on this side of the grave.

“Unless you have some work in hand, unless you are fighting with yourselves,” says Cardinal Newman, “you are no followers of those who ‘through many tribulations entered into the kingdom of God.’ A fight is the very token of a Christian. He is a soldier of Christ; high or low, he is this and nothing else. If you have triumphed over all mortal sin, as you seem to think, then you must attack venial sin. There is no help for it; there is nothing else to do if you would be soldiers of Jesus Christ. But, O simple souls! to think you have gained any triumph at all! No: you can not safely be at peace with any, even the least malignant, of the foes of God. If you are at peace with venial sins, be certain that in their company and under their shadow mortal sins are lurking. Mortal sins are the children of venial, which, though they be not deadly themselves, yet are prolific of death. You may think you have killed

the giants who had possession of your hearts, and that you have nothing to fear, but may sit at rest under your vine and under your fig-tree; but the giants will live again: they will rise from the dust, and before you know where you are you will be taken captive and slaughtered by the fierce, powerful, and eternal enemies of God.”

There is no sojourner on earth so eminent in virtue, so confirmed in grace, so accustomed to daily victories over temptations, and daily communion with God in prayer, that he can ever afford to dispense with the efficient aids to perseverance that result from a serious observance of Lent as well as a serious meditation on Lenten instructions.

As to Free Will.

PERHAPS no truth held by religious believers is more frequently combated by the leaders of scientific thought than the fundamental fact of the freedom of the will. The contention that man, as to his will, is nothing but a mere machine, who, whatever he does, deserves neither praise nor blame, since whatever he does he could not have done otherwise, is not easily disestablished unless the opposite truth is proved in a manner conformable to its own nature. The idea of human liberty is one of three fundamental facts which Mr. W. H. Mallock regards as particularly untractable and irresponsive to scientific treatment. An able writer in the *London Tablet* is of a different opinion; and, in a review of Mr. Mallock's new volume (“Religion as a Credible Doctrine”), points out that the difficulty arises from not knowing how to marshal the facts. With the preliminary remark that although the freedom of the will can not be proved by a mathematical formula, it is none the less true and none the less firmly established, the writer proceeds:

Now, how do I arrive at the fact that my will is free? I am certain of it (1) because it is a phenomenon of which I am intimately conscious. I am as sensible of my power of choosing as I am of my power of seeing or hearing: I know by personal experience that I possess this freedom: indeed, I am constantly exercising it. While actually walking toward the north, I am all the while fully aware that I might walk, if I wished it, toward the east instead, or toward the west; or that I might break into a run. The arguments so ingeniously marshalled by Mr. Mallock may interest me by their speciousness and subtlety, but they can no more persuade me that I am not free than the closing of the shutters can persuade me that the sun is non-existent. No cleverly worded sophisms can invalidate or destroy the conviction arising from personal and actual experience; nor can they exercise any effect save over those who are incapable of analyzing their own acts.

Secondly, I find within me a clear notion of right and wrong, of vice and virtue. I *know* that certain acts are morally good and praiseworthy, and that certain others are morally bad and censurable. I know this just as certainly and as undoubtedly as I know that certain things taste sweet and certain other things taste bitter. No process of arguing, however elaborate, no mass of so-called proofs, however ingeniously devised, will ever persuade me that right is wrong or that wrong is right. I am just as satisfied about this as I am of the existence of America or of the rotundity of the earth. The proofs *are not* and *can not be* of the same kind, but they are equally conclusive and irresistible. But, then, this belief in moral goodness and wickedness presupposes liberty in the agent. To act in one way, however seemingly heroic, because it is impossible to act in any other, can awaken no moral approbation or applause. Liberty is demanded as a necessary postulate before I can so much as conceive moral virtue; yet I am as certain of the existence of moral virtue as I am of the existence of the sunshine and the rain; and if of moral virtue, then also of the existence of liberty, without which moral virtue itself can not be.

Thirdly, every legal enactment, every rule of conduct, and every imposition of pain or of penalty, presupposes the freedom of the will, and takes it for granted. The proofs are personal, subjective, internal and experimental rather than mathematical and external. They can not be worked out on a blackboard, like a proposition in Euclid, but they are not one whit the less strong on that account, nor of an inferior order: rather the reverse. And my experience is found, on inquiry, to be the experience of others, and of the whole race.

Notes and Remarks.

What a shock it must be to those members of the Church of England who call themselves Catholics, practise Catholic devotions, address their clergymen as "Father," etc., to read such a communication as the Bishop of Exeter lately addressed to the headmaster of one of the schools of his diocese who had refused to comply with the request of the rector to include the "Hail Mary" in the daily devotions of the children! The bishop declares that "the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the Saints is contrary to the teaching and spirit of the Church of England"; furthermore, that "the use of the word 'Mass' is not in accordance with our Prayer-Book, and should be avoided in the interests of order and charity." The offending rector is referred to as "Mr." Leeper. It would be no surprise to us to hear that he had "gone over to Rome" in short order. The Bishop of Exeter would probably not be surprised either, though perhaps much relieved. The wives of the English bishops sometimes make life miserable for the presbyters; but their lordships, on the other hand, have much to suffer from them. The trouble generally begins over innovations, and as a rule there is no end to it until the bishop dies or the innovator submits to the Pope.

The English-speaking Catholics of the Philippines have formed a society for the defence of Catholic interests in the archipelago. There is work for such a society to do. Let it furnish American Catholics with reliable information, not rumors or random reports. Let the information be full, accurate and important,—not the sort of "information" we shall have to apologize for afterward. Apart from the question of the Philippine public schools, which the state of public opinion in this country

will not permit to have an impartial hearing, the President and his official advisers and all the important officials mean to deal fairly with the Church out yonder. However, there is ample room for pernicious activity among the underlings, and field for anti-Catholic influences too subtle and insinuating to attract the attention of superior officers. Let the new society take care to inform the Catholic press in this country about these matters and the good done will be substantial.

In an article advocating the reform of certain general abuses connected with funerals, the *New Zealand Tablet* mentions a beautiful custom that obtains in Copenhagen. Pious folk in the Danish capital do not favor the pagan practice of covering coffins with flowers. Instead of lilies, roses, etc., the friends of the deceased place upon the coffin neat cards which record that an offering has been made, according to the donor's means, toward some charitable object for the abatement of suffering or the relief of destitution. Could anything be more appropriate or religious? There is no telling what alleviation of pain this custom might afford to the dear departed; and what a benefit it would be to deserving and struggling institutions for the care of orphans, the aged, the poor, the sick, etc.! This admirable practice is worthy of general imitation. Who will introduce it among the Catholics of the United States?

A firm stand against tyrannical oppression avails somewhat even in France. We noted recently that some Breton mayors had unanimously decided to disregard the instructions they had received relative to preventing their parish priests from preaching, and teaching the catechism, in the Breton language. The prefect of that particular department hastened to send to the

recalcitrant mayors a circular letter in which he quotes M. Combes to this effect: "I have no intention whatever of suppressing the Breton tongue: I content myself with opening the churches to the French language." And the prefect adds: "This clearly implies that the President of the Council admits the simultaneous use, in the churches, of both the Breton and the French languages." This perhaps is about as graceful a method of receding from an untenable position as could be expected from the autocratic M. Combes; but the sturdy mayors scored a decided victory, notwithstanding. More power to them!

The surprise of educated non-Catholics on seeing the complete list of the consultants of the Pontifical Commission on Biblical Studies was quite natural. It includes many scholars and writers of world-wide reputation who were not known as Catholics, much less as priests or members of religious Orders. The eminent Assyriologist, "Professor" Scheil, is a Dominican; "Monsieur" Vigouroux, famed for his Biblical writings, is a priest of the Society of St. Sulpice; "Dr." Bardenhewer, professor of Exegesis in the University of Munich, is a member of the diocesan clergy. The list of consultants includes the names of many other Catholic scholars not less distinguished, though familiar only to those engaged in Scriptural studies.

The remarks of *Truth* on Udenominationalism are well worth quoting for the enlightenment of many persons in this country who advocate what is called unsectarian religion in the public schools:—

Nothing can be more illogical than for a Liberal to advocate limiting the State to a system of secular education, and at the same time to insist that this should be accompanied by unsectarian Christian teaching. There is no such thing as such Christianity. There is no general consensus among Christian sects as to dogma, nor do even

the members of most such sects agree as to dogma. This diversity of opinion the advocates of unsectarian religion seek to meet by reducing its teaching to a code of ethics. But Christianity, they must surely be aware, is not alone a code of ethics.... It is an inspired revelation to man.

What surprises me is that men who honestly believe in the dogmas of Christianity as interpreted by them should demand such teaching in our elementary schools. Many of them are themselves pastors of flocks. Would they be satisfied with such teaching in their chapels and in their Sunday-schools? They send out missionaries to convert heathen in foreign parts. Would they assent to these missionaries limiting their efforts to such teaching? Would they dream of teaching it to their own children? It seems to me that if they would have Christianity deprived of all its essentials and become a mere form, they would advocate such teaching.

Very sensible remarks indeed from one who is opposed to religious teaching in State schools. The determination of Catholics to maintain schools of their own, wherein may be imparted precisely the same religious teaching that is given in their churches, ought to be a striking proof to non-Catholics that there is a general consensus among them as to dogma and as to the necessity of it.

If the attorneys of Mr. Baer and the other coal mine operators had any serious hope of persuading the Arbitration Commission that the United Mine Workers are an aggregation of criminals because few of them wear "boiled shirts" and some of them do not speak the English language with ease and grace, we can only say that the miners were more fortunate in their lawyer, Mr. Darrow. Be this as it may, that clever advocate did not allow the challenge to pass unnoticed; and we can not doubt that every member of the distinguished tribunal was in hearty sympathy with him when he said:

I do not care what language they speak, whether it is English or not. I do not care how strong their passions or their feelings. I know they are men, like us. I have visited their little homes, and on their walls in almost every instance, no matter what language they speak, you would find the picture of the Madonna and her Child,

with its same lesson in every language and in every clime. You can not tell me that those people—no matter what they do when moved by strong feeling or great provocation—have not the same instincts of love and pity and hope and charity and kindness that are the heritage of every man who lives.

Criminality in a miner would be just as criminal, of course, as criminality in an operator who should violate natural equity or the Interstate Commerce law; but among people who have followed the work of the tribunal closely there is a pretty lively suspicion that Mr. Baer and his colleagues should at least have the decency to lower their voices when they cry out against lawlessness.

Monsig. James McDermott, who died last month at Glens Falls, New York, full of years and honor, had witnessed wondrous changes during his long pastorate of St. Mary's Church. The progress of our holy religion in the diocese of Albany and the abolition of prejudice against it on the part of non-Catholics of all shades of belief were subjects upon which this devoted priest loved to dilate. He had done much to effect what was a source of so great rejoicing to him. The impression made by his self-sacrificing life was revealed at his funeral. Public buildings were draped in mourning, business was suspended and schools closed during the obsequies, which were attended by throngs of people, including as many as one hundred priests of the diocese. Monsig. McDermott was one of those whole-souled priests who are an honor to their profession, and make us not only glad that we knew them but better for the privilege.

From the *Catholic Standard and Times*, which affords its patrons so much good reading from week to week, we transcribe the following: "A comprehensive report of the third annual conference of Catholic colleges forms one of the features of the Report of

the Commissioner of Education for the year 1901-2. It is a sign of the widening influence of education when it is no longer deemed right to follow the evil example of the New York bigots by omitting all reference to the part played by Catholics in the superlatively important work of instructing the masses. Until Dr. Harris' accession such was the policy of the Education Bureau at Washington. Now the share of Catholics in that work is plainly shown in the official literature of the subject." It is several years since we were first impressed with the broad and sympathetic spirit which marks Dr. Harris' administration, and the words of our Philadelphia contemporary are but a just recognition of the fairness and catholicity of that modest and scholarly gentleman.

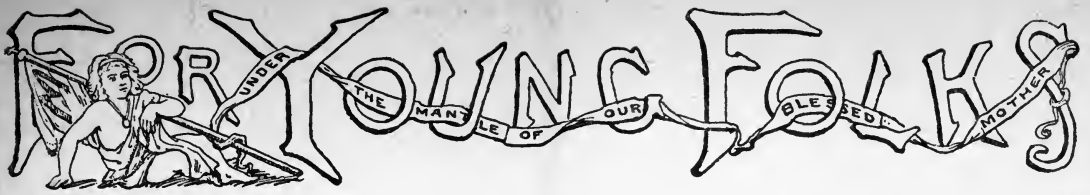
It will be remembered that some months ago, while Bishop Potter was beaming benevolently on the saloon as "the poor man's club" and absolving with unctuous tolerance the working-man who introduced a little monotony into his dull life by indulging in intoxicants, a prominent liquor journal of New York came out flatly with the proposition that the saloon will have to be either mended or ended. That pronouncement rather prepares us to find two other journals published—one in Toronto and the other in Chicago—in the interests of the liquor trade advocating a combination of the temperance and the liquor forces to put down drunkenness. The question is thus stated by the *Toronto Liquor Journal*:

It is quite unnecessary for the liquor trade to take any hypocritical stand on temperance or claim any sentimental motives for their temperance principles. On purely commercial grounds, cold self-respect if you will, temperance in its best and broadest sense is the sincere desire of all the better minds in the trade. Unless the trade discourage drunkenness, respectable men will not engage in the retail trade; and, with disreputable and irresponsible men in control of the sale of

liquor, the industry becomes unprofitable. This is the motive back of the vigorous opposition of the industry to prohibitory laws. We are quite aware that prohibition will not decrease the consumption of spirits, but we do know that the unlicensed sale that follows prohibition puts the traffic in the hands of the lowest element in the community, who, having no financial responsibility or moral character, are not, to say the least, desirable customers.

It remains to be seen how the temperance workers will look on the advances of their new allies. Presumably they will eye the gift-bearing Greeks askance and adhere to the Prohibitionists. But these expressions from the recognized organs of "the trade" have significance, nevertheless.

Some statistics published in the interesting *Annales* of Lourdes give abundant food for reflection to the average Catholic on this side of the Atlantic, who rarely stops to think of the immense spiritual work that is constantly being wrought at the Pyrenean shrine of Our Lady. During 1902 as many as sixty archbishops and bishops knelt in the famous Grotto. Two hundred and forty special trains and one hundred and seventy pilgrimages or important groups brought to Lourdes one hundred and seventy thousand pilgrims. The railway company estimate the circular and single tickets issued by them at more than two hundred thousand. Among the pilgrims, priests are from year to year increasing in numbers; forty thousand Masses were celebrated at Lourdes last year, and four hundred and eleven thousand Communions were made. Six thousand sick and infirm pilgrims sought cure or relief in the wonder-working piscinas; and the number of notable miracles was, if anything, larger than in preceding years. Marvellous as are the recent scientific inventions and discoveries, nothing in modern life is so really wondrous as the normal experience in this little mountain town of Southern France.



Twin Wretches.

BY E. B.

IF I were a king of power and might,
There is one thing I would do:
I should search by day, I should search by night
My kingdom through and through,
Till Envy and Greed—twin wretches indeed
Who have wrought much ill and wrong—
Should at length be found, and tightly bound
In a dungeon deep and strong.


I should keep the pair as prisoners there,
And safe under lock and key;
And all should be banned far from my land
Who had with them sympathy.
And the men and women, the girls and boys,
Then left in my kingdom fair
Should have fewer sorrows and far more joys
Than the folk who'd live elsewhere.

For Envy and Greed, as all men know,
Have planned full many a crime,
Have misery made and sin and woe
In every age and clime.
But if I were a king, a mighty king,
No more in my land they'd stray:
The twins I should keep in that dungeon deep
For ever and a day.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—MISTS AND SUNBEAMS.

 T was a bitter moment for poor little Bopeep. Not half an hour ago the false Loulie had whispered, as they met in the dance, "So glad you are having such a lovely time, dear!" And Tessie had answered, "Oh, indeed I am!" and had told Rob Ellis, her partner, what a "darling girl" Loulie was, and what dear old friends they were. And now—now the crowd of spiteful little girl-gossips had buzzed

away, and their stings rankled cruelly in Tessie's tender heart. She was too hurt for words or tears.

A fresh wind had risen and swept away the mist, and the wide recessed window was flooded with silver light. Tessie stood under the shielding curtain, her hot cheek pressed to the window pane, her lips quivering, and choking sobs rising in her throat as those unkind words echoed and re-echoed in her thoughts, when a voice called:

"Little Bopeep, where are you?" And, parting the curtain, the Crooked Man stood beside her. "I have been looking for you everywhere, until at last your cousin told me I should find you hiding here. Sleepy, perhaps?" he added, glancing at the cushions from which she had just risen.

"Sleepy! Oh, no,—not now! I'm—I'm very wide awake," answered Tessie, tremulously.

"Not ill, I hope?" said the Crooked Man, noting the change in her voice, and recalling remorsefully the reckless way in which he had heaped her plate with cherry ices.

"No,—oh, no!" replied Tessie, wearily. "Tired, then. So am I. Dancing is silly business, anyhow. Let us sit down here and be sensible."

"Oh, no!" said Tessie quickly. "Please don't,—I mean I would rather you wouldn't. I am only a little girl, and other people want you to talk to them."

"Other people! What other people?" inquired the man, who found this unique little person strangely entertaining.

"I—I—don't know," answered Tessie, hopelessly. "Grown-up ladies, I suppose. You see I have been in a convent all my life, and there are lots of things I don't know, and I make mistakes very often."

"I am with you there," said the

Crooked] Man, cordially; "though I don't confess as much usually. In fact, my whole life is one immense mistake. But you—" he looked at the drooping little figure with a quizzical smile,—“I can't imagine you making any mistakes at all. What are they—if it is a fair question?”

“Oh, taking Aunt Marian's milkman and his wife riding in her carriage on Sunday, and—and talking to you at supper to-night! Somebody said it was bold—and—and flirting,” answered Tessie, in a broken voice.

“I'd like to punch that somebody's head!” said the Crooked Man, quite fiercely. “You blessed little innocent! Couldn't they leave you your white wings even for a night?”

“You see I didn't know,” continued Tessie, anxious to explain to this kindly critic any mistake she had made. “Everything was so gay and bright, and I was so happy and did not feel quite real, maybe I talked and laughed too much.”

“Not a bit,” replied the Crooked Man, with quick decision.

“The girls said so,” faltered Tessie. “I heard them talking about me outside the curtains just now.”

“Oh, you did!” said the Crooked Man, beginning to understand matters. “Then you heard some pleasant remarks, I am sure,” he added, grimly.

“Oh, no, no,—not pleasant at all!” answered Tessie, quite breaking down. “They said dreadful things about me: that I was airy and bold and flirting—and—and looked like—like a silly-faced Dutch doll. I wouldn't have minded the others so much; but—but Loulie,—I thought Loulie was my—true friend,” concluded Tessie, in a burst of tears she could no longer repress.

And the Crooked Man, who had travelled to Egypt and Abyssinia in search of novel experiences, was now conscious of a brand-new sensation that made his keen eyes suddenly dim.

“How far back does—ahem!—this true friendship date?” he inquired.

“Oh, long, long ago, when we were little girls at St. Anne's!” sobbed Tessie. “But she seemed so glad to meet me, and asked me to this beautiful party; and she said such nice things to me, to-night—and then—then—” the girl's voice broke again in a way that told more than any words.

“I hate to shatter such early illusions,” said the Crooked Man dryly; “but truth compels me to say that Miss Loulie is generally regarded as the most spiteful, pestiferous little vixen that ever graced Bayside with her presence. Under her amiable mother's tuition she is the terror of every guest in the house. I intend to propose a public thanksgiving feast at their departure, which I am happy to say will be at an early date next week. All the remarks you overheard, my child, were lies,—envious, jealous lies; so do not grieve about them. You were the—” the Crooked Man paused suddenly. Flattering words came easily to his practised tongue, but they died upon his lips to-night. “You have made no mistakes,” he said, simply. “Take a Crooked Man's word for that, little Bopeep. You have been all that a happy, innocent little girl should be,—all that your own mother could wish if she were here to-night.”

“That is saying a great deal,” said Tessie, lifting a little tear-stained face, brightened with the old happy smile; “for my dear mother is in heaven, you know.”

“Ah!” said the Crooked Man, with a curious softness in his tone. “Is she, little Bopeep? So is mine.” And the handsome face under the Crooked Man's wig shadowed, as his own words were re-echoed by questioning conscience. Was *he* all that dear dead mother could wish were she here to-night? And something stirred in the Crooked Man's heart that had slept for many an idle, thoughtless year.

"Time to go home, Tessie!" called Wynne, cheerily. "Ah, Mr. Stratton, thank you for taking care of our little girl! Why have we not seen you at Wycherly this winter?—Hurry up, dear Suzarina! Mélanie is waiting for you, and the sleigh is at the door.—We have had the jolliest kind of a time, and the Bayside has outdone itself to-night, Mr. Stratton."

Pleasant good-nights now followed. Happily Loulie was not in sight, so Tessie escaped any painful adieux to her. And soon she was packed into the big sleigh and speeding homeward over a shining road girdling a silver sea. The trailing mist had vanished, the fairy palace was no more; but the might and majesty of the ocean, the beauty and serenity of the sky, were unveiled in all their splendor. Little Bopeep, her triumphs and trials, had passed with the fleeting mists; Tessie was *real* again.

Little Joe did not leave the house the next day or the next. Tessie spent most of her time in his pretty room, giving him detailed accounts of the "Mother Goose" party, but omitting all unpleasantness, and amusing him with books and games that it did not "hurt" to play.

"It is so good of you to stay with me, Tessie!" said the boy. "I don't know what I shall do when you go away, I shall miss you so much."

"Oh, you will be well and strong long before then!" rejoined Tessie, cheerily.

"Maybe so," said little Joe, with a faint sigh. "But, Tessie, my side hurt dreadfully last night. And I had such frightful dreams about going down a dark, cold place all by myself. There were no windows or doors or light, and I was afraid."

"Goodness! I don't wonder!" replied Tessie, sympathetically.

"I called for father and mother and Ted and Wynne, but they couldn't hear me," continued little Joe.

"Why didn't you call for me?" asked Tessie, laughing.

"I did," said Joe, his big, soft eyes lifted to his little cousin's face; "and you came, Tessie. You had a great lamp in your hand that shone like a star, and you took my hand, and—and I was not afraid any more."

"What's the matter with Joe, mother?" asked Ted, a few days afterward. "I never saw a cold lay a fellow out so completely. There's no 'go' in him at all."

"It is from playing so much with Tessie, I suppose," Aunt Marian replied, peevishly. "It is making a regular girl-baby of him. I found him cutting paper dolls with her yesterday."

"Not dolls but soldiers. He has a whole regiment marshalled on his table. Tessie is all right," continued Ted, with a laugh. "There is plenty of 'go' in her. She beat both Ted and me in a race around the lawn yesterday. But little Joe is in the dumps sure. I wonder if a spin in my cutter behind Chappie would wake him up?"

"Try it, anyhow," said his mother. "The child gives me the horrors, he looks so white and solemn."

And Ted tried it with success. Ted's new grey pony, and the cutter woke Joe up most effectually; his big eyes sparkled and his pale cheek flushed.

"Can I drive Chappie myself, Ted?"

"Yes, of course."

"And—and take Tessie along?"

"Ye—yes," answered his good-natured brother, with some hesitation. He had thought to go himself, but little Joe's brightening face must not be clouded by any disappointment. "Keep close to the lower road, and don't go beyond Smugglers' Roost,—that's far enough."

"Oh, plenty!" said Joe, delightedly. "Help me up, Ted: I'm—I'm a little stiff. Je-ru-sa-lem, that hurts!"

"What hurts?" asked Ted, staring as little Joe sank back trembling in a chair.

"Oh, just—just a stitch in my side!"

responded the little fellow, evasively. "My, it will be fine to drive Chappie all by myself!"

And, despite pain and weakness that Ted little guessed, Joe was soon muffled in his great coat and fur cap, and ready for his jaunt with Tessie, who came tripping down the stairs in high glee to meet him.

Ted packed them both in his cutter, and tucked them warmly in his white bearskin; and Joe, gathering the reins proudly in his mittened hands, drove off triumphantly over the smooth, hard-packed roads, still white and glittering, though Jack Frost was in a milder mood than when he ruled this frozen world six weeks before. The wind blew from the south; the snow-wreaths had dropped from the cedars, and the icicles from the pines; and the steely curve of the creek was cracked like a breaking sword from shore to shore. Chappie tossed his tasselled head and shook his bells gaily; and as the little cutter swept down Cedar Lane and along the "lower road," Joe almost forgot his pains in the bracing breath of the ocean breeze, the glad, warm glow of the sunlit air.

The road skirted the sea, that stretched blue and beautiful on one side; while on the other a line of great sand-cliffs, heaped and hardened by the storms of centuries, rose in a series of clefts and curves and hollows made by the beat of the waves and tide when the wintry waves in swollen wrath swept the shore.

"There is Smugglers' Roost," said little Joe, as they neared a deeper curve in the cliff. "Jim Duncan says he guesses there's lots of things hidden there, if a fellow had the nerve to look for them."

"What sort of things?" asked Tessie, curiously.

"Oh, silks and laces and diamonds and every sort of thing!" answered Joe, vaguely. "The smugglers used to bring them up here at night in boats, so they would not have to pay duty on them in town."

"Yes, I know," said Tessie, who had read of such things. "And do smugglers come here now, Joe?"

"Oh, no," said Joe, positively,— "never. You bet father wouldn't have any law-breakers around here now. But their caves are here still. Jim stumbled into one when he was after sandpipers. He said it was half as big as his father's house—halloo! what's that?"

And the speaker drew Chappie up suddenly as a low, quivering moan came distinctly to his ear. Stretched in one of the deepest clefts of the cliff, flat upon the sand, was a man, ragged, unkempt, shaggy in beard and hair, moaning as if in mortal pain. Both children gave a startled cry as they recognized the stranger who had come to their help six weeks before on Barker's Hills—their friend of New Year's Eve.

(To be continued.)

The Tail of a Cat.

A certain gentleman who is very fond of cats and also very saving of his time had a pussy in his office that had a beautiful long tail. Now, this cat, after the fashion of felines, had a nervous habit of wanting to come in or to be let out of the house. One day her master counted and found that he had opened the door for her ten times. On each occasion he had to wait for her beautiful long tail to escape, and he estimated that he wasted one minute every time he humored her whim.

Then he calculated: for sixty hours each year he had been standing with the door-knob in his hand, waiting for the slow puss to pass in or out! What could he do? He could not be happy without a cat. Finally he heard that the cats in the Isle of Man have no tails (which is true), and procured a Manx cat. Now he opens the door and slams it, if he likes, with no danger to puss and small loss of time to himself.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rev. J. T. Roche, of Fairbury, Nebraska, has published an interesting and thought-provoking booklet on "Our Lady of Guadalupe." Our readers are familiar with the details of Mexican devotion at this eminent American shrine of the Blessed Virgin; but all of them will enjoy Father Roche's narrative and his incidental criticism of that class of Catholics who are inclined to discredit "everything that pertains to the miraculous."

—From the Art and Book Co. comes a scholarly pamphlet by the Rev. W. A. Bulbeck, O. S. B., "The Date of the Crucifixion." The general reader will be interested, not so much in Father Bulbeck's process of calculation from the Egyptian Kalendar, as in his conclusion that "we may honestly take for granted that Christ was crucified on April 7, A. D. 30." It may be noted, however, that the date as computed by Father Matthew Power, S. J., for his recently-published "Anglo-Jewish Calendar" is April 27.

—In what is known as the "Persecuting Printers' Bible" the Psalmist is made to say: "Printers have persecuted me without cause." Few authors who do not employ the typewriter could justly make the same complaint. As a rule those who suffer persecution at the hands of printers have themselves to blame for their reprehensible handwriting. How many persons fail to dot their *i*'s and cross their *t*'s! And how few could distinguish their own *r*'s from *v*'s or *n*'s from *u*'s! In many cases, of course, the fault lies with the compositor or the proofreader; and the poet who wrote,

He placed 'mid Dante's bays a diamond true,
had reason to complain of being persecuted by
the printer, who made the line read,

He placed 'mid Dante's boys a diamond true.
He was an amiable poet, however; and instead
of complaining he only laughed when his sonnet
appeared and he was asked to explain his reference
to Dante's boys.

—Three or four years ago when presenting to our readers the substance of a pamphlet printed in Manila entitled "The Civilizers of the Philippines" we remarked that nowhere else could so much reliable and—at that time—greatly demanded information concerning the Church in the islands be found as in this anonymous *brochure*. But, unfortunately, every means of bringing it into the hands of the general reader had been neglected. Though issued with "the full approbation of the ecclesiastical authority," it bore no date or name, not even that of the printer. We urged the immediate publication of a revised edition of this welcome work as the most important service that could be rendered to the cause of truth

and religion in the archipelago. At long last we have the gratification of announcing a reprint of "The Civilizers of the Philippine Islands," which is afforded by Thomas J. Flynn & Co., Boston. It is a much-belated publication, still a welcome one and deserving of the widest circulation.

—Catholic colleges and convents ought to feel obliged to promote interest in writers with whom most non-Catholic critics are perforce not in sympathy. We say "most," because the best of the critics have not been insensible of the beauty of the work of such writers as Adelaide Procter, Edmund Clarence Stedman, for instance, says that "it is like telling one's beads or reading a prayer-book to turn over her pure pages." Like reading the Psalms, we should say.

—Unless the probabilities fail hopelessly, the memoirs of the late M. de Blowitz will be one of the most enjoyable volumes of our time. The inner history of diplomacy is an appetizing subject, and De Blowitz knew it better than any man of his generation. M. Stephane Lausanne, editor of the Paris *Matin*, was the adopted son of the great journalist, and he has written an introductory chapter dealing with the childhood and youth of De Blowitz. Other interesting chapter-headings are: "Alphonse XII. Proclaimed King," "The French Scare of 1875," "The Berlin Congress," "Gambetta and Bismarck," "What the Sultan Told Me," "The Exile of the French Princes," and "How Bismarck Retired."

—Vizetelly, who translated Zola's books into English, has written few sentiments that we could quote with approval; but some words of his that accompany the French scavenger's last novel furnish another warning against mixed marriages; "Experience has taught me what may happen when man and woman do not share the same faith; and how over the most passionate love, the sincerest affection, there may for that reason fall a blighting shadow, difficult indeed to dispel.... It is certain that a difference of religious belief is a most serious danger for all who enter the married state, and that it leads to the greatest misery, the absolute wrecking of many homes." Let us not scorn the lesson, even from one like Vizetelly.

—Mr. Bliss Carman, the new editor of the *Literary World*, is a wise man as well as a bookman. The most admirable quality of his new ode on Lincoln is its strong Christian spirit, and in an essay which may be considered his inaugural address to the readers of the *Literary World* he says:

Every great writer is a friend of all the world, one whom we may come to know, who can aid us with solace and counsel and entertainment. In his books he has revealed

himself, and in them we make his acquaintance. This is the purpose of serious reading. Not merely to be delighted with beauty of style; not merely to be informed and made wise; not merely to be encouraged and ennobled in spirit; but to receive an impetus in all these directions. Such is the object of culture. To know a good book is to know a good man. To be influenced by a trivial or ignoble or false book, is to associate with an unworthy companion, and to suffer the inevitable detriment. For the book, like the man, must be so true that it convinces our reason and satisfies our curiosity; it must be so beautiful that it fascinates and delights our taste; it must be so spirited and right-minded that it enlists our best sympathy and stirs our more humane emotions. A good book, like a good comrade, is one that leaves us happier or better off in any way for having known it. A bad book is one that leaves us the poorer, either by confusing our reason with what is not true, or by debasing our taste with what is ugly, or by offending our spirit with what is evil. For a book must always appeal to us in these three ways, and be judged by these three tests.

We remark, too, that while a certain Catholic writer is tearing the "Holy Shroud" of Turin to tatters, the *Literary World*, in a review of Paul Vignon's monograph on the subject, is of opinion that "incredulity will find it a hard work to dispose of some of the details of the evidence"; and that "the whole possesses a wonderful interest for all students of the life of Christ who have a reverent tendency and a hospitable mind toward sacred possibilities."

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.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Life of Blessed Emily Becchieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.

The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.

Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.

A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.

The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.

Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Dogtown. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$1.50, net.

The Talisman. *Anna T. Sadlier.* 60 cts.

The Day of an Invalid. *Henri Perreyve.* 75 cts.

Roadside Flowers. *Harriet M. Skidmore.* \$1, net.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Shakespeare's Art. *James H. Cotter.* \$1.10.

The Four Feathers. *A. E. W. Mason.* \$1.50.

Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.

Oldfield. A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. *Nancy Huston Banks.* \$1.50.

The Art of the Vatican. *Mary Knight Potter.* \$2, net.

Forty-Five Sermons. *Rev. James McKernan.* \$1, net.

A Child of the Flood. *Rev. Walter T. Leahy.* \$1.

In the Days of King Hal. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

The Silver Legend. Saints for Children. *I. A. Taylor.* \$1, net.

Discourses: Doctrinal and Moral. *Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly.* \$2, net.

From Hearth to Cloister. *Frances Jackson.* \$1.35, net.

A Royal Son and Mother. *Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.* 75 cts.

Upward and Onward. *Archbishop Keane.* \$1, net.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 80 cts., net.

The Mirror of Perfection. Being a Record of St. Francis of Assisi. \$1.35, net.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. *R. J. Meyer, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Phelan, of the archdiocese of San Francisco.

Sister Mary of St. Aurelia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Mary Agnes, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Joseph Henke, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Dupre, Auburn, N. Y.; Mr. Owen Leonard, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Mary O'Connell, Brighton, Mass.; Mr. William Glassmeyer, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. W. J. Brennan, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Anna Vondersaar, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Neil O'Neill, Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Lamb, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Anita Rosecrans, Helena, Mont.; Mr. Joseph Dougherty and Mr. Stephen Driscoll, San Francisco, Cal.; also Mrs. Susan Dutton, Toronto, Canada.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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NO. 11.

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The Lament of the Shamrock.

(When sent to the Irish in other countries.)

BY A. M. CLARKE.

OH, it's sweet we were and young and fair
 On the mossy bank where we grew,
 'Neath Erin's skies, where the soft wind sighs,
 And all things are bright to view!

Yet turn not away; for, though faded and grey,
 Our hearts can never grow cold;
 And we wish you still, with the same good-will,
 All blessings both new and old.

Oh, it's sweet we were and young and fair
 On the mossy bank where we grew,
 'Neath Erin's skies, where the wind still sighs
 O'er the mossy bank where we grew!

Some Favorite Devotions of Our Forefathers.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IN a magazine which has for its primary object the spread of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God a few remarks respecting certain pious practices commonly prevailing amongst our Catholic forefathers may not be out of place.

We sometimes hear particular prayers, confraternities, or the invocation of Our Lady under this or that title, spoken of—indeed we might almost say denounced—as “modern innovations”; but surely if those who urge the charge would give only a small amount of attention to the matter, they would speedily discover

that the newness exists principally in their own imaginations.

Even a very superficial study of ancient documents serves to prove how deep and how widespread was devotion to the Queen of Virgins. The form of such devotion as demonstrated in prayers, hymns, litanies, and so forth, is practically the same as it was hundreds of years ago. Witness the noteworthy and most interesting example of an Irish Litany of Our Lady, consisting of fifty-eight invocations, which the learned Professor O'Curry believes to be as old at least as the middle of the eighth century.

This very ancient litany, which is preserved in the *Leabhar-Mor*, now deposited in the Royal Irish Academy, is clearly not a translation.* In truth, no earlier litany of Our Lady appears to be known, and there is no trace of any such litany in Anglo-Saxon times; therefore to the Island of Saints is due the glory of having composed the *first* litany of our Immaculate Queen,—that is a prayer to the Blessed Virgin in the shape of what is now known as a litany.†

The litany composed by St. Gregory the Great, and known as the *Litania Major* (Greater Litany), or, to use its more familiar title, the Litany of the Saints, is unquestionably the most ancient. In this litany, as used by the Anglo-Saxons, the name of the Most

* See “Manuscripts of Irish History,” p. 380.

† *Litaniae*, or litanies, a word derived from the Greek, is, it is scarcely necessary to state, “a form of earnest prayer and supplication to obtain the mercy of God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints.”

Holy Mother of God stands invariably before that of any angel or saint; and it is worthy of notice that it is repeated three times. This triple invocation, which seems to have been peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons—for, in the Caroline Litany, so called because it is believed to have been composed in the reign of Charlemagne, the name of Our Lady is given only once—was not confined exclusively to the litany, as is proved by a prayer in the ancient "Book of Cerne."*

There is a ceremony called "Beating the Bounds" of parishes still observed in England. This, as a reliable authority tells us, is a "remnant of the Catholic custom of blessing the fields and crops on the three Rogation Days preceding the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord." On these days, known to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers as the "Gang Days," a "solemn procession was made through the streets of towns and the fields of country parishes; the relics of the saints were taken out of the churches and carried round; and the Litanies of the Saints, commonly called the 'Greater Litanies,' were sung." The Anglo-Saxon homilist, Ælfric, tells us "how we also, in those days [the Gang Days] should offer up our prayers, and follow our relics out and in, and with fervor praise Almighty God."

It is interesting to note that on such occasions Our Lady was specially invoked; for as the old lines say:

Now comes the day wherein they gad
Abroad with cross in hand,
To bounds of every field and round
About their neighbor's land;
And as they go they sing and pray
To every saint above,
But to Our Lady specially,
Whom most of all they love.

The first Monday after the Epiphany still goes by its old Catholic name of "Plough Monday"; so called because the ploughmen used on that day to go from house to house begging alms

wherewith to buy candles to burn before images of Our Lady and the saints, in order that they might obtain a blessing on their agricultural labors. Thus in the chapel at Tunstead there were images of the Most Holy Trinity and Our Ladye of Pity, and the Plough-light of Upgate and Hungate.*

Another ancient custom very general in the Ages of Faith consisted of the recitation of five of the Psalms, which begin with the five letters composing Our Lady's name:

M. *Magnificat* (St. Luke, i).

A. *Ad Dominum* (Ps. cxix).

R. *Retribuere servo tuo* (Ps. cxviii).

I. *In convertendo Dominus* (Ps. cxxv).

A. *Ad te levavi oculos meos* (Ps. cxxii).

Blessed Joscio, a monk of the celebrated Abbey of St. Bertin, at St. Omer, who died in the year 1163, is said to have been the first to practise this devotion. These psalms were also sung daily by another monk named Josbert, who died in 1186; and by many others, amongst whom may be named Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the successor of St. Dominic.

In England the five psalms were said in honor of the Five Joys of our Blessed Lady: the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Assumption. The Ancren Riwle tells us: "These psalms are according to the five letters of Our Ladye's name. Whoso pays attention to this name *Maria* may find it in the first letters of these five psalms aforesaid, and all those prayers run after these five." In the form given by this same Ancren Riwle a prayer is prefixed to each psalm, and the writer goes on to say: "Whoso can not say these five prayers, should say always one; and who thinketh them too long, may omit the psalms."

St. Bonaventure gives another version of the five psalms, which he called the Crown of Our Lady. The most usual of all the old English devotions were

* This volume, dated A. D. 760, formerly belonged to Cerne Abbey, in Dorset; it is now in the Cambridge Library.

* See Old English homilies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

the Five Wounds of Our Lord and the Five Joys of Our Lady. There is a quaint prayer to be found in the "Speculum Christiani," which runs thus:

Ladye, for thy Joyes Fyve gete me grace in thys lyve

To know and kepe over all thyng Christen feith and Godde's byddyng;

And trewly wynde all that I nede, to me and myn clothe and fede;

Sweet Ladye, full of wynde, full of grace, and God withynne.

There are many evidences of the popularity of this devotion. At Hull, in 1453, Robert Golding leaves five nobles to five poor virgins to buy five cows when they shall be married, in honor of the Five Joys of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In 1475 John Weryn left an alms of ten pence in worship of the Five Wounds of Our Lord and the Five Joys of Our Lady. And again, in 1531, William Keye gave half an acre of land to provide "five gawdyes* forever to burn before Our Ladye at Garboldesham, at every antiphon of Our Ladye and at the Mass on all her feasts."

Another favorite devotion of our ancestors was the evening antiphon, or anthem, of Our Lady, which was sung in the cathedral and collegiate churches in England. At St. Peter's, Mancroft, in Norwich, the *Salve* was sung in the Lady Chapel. At Barking there was a chapel of Our Lady de Salve, or *Salve*, so called, it is believed, either because the *Salve* was usually sung in it or because the Marye Mass was celebrated there; and many bequests occur of candles to be lighted during the *Salve*. In the Church of St. Magnus, near London Bridge, there was, Stowe tells us, "a most famous gild of Our Ladye de Salve Regina"; and he adds that "most other churches had theirs." From which we may infer how universal they were in England.

* Candles burned in honor of the Five Joys of Our Lady were called *gaudes*, or *gawdyes*, and also "joys."

The oft-quoted foundation charter of Whittington College, dated December 14, 1424, requires that "on each day of the week, at or after sunset, when the artisans residing in the neighborhood have returned from their work, a special little bell shall be rung for the purpose, and the chaplains, clerics, and choristers of the college shall assemble in the Ladye Chapel and sing an anthem to Our Ladye."

This antiphon was also sung at other times; for, in 1365, we find that John Barnet, Bishop of Bath and Wells, made a large donation to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, London, requiring them every day *after Matins* to sing an anthem before Our Lady at the Pillar, in the nave, commonly called Our Lady of Grace.

According to Chaucer, the anthems of Our Lady were taught to children in the schools; while the custom of singing these anthems and also hymns in honor of Christ's Mother by those travelling on sea or land seems to have been very common. Henry de Kuyghton mentions that on one occasion certain clerics, being overtaken by a thunderstorm as they were singing the *Ave Maris Stella*, were preserved from danger by Our Lady.

Old chronicles tell us that the poor used to sing the *Salve Regina* as they went about in quest of alms; and it is interesting to note that Blessed Thomas More alludes to this practice when speaking of his diminished income on resigning the chancellorship. He says, referring to himself and his family (who have, to quote his own words, "at this present little above one hundred pounds by the year"), that if the worst comes to the worst, yet may they with baggs and wallets go "abegging together; hoping that for pittie some good people will give us their charity at their door to sing *Salve Regina*, and so still may keepe company together, and be as merry as beggars."

Lastly, there is the old hymn to Our Lady which our forefathers were in the habit of reciting ere they retired to rest. Its quaint wording and the depth of piety it expresses merit a full quotation:

Upon my ryght syde y may ley:
Blessid Lady to the y prey
Ffor the teres that ye lete
Upon your swete Sonny's feete,
Send me grace for to slepe
And good dremys for to mete;

Slepyng, wakyng til morrowe day be:
Our Lord is the freute, Our Lady is the tre.
Blessid be the blossom that sprang, Ladye, of the
*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.**

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

X.—IN A QUANDARY.

HERE was something of a stir and hubbub as Sir Henry Shirley came upon the terrace, followed by the *starosta* (with whom we have already made acquaintance), about half a dozen soldiers, and in their midst, laden with heavy chains, an escaped convict. He was a hideous-looking man, with a sullen, scowling, animal face, speaking of the insanitary horrors of many an *étape* and of that foul pesthouse, the Tomsk *perisileni*. His matted hair had been cut away from one side of his head, as also his beard; and he was attired in the felon garb of grey covered with yellow figures.

"Mr. O'Byrne," exclaimed Sir Henry, "I have the satisfaction to announce to you that, as a magistrate of Hampshire county, I have been the means of bringing this villainous fugitive from justice into duress. This dreadful creature is, I believe, the identical scoundrel who fired all three shots—at the outrider, yourself, and Percy. I want you, if you

can do so, to identify him. *Starosta*, march forward your prisoner!"

The *starosta* obeyed Sir Henry's gestures, not his words (as he did not understand them), and ordered the man to be brought close to O'Byrne.

"I can not identify him, Sir Henry," said Myles.

"Pooh-pooh! You were near enough to him."

"Yes, but it was with the other two that I was engaged. I rather imagine I spoiled *their* features,"—with a laugh.

"Well, I have done my duty as a magistrate," said Sir Henry, dejectedly.

"Admirably, Sir Henry! You stuck to your work."

"I am glad to have been of some little service in this most unfortunate affair. *Starosta*, march the prisoner away. He is in your charge, sir."

The wretch had lately been captured in the forest by the aid of bloodhounds, starved and literally half dead. His companions so far had made good their escape. He was now marched off the terrace to his doom; and the hapless, furtive glance he cast around him, as though seeking a weapon to do murder, was horrible to see.

As if to banish this loathsome sight, like the good and beautiful fairy in the pantomime, the Princess Gallitzin now appeared upon the scene.

"How is our invalid this morning? See! I bring him a letter; and I shall return presently and translate a paragraph from the *Nove Vreyma*, which fairly bristles with his doings."

Handing him a letter and the newspaper in question, and courtesying very low, she re-entered the house.

The letter was from Count O'Reilly, St. Petersburg:

DEAR OLD HERO:—I hope to be with you by Saturday. I learn by wire from my lady that you are getting as fit as a fish and anxious to be up and doing. I shall stir you up when I come. I spent last night with your good old uncle, and

* Harl. MS. 541, f. 2286.

took some Irish whisky, that has settled somewhere underneath my forehead, and is dancing a jig there at my expense in a vile headache. We drank your health. I enclose a letter from the old gentleman.

Bless you, my boy!

O'REILLY.

MY DATCHA, Kresstoffsky.

DEAR MYLES:—Bedad you are a Hector and no mistake,—from stopping runaway horses to shooting convicts, no less! I'll go bail your good mother was praying for you when that vagabond let fly at you. It was an escape. Thanks to the good God that you are safe and recovering! The Count made me nearly die laughing describing how you knocked the two convicts' heads together, cracking them like cocoanuts. You did a good thing, Myles, and a brave one in saving that young lad. Well! well! but blood *will* tell; and if you have to let a little of it go at times, let it go in a good cause. You are in everybody's mouth like a cigarette.

I send you another hundred roubles—or ten pounds. Now don't be going and paying the doctor. Let them do *that*; that's the least they can do. But you'll be wanting some roubles for the *mujiks* and the nurses,—give them as little as they'll take. And recollect there's more where that came from. I hope that you won't have to stay over there much longer; for I want to see a little of you before you start for old Ireland.

Your devoted uncle,

DANIEL O'BYRNE.

“‘Start for old Ireland!’” repeated Myles, with a sigh. “My leave won't expire till the 18th. Shall I apply for an extension? *Cui bono*? What's the use? Why not cut it short and leave now? I am fit enough to travel. It might be best—aye, why not cut the Gordian knot and say ‘Adieu’ when the sun is shining at its very brightest? Heigh-ho!”

The Princess Gallitzin, true to her word, soon returned, to translate the

paragraph in the *Nove Vreyma*. In fact, she had been to the library and had written out every word. She looked imperially lovely, attired in light blue covered with that wonderful silver-work of the Slavonska Bazaar at Moscow.

“I wrote this out so that you might read it alone, and to spare your blushes. Perhaps you would like to send it to your lady mother, or that dear old aunt of whom you speak so lovingly. She lives in the country, you said?”

“Yes, Princess. She lives in a little whitewashed cottage thatched with straw, by the side of a road in the heart of the Wicklow mountains.”

“How charming!”

“And I reside with my mother in a dingy little house, in a very unfashionable suburb of Dublin known as Sandymount, whither, if Dr. Filcovitch says ‘Yes’—or whether he does or not,—I shall forthwith return.”

“*You* have no say in the matter, Mr. O'Byrne,” she laughed. “You are our prisoner, and we are most merciless jailers.—You are just in time, Olga,”—to the Baroness who now approached. “Our prisoner talks of breaking bounds. You must get his *parole* or put him in irons,—which?”

“What do you mean, Alexandrovna?”

“She means, Baroness, that I must grease my brogues and be jogging toward the Emerald Isle,” interposed Myles. “I have actually to wrench out the words. I have been in a dream since my arrival in Russia.”

“Part of it very painful, Mr. O'Byrne,” said the Baroness, gravely.

“Not a bit of it—if you allude to this shaking up. I might have come out worse in a football match,” he laughed.

I may remark here that Myles is seated in a hooded wicker-work chair, a little table beside him, an immense tent-like umbrella covering all. The chair is in a corner of the terrace commanding a magnificent view; for there are high mountains in the distance, and forests

and lakes. He is able to walk about, but forbidden to take too much exercise, and one arm is in a sling. I should also state, to the honor and glory of Count O'Reilly, that he amassed a quantity of garments of every description belonging to his brother, the disgraced guardsman, and had them forwarded to Bermaloffsky by special couriers; so Myles was set up regardless of expenses, and looked every inch of him a "howling swell." When the additional wardrobe arrived, he was for rejecting it; but as a refusal would deeply hurt O'Reilly, he deemed it better to drink of the cup held to his lips and to drift.

"Mr. O'Byrne has promised to come to Poscovitch," said the Princess. "I want my husband to meet him, and he may turn up at any moment. And you are also promised to General Romansikoff, Mr. O'Byrne. Oh, yes, you are! And you *dare* not refuse your sweet fellow-countrywoman, Eileen De Lacey. Come, come, Mr. O'Byrne! No more talk of leaving us if you please! What say you, Olga?"—turning to the Baroness.

"He shall not stir," answered that lady, as though she were actually in command of a castle,—“at least,” she added, “until Dr. Filcovitch says so, after consultation with Dr. Limanoff.”

Limanoff was the specialist, for whom the Baroness had telegraphed as one of the greatest surgeons in Europe.

All this was indeed honey of the sweetest, and with another man might have proved a deadly intoxicant; but Myles was moulded of superb material. His actions were guided by Honor, while Self-Control was ever in readiness to leap forward and take its place, outshouldering Pleasure even to the admittance of Pain.

Honest Filcovitch declared that Myles was fit to cross the Siberian Desert on a tarantass. The wily Limanoff, seeing that the great Baroness Grondno desired her guest to remain at Bermaloffsky yet

awhile, gave his opinion that at the very least the patient should remain a week or ten days enjoying the *dolce far niente*, and thus give time for some muscle (to which he gave a wonderful name) to get into working order.

When this was duly communicated to O'Byrne, he held council with himself and went over the entire situation. Could he leave those charming, hospitable people without, at least, making an effort to remain? He could at once apply to the manager of the bank for an extension, which would, he felt assured, be granted to him without demur. This would enable him to remain another week where he was; a day or two at Poscovitch, the home of the Gallitzins; a few days at the General's, and a few days with his uncle. He was superbly outfitted, and—ah, here was another difficulty in his path! How was he to repay the luckless guardsman for his costly raiment? He should have it appraised in St. Petersburg, and get the money from his uncle to pay for it. This should be done *sub silentio*, for fear of giving mortal offence to Count O'Reilly. But to use another man's clothes without in some way squaring the account was not to be thought of.

Yes, he would write at once, and remain to the very last hour of his leave, be it long or be it short. And so he wrote to the manager informing him of his accident, going into very little detail, and asking for an extension of one month. He also wrote to his mother, his aunt, and the veteran. Any little ruffling of the heart, any little mental disturbance, was now soothed and smoothed. He gave Worry its *congé*. He said to himself: “Now let me drain to the dregs the royal pleasure of my sojourn, the sweet companionship of those charming women, the books, the all—*all*,—so that I may carry away such memories as may never, never be obliterated.”

The Crown of Thorns.

O DEAREST Lord, that cruel hands
Should crown of torture weave,
And on Thy gentle brow the trace
Of thorn-pricked wounds should leave!

I see Thee crowned, O loving King!
While men in mocking kneel;
I see the blood from every wound
Adown Thy features steal.

But, worse than thorns, I see my sins
That in Thy pain had part,—
My sins that wove a crown of thorns
To pierce Thy Sacred Heart.

The Bishop's Adventure.*

TWILIGHT was falling over a beautiful garden, in which stood a modest but neatly appointed cottage. The whole surroundings indicated a love of refinement grateful and refreshing to the weary traveller; all the more welcome because unexpected in that particular region, which was wild and thinly settled. And if the passer-by, pleased with these outward evidences of taste and culture, had wished for a glimpse of the inmates, his curiosity and interest would have been equally gratified by the sight of the young girl who now opened the door of the cottage and passed forth into the fresh evening breeze.

Fairer than any flower in that garden of luxuriant bloom, the most unsparing critic could scarcely detect an imperfection in the classic chiselling of her features or the richness and purity of her complexion. Her large dark eyes would have been serious unto melancholy but for the starry light which nestled in them. Her magnificent hair was arranged with the greatest simplicity; and, as is the custom in India, she was robed in spotless white, without a single

ornament to detract from the simplicity of her attire.

Two years before, this young girl had become a Christian; and when the waters of Baptism had been poured upon her brow, she had received with them the name of Caroline. Her mother had been baptized at the same time. She was altogether different in temperament and character from her daughter. While she had long been weary of the horrors of paganism, her intellect was weak, and she shared neither Caroline's enthusiasm nor ardor. One might say she had meekly followed whither the daughter led.

The young girl passed through the garden till she reached a small stream at the extreme end of the enclosure; and there, seating herself upon a stone which nature had fashioned into the semblance of a chair, with back and sides, she drew a copy of the New Testament from her bosom and began to read. The book had been given her by the guide who had opened her eyes to the truth. She soon became so deeply engrossed in her occupation that she did not notice the gathering twilight, nor observe the cloud of dust which began to arise from the highway, running parallel with the stream some two hundred yards distant.

The dust increased, and now the noise of approaching horses could be heard. In another moment the foremost of the cavalcade, numbering fifty or sixty men, rode up to the stream for the purpose of watering their horses. In the centre of the corps were five large elephants, magnificently caparisoned; and on the most superb of these rode the Indian Prince, Abubeker—a handsome and commanding personage about twenty-five years of age, but with a stateliness and gravity of demeanor which made him appear much older.

As soon as Caroline perceived the cavalcade she endeavored to escape notice by stealing behind a large tree.

* A true story. The Bishop is now dead. It was his wish that his name should not be divulged.

But the eyes of the Prince, sweeping the landscape, soon caught sight of her white robe; and as her marvellous beauty became revealed to him, his ardent gaze remained fixed upon her graceful, shrinking figure. She turned her head away. He did not make any further advance, or speak to her; and when she saw him dismount from his elephant, remount an Arab horse and ride away from his party, her heart foreboded no evil.

Retracing her steps immediately, she was soon at a considerable distance from the travelling party; feeling half provoked at herself for her momentary perturbation. When she reached the cottage she related her alarm and her subsequent feeling to her mother, who replied with a confusion and emotion which she could not conceal, and which caused her abruptly to leave the room. "Poor mother!" murmured the young girl. "She is not well, and the thought of danger to me distresses her so much! I was wrong to dwell upon my foolish fears." And, banishing all thoughts of the occurrence, she set about preparing the evening meal.

Travelling along the highroad, about three months after the foregoing event, might be seen a small party, the leader of which was seated upon an elephant. It was he who at that time and in that neighborhood was universally known as "the good prelate" on account of the amiable virtues which endeared him to all who knew him. Good he was, and great; noble by birth and noble in character; great in his erudition and scholarship, but greater in the humility which led him to toil through the vast wilderness, leading untutored, savage souls to the knowledge of the true God. Forgetting, it would seem, the cultivated society into which he was born, adapting himself with infinite tact to the strange associates he found about him, inspiring love and reverence wherever he went, he

continued on his mission of mercy and charity, as though that were his only purpose and pleasure,—as indeed it was.

Suddenly the party perceived that some horsemen were following them with great rapidity.

"My Lord," said the foremost, as soon as he had reached the cavalcade, "we come from the bedside of a dying woman, who entreats you, as you love your God, to go to her. She is on the verge of insanity from the weight of a secret, the horror of which has caused her to take poison. To *you* alone, my Lord, can she reveal it; and she begs that you will come to her side. It is a ride of forty miles."

The jeopardy of a single soul was enough to decide the good prelate. By daylight he had reached the dwelling of the unhappy woman, to whom remedies had been administered. Dismissing her attendants, she threw herself at the Bishop's feet.

"My Lord," she cried, "my crime is so great that I can bear my misery no longer. For me there can be no peace in this world nor pardon in the next. It is only the hope that you will aid me that has induced me to take an antidote to the poison I have already swallowed. If you will not, I have at hand a potion which will speedily put an end to my existence. Promise me, then, as you love the great God, that you will grant my prayer or leave me to die in sin and misery."

"My poor woman," answered the Bishop, "you know that if I can conscientiously assist you, I certainly will. Open your heart to me at once, and remember that the mercies of God exceed in magnitude His most wonderful works. No crime, however great, but can be cancelled by repentance."

But it was not of forgiveness or repentance that the Indian woman wished to speak.

"It is to rescue the victim of my sin—my own child—from the living death I

have brought upon her that I have sent for you here," she said. "About three months ago Prince Abubeker passed through this country, and while watering his horses caught sight of my daughter. He saw her in her wondrous beauty, galloped back to my cottage, and with proffered jewels and shining gold tempted me to exchange *his* treasure for *mine*. The next evening, according to arrangement, I went with Caroline for a walk; and when we reached a lonely wood they seized her and bore her away insensible to her doom. I watched them disappear, while I held in my hands the bag of gold and glittering jewels they had given me; and the fiend in my heart mocked me, for he kept shrieking in my ears: 'Aye, clutch it tightly! It is the price of thy immortal soul!'"

During this recital the Bishop had grown pale. The mention of the name Caroline had revealed to him that it was his young neophyte who had been thus consigned to a living death. For a short time he sat deeply horrified at the dreadful picture placed before him by the iniquitous mother, who soon exhausted herself with cries and sobs. But by degrees his usual calmness and presence of mind returned. He soothed and comforted her, hushing with his gentleness her passionate emotion, and endeavoring to awaken in her heart sentiments of true contrition and hope of pardon for the deed she had done. When he left her it was with her soul lying at the feet of Jesus, and her mind consoled by the promise that he would use every effort in his power to rescue Caroline from the cruel fate which was now hers, and to which purpose his every thought was directed.

The capital of Prince Abubeker was about one hundred and fifty miles distant; and the first act of the good prelate was to write him a courteous letter, asking permission to pass through his dominions. With this object in view,

he set out for the confines of the Prince's possessions; and while there, in a small village, was fortunate enough to find among the residents an old friend.

When the answer to his letter arrived it was couched in the usual hospitable terms of the Mussulman, inviting him to pass a few days in the palace. This was more than the Bishop had hoped for. But it behooved him to be wary; and on leaving the house of his friend he requested him to have fresh and swift horses in readiness, should subsequent events necessitate speedy flight.

He was welcomed at the palace with royal magnificence. The day was passed in examining a marvellous collection of curios, consisting of exquisite carvings, and delicate embroideries so shaded and outlined as to resemble beautiful paintings. Night had fallen before the Bishop had leisure to compose his thoughts or formulate his plans.

When he was shown to his apartment, attended by the slave whom the Prince had designated as his special valet, he was seized with a sudden inspiration which he afterward gratefully regarded as a direct answer to the many prayers he had offered to God. Sounding the man on his views of religion, he found him to be an ultra-fanatic on the subject of the Mohammedan creed.

"My friend," said the Bishop, "you have spoken so much of your religion, and seem to be such a strict and faithful Mussulman, tell me what you think of *my* religion—of the Christians?"

"Dogs of Christians!" answered the slave, with more force than politeness. "None but dogs should associate with them. They worship three gods, when the holy Koran says: 'There is but one god, and Mohammed is his Prophet.' Yes, they are dogs and worse than dogs!"

"Then, if you think so poorly of a Christian, what would be your opinion of one who should take a Christian maiden for his wife or concubine?"

"He would be as vile as one himself."

"Well," said the Bishop, in an earnest and impressive manner, "I have a plan to propose by which you may free one of your countrymen from a great crime. On yonder table I see a copy of the Koran: bring it to me."

The slave obeyed.

"Now," continued the prelate, "place your hand upon this book and swear that what I am about to reveal you will breathe to no mortal."

"I swear," replied the slave, solemnly.

The oath taken, the Bishop said:

"The Mussulman to whom I allude is no other than your Prince, the great Abubeker. His favorite in the harem is a Christian woman whom he purchased. Now, while such a crime exists in the land, how can Mohammed smile upon it, I ask you?"

He then prepared to divulge his plans.

The slave seized the Koran, turned over the leaves, and pointed to the lines: "A drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer." Then, laying down the book, he said:

"I will begin my inquiries at once, and to-morrow night may have much to disclose."

The next day seemed a long one to the Bishop. So unfitted did he feel for the pleasures prepared for him that he could scarcely feign an interest in them. He welcomed the night and Omar. From him he learned that among the many eunuchs who guarded the harem he had a particular friend. This man had told him that persuasion would be needed to induce the Christian girl to attempt a flight; for she seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether she lived or died. In spite of her ingratitude, however, the Prince was said to be patient and kind toward her, hoping finally to bring her to a willing submission. Omar told the Bishop that he must disguise himself as a eunuch if he wished to have speech with this obstinate woman; and a key

had been obtained to the entrance of a small private garden where she was accustomed to walk.

Assuming the disguise, the Bishop followed the slave, and they were soon outside the gates of the palace. The Bishop bade the man remain in the vicinity, in order that he might be able to render assistance if needed. Having received further instructions, he now proceeded alone, fearing every moment to be challenged by a sentry. When he reached the place indicated, he found that the key which had been given him failed to turn in the lock. He then endeavored to force the door with all the strength of a powerful man, but in vain.

Terror seized his heart. What if he had been the dupe of Omar, the Mussulman slave? Finally he returned to the spot where he had left him, and found him waiting. The man seemed so surprised and discomfited that the Bishop had no reason to doubt his sincerity. It was learned later that the friendly eunuch had, in his excitement, taken the wrong key, and the next day another was procured. That night he set forth again on his merciful errand, and the gate opened at once.

He now found himself in the most beautiful garden he had ever beheld. Fountains and streams, grasses and flowers, with untold varieties of rare and spicy plants, combined to make a vision of loveliness unsurpassed. The harem was a building of exquisite gracefulness and beauty. Columns of crimson and green porphyry intersected with jasper, with walls and doors of ivory and mother-of-pearl, formed a wondrous and harmonious Temple of Beauty.

After wandering about for some time, the Bishop at length perceived a female form, magnificently attired, seated upon a grassy bank, and at once recognized her whom he had come to seek. Her face had become very thin, and she sat with downcast eyes. Suddenly he spoke her name:

"Caroline!"

"Who are you that call me by that name?" she exclaimed, as he stood before her in his disguise.

"Caroline!" he repeated. "It is your father, your bishop, come to rescue you and bear you hence."

For answer she fell fainting at his feet.

The Bishop was alarmed. Time was precious; for any moment might bring discovery. He ran to a fountain, filled his turban with water, and, lifting her up, bathed her temples and brow. As soon as she recovered her senses she cast herself at his feet and cried out:

"O my Father, leave this place! In the name of Him whom you taught me to love, I beseech you to go at once!"

Then she went on to depict the dangers which menaced him; adding that life for her must now be short, as she felt herself to be slowly dying; and it was useless to attempt her rescue.

But the Bishop remained firm, saying and believing that God had sent him to her as a deliverer, and that she had no right to refuse. His persuasions finally prevailed. His gentleness calmed her; his tender promises aroused hope in her suffering soul.

"My child," he said, "the degradation which has been forced upon you need not embitter your future life. You can find sanctuary in a convent of holy women, who will receive you with open arms. There, in an atmosphere of purity and holiness, you will once more find repose and peace. Come with me now—to-night,—and I will bear you to a place of safety."

Caroline told him that immediate flight would be impossible; on the morrow, however, it might be accomplished. The Bishop then revealed his plans. On the next evening the eunuch who had furnished him with his disguise would provide her with one similar. Outside the wall was a deep stream. The eunuch would assist her to climb this wall; and, leaving her own clothing

on the bank of the stream, the impression would be given that she had cast herself into it. Commending her to the protection of God and His Holy Mother, and laying his hand in blessing on her head, the Bishop left her.

He had already overstayed his allotted time at the palace, and he fancied his host had grown colder in his friendly demonstrations. But he was obliged, under the circumstances, to remain one day longer; and when he announced his approaching departure his host became very gracious. Toward evening he set forth, accompanied by the Prince's guard, who had welcomed him on his arrival. When they left him he repaired, with his few attendants, to a dense grove, where they awaited the coming of night. When at length the signal was given, and they hastened to assist the hapless girl from the top of the wall, they learned that she had fainted from terror and weakness. After some difficulty they succeeded in bearing her insensible form to the ground, where restoratives which the Bishop had thoughtfully provided were applied, and she soon returned to consciousness.

He now took leave of Omar, after thanking him for his kind offices; but the weakened condition of Caroline made rapid progress impossible. They were obliged to remain at the house of the friendly native until the following day; and it was only by slow and easy stages that they reached the once happy cottage home, from which the innocent girl had been torn by the evil passions of the Prince and the cupidity of her mother.

But Caroline had no reproach for the unnatural parent who had sold her into a slavery worse than death. The gates of heaven were too near for aught but rejoicing that the day of deliverance was coming; and she knew that the same hand which had forged her chains had also been instrumental in breaking them asunder.

And that penitent, remorseful mother—how can her anguish be described! Vainly she endeavored to bring back health and vigor to that wasted form: the end was at hand; and the Bishop, aware of what lay before them, put off his departure until the next day.

The shades of twilight were descending once more over that lovely valley when the soul of Caroline took its flight to God, refreshed and strengthened for its journey by the life-giving Sacrament, which was held to her pallid lips by the gentle hand of her father, rescuer, and faithful friend.

He ever kept her memory in his heart, fresh as a stainless dewdrop. By his own lips the story of the unfortunate girl was related. And even after the lapse of years, when his labors were transported and his anchor fixed in a land far distant from those harrowing scenes, he often repeated, and never without emotion, the sad history of Caroline, his Indian neophyte.

The Bible in the Breviary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

AMONG the patriarchs, there is no life so wonderful or so eminently figurative of Our Lord's life as that of Joseph. He was, and ever remained, the father's favorite son. There were many reasons for this. He was the son, and for a long time the only son, of Rachel; and he was, beyond all the sons of Jacob, truthful, religious and chaste. His characteristics not only prefigured the virtues of the promised Messiah, but in many ways resembled and foreshadowed the duties of Joseph, the husband of Mary and foster-father of the Divine Child. The Church in this matter has seen so striking a likeness that in the Office of St. Joseph, on March 19, she reads the history of the patriarch Joseph; and

makes use time after time of the saying of the Egyptian King to his people when in want, "Go to Joseph," as though it were equally applicable to both.

Strange indeed, and mysterious, that we should read of Sara, Rebecca and Rachel that they were "barren." "And the Lord, seeing that Jacob despised Lia, remembered her; but her sister was barren."* The history of Rachel as told in the Bible makes us believe that she was, to an extent, selfish as well as unresigned. "And Rachel, seeing herself without children, envied her sister, and said to her husband: Give me children, otherwise I shall die." From the answer and temper of Jacob we are led to believe that this was a standing complaint with her, and that Jacob was angered because of its frequency and its want of resignation. "And Jacob, being angry with her, answered: Am I as God, who hath deprived thee of children?"

Lia had six sons—Ruben and Simeon, Levi and Juda, Zabulon and Issachar; and one daughter, Dina. Through Lia therefore, and not through Rachel, was the priestly race; and through Lia, not through Rachel, was our Divine Lord descended, with the kings of the princely race of Juda. Then we read: "The Lord remembering Rachel also, she bore a son, and called his name Joseph, saying: The Lord give me also another son."†

This was in Mesopotamia; and we have no means of saying what age Joseph was when his father returned to Canaan, but it is likely that he was very young. After the death of Isaac, we read that Esau and Jacob separated. "And Joseph said to his brethren: Hear my dream which I dreamed. I thought we were binding sheaves in the field; and my sheaf arose, as it were, and stood; and your sheaves standing about bowed down before my sheaf."‡

When Joseph reached his sixteenth

* Gen., xxix, 31.

† Ibid., xxx, 22-24.

‡ Ibid., xxxvii, 6, 7.

year his trials began. At the time his father Jacob dwelt in Hebron, but had never given up the field he had bought at Salem for a hundred lambs of the children of Hemor.* The brethren of Joseph had gone from Hebron to this field with their flocks. "And Jacob said to Joseph: Thy brethren feed the sheep in Sichem; come, I will send thee to them." Joseph went, but did not find them. He learned, however, from a man in the field, that they were gone to Dothain. "And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothain."

We know that his brethren hated him unto death; and said to one another: "Come let us kill him and cast him into some old pit." They counted up four reasons that seemed to them sufficient excuse for putting him to death: first, he had told his father of a wicked thing they had done; secondly, his father loved him beyond the rest and gave him a choice coat,—this coat they now intended to smear with blood and send to his father; thirdly, his dream of the sheaves; fourthly, his dream of the sun and moon. And therefore his brethren said: "Behold the dreamer cometh!"

Now, as Ruben was the eldest, he felt his responsibility, and persuaded them to put Joseph into a deep well that was dry. Ruben then went away. While he was away some merchants passed. At the time the brothers were "sitting down to eat bread." Juda, fearing most probably that his brethren would insist on killing Joseph, suggested that he be sold.

It is worth noting what wares "the merchants carried on their camels—spices, balm, and myrrh." These they purchased in Gilead, which is opposite Sichem, on the east bank of the Jordan. We remember the saying: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" These were extracted from the aromatic shrubs that grew in great abundance on the slopes of Gilead. The merchants had passed

across the Jordan and come into the vale of Sichem; and Dothain was on the continuation of that vale in the highway by the sea into Egypt. Egypt was a great mart for these wares; moreover, all the Western nations with their ships frequented the seacoast towns and made purchases.

These men fixed "twenty pieces of silver" for Joseph: afterward "the beloved Son" of God was sold by one of His brethren for "thirty pieces of silver." "And the Madianites led Joseph into Egypt, and sold him to Putiphar, a captain of the King's soldiers." He was then sixteen years of age; he was thirty when he was made ruler of Egypt; therefore he must have been fourteen years in the interim in Egypt.

We know two things: first, that "he was of a beautiful countenance and comely to behold"; secondly, "that the Lord was with him and he was a prosperous man in all things." Even "his master knew that the Lord was with him and made all that he did to prosper in his hand."* We can not say how long he was in this house,—perhaps not more than a year, if so long; and the rest of the fourteen years was passed in prison. What comfort and blessing he must have been to the poor prisoners, telling them most likely of the true God, and persuading them to resignation! And "the chief keeper of the prison delivered into his hands all the prisoners that were kept in custody."

At thirty, for interpreting the King's dreams, and giving the wise advice of storing up during the years of plenty supplies for the famine that was to follow, he was set by Pharaoh over the King's house; "and at the commandment of thy mouth all the people shall obey. Only in the kingly throne will I be above thee." It was at the same age Our Lord came out from His concealment at Nazareth and began His public mission. "Jesus was about thirty

* Ibid., xxxiii, 19.

* Ibid., xxxix, 3.

years old, being as was supposed the son of Joseph."

At the end of the years of plenty Joseph was thirty-seven, and it was "two years since the famine began" when his brethren "came to buy food" into Egypt. It was consequently twenty-three years since they had laid their eyes on him; and now when they found the tall, slight Egyptian, with the white silken robe of office upon him, and the King's ring upon his finger, and a chain of gold about his neck, and the native language upon his tongue, and the elegant manners of the country in his bearing, it was little wonder they did not know him. "Joseph could no longer refrain himself before many that stood by: whereupon he commanded that all should go out, and no stranger be present at their knowing one another. And he lifted up his voice with weeping, which the Egyptians and all the house of Pharaoh heard. And he said to his brethren: I am Joseph. Is my father yet living? His brethren could not answer him, being struck with exceeding great fear. And he said mildly to them: Come nearer to me. And when they were come near him, he said: I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt.... Make haste, and go up to my father,... and tell him of all my glory. Make haste and bring him to me. And falling upon the neck of his brother Benjamin, he kissed him and wept;... and he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon every one of them."*

And Joseph "gave wagons according to Pharaoh's commandment, and provisions for the way. He ordered also to be brought out for every one of them two robes, but five and three hundred pieces of silver for Benjamin;... and ten asses to carry out riches from Egypt; and ten more to carry corn and bread." And they told Jacob all the wonders, but he said: "It is enough

for me if Joseph, my son, be alive; I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob was living in Hebron at the time; and, taking his journey, he came to the Well of the Oath,—that is to Bersabee. This was his first halt. He was not sure of his action, and he wanted to consult the Lord. He therefore "killed victims there to the God of his father Isaac"; and that night he heard God saying: "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will go down with thee thither."

And Jacob rose up from the Well of the Oath on the following morning, and continued his journey. And as he approached the confines of Egypt, "Joseph made ready his chariot and went to meet him." And when he saw him he fell upon his father's neck and wept. And the father said to Joseph: "Now shall I die with joy, because I have seen thy face." Joseph introduced his father and his brethren to Pharaoh. "The King asked: How many are the days of the years of thy life? And Jacob answered: The days of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years, few and evil; and they have not come up to the years of my fathers. And, blessing the King, he went out."

Jacob's life connects many lives. He was fifteen when his grandfather Abraham died. When he was forty his twin brother Esau was married. Jacob must have been seventy at least when he fled to his uncle Laban. After twenty years in Mesopotamia—that is when over ninety—he returned to Canaan. Jacob was one hundred and twenty when his father Isaac died at the age of one hundred and eighty; therefore he must have been about thirty years in Canaan. This took place only ten years previous to Jacob's going down into Egypt; so that Joseph and all Jacob's sons must have known their grandfather Isaac. "And Jacob came into Egypt with all his seed—his sons and his grandsons and his [grand] daughters [for Jacob

* Ibid., xlv, 1-15.

had no daughter, but Dina], and all that he had." "So Israel dwelt in Egypt, and possessed it, and was multiplied exceedingly; and he lived in it seventeen years, and all the years of his life came to be one hundred and forty-seven."

Before Jacob's death, Joseph brought his two sons Manasses and Ephraim to him that he might bless them. These two boys, at the time of their grandfather's death, were about fifteen or sixteen years of age,—just the very age of Jacob himself when his grandfather Abraham died.

Jacob on his deathbed called his sons about him and told each one of them what should befall him in the last days. These prophecies become exceedingly interesting when read in connection with the settlement of the Twelve Tribes, as told in the Book of Joshue. Jacob died, and was buried according to his request—in the double cave over against Mambre in the land of Canaan.

"And Joseph returned into Egypt with his brethren." He was fifty-seven years at the time of his father's death, and he lived to the age of one hundred and ten. The children of his son Ephraim, to the third generation, grew about him; and the children of Machir, who was the son of Manasses, "were born on Joseph's knees." "And he comforted his brethren, and spoke to them mildly and gently; and he fed them and their children."

In all, Joseph lived ninety-four years in Egypt; fourteen of these were in prison, eighty in riches and dignity and honor. "And he made them swear to him, saying: God will visit you; carry my bones with you out of this place. And he died, being a hundred and ten years old. And, being embalmed, he was laid in a coffin in Egypt."*

"The life the saints have led," observes St. Ambrose, "is the rule of life to others. This is why I have treated at length on

the Scriptures: that by reading we may know Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the other just souls; and knowing them, we may recognize that the path they have trodden is revealed to us, that we may imitate them. I have more than once spoken of the others: to-day I speak of Joseph, in whom, although there were many virtues, the virtue of modesty shines pre-eminently. In Abraham you have recognized ready faith, in Isaac the purity of a sincere mind, in Jacob an undisturbed soul in the endurance of great trials.

"Let our mirror of chastity, then, be in the patriarch Joseph, who is this day proposed to us. In his morals, in his acts, we have a beautiful example of modesty, ever accompanying the charming virtue of purity, which is as it were the perfection of grace. On this account, too, was he loved by his parents beyond the others. But this was the cause of envy,—a matter which is not to be overlooked; for from this proceeded all his subsequent history. And let us hereby recognize at once that the perfect man is not moved by the desire of avenging the wrong done to him; nor does he recount in his own mind the story of the wrong.

"And why should Joseph be preferred to others, if he injured those who injured him or loved only those that loved him? Many do that. But this is the singular thing—if you love your enemy, as the Lord teaches. Justly, therefore, is he to be admired who did this before the Gospel. Being injured, he spared; envied, he forgave; sold, he retaliated not, but repaid injury by generosity. Let us look well into the envy of the saints, that we may imitate their patience; and let us understand that they were not of a higher nature than we are, but that they were more watchful; not that they were without failings, but that they corrected them; and if, finally, envy excited the saints, let us take care that it may not set us wholly on fire."

* Ibid., I, 24, 25.

Miss Fanny's Escapade.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(The narrator is Miss Carroll.)

"**M**EBBE Miss Currier'd take you," answered Silas Flanders to my inquiry about a quiet boarding place. "Most everybody else has got their houses full; and as to being quiet, you might as well be in a wasp's nest as in the tavern. Now, Miss Currier generally calculates to take in a few summer folks; but as far as appearances go, she ain't got none this year. It's a nice place, only the old gentleman is sort of wearin'. He's blind as a bat and has to be read to and amused, and his stories about the war are as stale as a week-old lobster."

"Is he her father?"

"No: her uncle. He fit in the war, and they live on his pension and what she earns sewing. Then they keep a cow and some chickens, and that helps some."

The cow and chickens decided me. To Miss Currier's (pronounced *Kiar*, if you would be taken for a native Hilltopper) I trudged. The walk was a delight. The road wound steadily upward, past stately old mansions and flowery fields, until, stopping to look back, I saw the sea. When one loves the sea one would exchange all other earthly things for its murmur; and Miss Currier, I resolved, must be coaxed or hired to shelter me for a few happy weeks.

Her house, as I approached it, seemed so modest that I faltered at sharing it with even so small a household; but I did not know its capabilities. Its "front door" was on the side, and, after something of a hunt through a rose-bordered path, I found the knocker and made my presence known. Miss Currier opened the door at once,—having, as she said, seen me climbing the hill. She was so small that but for her face she looked like a child.

Her hair was nearly white, and pulled uncompromisingly backward into a hard knob at the back of her head. Her gown was of the plainest sort both in fashion and material; and, although it was June, she wore thick gloves.

"Walk in!" she said, baring one of her hands; and then I saw that it was white and shapely and in strange contrast with her surroundings.

She decided to take me, though having no thought of entertaining strangers any more. Her boarders had always been men, she said, except once when she took in a gentleman and his wife.

"He died here," she remarked, and changed the subject. "I don't know why I said 'Yes' to you," she went on. "Maybe it's because you look sort of kind, and I get tired of living without seeing a woman around. After she left I couldn't have any one in her place; but now I feel different."

"She'? I don't think I understand."

"'Twas her husband that died here," she replied.

Never did she speak of her generous boarder as anything but "she." To this day I do not know her name.

Miss Currier called me back after I had closed the gate.

"I thought I'd ask you if you had any fashion books," she said, timidly and wistfully.

"If I have none," I answered, "I know where there are some to be found, and they will be at your service."

"Thank you kindly!" she whispered, evidently not wishing her uncle to hear her, and disappeared. She had put on her glove again, which set me to wondering. Why should this plain, hard-working little maiden-lady take such care of her hands and have such a deep interest in the prevailing styles?

Having nothing to delay me, I at once took possession of my pleasant room on the hillside. Its charms and comforts were, however, a secondary matter. Underneath its window were

roses in profusion; and afar off, but brought near with a good glass, were white sails moving.

The uncle proved inoffensive, and enters so little into my story of Miss Currier that it may not be necessary to speak of him again. He smoked his pipe in the front yard—there was no porch,—and ate and slept in some mysterious place. Of him I knew no more, except that his niece was kind to him and kept him clean and cheerful.

Her interest in the fashions never flagged. She pored over the magazines I had procured for her until they came to pieces, and was always asking me, "Do you think sleeves are quite as large this summer?" or, "How do you think this lady in the picture makes her hair stay up?" Sometimes it was of etiquette that she questioned me. Was it right, as the books said, to eat asparagus with your fingers? Should you shake hands when introduced to strangers? Thus her queries ran on.

One day I had a surprise. Miss Fanny—I had begun to call her that—was ill with a headache, and asked me to look for a bunch of a certain sort of herbs which had been a headache specific in her family for two centuries and a half. She directed me to a chest in the garret, and in my hurry and uncertainty I opened the wrong one. I had a single fleeting glimpse of rich feminine garments, then shut the lid, wondering. To add to my dismay, I saw that Miss Fanny had followed me.

"I was afraid you couldn't find the herbs," she said; "and my headache is better anyway."

"Miss Fanny," I faltered, "I was so stupid that I looked in the wrong place."

"I'm glad of it," was her answer. "I've always meant to tell you something, but didn't know how to begin." She opened the chest again, bringing to view layers of laces, boxes of jewels, and gowns of the richest and finest fabrics. "She gave me these when she

put on mourning for her husband. She said I'd been good to him, and she never should wear them anyway. I've had them five years."

"I'd wear them, if I were you," I said.

"I tried it. I wore that pink silk to meeting once, and everybody laughed. Silas Flanders said it made my hands look like beets."

Then we went downstairs and she said no more.

The summer passed all too soon. I had no further excuse for lingering, so reluctantly said good-bye to Miss Fanny and the view of the dear ocean and the sweet-fern and golden-rod on the hillside. At the station my plans were changed by a pursuing telegram begging me to join a party of friends at The Aloha for a week, which I was only too glad to do.

At the end of that time, as we were taking our last meal, I heard a familiar voice. It was and yet it was not the voice of Miss Fanny. I turned my head and there she was!—no longer the shrinking hostess of my summer days, but a lady in trailing silks and point lace. Her grey hair was rolled back from her face and met in a soft coil on the top of her head; and her hands—those pretty hands I remembered so well—were loaded with jewelled rings.

It was but the work of a moment to reach her side.

"O dear Miss Fanny!" I exclaimed. "I am so glad—"

But she stopped me quickly with a rebuking stare.

"You have the advantage of me," she remarked, slipping with her rustling skirts into a chair and examining the *menu* through gold-mounted eyeglasses.

Not knowing what else to do, I looked at the hotel register. There I read, in the handwriting affected by the ultra-smart, "Miss Fosdick, Boston."

"Well, Miss Fosdick," I said to myself as I went away, "have your own caprices. I don't think I need you any more than you need me."

Late in September there came a letter from my whimsical friend, written in cramped little characters, rather hard to decipher. Thus it ran:

"I don't expect you to forgive me, Miss Carroll; but I couldn't help it. I never had had a good time in my life. I wanted to know how it seemed to be a summer boarder. I had waited on them long enough. And I think I got nervous trying to amuse uncle. You don't know how hard it is to keep a blind person from getting unhappy. After you left I practised doing up my hair like the ladies' in the picture papers, and made the sleeves of the dresses smaller. My mother's name was Anna Fosdick and she was from Boston, so I didn't feel quite as wicked as I might. I pretended I didn't know you because I wanted to be somebody else for a whole week. Now I'm back, and uncle has his pension increased, so we won't be quite so scrimped for money. And I almost forgot to say that it wasn't a good time, after all."

This was all, but it was easy to add what she had failed to write—that she had had her exploit in view for years, and had, in spite of hard work, managed to keep her hands fair enough to match her toilets; that those toilets were out of fashion and her manners behind the times; and that she had felt like an impostor, and was glad to end her stolen holiday and get back to the blind uncle and the chickens.

When I saw her the next summer her hair was done up in the little stiff knob again, and the fine garments were locked up in their chest. Increasingly often, as time goes on, she forsakes her "meeting" and goes with me to St. Mary's Church, where her poor starved soul finds the beauty and the peace for which it has always hungered.

THE best cure for spiritual morbidity is a little unselfish benevolence.

—Humphrey J. Desmond.

A Great Fact about the Bible.

THOSE who are familiar with the writings of the Fathers and of famous exegetes know how hard it is for modern scholars to say anything new regarding Biblical studies; but novelty in the presentation of old facts is always possible to a man of power. We have been greatly interested in the series of elementary Scriptural studies which Monsig. John Vaughan has been contributing to the London *Catholic Times*. Here, for instance, are some reflections on the fact that nowhere in the world is there extant an original manuscript of the Bible:

Though the Old Testament writings were written three thousand years and more ago, we have no existing manuscript of the Hebrew Old Testament earlier than the ninth or tenth century after Christ. "Over a thousand years separate our earliest Hebrew manuscripts from the date at which the latest of the books contained in them was originally written," says F. G. Kenyon. Probably the oldest manuscript now in existence of any part of the Hebrew Bible is one that was recently acquired by the British Museum, containing the Pentateuch written in book-form; and even that is imperfect at the end. It is not dated (a fact of itself indicative of its antiquity), but is said by experts to be not later than the ninth century after Christ.

From this it follows that even those who can read Hebrew fluently can not travel back to the fountainhead nor drink at the very source of inspiration. That is to say, they can not consult the original, but must needs be satisfied to study and examine such copies as have come down to us and are still accessible. And even the earliest copies that we have are generally not first-hand copies—i. e., not copies made *directly* from the original. They are in most cases only copies of other and earlier copies.

Consider, then, to what fresh difficulties this would expose us—and not merely to difficulties, but to spiritual dangers,—had we not the living and infallible voice of the Church to safeguard us, and to declare what is and what is not of faith. With the Church to guide us, we may contemplate all these sources of error with the utmost composure. Without her infallible assistance we should be in as bad a plight as the Protestant churches. For, observe, though the original writers were preserved from all error by

the direct assistance of the Holy Ghost, this divine assistance does not extend to the individual monks or friars, or other scribes, however holy, who sat down, pen in hand, to reproduce the original text. There were thousands and thousands of copyists busily employed in the monasteries and scriptoriums throughout the world. Through want of observation or through carelessness or weariness, or on account of difficult or partially effaced writing, how easy it was to mistake a letter or to omit a word or a particle! Yet such an omission is capable of altogether changing the sense of an entire passage.

The contemptuous attitude of the average non-Catholic for Tradition as compared with the Written Word could hardly get a severer jolt than it does in these vigorous sentences. The best that can be said for the Bible, on whose uninterpreted pages the Protestant solely bases his faith, is that it is a translation of a translation of a traditional copy. Small wonder that even doctors—not to mention deacons—disagree about its meaning.

A Royal Deed.

When George III. was King of England he was very fond of sojourning at Weymouth and exploring the country in the vicinity. In one of his rambles he passed a field where a woman was at work. Stopping for a moment, he carelessly inquired the whereabouts of her companions.

"They have gone to see the King," she answered.

"And why did you not go too?" he asked.

"Because I wouldn't give two pins to see him. And I have no time. They are fools to lose their day's work. I have five children to look after and can't bother about kings."

"Well, then, my good woman," said the royal George, "you may tell your companions when they come back that the King came to see you; and here is some money for your children. You are a worthy mother."

Notes and Remarks.

A recent issue of the *Literary Digest* notes that the old Protestant principle, that the Bible is the last court of appeal in all matters of faith and life, has been superseded by a new one thus worded: "We proceed from this standpoint that our evangelical faith has its last foundations in the historic Jesus Christ." It is to be remarked that this new principle is not less fallacious than was the old. As historic Protestantism never recognized any authoritative interpreter of Holy Writ, but, on the contrary, taught explicitly the individual right of private interpretation, it was clearly inane to talk about the Bible as a court of appeal. The Bible certainly could not interpret itself. Any court of appeal must be made up of living judges duly authorized to determine the points submitted to them; and no such judges found a place in the old Protestant scheme.

The "historic Christ" principle is, if anything, still more destructive of all genuine Christianity; for by the phrase "historic Christ" is meant, not the "Word made flesh," not the Second Person of the Most Adorable Trinity, not the Man-God or God-Man—not an individual really and truly God as well as man,—but merely a very remarkable personage of profane history, a mere man in being and nature but one filled with the spirit of God. According to the exponents of this new principle, "Jesus is aroused from an everyday existence by John the Baptist. In being baptized in the Jordan, he experiences a new creative act of God which arouses in him a new and elevated self-consciousness," etc. That is, the "historic Christ" was purely and simply such a founder of religion or such a reformer as Zoroaster, Buddha, or Confucius; superior to any of these, of course; but, like them, a mere mortal. It is easy enough to foresee the outcome of

this sort of doctrine. The Bible has already gone by the Protestant board; the Divine One is to follow, and the religion of the future is to be altruistic devotion to humanity in general.

It is pertinent to add on this subject that due appreciation, on the part of the Protestant world, of the traditional Mary would surely have preserved the sects from the religious shipwreck involved in their acceptance of the modern "historic Christ."

An incident full of encouragement for those whose inestimable privilege it is to sow good seed in the hearts of children, and that should be a rebuke to many who are unwilling to subordinate worldly interests to religion, is related by the Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, a Protestant clergyman who served as chaplain to the 10th Connecticut Volunteers during our Civil War:

In St. Augustine there was a little Negro girl, about eight or ten years old, who had been brought out of slavery and was in the care of Northerners, where she was affectionately treated and ministered to. But she had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and was now being trained as a Protestant. One day when the "Freedmen" about her were rejoicing over the thought of emancipation, some one asked this child, without a doubt as to what the answer would be: "Rebecca, would you like to go back into slavery again?"—"If I could have my own religion again, I would," was the unexpected reply.

Mr. Trumbull has just concluded in the *National Tribune* a series of interesting articles entitled "War Memories of a Chaplain"; he pays generous tribute to the services rendered by Catholic priests during our Civil War.

One of the by-products of Godless schools in France is assuming such proportions as peremptorily to arrest the attention of even the most fanatical anti-clericals. Suicides among children are not quite unknown even in this country; but the evil with us has not as yet become so common or so flagrant

as in the Gallic republic, whose most prominent statesmen are prosecuting with feverish haste the total suppression of religious instruction in their unfortunate country. A French socialist journal not long ago recorded the suicide of a child just nine years old, and the event was narrated with considerably less emotion than was displayed in reporting in another column the accidental death of an animal. A few days ago two little girls in the department of Lille jumped into the river; one was drowned, the other all but drowned.

Now, it can hardly escape the attention of the sworn enemies of the Congregational schools in France that the pupils of the Brothers and the Sisters whom the apostate Combes is hounding out of the country have never furnished such sensational news items to the French press; and the moral would seem to be that more, not less, of the catechism is the great desideratum for the young folk of poor France. The number of French children—as statistics during the last decade or two abundantly prove—is small enough in all conscience; the country can not really afford to foster a system of instruction which furnishes no efficient preventive of youthful suicide.

The joyous celebration by Catholics the wide world over of the two extraordinary anniversaries which Leo XIII. has been spared to see, was in the nature of things. It was meet and just that the faithful should rejoice and take occasion to demonstrate their faith, homage and affection. They share the conviction expressed by Bishop Hedley in his pastoral letter for Lent—that the long reign of Leo XIII. has, without doubt, been intended by the Providence of God to be the means of bringing about certain dispositions and ordinances of that Divine Providence, which we can partially recognize even now, but which the world will understand better in another generation. The fruit

already borne by that great Encyclical (*Satis cognitum*) on the Unity of the Church, given to the world on the 29th of June, 1896, is manifest to everyone, and rejoices the heart of all who pray for reunion among the followers of the Christian name. Like a rift in clouds behind which the sun is shining seem the efforts which so many earnest leaders among non-Catholics are now making to promote union with the Holy See. To our mind the tributes paid to Leo XIII. as the Vicar of Christ by outsiders constitute a most gratifying feature of the recent celebrations. We were not prepared to find words like these in the pages of an American non-Catholic paper:

The other day, amid the tumultuous enthusiasm of a hundred thousand people, Leo XIII. entered St. Peter's to celebrate Mass in honor of his being Pope twenty-five years. Say what you will, this aged Pontiff is the most notable figure in all the world to-day.

It was a Galilean Fisherman who placed his throne above the Cæsar in the Queen City of the World; and, though Cæsar crucified the Fisherman, the throne of Augustus has crumbled, but the Chair of Peter still sways the most world-wide kingdom our poor earth has ever known.

The charity — save the mark! — of modern Christians takes curious forms. Balls in Advent and Lent for the benefit of orphans, and minstrel shows to replenish the funds of altar societies, are not unknown; but we were astounded to see recently in a Philadelphia paper the announcement of a concert by society women "for the benefit of crippled children and diseased horses." *O tempora, O mores!*

The lugubrious collapse of the "Revolt from Rome" in England, which the respectable *Fortnightly* was tricked into exploiting, and through which anti-Catholics hoped the Church would meet disaster, has had a depressing effect on the ex-priest industry. A correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, who

describes himself as "an old-fashioned Protestant," says that observation and experience have led him to question whether the sympathy of Protestants with "ex-Roman" priests is not sadly misplaced. "These gentlemen," he says, "can generally be classed under one of two headings: (1) persons who afterward become a credit to no one; and (2) persons who return sooner or later to the Roman obedience."

It happens that the old lesson has been rather painfully "rubbed in" for English Protestants by the developments in the case of Count Campello, an Italian nobleman, a priest, and formerly a canon of St. Peter's, who years ago apostatized and "toured" England delivering lectures against the Church. He has recently returned to the Fold and has done exemplary penance, taking special care to publish his conversion to the world and to beg pardon, through the English newspapers, of all whom he had scandalized. His apostasy unquestionably harmed some souls, his splendid reparation as unquestionably helped others. The old-fashioned Protestant referred to above writes: "I may mention that the recent return of the well-known Count Campello within the pale of the Roman Church has been the direct cause of a relative of my own seeking instruction in the tenets of the Catholic religion."

The memory of Mgr. Mermillod bids fair to be held in perpetual benediction in Switzerland. In a recent lecture in Geneva the Abbé Jeantet made two welcome announcements concerning the illustrious prelate whom Swiss Catholics still mourn so sincerely. The rector of the Lille University is soon to publish the life of Mgr. Mermillod; and the Geneva Catholics have not given up the hope of one day transporting the remains of their beloved prelate from Rome to Switzerland. This latter project appears all the more practicable from the fact

that such disposition of his remains is in accordance with Mgr. Mermillod's own wish. In honoring the memory of him who was perhaps the greatest glory of Catholic Switzerland in the nineteenth century, the faithful of Geneva are displaying the depth and fervor of their own religious feelings, and will win the commendation of Christendom.

The current number of the *Lamp* contains a striking article by an Anglican missionary in Japan, in the course of which he says:

We, who would be Catholics if we could, and whose one desire is to plant in these isles the One Church that Christ founded, find ourselves against our wills doing that which we would not do. We are reproducing in Japan the sects and divisions which disfigure the Christianity of England and America; we are baptizing our converts nominally into the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, but actually into the religious bodies which have given us authority to come here. A moment's unbiased thought ought to convince any fair-minded person that this is not the mode of evangelization which Christ and His Apostles contemplated.

After briefly stating the remedies proposed for this anomalous condition, the writer declares:

I have therefore learned to turn to the See of Peter, the consistent witness to the Unity of Christ's Church, as the solvent factor in the missionary problem; and to pray that He alone who can turn the hearts of the children to their fathers may turn the hearts of us Anglicans to the allegiance from which in an evil hour for the whole Church we revolted.

As "an outward and visible sign" of the desires of his heart for Christian unity, this Church of England missionary has taken to the periodical payment of Peter's Pence! And in a deeply interesting book entitled "The Arai Brothers: A Story of Modern Japan," for a copy of which we are indebted to the editor of the *Lamp*, this practice is recommended to all who are "interested in the question of Reunion with the Holy See."

What can it be, our readers will ask, that keeps this good man from joining the "One Church," as he repeatedly calls

it,—the "One Church founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ"? A natural hesitancy in adopting Catholic devotions to which all his life he has been unaccustomed, and the notion that he must accept as dogmas of the Church such pious beliefs as that of the translation of the Holy House of Loreto!

Oh, for some book the object of which should be to show that the creed of the Church is in reality a short one; that many traditions current among Catholics in no way touch the essence of the Faith; and to explain in clearest terms the few essential devotions to which Christians are bound—those acts of piety which are intimately connected with the fundamental truths of faith and with its deepest mysteries! To the confusing of myriad minds, the Church is identified with customs and institutions that she may some day discountenance, and with causes that are in reality altogether indifferent to her.

A reader in Spain points out and asks us to correct certain misstatements in an article on "Some Spanish Customs" published in THE AVE MARIA last year. It is never too late to be set right, and we gladly give space to our correspondent. He writes as follows:

"Hardly any one fasts or abstains in Spain,—I am speaking of the faithful laity." That's not true; on the contrary, the faithful laity fasts and abstains on appointed days, the *unfaithful* laity doesn't.

It was not *in order to get money* that one of the Popes allowed all those who subscribed so much a year to the crusade against the Moor to eat meat on days of abstinence, but on account of the difficulty in which the Spanish army found itself of finding all but meat to eat those days.

The custom, it is true, has never been abandoned, and the reason of this privilege granted only to the Spaniards is because the spirit of the Church is that one must have mortification either in one's *body* or in one's *pocket*; and if one will not submit to the common rule of fasting and abstinence, he may *take* (don't say "*buy*") a Bull, which dispenses him, not "from abstinence and fasting throughout the year, Good Friday being excepted," but from abstaining on every Friday

of the year and during Lent,—Ash-Wednesday, the seven Fridays of Lent, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Holy Week, and some other days being excepted.

The writer says: "He who takes the Bull has to pay 65 céntimos." That's also a mistake. The faithful laity has to take two Bulls: the one called Bull of Meat and the other Bull of Indulgences. With the first, people may eat meat on the days mentioned above, and it costs 50 céntimos; with the other they gain the indulgences mentioned in it, and it costs 75 céntimos. This, however, dispenses only from abstinence on the above-mentioned days. As to fasting, everybody who is above 21 years old ought to fast, even if he has got the Bull. Weak, old, sick and overworked people are excepted.

You see, the Bull is quite a different thing of what was stated; and I hope you will have the kindness to publish this letter or the most important of it, in order to rectify what hundreds of subscribers, who are not Catholic Spaniards, will doubtless have read and believed. I beg to enclose a copy of each Bull.

It will be seen that Spanish Catholics must have a formal dispensation from even the strict Lenten fast: they do not presume to dispense themselves. The tax for the "Bulls" is the merest trifle (10 and 15 cents), and the aggregation of alms goes to support works of charity or religion. The "Bulls" are somewhat formidable, and a *gringo* is apt to misunderstand them.

A perusal of extracts from the German anti-clerical press relative to the Center, or Catholic, Party in that country impels us to remark that we love the Center for the enemies it has made. Says one paper: "Reactionary clericalism actually rules throughout Germany to a serious extent." In other words, the sane conservatism of the Center opposes an effective barrier to the ultra-radical projects of Socialism. "We are free to confess," we read again, "that not one of our political parties seems to us so dangerous as the representatives of political Catholicism, the Center Party." Dangerous perhaps to the insidious enemies of law and order, but thoroughly favorable to the best interests of the Fatherland.

Notable New Books.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church.
By the Rev. D. G. Hubert. R. & T. Washbourne.

The task of the book-reviewer in this case is an easy one. Father Hubert publishes the Gospel of each Sunday and feast-day as a text, with the homily of some Father of the Church elucidates; and as the Gospels and the writings of the Fathers do not come within the province of the critic, the reviewer has only to approve and pass on. As Father Hubert himself says: "Two words will explain why this book ought to be dear to all good Christians: it contains the essential parts of the Gospels and the most important parts of the works of the Fathers." The Breviary has assisted the compiler largely; for the homilies are those to be found in the Divine Office. The translation, however, is new and it is readable from beginning to end.

Priests will find this work useful not only because of the graceful and fluent translation, but because in each case Father Hubert gives much more of the homily than is to be found in the Breviary. Religious and the laity will find it the best kind of spiritual reading. Those who are prevented from hearing sermons will especially desire it; for what preacher could be so acceptable as St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Leo, and the Venerable Bede?

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels.
By Matthew Power, S. J. B. Herder.

The importance of this scholarly monograph may be gauged by the fact that it is the first extensive and reliable calendar for every day in the public life of Our Lord. Apart from the interest attaching to the fact, for instance, that the exact date of Our Lord's death was April 27 in the year 31, there are important Biblical and controversial questions which Father Power's labors seem to have gone far toward settling. According to the Synoptic Gospels, to quote one illustration, the crucifixion occurred on the 15th of Nisan, but St. John places it on the 14th. Father Power shows that the two dates are identical,—the first being based on the strict lunar-legal reckoning, and the last on the popular reckoning.

Now, this very point—the "contradiction" in the Gospel narratives—is one on which the "Higher Critics" have broken their teeth more viciously than usual; and, besides, the whole liturgical dispute between the East and the West regarding the use of leavened or unleavened bread in the Mass would seem to be involved in it. If Father Power's contention is correct, there can be no doubt that Our Lord used unleavened bread at

the Last Supper, and the Greek tradition falls to the earth. Important as it is, the present work is only an introduction to a more extended one on the "Chief Dates in the Life of Christ," which is soon to be published.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. By the Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A. James Duffy & Co.; Benziger Brothers.

The author of this volume possessed excellent qualifications for the work he set himself—sympathy with his subject, access to the evidence bearing on it, scientific method, an engaging style, and the opportunity to converse with survivors who had lived through the terrible period of the great Irish Famine. The subject, too, though ghastly, was one to inspire a much duller pen than his. Of all the sombre records in the checkered history of Ireland, there is none more steeped in pathos than the story of the two years when the potatoes rotted in the ground, when thousands died of hunger every day; and the gaunt survivors, their bodies wasted to a shadow and their bones protruding through the skin, lived a life that was less merciful than death.

Scattered all through these pages are pictures as black and gruesome as any ever imagined by Dante, but illuminated by a fortitude so marvellous and a faith so vital that during the whole period of the Irish Famine, we believe, there was not a single case of self-destruction. Our one fault—and it is a serious one—with Father O'Rourke's book is that he has not brought this aspect of his subject into strong relief. He seems afraid to write with enthusiasm; and though we admire the scientific character of his work, we wish he had also put a little warmth and color into it.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. By Henry Kitchell Webster. The Macmillan Co.

The old-time theory that there exists an irreconcilable antagonism between business and romance has of recent years been pretty thoroughly exploded. The hard-headed, ultra-practical, not to say sordid, money-maker of other days did not perhaps readily lend himself to the purposes of the novelist—even Dickens' Mr. Gradgrind was only partially successful; but the evolution of commerce has effected a radical change in this respect, and the life-story of a modern "captain of industry" is oftentimes as full of absorbing interest as is the most adventurous career of the traditional military hero, or the engrossing narrative of Paul Jones.

Mr. Webster's "Roger Drake" is a good specimen of the novels that deal with the contemporary struggle for commercial supremacy; and the average lover of fiction is safe to characterize it by some such phrase as "a rattling good story." Even the most fastidious critics will scarcely deny

that in real literary merit, as well as in captivating interest, it is distinctly superior to the typical historical romance of recent years. The realism of the book approaches that perfection of art which consists in concealing itself.

New England and its Neighbors. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. The Macmillan Co.

By sending this beautiful volume into the world, Clifton Johnson has placed it under renewed obligations. It is one of a series named collectively "American Highways and Byways," and faithfully sustains the reputation won by its predecessors; being a study of the rural aspects of the sections described, with no obvious attempt to display historical information. The country-folk talk for themselves; and the reader will admit that there is no better way to become acquainted with the peculiarities of any region than to listen to the picturesque conversation between those who, being part of it, know it most thoroughly. The photographic reproductions worthily supplement the word-pictures, and confirm the opinion that it is in the byways and not the highways of New England that Mr. Johnson, happily for the reading public, loves to wander.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Ward. By the Sisters of Mercy. Marlier & Co.

This interesting life of the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States is a most inspiring record of nobility of soul. From her childhood this chosen leader in the service of Christ showed marks of unusual gifts; and the generosity and devotedness, especially noticeable in the early days of her religious life, were the characteristics of her laboring years in the work of establishing the community in this country from Pittsburg to Dover, N. H. Her zeal, which made little of difficulties, was an enlightened zeal; and her beautiful charity created an atmosphere about her that irresistibly won souls to God. The work of the Sisters of Mercy in this country is too well known to need comment; and the Order is to be congratulated on this edifying and affectionate tribute to their saintly foundress and first Mother.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. Translated from the French of Paul Fremeaux by Edith S. Stokie. John Lane.

This latest addition to Napoleonic literature is in one sense an arraignment of the various writers who have, each according to his own point of view, told of Napoleon at St. Helena. Dr. John Stokie was one of the naval surgeons on the island from June, 1817, to September, 1819; hence his memoirs throw not a little light on the condition of the great prisoner and the manner of his treatment at the hands of those in authority over

him. The notes on St. Helena are interesting and seem to be the conclusions of personal observation; while the history of the relations between authorities and subordinates confirms one in the opinions formed on reading La Cases, Montholon, and O'Meara. The sympathies of Dr. Stokie are avowedly on the side of the illustrious prisoner, whose confidence he enjoyed,—a fact which did not add to the English surgeon's popularity with his official associates.

A Wanderer's Legend. By Maxwell Sommerville. Drexel Biddle.

The wanderer whose experiences make up this interesting little volume is the man to whom, as the legend tells, Our Lord spoke the words: "Thou shalt walk as long as the earth remains—until the day of judgment." This history of the travels of the Wandering Jew purports to have been found in India, traced in a sixteenth-century document, in French and Latin, with Coptic notes; and there is a fascination about the man that longed to know the rest that death brings. Abasuerus, the wanderer, tells of his travels through all the lands known up to the time of his story; and there is a sense of reality that compels the reader's attention. But Mahomet is preferred to Christ.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. Kegan Paul.

In his admirable preface to these spiritual manifestations, the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., explains that this holy religious of the fourteenth century had learned the secrets of divine love. Nurtured in the rich soil of medieval Christianity, she found through the teachings of the Holy Spirit that love is the key to the only realities. To many her spiritual experiences must ever remain a sealed book; to others there may come an obscure, half-understanding of the saintly Juliana's heaven-taught wisdom; and to only a few—a very few—will be given a just comprehension, not of her revelations but of the heavenly gifts vouchsafed her. It remains to be said that the book is very attractively published.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. Edited by the Rev. John J. Nash, D. D. Benziger Brothers.

To acquaint Catholic youth with the narrative and personages of the Bible, and to apply lessons deducible therefrom to daily life, is the object of this work, which is described as a translation and adaptation of Siegel's German handbook. It is impossible for any one to say confidently that such a book as this would yield good results in the classroom until it has been tried. A better method than the catechetical one employed here, it seems to us, would be to print the Bible text with the expurgation necessary for children; and to supply the comment, exhortation and explana-

tion in brief footnotes,—these latter to serve merely as hints to the teacher. However, Father Nash's book may serve the purpose excellently in some schools, and we advise teachers to examine it for themselves.

Instructions on Preaching. Translated by the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M. Art & Book Co.; Benziger Brothers.

Into this valuable volume Father Boyle has gathered instructions on preaching, catechising, and the virtues of the clerical life, by several saints and Fathers of the Church. First comes a treatise on preaching by St. Francis Borgia, then a letter on the same subject by St. Francis de Sales; an outline of the method of preaching practised by St. Vincent de Paul; a letter of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars to the hierarchy of Italy on the same subject; St. Augustine's great treatise "De Catechizandis Rudibus"; and finally a letter on the virtues of the clerical state from the pen of St. Jerome.

Surely a royal feast for the clergy and clerical students, better than any text-book of sacred rhetoric for practical guidance, and full of the unction and inspiration that belong to the words of great saints. It is almost startling to realize how modern are the injunctions herein laid down, how little they need adaptation, how happily the *Donts* hit off the vicious tendencies of present-day preaching. We must not omit to mention the very pertinent conciliar decrees which preface the work, and the incomplete but useful bibliography which forms the appendix.

The Whole Difference. By Lady Amabel Kerr-Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

This story of the Venns of Brookethorpe teaches the dangers to religious faith and happiness in mixed marriages; and the lessons are fully illustrated by the experiences of Mr. Augustine Venn; Neville, his son; and Edith, his eldest daughter. The home atmosphere is destroyed by the difference in faith between husband and wife; and while the story is not all that might be desired in point of construction and character-portrayal, it can not but emphasize an evil which is all too prevalent.

Hail, Full of Grace! By Mother Mary Loyola. R. & T. Washbourne. B. Herder.

To Children of Mary and to all who find comfort in Our Lady's chaplet, these simple thoughts on the Rosary will be most welcome. The various mysteries are arranged in meditation form, and each division is supplemented by Scriptural texts bearing on the subject. Father Thurston's preface to the book is suggestive and eminently practical,—qualities to be noted also in the meditations.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Royal Martyr.



AT one time when the country we now call England was divided into seven kingdoms, the good and gentle King Edmund governed the portion named East Anglia; and although he was a wise King he was loved more for his goodness than for his wisdom, and no one was to be found who had for him a word that was not of praise. One day a man was brought to his presence.

"Who is this stranger?" he asked.

"A prisoner from beyond the sea," answered those who had brought him.

"Tell your story," said the King to the man, who stared about him boldly, being much amazed at the splendor of the court; for he came from a rough land where there were rude ways of living.

He seemed willing enough to talk and forthwith told his tale.

"I am a Dane," he answered, "and am called Ragnar Lodbrog. I am a hunter, too; and one day, going out after sea birds, a great wind sprang up and took my boat out from shore. For wellnigh a week I was tossed about at the mercy of the waves and storm, but was at last cast upon the shore of this realm and taken prisoner by your men."

The King thought well of his fearless captive.

"Though a prisoner," he said, "you shall suffer no harm. Huntsmen like you are needed among us. Stay here in peace. I like you well."

So the stranger stayed in England, following the chase with the King's huntsmen, and was as happy as one can be with his best beloved far away. At last the friendship which the King plainly showed for him wrought harm;

for it roused the jealousy of a wicked man whose trade was killing wild beasts. One day when he and the stranger Dane were together hunting, he killed the interloper and hid his body in the wood.

"Where have you left Lodbrog?" asked the King when the murderer returned alone.

"He ran from me," was the response. "You know, sire, he has long been pining for his children."

Perhaps the true story would never have come to light if it had not been for the Dane's dog, a noble greyhound that had been the gift of the King. He had been with his master when he was murdered, and stayed by his dead body, defending it from wild beasts, until hunger drove him back to the palace. After he was fed he went away, and the King told some of his servants to follow him. This they did, and so came to the body of his master, and knew that he had been foully dealt with.

The King sorrowed much, not only because his friend was dead but for the reason that the honor of his country was tarnished. A guest and prisoner had been murdered in captivity, and he set on foot such searching inquiries that the wicked huntsman, knowing he could not be sure of keeping his secret longer, confessed it.

"This shall be your punishment," said King Edmund. "You shall be put alone into the very boat that brought your victim to these shores; and you shall be cast adrift in the ocean, to live or die as God may will."

This was done as the King ordered; and it was the will of God that the murderer should be driven by the winds to the very coast from which the Dane had come, and where his two sons lived.

"Where is our father?" they asked when they saw his boat return again.

"He drifted to the land of the East Angles, and their King, Edmund by name, foully slew him."

"We will go and ravage this bad King's country," said the sons, who wept bitterly.

So in many ships and with a great army of men—for they were of royal blood and could command money and soldiers when they would,—they set sail for England, and laid it waste, sparing neither holy man nor innocent child. When they came to East Anglia they sent a herald to the King, saying:

"My master demands half your realm, or he will destroy it all."

King Edmund for a moment was filled with dread and spoke to his counsellor, Bishop Humbert.

"My well-beloved King," answered the Bishop, "I beg you to fly, else will they kill you, and your people will be orphans."

"Dear friend," said the young King, "how could I face my God if I should run away from these barbarians?"

Then he gave the messenger of the Danes his answer:

"Tell your master that a Christian would die sooner than to be made the vassal of a heathen. I will not yield."

Soon afterward the two armies met in a battle in which the Danes were victorious; and King Edmund, being pursued, took refuge (good Bishop Humbert with him) in a church. The Danes, however, having no regard for that holy place, dragged him forth and slew him, and lastly cut off his head, as they could do no more.

When the Christians looked for the body of their dear young King they found his head, and a wolf was guarding it. Then, with the greatest reverence, they placed it in a grave, and over it was built a beautiful church and monastery, called from that day to this "Bury St. Edmunds."

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—AT SMUGGLERS' ROOST.

"O Joe"—Tessie was the first to find voice,—"it's the poor man who found us on Barker's Hills!"

"And he is killed or hurt dreadfully," said Joe, his own little pale face drawn into sympathetic lines of pain.

"Hold Chappie while I jump out and see," said Tessie; and she sprang out and bent over the prostrate figure.

The sight that met her eyes might well have repelled her pure, innocent gaze. Ragged, unkempt, unshorn, his coarse, weather-beaten face almost hidden by neglected hair and beard,—this "friend" who had come to her aid in sore need was a pitiable picture of man at his lowest state,—lost to hope and faith and love; helpless, degraded, abandoned.

"Poor, poor man!" murmured Tessie softly, as the bleared, bloodshot eyes unclosed and were lifted in dull wonder to her face. "Are you very badly hurt?"

"Hurt!" he echoed, raising himself with an effort and passing a knotty hand over his brow. "Hurt! Looks—looks like it. I must have had a tumble from that old sand-bank—and—and hit me head—" And, sitting up, he stared from Joe to Tessie in bewilderment. Then suddenly the dull face lit with recognition. "Darned, if it ain't them Neville kids again! So you've run me down, eh?" he said, fiercely.

"Oh, no!" hastily disclaimed Tessie. "Chappie didn't touch you. We found you lying just here, and we knew you, and stopped to help you. You helped us when we were lost on Barker's Hills. We have never forgotten it,—have we, Joe?"

"Never!" answered Joe, solemnly. "We might have been dead if you had not found us and brought us home.

Father hasn't forgotten it either," added Joe. "He was asking me the other day if I had ever seen you since that night you were so good to us—"

"Ah! he asked you that, did he?" The bloodshot eyes gleamed suspiciously for a moment at the little speaker, and the stranger tried to drag himself up to his feet, only to stagger back painfully against the cliff.

"Don't—don't try to walk," said Tessie pitifully. "Oh, you're hurt too much! Isn't he, Joe?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" replied Joe. "You can't walk after such a fall as you've had. And I'm—I'm not strong enough to do anything. If you'll just wait, Tessie and I will hurry back to Wycherly and send some one to help you. And if you haven't—haven't any place to go," continued little Joe, delicately, "there's a real nice room in our lodge that father would be glad to give you, I know—"

"Faith I am sure of it," replied the man, with a hard laugh. "It's the wonderful kind treatment he'd give me, I well know. But I'll not trouble him. I want nothing. I've got me own bit of a place and I'll go there. Sure I'm all right now. It was but—but a dizzy turn that came over me. I'm all right. Here comes some one now that will help me home. Jim!" he called in a loud voice; and the children recognized a familiar figure scrambling down the cliff. It was Jim Duncan, with a big game bag slung around his neck,—perhaps on a hunt for another "potpie."

"O Jim, come here quick!" piped little Joe. "Here's the poor man that found us on Barker's Hills. He has fallen down and hurt himself, Jim. Come help him, please!"

"Gee-whil-a-kins!" gasped Jim, as he reached the spot and stared from one member of the group to the other with amazement in his eyes. "Done for at last!"

"Oh, no!" said Tessie, cheerfully: "he isn't done for, Jim. He isn't very badly

hurt, he says: only a little weak and dizzy. Joe wanted to send some one from Wycherly to help him, but he can't wait: he wants to go right home."

"Home!" echoed Jim, his starting eyes fixed on the shaking, helpless figure leaning against the cliff. "That's what he wants, is it—to go home?"

"You take him, won't you? I've got to get back to Wycherly, for I am not—not very well myself. You are big and strong and can hold him up. Here's a dollar to pay you for your trouble. And if he is very bad, get a doctor for him. I'll pay the bill. I've got ten dollars in my savings bank at home; and father would help me, sure. Just tell me your name and where you live," continued little Joe, as if struck by a natural after-thought, "so that we can send round to-morrow and see how you are. My father will do anything in his power for you, I know."

The shaking, bewildered wretch had stared at little Joe during this speech with dazed, uncomprehending eyes; then, as the meaning of it flashed upon him, he burst into a laugh,—a wild, hysterical laugh, blent with sobs.

"You dunderhead!" said Jim, turning upon him in deep disgust.—"Don't mind him, Mr. Joe. He hasn't got half sense. And he's been drinking himself stupid, the idiot! Don't bother about him; he isn't worth it. I'll take him where he belongs. I reckon it's with that riffraff at Oyster Point. I'll take care of him, never fear."

"And don't forget about the doctor, Jim. If he wants medicine or plasters or anything, get it for him at the store. I'll pay. I can't do anything more myself this evening, for I don't feel well. Come, Tessie! My side hurts so, I must hurry home and lie down."

And Tessie jumped back into the little sleigh. Chappie tossed his bells and tassels, and in a moment the two little Samaritans had swept around the curve of the sand-cliffs and were out of sight.

Then did Jim turn savagely upon his companion.

"You're a nice one, aren't you?" he growled. "Oh, you're a fine sort of an uncle, to flop down on a respectable family and expect them to take care of you! Back with you to your hiding-hole,—back quick, before some one else puts eyes on your ugly mug!"

And, roughly grasping his "uncle's" arm, Jim half led, half dragged him up to a ledge some two feet above the road. Here, hidden in one of the deep clefts of the cliff, was a narrow fissure that seemed but another indentation of the hardened sand. Jim paused for a moment, loosened a heap of snow that went thundering down to the road, obliterating all footprints, and then both he and his companion vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

Little Joe's "friend" was at "home" again. A queer home indeed, it was,—a wide, round, low cavern, hollowed out in the sand, doubtless by previous occupants; for the sides were smoothed and the roof arched, evidently by the hand of man. Old Jim Duncan's bearskin lay in one corner, with a stable lantern, a tin plate and cup, and the remains of some coarse food; otherwise the place was as bare and desolate as the lair of some hunted beast.

"You're a nice one, you are!" Jim went on severely, as his protégé sank down on a loose heap of sand in the corner, shivering as if with an ague. "What do you mean by drinking yourself stupid and then tumbling right off the cliff under the very eyes of folks we're trying to hide you from? Mother and I are risking our lives looking out for you, for Dad wouldn't leave a whole bone in our skin if he knew what we were about. Oh, you're a nice sort of uncle, you are!"

"I know it, Jim,—I know," was the quavering response. "I'm only a poor, unfortunate devil, that brings nothing

but bad luck on everybody belonging to him. I know that well. But sure if it wasn't for the drop I get now and then to warm me blood, it's mad entirely I would go in this black hole here. It's buried alive I feel sometimes and waiting for the worms to ate me."

"Pooh!" said Jim, scornfully. "It's dreams that come over you,—whiskey dreams. Never a drop would you have if I had my say; but mother thinks you'll be killed by the damp and cold, so she has sent it to you. Here it is,"—and Jim drew a bottle from his game bag. "And here is cold tea and bread, and bacon to last you till I come again. And you're not to budge from this, night or day, until then; for there's no telling what story those young ones will take to Judge Neville about you. You could have knocked me down with a turkey feather when I saw you stretched out there on the road before them. It was well it wasn't one of the big boys in that cutter; for it would have been all up with you in earnest. They have heard the way you talked and are dead set against you, sure. Ted Neville said if he caught you near Wycherly he would shoot you on sight—"

"He did, did he?" growled the other, waking into sullen savagery again. "Maybe he'll find two can play at that game as well as one."

"But little Joe is a baby,—a regular baby," continued Jim, ignoring this threat. "He gave me a dollar to look out for you,"—Jim opened his hand and showed the silver coin in his palm. "I was to take you home and get a doctor for you, and he would pay all the expenses. My! but that little Joe is a softy sure."

"He is," said Jim's "uncle"; "and the little girl too. She has a look that reminds me of angels, Jim. When I looked up and seen her bending over me, I thought—well, quare thoughts for the likes of me, lad,—quare thoughts for the likes of me. And the little chap looks

like a brother I had long ago—little Pat. Have ye ever heard yer mother talk of little Pat, Jim?"

"I think so," said Jim, whose present relations certainly did not warrant any great interest in family history. "He died, didn't he?"

"He did," answered the other, "when he was the size of this little chap here. We was great cronies, little Pat and me: ating and sleeping and playing together. Sometimes I think I'd been a different sort of craythur if he had lived, and not the wild Murdoch Connor I am now. But poor Norah has been good to me, lad; and so have ye. Sure if it hadn't been for this hiding-hole ye found for me, I'd have been back in the jail where that cold, stony-hearted Judge put me for twenty years. Twenty years,—do ye know what that means, lad? Twenty years! And I never struck the blow on Tim Lanigan in that fight. It was Mike Dooley,—he that showed a pair of clean heels and was off to Australia before the thrial began. You'll believe me, Jim; but naither lawyers nor Judge would listen, though I told them only God's truth."

"You had a bad show for it, everyone says,—a bad show and a bad name. And you've been a goose to go around swearing your spite out against a man like Judge Neville. You're no more to him than the dog in his kennels."

"I'm not, lad, ye say,—I'm not!" Little Joe's friend suddenly started up to his full height, his hands clenched, his bloodshot eyes blazing. "The dog in his kennels goes mad and bites and kills. Murdoch Connor may be a dog, but he will have his day, lad!"—and the speaker shook his hand in air as if he were registering an awful vow. "He will have his *day!*"

(To be continued.)

A Monster Tree.

In the churchyard of Santa Maria del Tule, about three hundred miles from the city of Mexico, there stands an old cypress tree, larger than any of its kind discovered elsewhere. We are accustomed to think of the big trees of California as the largest on this side of the world; but the trunk of the very largest of them is only one hundred and sixty feet in circumference, while the great cypress of Tule measures forty-five feet and two inches more than that. The tree is not tall in proportion to its thick trunk, and its branches droop almost to the ground. Twenty-eight people with outstretched arms have difficulty in reaching around it.

This tree is not widely known, because few people go to such an out-of-the-way place as the Indian village of Tule; but the great Humboldt knew of their wonderful tree and had a tablet placed upon it to testify to its history. The bark has grown so that part of the inscription on the tablet is now hidden.

Scientific people think that this old settler was an ancient tree long before white people settled the country. The natives look upon it with love and veneration; calling it the "guardian of the land," and thinking that it is especially protected by our Blessed Lady.

The Town-Crier.

In one town in Massachusetts the crier still survives. In ancient times it was one of the duties of this functionary to escort petty culprits through the streets to the sound of a drum which he beat in a lively manner. The business of the crier to-day is to ring a bell and call out, "Hear what I have to say!" when it is desired to attract the attention of passers-by in the interest of trade. The curfew bell has been rung nightly in the same old town for one hundred and ninety-three years.

THE words *abstemiously* and *facetiously* contain all the vowels in regular order.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The centenary of the birth of Cardinal Wiseman, which fell on August 3, 1902, passed almost unnoticed, but the editor of *Punch*, Sir Francis Burnand, is now said to be at the head of a movement for the publication of a centenary edition of the great Cardinal's works.

—Until now the "Divina Commedia" has never been translated into Welsh, possibly because the old Protestant spirit has survived longer and stronger in Wales than in most other countries of Europe. Original studies for illustrations to form part of the first Welsh version are now being made in Florence.

—"What Catholics do not Believe," a lecture by Archbishop Ryan, delivered many years ago in St. Louis, is the first of a series of pamphlets to be issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Philadelphia for general distribution. The choice is a capital one and should set a standard for future publications. We hope it will be considered worth while to have these pamphlets well published.

—It is almost incredible that the lack of a paltry £400 should delay the publication of Father Dineen's Irish Dictionary. The wonder is to us that it is not regarded as a privilege to contribute to so important an undertaking, and that there is not lively competition for the honor of being patrons. There are many wealthy Irishmen who could easily bear the entire expense, and we feel sure they would gladly do so if the recent announcement of the Irish Texts' Society were brought to their notice. The importance of the Gaelic movement can not be exaggerated. A revival of interest in the Irish language means inestimable benefits to the Irish people. It is for the promoters of the movement to insist upon these benefits, which we feel sure are not as yet generally appreciated.

—Cardinal Newman once wrote regarding the policy of a contemplated Catholic magazine: "As to the direct inculcation of Catholic truth, as such, in such a periodical, I should dread its effect. I conceive the magazine would be useless (for those purposes which alone I contemplate) if once it came to be generally considered as an 'Ultramontane organ.' It seems to me that what is to be aimed at is to lay a Catholic *foundation* of thought—and *no* foundation is above ground. And next, to lay it with Protestant bricks: I mean to use as far as possible Protestant parties and schools in doing so, as St. Paul at Athens appealed to the altar of the 'Unknown God.'" This exactly expresses our view of the character and office of a Catholic daily newspaper. No one, we think,

would be prepared to deny that the typical secular daily, while not professedly Protestant, lays a Protestant foundation of thought; the usefulness of a newspaper which should attract patronage by its excellence as a newspaper and at the same time lay a Catholic foundation of thought is apparent.

—In "Cloistral Strains" Mr. Louis Alexander Robertson has given us a reprint of his verses on sacred subjects which have appeared in other collections. There is a simplicity in these verses on religious themes which makes them impressive. The sonnet is one of Mr. Robertson's favorite forms, and it is well adapted to the expression of this Western writer's muse. Most Catholics would shrink from the title applied to Saint Mary Magdalen, though we know that it is used with no thought of disrespect. A. M. Robertson, publisher.

—We are at a loss to understand what certain Catholic critics in England miss in the London *Tablet*: we find in every issue of it much that would be sought for in vain elsewhere. There are non-Catholic journals of high repute which we venture to say are far less satisfying to the generality of their readers than the *Tablet*. If there were one Catholic journal like it in the United States, by far the greater number of our weeklies might be dispensed with. Of the *Tablet's* political complexion we have nothing to say; it has always been more thoroughly Catholic than offensively Tory.

—Attentive readers of Matthew Arnold's lately published "Notebooks" will be surprised at the immense proportion of quotations that are concerned with religion, and will wonder that he could ever have been regarded by the orthodox among his countrymen as "dangerous" and anti-Christian. His endeavor would seem to have been to disengage the essential from the accidental elements of Christianity, and to show that the former were the best expression of the needs and aspirations rooted deep in human nature. In the most appreciative review of "Matthew Arnold's Notebooks" that has come under our notice (appearing in the *Athenæum*) occurs this remark:

What we wish to point out is that, on the evidence of these pages, his was clearly an *anima naturaliter Christiana*, and that the impression conveyed by this book is as distinctly religious as that made by the "Confessions of St. Augustine." It is probable that such a position would be abhorrent to writers like Nietzsche and his now fashionable sect, and that Arnold would be to them at best but "a hectic of the spirit," to be condemned, like many others, such as Mill or Comte in a recent poem of Mr. John Davidson, to the hell which he declares to be the meed of all those called "beautiful souls." For, though we dislike the phrase, it is

certainly descriptive of the compiler of these extracts, whose personality stands out perhaps even more clearly than it would from a piece of autobiography serene, and lofty in his judgments, his tastes, and his ideals; drinking deep of the true sources of joy and of knowledge, despising vain delights and little ambitions, seeking in all things to act by reason; and preserving, amid the intractable pettiness of modern existence, the rare and incalculable gifts of a lucid intelligence that only stupidity could irritate, and a dignified gaiety of spirit that no calamity could overwhelm.

The width and variety of the reading displayed in "Matthew Arnold's Notebooks" are so remarkable that one is surprised to learn from a recent paper by the Rev. Prebendary Kirwan, of the Westminster Cathedral, that the Roman Breviary remained a hidden volume to the apostle of "sweetness and light" until his later years. His appreciation of "the most beautiful book, after the Bible," is thus recorded by Dr. Kirwan:

I well remember Cardinal Manning giving an account of another appreciation of the Breviary by quite another kind of person. The Cardinal said that he once met Matthew Arnold at the Athenæum Club, and was asked by him for some information about the Roman Breviary. A copy having been obtained from the Club library, the Cardinal spent an hour with Mr. Arnold, pointing out to him the salient features of the Breviary; and at the end of the hour Matthew Arnold, who had been intensely interested all the time, said: "I never knew that such a beautiful book existed; and it is a strange thing that I should have lived so long without knowing 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.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremieux.* \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Life of Blessed Emily Becchieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.

The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.

Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.

A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.

The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.

Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Dogtown. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$1.50, net.

The Talisman. *Anna T. Sadlier.* 60 cts.

The Day of an Invalid. *Henri Perreyve.* 75 cts.

Roadside Flowers. *Harriet M. Skidmore.* \$1, net.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Twenty-Five Plain Catholic Sermons on Useful Subjects. *Father Clement Holland.* \$1.40, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Dacey, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. Peter Denis, S. S.; Rev. M. A. Bonia, C. S. S. R.; and Rev. Maurice Ronayne, S. J.

Brother Paschal, C. S. C.; and Brother Damian Litz, of the Brothers of Mary.

Mother M. Catherine, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Susanna, Sisters of the Incarnate Word; Sister M. Berchmans, Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Marguerita, Sisters of Loreto; and Sister Mary Patrick.

Mr. Joseph Frew, of Rock Island, Ill.; Mrs. Rebecca Britton, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John Folan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. J. M. Vossler, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. John Stortz, Yorktown, Texas; Miss Mary Bosnahan, Salem, Mass.; Catherine McDonogh, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Mary Jefferson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Bridget Gorman, San Leandro, Cal.; Mr. F. J. Taylor, Toronto, Canada; Miss Mary A. Donohue, Fenelon, Pa.; Mr. William Garwood, Haywards, Cal.; Mr. T. Patterson, Lyons, Mich.; Mrs. Prudence Lee, Paterson, N. J.; Miss Annie Heart, Pennington, N. J.; and Mr. Richard La Budda, Detroit, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!





(FILIPPINO LIPPI.)



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

VOL. LVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 21, 1903.

NO. 12.

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The Beauties of Spring.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SOFT as the first stars in the evening light
Born of the union of the Day with Night,
The first white daisies tremble in the breeze,—
A starry cluster like the Pleiades.

Swift as the first notes of the nightingale
That fill with lyric sound the silent vale,
The trees break into leaf as sweet as song,
And stand like choristers the whole day long.

Warm as the first fire of the Summer rose
That burns a great sun in the garden close,
The first red robins through the orchard swoon,—
A shower, like falling stars from dusks of noon.

Kind as the soft touch of a mother's arms
That hush the storm of childhood's wild alarms,
The green grass soothes the yearning of the sod,
And like a babe earth nestles close to God.

The Memorial Church at Penetanguishene.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THOUGH under the invocation of St. Anne, the Memorial Church recently dedicated at Penetanguishene was erected to honor Brebeuf, the Lion-Hearted, the "Echon" of the Huron tribes, and the gentle Father Lallemant. Never was memorial to nobler spirits than those, whose story of splendid heroism is a household word wherever the Catholic Faith is professed. The ceremony of dedication was a brilliant one, though

it is not the purpose of the present article to deal with its details. There were present his Grace Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto; Father Filiatrault, superior of the Jesuits; and a distinguished company of representative Catholics from various parts of Ontario. Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, one of the foremost Canadian *littérateurs*, recited a poem written for the occasion, wherein he apostrophized in eloquent language,

The great, strong souls of faith and love,
Captains of truth for God above;
Heroic priests of twilight days,
Who pierced our forest, blessed our bays,—
Sons of Ignatius, saints of God.

There is something peculiarly sublime in the life and death of these illustrious apostles of the Cross, these brave Jesuit missionaries, who, like so many others of their Order, penetrated the savage wilderness of this unexplored continent, faced the deadly perils of the untrodden forest; giving all generously, and seeking only the souls of men. In their midst the lion-like form of the royal-hearted Brebeuf stands forth with conspicuous majesty as a type and leader of them all. Nor was Father Lallemant, though of frailer mold and by nature, perchance, of a less indomitable spirit, a whit beside his apostolic colaborer. Little wonder that the savages, in their barbarous ignorance and their passionate longing for strength and courage, which were the only goods they understood, should have drunk the martyrs' blood and roasted and eaten the heart of Father Jean de Brebeuf.

That was a glorious, an immortal scene, never to be forgotten in the annals of the world, when those anointed priests stood with necklace of fiery hatchets about them; having previously endured a baptism of scalding water; having had pieces cut from their flesh till their bones were bare; their nails torn out; their jaw broken; lips cut off; and around their body a girdle of bark which had been steeped in inflammable substances and set on fire. In fact, no variety of torment had been spared; much of it having been inflicted by renegade Hurons who had been captives in Iroquois lodges and lost the Faith they had received from the missionaries.

Father Lallemand, in the cruellest of his sufferings, raised up his voice to Heaven for help; but Father Brebeuf remained absolutely silent, absorbed as it seemed in prayer. When at last he broke that silence it was to raise up his voice glorifying the Name of God, exhorting the Christian Hurons to persevere, to bear all things for Christ, and beseeching the pagans to repent and acknowledge the one true God.

Torments were heaped upon torments. Burning implements were thrust into the mouths of the missionaries to prevent them from praying aloud; and Father Lallemand's eyes having been plucked out, a burning cinder was put into each socket. No doubt the natural ferocity of the Indians was augmented by the Evil One there in the wilderness, which, long the resort of the unbaptized, had been a species of kingdom. To the demons the utterance of the mighty Name of the Son of God was agony, and this splendid martyrdom a new torture; knowing that for evermore, to the world's end, its story would be told to the everlasting triumph of the Cross.

Father Brebeuf succumbed to his torments at four in the morning, on the 16th of March, 1649. His companion suffered for some hours longer, dying at midday on the 17th of March. He had,

indeed, obtained the desire of his heart, expressed in a letter found after his death, wherein he offers himself to endure all things, even death itself, for the conversion of the pagans. He had been only six months upon the mission of New France, and his singular innocence of life and purity of conscience from boyhood upward are described in the quaint words of the "Relations" for the year 1649.

Strangely thrilling it must have been to those participating in the ceremony of the dedication of a memorial church, when they reflected upon the things that were being commemorated, and in the very same region, though, of course, several miles from the actual site,—which, indeed, was not discovered when the church was begun, nor for many years afterward. It was only in August, 1902, that the exact location of the once flourishing mission of St. Ignace, in the heart of the Huron country, was identified by that indefatigable student of historic and ecclesiastical lore, the Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S. J., now Rector of Loyola College, Montreal.

It will be of interest to follow Father Jones, with his companions, in at least a cursory manner, on this last journey of investigation. He had gone over the ground some three years previously, in company with Father Wynne, S. J., editor of the *Messenger*. Father Jones set out map in hand, having given the matter careful study before: comparing the various accounts of the martyrdom, the description of the site, and its relation to the other missions in point of distance, and so forth. He followed the course of those streams which his brethren had followed of old; he noted those ruined Indian villages of the past, where only some silent relics tell of the former presence of the once formidable Huron tribe. The ossuaries contain their bones, the ashes of their lodge fires strew the plains, and pipes or utensils of war mark where their wigwams

stood. All this Father Jones observed, as well as those hallowed sites of missions where the Faith long ago flourished, and whence many a neophyte, washed in the saving waters, went to the Throne of God.

The site for which the new explorers sought was, then, the old village of St. Ignace II., as it is called, to distinguish it from another and earlier St. Ignatius in a different locality; for upon that spot took place that drama of Christian heroism to which brief allusion has been made. Surely it equalled the sublimest of scenes which pagan Rome so frequently witnessed. Here, it is true, there were no lictors, nor amphitheatre thronged with all the gay and brilliant and gorgeously attired world of Rome, to witness and rejoice over the agony of the victims; here were no wild beasts to rush, open-jawed, upon their prey. Here was no statue of Jupiter demanding incense; no imperial Cæsar, in the purple of sovereignty, contesting the supremacy of the Christians' God. But there were present the same elements of hate and fierce pride, and fiery resistance to the Christ who commanded self-crucifixion as the sublimest of His tenets. And the majesty of the forest surpassed the tinsel pomp of the first persecutors; the grim fires that lighted the midnight darkness threw their glare on the painted faces of those nomads of the desert, more hideous and terrible in their human ferocity than any beasts of prey. For the perfume of the incense was the fragrance of the pine woods; and the howls and war-whoops of the aborigines were more terrible than the plaudits of the cultured barbarians who revelled of old in the Christians' torments.

On the occasion of the dedication of the church, Father Jones, following upon the Rev. Father Allard, who had given, in French, an extended account of that mission of the past and its sublime pastors, took for the text of his eloquent sermon these significant words of Holy

Writ: "They shall build the places that have been waste long ages; they shall raise up ancient ruins; and they shall repair the desolate cities that were destroyed for generations and generations." The discourse had all the force of a historical summary of facts with which the reverend orator was so competent to deal; and some reference to it here will prepare us for a glance at the result of Father Jones' topographical and historical investigations. The preacher declared:

"I have chosen this text because it recalls to our minds those words in which the Prophet Isaiah predicted the destruction of Jerusalem, the construction of a new Jerusalem. They were to raise other edifices in the same place that was occupied formerly by the temple raised to the glory of God by the people of God. They were, in fact, to open anew a wilderness that had returned to waste and that had so remained for long generations; yielding nothing spiritual, showing no fertility in the eyes of Almighty God. I have chosen this text because of its appropriateness to the building of the church which is called the Memorial Church of the Martyrs, and is at the same time dedicated to St. Anne."

Father Jones went on to describe the gradual progress of the missionaries through those wild regions from Dault's Bay to Todd's Point; and also "their journeyings along Parry Sound, up the French River, north to the Ottawa, and thus to the ancient walls of Quebec." He touched upon the work that was done in the wilds and fastnesses of the great Huron country, evangelizing that nation, many of the natives accepting the Gospel with eagerness. How little could be said of the years of faithful service on the part of missionary after missionary, and of the devotedness of the Black-gowns in the divers visitations of famine and pestilence to the children of the forest! The Iroquois,

fiercest, most powerful and sagacious of all the tribes, were imbued with a deadly hatred of the Hurons, because many of the latter had embraced Christianity, and were, moreover, the allies of the French. They also hated "Echon," the dreaded Black-gown, because they believed that by some magical charm he rendered the Hurons powerful against their foes. They recognized thus, in some mysterious way which they could not understand, that the great Father in Christ strengthened and helped his spiritual children. It was a testimony to the true Faith which they little realized, supposing it to be "the medicine spells of the pale-faces." And they extended their fury against "Echon" to his gentler companion Lallemand, the "Atironta" of the Hurons.

Hence when the Indians, fierce and terrible, made their deadly onslaught upon St. Ignace at a time when its poor inhabitants least expected them—for they seldom went upon the warpath in spring,—the Hurons knew well that the missionaries would be the first object of their attack; and those faithful Christians gathered about "Echon," urging him to save himself for the sake of religion. The "Relations" state that this he might have done, but remained instead at his post, with Father Lallemand. Blows were rained upon them till they were covered with bruises, though not killed outright, being reserved for further torture. But even in this pitiable condition, scarce able to stand, they ministered to the dying Hurons and exhorted them to perseverance. The horrid scene may be vividly imagined. Still it abounded in a certain beauty, from the constancy of the Huron Indians, and their simple faith in the assurances of the Fathers that their sufferings, if borne for Christ, would cease with their earthly existence; and from the sublime tranquillity of the two soldiers of the Cross, though the hideous war-cry of the forest warriors rang in their ears

and deadly arrows whizzed about them.

Upon all these points Father Jones touched lightly. Archbishop O'Connor was then presented with an address, in which the parishioners of the new church thanked his Grace warmly for the interest he had manifested in the erection of the sacred temple. They also expressed their gratitude to their pastor, Father Laboreau, who had so indefatigably pursued the labor of construction, declaring that his name would be forever remembered in connection with the Memorial Church of Penetanguishene. The Archbishop, in a short but impressive reply, expressed his joy at the completion of a memorial to those who had so nobly perished for the Faith, and declared that on his various visits to the place he had urged the prosecution of the work with energy and perseverance. Indeed, as a correspondent remarks, it is due in great measure to his Grace's continued interest in the enterprise that so much has been accomplished by the faithful pastor and his flock.

It will now be of interest to take at least a passing glance at the journey of scientific research undertaken by Father Jones, in company with Father Nicholas Quirk, S. J.; Mr. J. C. Brokovski, barrister of the village; and Mr. George Hamilton. They followed Ducreux's map, which, with all its imperfections, is of incalculable worth "in identifying the various sites of Indian villages and the location of those ancient missions which, as watch-fires in the darkness, illumined those dim old days and that savage landscape." This journey resulted, to use the chief explorer's own words, "(1) in definitively determining the location of the old Huron village of St. Ignace II., where Brebeuf and Lallemand were tortured to death, March 16 and 17, 1649; (2) in discovering the Ekarennivondi ('the Rock that Stands Out'), from which the Petun village of St. Matthias took its name.

The position of this place gives us a clue to the whereabouts of Etharita (the Petun village of St. Jean), where Father Garnier was done to death by the Iroquois, on December 7, 1649."

Now, to explain why he is so certain of having discovered the true site of the double martyrdom of March, 1649, Father Jones formulates this thesis: "East half, Lot 4, Concession VII., Tay township, is absolutely the only spot where the configuration of the ground tallies perfectly with the description of St. Ignace II. given in the 'Relations' and in Bressani; it lies at the proper distance and in the right direction from Ste. Marie I. (the Old Fort)." The story as to how he came to this conclusion is an interesting one; and if it may not in these limits be followed in detail, at least something may be said of that journey of scientific exploration which ended so satisfactorily, and of the clues which led the reverend explorer and his companions to the goal. Father Jones quotes from the Jesuit "Relations" of 1649 the following description of the ancient mission of St. Ignace:

"St. Ignace II. was enclosed with a palisade of posts fifteen or sixteen feet high, and encircled by a deep depression [in the land] with which Nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides, leaving but a small space weaker than the other sides. It was through that part that the enemy at early dawn forced an entrance, with such stealth and suddenness that he was master of the position before any attempt at defence was made; for the inhabitants were sound asleep, and had no time to take in the situation."

The remark that the place is powerfully fortified by Nature is confirmed by the account given by Father Bressani in the "Relations" for 1652. He declares that its site, and the fortifications constructed thereon "at our instigation," render it impregnable, at least for savages. But he goes on to describe how

the catastrophe occurred. So stealthily did the Iroquois make their way through the forest that at daybreak on March 16, without having so far betrayed their approach, they reached the gates of the first village of the Hurons, named St. Ignace. "Its inhabitants were taken unawares. While the bulk of their braves were abroad—some bent on ascertaining whether the enemy had taken the field, others to engage in the hunt,—the Iroquois easily managed to approach under cover of darkness, and at dawn, as we have said, to effect an entrance, while the inhabitants still slept."

Father Jones here finds a clue as to the configuration of the ground—a place naturally fortified on three sides, with but one weak point,—and this he has in view during the course of his researches, till he finds it at last in the Campbell Farm, the Seventh Concession of Tay township. Another spot which had been suggested as the probable site of the ancient mission, the explorers discovered to be not only incorrect as to distance, but not in any respect corresponding with the description given by the old chroniclers. It was merely a low-lying field, in no sense fortified by Nature.

A most important point to establish was the exact location of the old Fort of Ste. Marie, concerning which a certain confusion had arisen, because the church at that particular place was dedicated to St. Joseph, while the mission itself was under the invocation of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, or Ste. Marie. It was very clear from the old chroniclers that this Fort was precisely one league from the Huron village of St. Louis, which was in turn a league from St. Ignace II. The three villages "did not lie in a straight line, but gave a total distance from Ste. Marie to St. Ignace of two full leagues."

So this was another point which had to be settled. In a lumbering vehicle, the little party of explorers set out from

Coldwater Bay, along the old Sturgeon Bay road, and up the eastern declivity of Rosemount. "Providence favored us," says Father Jones, "with delightful weather—cool for August,—and with an atmosphere of faultless transparency." This was precisely what was lacking on a former occasion, when, in company with Father Wynne of New York, the reverend explorer had visited some of the sites. In consequence of drizzling rain the visit was unsatisfactory, as the neighboring hills and other landmarks could not be distinctly seen.

It will not be possible to follow the itinerary along the eastern bank of Hog River, examining various sites in the concessions as they came, the rest and luncheon on a high plateau, and finally the discovery of that one spot which corresponded in every particular with ancient accounts of St. Ignace II. Even a cursory glance convinced them that the configuration of the ground was correct; but the whole party returned next day, on the Feast of the Assumption, to clear up any lingering doubts. The place was found to be, indeed, impregnable; and had it not been for the apathy of the Hurons, of which the missionaries so complained, and their want of vigilance, that once powerful tribe might have been saved from annihilation and the Fort become the bulwark of the nation.

Father Jones followed out his argument carefully, discovered the distance to be exactly correct and in the proper direction from Ste. Marie; while minor details, such as the finding of many tomahawks, marked it out as a scene of conflict. Concerning the ashes of the fires once built there, Father Jones says he gave the matter but little attention. "Two hundred and fifty-three years of winter snows and spring thaws, with summer and autumn rains, would amply suffice to wash away an accumulation of ashes from the lodge fires of a twelve-month." For the existence of St. Ignace

had been brief and marked by one or two calamities. However, upon the spot were many tomahawks, which, falling from dying hands, were trampled in the brush, and there remained, under the snows of numberless winters and among the great silence of the Northland, to be the witnesses of a rarely interesting topographical and historical discovery.

In fact, after a complete investigation of the details, there could be no reasonable doubt that it was from that very site that Father François Malherbe, who afterward died on the mission of Tadousac, carried on his shoulders "the charred and blistered" remains of his saintly companions a distance of two leagues, to Fort Ste. Marie; and that it was from that height Brother Regnault saw the flames which indicated the destruction of the mission.

The discovery of the site gave, of course, an added impulse to the work of construction; so that the Memorial Church at Penetanguishene hastened to completion, and now stands the sign and symbol of the light of Faith once brought to the wilderness. It will carry on to future generations the name and fame of those Knights of the Cross who two hundred and fifty odd years ago, with lance in rest, made war upon the savage forces of Nature and upon the barbarity of the Red Man in the Name of the Triune God.

The deeds of ancient heroes are told in song and story. Hearts beat high and cheeks still flush at deeds performed on Thessalian hillsides, under the shadow of the Umbrian Mountains, or where the Tiber follows its winding way beneath the hills of Rome. The early martyrs follow closely upon these heroes, whether real or mythical; and Pancratius and Sebastian surpass Hector or Achilles in the grandeur of their Christian fortitude, as the lion surpasses the tiger. Down through the ages the Church has to show her hecatomb of glorious martyrs. The brown habit of St. Francis has

shone as burnished gold in the fierce light of martyrdom; the white robe of St. Dominic has been dyed red countless times for the cause of Christ; the black-robed sons of St. Ignatius have, in every age since their foundation, won immortal laurels in the arena of death. Secular priests, with heroism too often unnoted or unknown, have in all ages faced numberless dangers in pursuance of their sacred calling.

And yet in all the wondrous story there is no more thrilling page than that which records the death, by slow and fearful torture, diabolical in its ingenuity, of those two apostles of the Faith, amid their untutored flock in the village which had been, pathetically, deemed impregnable. It is a complete epic: no element is wanting; and the final tragedy would be enshrouded in an intensity of gloom almost intolerable but for the light of glory breaking through the darkness and encircling the martyrs' heads with an aureola which even in this life shall endure forever.

Human glory was despised by Fathers Lallemand and Brebeuf, and they have received it even on earth a hundredfold. For the most fanatical hater of their Church and of the great Order to which they belonged pauses and bows in reverence at the mention of their names. It is indeed a source of pride to all Canadians that the past history of their country records such lives and such deaths. As to the glory crowning their labors "in the life succeeding this, which shall be eternal," St. Paul declares that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man conceived what it may be like. Therefore, the church of Penetanguishene, arising to honor those saintly memories, has recalled once more that sublime story and the lessons it inculcates, which are manifold.

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

Kresstoffsky.

—
A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.
—

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.
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XI.—AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

AN uncle of the Baroness arrived at Bermaloffsky,—Count Mero, a ponderous man, with whiskers worn after the fashion of Lord Dundreary, sleepy eyes, and a lower lip always hanging down like a cushion. He was one of the Imperial Privy Council of eighteen, and had served under three ambassadors at the Court of St. James. Being a very great personage indeed, he was permitted the much-coveted privilege of having his servants attired in the imperial livery—scarlet and gold,—resembling that worn by the retainers of the Court of St. James, with this exception: that the gold lace almost concealed the red cloth.

His niece made much of him, and presented him to Myles with considerable ceremony and observance. Myles gazed at him in some awe, as there was an indefinable air of command in his tone, as of one who was accustomed to obey.

Count Mero talked like Sir Oracle—gravely, sententiously, slowly; now and then pinching his bulging lower lip lightly between his forefinger and thumb, still retaining the perpetual cigarette in the unoccupied fingers. He was pleased with O'Byrne, who was a very good listener, especially when the subject was one which interested him; and as the big man—he was about six feet four and "broad as a crossroad"—must be saturated with the condition of Russia, being of the august Privy Council, Myles resolved upon letting him talk on,—a task admirably fitted, it would seem, to his taste.

"I am greatly interested in Russia," observed Myles; "but I scarcely understand its politics,—that is," he added laughingly, "if it has any. I suppose that your frequent sojourns in England were agreeable to you. I am informed that you served in the Diplomacy."

"I like London," said Mero; "and the Emperor is gracious enough to wish me to represent my country in that little village on the Thames. I think I can do a good deal to readjust that *entente cordiale* which ought to exist between two such powerful empires. There is a latent dislike for Russia in England. There is a latent dislike for England in Russia. Why? It ought not to exist. Russia of to-day is not Russia of twenty, ten, five years ago. We have our National Progressive Party, which is the Imperial Party. Every true Russian is endeavoring to render assistance to the Imperial Government in its great work of educating and elevating the masses and developing the resources of the empire. With serfdom abolished, with the jurisprudence of the empire remodelled to meet the requirements of an advanced thought and an enlightened age, the most admirable progress marks the course of our young Emperor's efforts on behalf of his people and his empire. 'Peace and Progress' are the Emperor's watchwords, and he means to maintain the one and to push forward the other. The great, glorious idea of the Hague Peace Tribunal is his own, and he clings to it with the most loyal and hopeful tenacity. In Mr. De Witte, our Finance Minister, the Emperor has one of the most remarkable men of the age. He rose from being a very humble railway clerk to his present position of power and honor. It savors more of the United States than of Russia. With the United States, sir, we are completely in touch, despite the Nihilistic literature sowed broadcast over that splendid continent, and the efforts of some writers to degrade us in the eyes of nations by

manufactured outrages. The object of their literary activity in the United States is to arouse a hatred of Russia, a dislike of her people and laws, and a distrust of the personal and pecuniary security of tourists in this empire, that shall operate to prevent free commercial intercourse between the different nations, and check the growing manufactures and commercial progress of Russia. Am I boring you, sir?"

"On the contrary, Count Mero, I am intensely interested. Any observation from one so high in authority as you, sir, can not fail to have immense interest,"—which was well pushed by Myles, the Count appreciating the remark, as he showed by a pull at the under lip, a fresh cigarette, and a bow.

"The Emperor insists," continued the Count, "that it is essential for the true development of Russia's resources, and for the evolution of the highest and best form of civilization that she can attain, that a country having eight millions of square miles and one hundred and fifteen millions of people should develop originality in her growth, and not take pattern after any other. No matter how admirable may be other forms of civilization, or how valuable other methods of thought, their chief value lies in their adaptability to the wants and needs of the people who apply them. If they are not spontaneous, if they do not spring from the national mind and flourish in the national heart, then they are exotic and not adapted to the necessities of the people. Foreign habits and foreign ideas are, as a rule, distasteful to a people on whom they are forced, as they are clearly unsuitable. Our young Emperor has, during the few years of his reign, made Russia for Russians. I wish you to understand, Mr. O'Byrne, and to carry it back with you to Ireland, that this great and truly national idea has become the cardinal doctrine of Russian political faith; and the National

Party to-day in Russia is the Imperial Party. The doctrines of that party are that a progressive and liberal government, having for its sole object the welfare and the best interests of the people, is the government of Russia. Do I bore you, Mr. O'Byrne?"

Myles vigorously protested against such an assumption.

"I am glad to find you interested, sir,—exceedingly pleased. I need hardly remind you, Mr. O'Byrne, that all national development—in other words, all national civilization—to be enduring and valuable, must spring from within a people and be the growth of that people's genius. So strong, indeed, is this great truth felt by the masses of the people that there is not an instance on record where a people of its own impulse—the masses of the people—sought to abandon its racial principle of growth to adopt that of a foreign race. This will explain why the policy of the Emperor is so popular with the masses of the Russian people. It is their policy. It is the expression of their own racial impulses. Under his wise and beneficent rule, the Russian people are growing rapidly in the development of this peculiar Russian civilization; just as the Roman people developed a peculiar Roman civilization from the time of the expulsion of the kings to the date of the Civil War,—a period, sir, that covers the best of peculiar Roman history, and during which Roman character reached its highest and grandest and strongest development. As the Roman leaders, with few exceptions, in all this long period sought to foster and encourage the genuinely Roman development, so Nicholas seeks to foster and promote the growth of a genuinely Russian character, developed to the highest degree of civilization of which it is capable. I never tire in speaking on this important and all-absorbing topic, Mr. O'Byrne."

"So it would appear!" thought Myles,

who was rather bewildered, and, from the splendid diction and unhesitating delivery, basely conjectured that the Count was speaking from a book,—as indeed he really was.

The fact is, Count Mero, having no ideas of his own, laid violent hands upon the ideas of others; and when he met with a book passage which he considered might fit nicely in, incontinently appropriated it; subsequently delivering it to his audience as his very own. By strategy like this he obtained a reputation for knowledge, astuteness and ability, and was listened to as a veritable Sir Oracle. That he was full of the very information that O'Byrne thirsted for, there was no gainsaying; and for that reason the latter gave the highly-pleased Mero every encouragement to proceed.

"It is well for you to know, Mr. O'Byrne, that the Russian people are divided into commoners and nobility, the latter again into petty nobility and great nobility. The commoners include, first, all the liberated serfs who form the vast bulk of the farmers and farm-laborers; secondly, the artisans and manual laborers who were not serfs,—who were designated as the 'common people' but who were practically on the same footing as the serfs; thirdly, all manufacturers, bankers, traders or merchants, of whatever grade. The commoners, Mr. O'Byrne, constitute, emphatically and in reality, the masses of the Russian people."

Here Count Mero pinched his lip and lit a fresh cigarette, holding Myles by a fixed if not a glittering eye.

"The petty nobility," he continued, "include all those and their descendants who formerly owned few serfs and small holdings of land. The great nobles are the descendants of the ancient and original Russian nobility, and those who were large land and serf owners prior to Emancipation, and their descendants; also those who have earned by merit

high and distinguished rank in the diplomatic, military and naval services. The great nobles form a distinct class from the petty nobility, and must not be confounded with the latter. In the eye of the law, however, since the decree of Emancipation, all classes—commoners, petty nobles, and great nobles alike—are equal, neither class enjoying privileges not fully possessed by the others. To understand Russian society one must be fully acquainted with the habits, manners and aspirations of all these three classes I have mentioned. In no other country in the world, save the United States, is there so general and intense a desire on the part of the social inferior to ascend in the social scale as in Russia, and to imitate as far as is possible the mode of life of the social superior. If a child of a Russian family, whatever his grade socially, should turn out 'bad'—should violate the law or commit a crime,—it becomes a stain on the whole family."

"I believe that the Russians are a very religious people," ventured the young Irishman.

"Deeply so. Except in Ireland, you will see no such visible and outward devotion as here. The Russian children are trained from their earliest days in the paths of morality and religion. When the child is sufficiently advanced, he or she—for both sexes are admitted to the universities and educated free by the government—is prepared to enter a university. In the university the representatives of the three classes of Russian society—the masses, the petty nobles, the great nobles—meet on terms of equality and good-fellowship. Everything in Russia is not perfect, by any means, Mr. O'Byrne; and I shall reserve the discussion of her imperfections to some other day. Won't you join me in *tchey*, or I should say tea?"

How that man did drink tea! And so hot Myles could not hold the glass tumbler, much less toss off its contents.

It is simply amazing how the Russian men and women can drink tea (to me) scalding hot. The tea is very weak, and a very light yellow in color. The men usually put a slice of lemon in their tumblers, sugar seldom or never. Some of the glasses are placed in plated receptacles with handles. Tea is free on the trains, a special corner of the car being allotted to it. This is invariably surrounded by thirsty travellers,—*are* they thirsty or is it only habit? I have seen men leave their sleeping berths to approach the samovar at all hours of the night and morning. O'Byrne acquired an immense liking for *tchey*, and partook of it frequently,—his night or day nurse being always on hand to give it to him.

Percy Byng, who had been to St. Petersburg with Sir Henry, returned to Bernaloffsky in a very joyous frame of mind. He had dined at General Romansikoff's quarters in the Winter Palace, where he met Miss De Lacey, and had accompanied her to the circus,—a form of amusement dear to the heart of every Russian. During the season it is "correct form" to attend every Saturday night. In that sawdust, foul-smelling rotundo may be found all that greater nobility to which Count Mero so gravely referred, each family having its private box, and as a rule bringing its dinner guests also to witness a somewhat dreary performance.

"She asked a barrellful about you, O'Byrne,—even to your dietary. She wanted to know a lot: how you spent your time and with whom. I told her you spent your time flirting with the Baroness, and *that* shut her up."

Myles inwardly groaned. This prating young cub was hopeless. How dare he say such a thing! "Flirting" indeed!

"I suppose"—with a sickly laugh—"that your clever reply did really cause Miss De Lacey to drop the subject?"

"Like a hot potato. And she never mentioned your name again. When I

asked her if she had any message for you, she said: 'Tell him I am so glad he is in such good hands.' I call that jolly ungrateful of her. But she is a glorious girl. I am more madly in love with her than ever. By Jove, she looked younger than I. We left early, as she had a headache, poor thing! I went to a 'swagger' shop down in the Moskaiia where they have flowers from the Crimea, and sent her a 'corker' of a bouquet. I may tell you, and *you* only, that I slipped some rather neat verses of my own—my own, O'B,—into the heart of the prettiest bloom in the lot. By the way, I must get back the day after to-morrow. Sir Henry has an invitation for me to fish at the English Fishing Club's reach somewhere in Finland. A sure thing in the 'white nights.' Salmon trout up to ten pounds; salmon up to fifty. Our Ambassador, Sir John Scott, who is president of the club, gave Sir Henry the invite. We'll have a fine time, and I wish to goodness you were able to come!"

Myles was silent. An intense irritation had seized upon him. It was so intensely stupid, if not impertinent, of the lad to make the absurd and untruthful statement in regard to his position toward the Baroness Grondno; and to Eileen De Lacey of all people in the world. No wonder she had no message for him save one of ridicule,—yes, ridicule. "I am so glad he is in such good hands." There was but one meaning to this reading between the lines: "Since he is such an idiot, he is in the hands of one who will keep him in his place." That was the true reading. Bermaloffsky must not hold him any longer; he would be up and away. And in his agitation he sprang to his feet and began pacing up and down the terrace with long and rapid strides.

"Good heavens, man, what do you mean?" cried Percy, rushing to his side, and calling, "Nurse! nurse!" at the top of his lungs.

This outcry brought not only the nurse but the Baroness and the Princess to the terrace, uttermost dismay written upon all their faces.

"This young jackanapes," cried Myles, boiling with anger, "because I choose to stretch my legs calls out as if another convict were after him!"

"Stretch your legs indeed, as if you had three-leagued boots on, and you told to lie still!" exclaimed Percy.

"It was very foolish of you," observed the Baroness, gravely. "You must obey orders or be put in chains."

"Yes," added the Princess, laughing. "You and I shall have to hold him down, Olga."

"In such case I shall remain as quiet as a mouse," retorted Myles. "I have to offer my deepest apologies for giving such trouble. Rely upon it, this shall not occur again. But, really, I am quite right and almost ready for the prize-ring—or," he added, "for a game of cricket, Percy."

"Do you think you could play?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Out of the question!" interposed the Baroness, in a tone as though the invalid were her personal property.

"You'll be fit next week."

"Next week! who knows?" And, despite himself, he sighed deeply while unconsciously he met the eyes of his hostess, which were fastened upon him in a strange, scrutinizing way.

"By Jove, I forgot!" cried Percy. "Here are two letters for you, O'Byrne!"

"For *me*?"

"Yes: from my *mater* and *pater*. They think no end of you or—yes, I know you hate it, so we won't mention it. You can read them later on. They came to the yacht. Hence the delay."

And later Myles read as follows:

32 GROSVENOR PLACE,
London W.

How can I express my heartfelt gratitude! A letter conveys so little. But dear, dear friend, come to us here, and

then I can at least utter words not conventional but straight from my heart.

GLADYS BYNG.

MYLES O'BYRNE, ESQ.

"Am I never to have done with this thanking?" thought Myles. "Little did I imagine when I started on this trip that there should be so many thanks in it. Now for another dose!" And he proceeded to read:

BROOKS CLUB,
St. James, S. W.

MY DEAR SIR:—My son Percy informs me that you, under God's Providence, by your great personal bravery have saved him from a cruel death at the hands of an escaped Russian convict. My kinsman, Sir Henry Shirley, gives me most exhaustive details. What can I say except that you have placed me under a debt which no effort of mine could ever repay? *Never, sir!* My wife writes you to invite you to our house, 32 Grosvenor Place. This is your rightful residence whenever you come to London; and to refuse to come to us would be more painful than you can possibly imagine. In fact, my dear sir, it can not be done. Sir Henry Shirley informs me that you may return on your way to Ireland *via* London within a few weeks. I ask you, sir, to cable me—"Bing." This is the bank's cable, and will find me all through the day. I say no more, but shall await your cable.

Your grateful friend,

PERCY RAYMOND BYNG.

MYLES O'BYRNE, ESQ.,

Care of Sir Henry Shirley, Bart.,

S. Yacht Corisande,

Off Cronstadt,

Russia.

To be perfectly truthful, O'Byrne's heart bounded with pleasure upon the perusal of the big banker's letter. It was just the sort of letter a man of his calibre and position would write: grave, business-like, and so earnest. What would old McNamara, the manager of the Hibernian Bank, say if he received

a letter from Grosvenor Place, or, better still, the bank in Lombard Street, the richest street in the wide world? Why, he would take off his spectacles, rub them in his red bandana, replace them, and read the letter over and over again, wondering how it had been done—that one of his clerks could possibly have worked himself into the proud social position of being the guest of such a financial potentate as Byng, proprietor of the foremost private bank in London.

Myles had not written of his alarming adventures, save in a very light and desultory fashion; being too brave and too modest to speak vauntingly of himself or of any deed done by him. So McNamara should be left to wonder and wonder, and confer with Casey and Mulcahy and Fennessy, and conjecture as to the nature of the ladder by which their friend had risen to such dizzy eminences. Myles pictured McNamara still holding the letter, wagging his head, taking a pinch of snuff, and calling Casey to his aid, then Mulcahy, then Fennessy. This triumph was worth living for. He would write and accept the invitation. He would go to Grosvenor Place. He would write from the bank! Hey! but here was a whirl of the wheel of his luck!

(To be continued.)

Mater Dolorosa.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

MARY, to thee have many names been given,
All loving offerings, spotless Queen of Heaven!
Touching, inspiring, tender, prayerful, true:
Endearing thee to faithful souls anew.
Royal are they, in attributes most rare;

Dazzlingly bright those gems, serene and fair;
On thy pure brow unfadingly they shine,
Linking thy sinlessness with Love Divine!
Of titles thou hast legion, Mother dear;
Restful and sweet they fall upon the ear.]
Oh, but among them one supreme must be,
So that sad hearts, crushed by life's misery,
A sorrowing Mother thou, may find their balm
in thee!

Ruggles.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

HOW he got the name nobody knows. It was not his own, nor anything like his own; but Ruggles it was, and will be to the end of the chapter. He was a bright little English boy, with big blue eyes and a big blue sailor collar, *in illo tempore*—the time of the long ago. He used to go to school to the English Sisters in the San Sebastiano; and my first memories of Ruggles are of a diminutive Briton in cassock and surplice serving at Mass and Benediction in the dear old dusky chapel—or, to call it by its proper name, the Church of St. George and the English Saints. To this day I can not remember his child-face save as patterned against the sanctuary shadow, pure in line and brilliant in color as some creation of Millais. Flowers and fern upon an exquisitely tended altar, calm-faced English Sisters kneeling, familiar hymns out of an English hymn-book—and Ruggles: all these are one.

In the course of time Ruggles and his brothers joined our—not pink—teas; and, though he was several years our junior, he stood upon an equal footing at once. It is rather hard to remember differences of age when you have all dug out of the selfsame jam-pot, upset milk into the sugar-basin, and abused each other reciprocally across a well-worn tablecloth. The senior members of the fraternity usually talked while the others played; but, then, it happened occasionally that one of the elders would so disgrace himself (or herself) as to propose to join the “blindman’s buff”; and Ruggles’ undue familiarity with his betters may have some explanation in their dishevelled hair, dusty clothes, and undignified habits of rough-and-tumble scrimmages on the floor. How much fun the seniors may have had it would

unbecome years of wisdom to recall. Probably every one of us, looking back, may turn to some such glorious page of youthful history. Sports shared, meals shared, plans shared; and, then, the pathos of it that the glad band is scattered, that tea is brewed no longer to taste like that of the old study pot, and—worst of sorrows—the children have grown to men.

This is what clusters about Ruggles. And, moreover, with us, who in an alien land spoke English, there was that band of a common tongue drawing us together; a rivet rare as gold and strong as iron; the “prison-key” by which the shackles of exile fell. Even to us, Romans born and bred, and thoroughly imbued with the pride of the *civis Romanus sum*, this language meant something that in a way isolated from, and in a way raised us above, our fellow-citizens. As for Ruggles, to him the *civis Romanus* neither applied nor appealed. He was a Briton, simply and unconditionally. By the time he had made his First Communion and learned geography and grammar—and catechism of the dear English Sisters—his people began to say Ruggles ought to “go home.” It is tradition: from all quarters of the globe English lads “go home” to be made men of, and it seems to answer. So Ruggles ate no more of our bread and jam.

His going was a great loss to all who knew him, and to the juvenile clique in particular. He was not the first to leave, by any means; but it hurts every time. Those of us who remained clung to one another, feeling like driftwood or wreckage, and wondering who next. These first smashes are very terrible, but in the case of Ruggles there was compensation.

We began to take quite a new pride in the youngster, and, every year or two, there was the pleasure of getting him back for a few weeks at least. His first home-coming proved a perfect revelation. He had grown about a foot, to begin with; his shoulders were broad

and he had assumed suits of tweed. Also he had taken to himself what might be called an atmosphere—a fresh, bracing, genial air of manliness that was pleasant to breathe. As a little fellow he had been timid, and his extreme juniority may, unconsciously, have kept him in a somewhat subdued attitude of mind. But that was done away with; and the difference seemed to grow less and less between us, as it does to senior comrades with every year of life they put on.

Much knocking about among “the fellows” was evidently reducing his bump of reverence; for now he looked the very oldest of us squarely in the face with his clear eyes, and laughed if it happened to please him. Chiefly, I think, he had taken to himself the atmosphere of the cricket field—the swing, the good-humor, the buoyantly wholesome air. You may have seen his double in flannels (not a “flannelled fool” by any means) vaulting fences or lying on his back under the big trees around any one of the English public schools. His accent grew more and more forcibly British, and at each new appearance he brought over fresh idioms and the latest English slang. It was an exhilarating thing to talk to Ruggles. And yet if you happened, on a Saturday evening, to go into the little chapel where he made his First Communion, there was Ruggles on his knees preparing to go to confession, as humble and earnest and recollected as though he had never worn the colors of an historic school or been cheered on the field by that dread and mysterious body, the Senior Eleven.

Toward the sixteenth year of his life Ruggles caused a sensation—a double one, I should say. First, he came home wearing knickerbockers and golf stockings,—a thing unattempted yet in Rome save by a few “mad Englishmen,” but which immediately fired various members of the community with a consuming desire to possess “things like Ruggles’”;

and, secondly, he announced that he was going into the army. This created emotion deeper, if less patent, than Ruggles’ apparel. It meant that our roads were to diverge henceforth forever; that Ruggles would become a mere name in the Anglo-Roman colony; perhaps, too, there were thoughts in the minds of some of us that made us turn white faces from the light in half-bitter, half-generous envy at his lot.

Ruggles himself was much disturbed at the prospect of near examinations. In spite of good marks and steady work, he was not above the average standard; and he knew it. What he did excel in, though he did not know it, was uprightness, trustworthiness, and the true soldier’s respect for discipline. As for courage, he had it of all kinds: the courage to lead a forlorn hope and rejoice in it; the courage to bear mud, rain, sickness and waiting; the courage, finally, to tell “God’s truth,”—these are Ruggles’ own words, wrung from him in the anxiety of a scrape that threatened serious consequences, and from which his companions urged him to extricate himself by tongue-craft.

Just now, as I have said, Ruggles was sore bewildered. He was working under a mathematical tutor, or coach, and the coach was “cramming” him. Ruggles would go about with troubled eyes, wondering how he could ever remember and how he could ever hold it all. If you asked him a question, he would be a minute answering; having first to take his mental grip off some desperate problem and then bring it to bear upon the matter at hand. We all felt rather sorry for him, and he confessed to saying many a “Hail Mary” over his difficulties. But, what with “Hail Marys” and dogged persistence, Ruggles passed.

After that he came home more rarely. He was up to his eyes and ears in work; and when he did come home, this tall, handsome, finely-drilled fellow was full of a new knowledge which diverged

farther and farther from the poor things we had possessed in common. I would scarcely dare even to call by their proper names the technical branches that were routine to him; but though the terms were strange, he used them in a modestly frank way, as though unconscious of, or condoning, our ignorance. And if we grew very sure Ruggles was going to be uncommonly strong on his own ground, we were still more sure he was an unusually nice boy. Of this another fact, leaking out later, made us still more certain. It was that all through his Sandhurst years he had not only said his Rosary every day but insisted upon saying it on his knees. Ruggles is not being held up as a pattern of every virtue, but what manhood and what knighthood were in him it is just to say.

He was at Sandhurst still when the war in South Africa broke out; and our thoughts travelled England-ward frequently as, in slow succession or in quick succession, from the front came the terrible stories of disaster following disaster: battles, ambushes, sickness, loss of life, and chiefly the appalling and most honorable lists of death swelled with the names of British officers. England was being drained; but, gallantly answering every call, men and funds were forthcoming.

It was no surprise that the Sandhurst men ready for "exams" got their commissions and were sent off post-haste; but the bread-and-jam clique went "wild-crazy" the day Ruggles' class was called out. They had a year's work before them yet, but it was no time to stop and think of it. Officers were badly needed; and post-haste, as the others had gone before them, the second batch went out. Ruggles embarked with "his regiment,"—it had actually come to that that he had a regiment; and the name of it made our hearts beat fast for him, because the regiment wears a rather singular

uniform and carries colors riddled at Waterloo. One of us, however, meeting Ruggles' mother in the street, with a face of dumb agony, dared ask no news.

What kept us in touch with him was the splendid work done in those days by newspaper correspondents of all nationalities. Pen and camera kept before the world at large those graphic episodes, seized upon the very plastic of life, at stations, on board transports, and in the Transvaal proper. How many of those snapshots presenting ambulance and Red Cross scenes must have bred heartaches! There was always the possibility that this huddled heap, still forever, or that limp line of a form upon a stretcher might be one of your own.

In the course of time, however, a great joy came to us by this means. A weekly paper published a group of the officers of a certain regiment in connection with this line in the text: "The So-and-So's in particular behaved with extraordinary gallantry. The fighting lasted ten hours, during which time the British troops had neither food nor water," etc., etc. What electrified us was that in the back row, bareheaded, in undress uniform like the rest of them (and with a pipe stuck in his mouth), was Ruggles—our Ruggles! It seemed too good to be true. For a little while we had got him back amongst us, and he was not changed one whit, from the familiar twist of hair between temple and mid-forehead to the unconcern of the half-smiling lips upon the briar; only the young, young face was connected with loose khaki; and, beyond the sturdy British figures, the broad, irregular markings of the *veldt* pencilled the distance.

Our joy did not last very long. Digby Jones was killed about this time, and the Romans, who had never known him, drew together and spoke of it in hushed voices. Loss of life, they said, was a terrible thing, whether among Boer or English; but what choked them was the holocaust that went up, with

every one of those English schoolboys standing forth in his untried uniform, a target to the enemy's guns.

"Especially," added one of the group, "when you stop to think Ruskin's thought of what sacrifice and toil go to the making of one perfect human life."

"Yes," pursued somebody else, "just imagine now if Ruggles, after all these years of labor, study and effort, should get killed in some ha'penny skirmish!"

"Ruggles isn't going to get killed," protested the senior, sturdily.

"No? You'll breastplate him, I suppose."

At which one of the juniors tittered cynically: "Armor him!"

Whereupon the senior, not being patient of youth, stalked out of the room and picked up his hat.

Three of us were left in the twilight, lolling on the lounge; and, as the study grew dark, the close human companionship and perfect sympathy induced us first to confess, and then to talk each other out of, our very positive fear. It was all fine enough to keep up appearances, but we knew as well as the Buck a certain line purporting that "bodies are not rocks nor ribbed with steel." Then again the heart, in its incredible beliefs and unbeliefs, argued out once more, through the eternal infantleness of its syllogizing, that nothing could or would happen to Ruggles, just because—

There was a pull at the door-bell, and the senior stumbled in. He had not been gone thirty minutes.

"It's done!" he said.

"What?"

"Ruggles."

"Hurt?"

"Dead."

Then one of us said, soberly: "Buck, it can't be. I don't believe it."

"Hang it all! D'you suppose I'd invent it for fun? I just met his sister down the street."

We were stiff a moment, then somebody

jerked out: "What—what did she say?"

"I don't know,—not much. But it's certain,—no question at all about it. She wants us to pray for him."

To pray for Ruggles! That was the end of it. I could see the little boy in blue, so serious; and the big boy with the long stride, laughing. Pray for *him*? Prayers for the dead...for Ruggles!... I could see his face laughing now.

The rest we learned in time. How all a day and all a night they had waited, screened by the little rough bushes or bits of stone on the broken hill; while messengers came and went with reports that the position was untenable, and the reiterated order that, at all costs, it must be held. It will be to their everlasting glory that, under pelting fire and amid tremendous sacrifice of life, officers were found who made the men believe that they could hold it. Then came the order to advance.

Ruggles' captain toppled over, shot in the head^s, as, with smiling lips and eyes of agony, he cheered his men onward to the next stage of shelter. He got them there and fell. Ruggles and another, bending over him, saw his eyelids flicker. It was the other who wrote. Then Ruggles stood up, because the honor of the British army required it. His steady eyes looked over, one moment, to the brown and purple of the distant hillocks, and to that range opposite, with its small puffs of intermittent smoke that would not cease. The grimy, mud-stained, panting men looked to him and he knew they would follow him.

"Forward!" he exclaimed, starting to run before them,—"*forward!* We'll do it yet!"

Then immediately the fine young figure thumped down upon its face and lay there in the sun, with arms extended. It was all our Ruggles did.

A CIVIL denial is better than a rude grant.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

THE month of February which has just passed recalled to mind events of no slight interest, no slight moment, for the Catholic world. The 7th of February, 1903, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Pope Pius IX., in his lifetime universally beloved, in death never to be forgotten. His memory will ever be cherished by the faithful, and he will ever stand out prominently among his contemporaries as a zealous and devoted servant of Mary, since it was vouchsafed to him to add one more jewel—and that the brightest of all—to the crown of the Queen of Heaven, by promulgating the dogma of her Immaculate Conception on the 8th of December, 1854. And, as if it were the will of God to reward him even on earth for this glorious act, he reigned over the Church longer than any Pope had reigned before; and during his pontificate more honor; more proofs of devoted affection were paid him than had fallen to the share of any of his two hundred and sixty-one predecessors in the Holy See; and it was his lot to celebrate more joyous anniversaries than any previous occupant of the Chair of Peter, even in less troublous times, had been privileged to see.

We, as devout clients, loving children of Mary, ought not to allow the period in which the memory of this distinguished servant of our dear Mother and Patroness is especially brought to mind, to pass by without a thought of grateful remembrance for one whom we should do well to take as our model, and in spirit to linger a moment beside his grave.

Known in the world as Count Mastai-Ferretti, he was born on the 13th of May, 1792, at Sinigaglia; ordained priest in 1819; consecrated bishop in 1827; raised to the cardinalate in 1840; finally elected Pope in 1846, and crowned

with the Papal tiara on the 21st of June of that year. On the 10th of April, 1869, Pius IX. celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a priest; on June 21, 1871, he concluded the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate; and five years later the thirtieth year; thus he not only reached but surpassed the years of Peter, and wore the triple crown longer than it had been granted to any previous Pope to wear it. June 21, 1877, brought the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate, and with that Golden Jubilee the long succession of festivals was closed.

Thenceforth began a time of sorrow and suffering for the aged Pontiff, who, seven years before, had been despoiled of his rights and his dominions and compelled to live as a prisoner in the Vatican. The last steps on the rough and thorny Way of the Cross, the way to Calvary, yet remained to be taken. During the winter of 1877-78 he showed symptoms of failing health; still, for a moment, his vigorous constitution reasserted itself; and on the Feast of the Purification, with touching piety and humility, he began a novena of thanksgiving in commemoration of his First Communion, made on that day seventy-five years before. That novena was ended in heaven: on the 7th of February Pius IX. was called to the presence of Him whose vicegerent he had been upon earth.

In accordance with his expressed wish, his remains now repose in the crypt of the Church of St. Laurence-without-the-Walls, where they were laid on June 13, 1881, after resting provisionally in St. Peter's. The monument that marks the spot is very simple: Pope Pius directed in his will that the cost of it should not exceed the sum of four hundred *scudi* (about three hundred and sixty dollars). The coffin, of white Carrara marble, rests upon a low pedestal of black marble; it has a high arched lid, on the side of which fronting the spectator are carved in relief the Papal

insignia—the tiara and cross-keys. Beneath these is inscribed the simple epitaph, in Latin, composed by Pius IX. himself. It may be rendered thus:

“Here lie the bones and ashes of Pope Pius IX. He lived to the age of eighty-five years; his pontificate lasted thirty-one years, seven months, twenty-two days. Pray for him.”

Below the arch of the niche in which the coffin stands is a representation of the Good Shepherd surrounded by His sheep, in early Christian style, copied from the carvings in the Catacombs, where it is a favorite subject. A semi-circular railing of bronze shuts off the tomb from the rest of the sacred edifice.

Requiescat in pace!

E. S.

A Lesson in Urbanity.

“YOU will catch more flies with a drop of molasses than with a barrel of vinegar,” said the gentle Francis of Sales; and the sentiment is universally admired and quoted among us, and almost universally violated. Of course, as Dr. Barry once remarked in a letter to an English newspaper, allowance is to be made for the language of conviction. But the judicious observer can not help suspecting that the violence so frequently employed by Catholic publicists in dealing with opponents is due less to the energy of vital and settled belief than to a mistaken notion of what constitutes real strength; that it is referable rather to a sort of muddle-headedness, to the lack of restraint that marks an undisciplined mind, to a pugnacity of temper that unfits the possessor for the duties of instructor, defender, or controversialist; to a vulgar desire to play to the gallery,—to any one of a score of ignoble causes rather than unusual fulness of conviction and the stress of honest feeling. Has the self-constituted defender of the Truth who flings contemptuous epithets reck-

lessly about, who sneers and fleers at men that are his superiors in mind and in manners but that happen to have been trained to erroneous views of our Faith,—has such a one more intense conviction than St. Francis of Sales, or the great exponents of Catholic thought and the Catholic life in our own time?

The *Month* is publishing a series of hitherto unprinted letters by Cardinal Newman, which throw an interesting light on the great convert's views on this matter. Surely if ever intensity could be pardoned in a man, it could be pardoned in him who had been so viciously assailed by underbred and overwrought opponents; yet Newman's view as expressed in a letter to Father Coleridge, a former editor of the *Month*, was this: “Abuse is as great a mistake in controversy as panegyric in biography.” In an earlier letter, he had written to the same, in a friendly spirit: “If I had time I should take you to task not for *proving* things against Pusey, but for calling him names, imputing to him motives, etc., etc. This is as unlawful as using poisoned weapons in war.” He takes the trouble to point out some of the objectionable expressions against which he warns his friend:

1. The great name of Bossuet has been *foolishly* invoked by Dr. Pusey.
3. How does this... differ from the artifice of an *unscrupulous advocate*?
5. In happy unconsciousness of the *absurdity of his language*.
6. This language shows as *much confusion or ignorance*....
9. This is very *childish*.

We omit several of the citations to make room for Newman's comment on them:

“It must be recollected that your object is to convince those who respect and love Dr. Pusey that he has written hastily and rashly and gone beyond his measure. Now, if even *I* feel pained to read such things said of him, what do you suppose is the feeling of those who look up to him as their guide? They are as indignant at finding him thus treated as you are for his treatment

of Catholic doctrine. They close their ears and hearts. Yet these are the very people you write for. You don't write to convert the good Fathers at No. 9,* but to say a word in season to *his* followers and to *his* friends,—to dispose them to look kindly on Catholics and Catholic doctrine,—to entertain the possibility that they have misjudged us, and that they are needlessly as well as dangerously keeping away from us. But to mix up your irrefutable matter with a personal attack on Pusey is as if you were to load your gun carefully and then as deliberately to administer some drops of water at the touchhole."

About that time, too, a writer in the *Month* had referred to the Anglican Sacrament as "a slice of quartern-loaf, and nothing else." Newman promptly wrote to Father Coleridge, saying that it pained him to find such offensive language in a Catholic publication. "What good such expressions can do I know not, but I feel keenly what harm they do." Returning to this matter in a subsequent letter, he writes—and we make no apology for quoting his words at length:

Well, then, I think anything like *abuse* is just as likely to effect your object with Pusey himself and his admirers as the wind was likely, in contest with the sun, to blow off the traveller's coat. As to the quartern-loaf *τόπος*, if there is one thing more than another likely to shock and alienate those whom we wish to convert, it is to ridicule their objects of worship. It is wounding them in their most sensitive point. They may have a false conscience; but, if they are obeying it, it is laughing at them for being religious. For myself, I can recollect myself firmly believing that what your friend calls a piece of a quartern-loaf was not only that but the body of Christ; and, to my own *conscientiousness*, I as truly believed it and as simply adored it as I do now the Blessed Sacrament on Catholic altars. And what I did then, I know many Anglicans do now. Moreover, as the writer confessed by saying that it was "probably" not more than bread, it is possibly, or even not impossibly, something more; or at least, though *I* may not think so, I can not condemn another who does. Now, I can

not see how laughing at a worship which has nothing laughable in it, and which, if not well founded, has no intrinsic incredibility, but is invalidated by purely historical considerations and ritual facts,—how such a polemic has any tendency whatever to weaken the worshiper's belief in its truth and obligation. On the other hand, I see that it would offend him just as much as the blasphemous bills upon the Dublin walls against Transubstantiation disgust and anger the Catholics who pass by. Such ridicule is not the weapon of those who desire to save souls. It repels and hardens.

And now to go on to Pusey. In like manner, abuse of him will neither convert him nor any of his followers. I received an Oxford Undergraduate the other day. He was speaking of Pusey, and took occasion to say how young men revered him, chiefly for his very austere life and his great meekness in controversy. He said that they could not bear to hear him spoken against. I do not call exposing a man's mistakes "speaking against him," nor do I suppose any one would. But if, instead of exposing those errors in detail, and as matter of fact, in simple, grave language, a controversialist *began* by saying, "This man is absurd. He shuffles, he misrepresents; he is keeping men from the truth,"—every word of it might be true, but I should say he was calling names and indulging in abuse. For by abuse I mean accusation without proof, or condemnation before proof; and such a process of putting the cart before the horse defeats itself, and has no tendency to convince and persuade those whom it concerns.

Prof. Gates, of Harvard, writes of Newman's style that "in its union of scholarliness and urbanity it is unique"; and again: "In spite of Newman's ease and affability, you feel, throughout his writings, an underlying suggestion of uncompromising strength and unwavering conviction. You are sure...that he is imposing upon you his conclusions persuasively and constrainingly." It was because Newman thought energetically that he could afford to be temperate in expression; and it is because the violent-spoken and the ill-tempered *have not* power of thought that they use their hands and lungs so energetically. Newman's career was a great lesson in urbanity; his words are a rebuke to those who are given to mud-slinging; and who only injure a good cause by their offensive championship of it.

* No. 9 Hill Street (now No. 16) then served as the residence of the Farm Street community.

The Poles and the Protestant Episcopalians.

AMONG the "Church at Work" notices in a recent issue of the *Living Church* (P. E.) we find mention of a "Quiet Day" service, conducted by one of the New York "coadjutor bishops" in a church presided over by the Rev. Dr. Doolittle. Protestant Episcopal prelates will have enough to do, we are of opinion, and it will be anything but a quiet day when they attempt to corral those obstreperous Poles over whose probable reception into the P. E. society its churchly members are now rejoicing. The Poles do not know much about Episcopalians; but we predict that when they find out that prelates and presbyters of this denomination deny the Incarnation and the virgin-birth of our Redeemer, and condone divorce; furthermore, that the P. E. society is still so inchoate as to be undecided as to what name it shall give itself, there will be such a row over the proposal of "Bishop" Kozlowski and that other renegade Polish priest to join forces with Episcopalians as will make Bishop Potter and all the coadjutor bishops who conduct Quiet Day services regret that they didn't stick to them, and that they ever stooped to pick up weeds thrown from the Pope's garden.

The Poles have very fixed notions on certain religious subjects; when they get excited they are apt to go to great lengths; they express disapproval and dissatisfaction in ways that are not altogether agreeable to their rulers, as their rulers best know. But what's the use? We feel that it is next to folly to throw out this little hint to the heads of the P. E. society. One must know the Poles, their strong points and their weak points—if any can be called weak. Besides, a writer in the *Church Times* has already shown the hopelessness of trying to turn Catholic Poles into Protestant Episcopalians. He says:

One great objection to the recognition of these Poles is that there is no assurance of permanence in their organization. If the Roman Catholic bishops would offer them a satisfactory basis of agreement with regard to the care of their funds—and so many are the modifications of Roman traditions in practical matters here that such a thing is not unlikely,—I should not be surprised to see the whole "Polish Old Catholic Church" return to the bosom of the Roman obedience in short order; for, as regards doctrine, they are just as thorough Roman Catholics as they ever were.

"Polish Old Catholic Church" is the name given to his following by Bishop Kozlowski, an excommunicated priest of Chicago, who went to Switzerland a few years ago and had himself consecrated by "Old Catholic" prelates. Returning to this country, he tried to create a diocese, but failed ignominiously. One or two priests who joined him backslided, and others on whose aid he had counted repudiated his leadership. His frisky flock is composed of recalcitrant Poles in different parts of the United States to the number—exaggerated we are told—of eighty thousand. Whether to corral these strayed sheep into the fold of the P. E. Church, or how to go about it, is the problem that now vexes the minds of Bishop Potter and his coadjutors. Bishop Kozlowski is willing to accept the teachings of the Book of Common Prayer, and to abide by the Canons of the P. E. Church. He doesn't know English, it is true, but he is disposed to be accommodating.

There never was a work for religion in which women were not sharers. So we are not without a pale hope that some zealous lady will ensure a hearing for our respectful recommendation in regard to Quiet Day services. These are better suited to the age and environment of Bishop Potter than ministrations to misadvised Poles. The strayed sheep of Bishop Kozlowski's flock are sure to return to the Fold sooner or later. Any attempt to hold them in Protestant pastures would be attended with difficulties of which Dr. Potter has no conception, and prove utterly fruitless.

Notes and Remarks.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies has made its formal entry into the arena of national activity in a way that must silence, if it does not persuade, its sharpest critics. It has taken up the cause of the Catholic Indian Schools, and issued an appeal for the formation everywhere of local branches of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, the membership fees of which (25 cents) go to the support of the Indian schools. This is a good thing for the Indian children, but it is also a good thing for Federation. It is often as hard to find an issue as it is to create an organization; indeed, an organization grows up naturally around the right kind of an issue. And we quite agree with the Executive Board which declares that "here we have a national issue,—one that will reveal the faith that is in us; one that must remove the suspicion that imputes political motives to our organization; one that will win the confidence of our spiritual Fathers in Christ; one that will make the great Catholic heart of the nation go out to us in sympathetic co-operation; one that will merit God's favor and blessing."

"After to-day I can die happy," the Holy Father is reported to have said on the 3d inst., the anniversary so magnificently celebrated in St. Peter's. Some of the enterprising and imaginative newspaper correspondents appear to have interpreted the remark as a prediction, or at least the expression of a conviction, that he would die very shortly. Accordingly they have been furnishing daily reports such as we remember reading at intervals of two or three months every year during the past quarter of a century. We sometimes wonder how many editors whose private drawers contained elaborate obituaries of Leo XIII., all ready for

insertion in a morning edition or an evening extra just as soon as the oft-expected telegram from Rome should arrive, have themselves passed over to "the other shore" since first the announcement was quasi-authoritatively made that "the Pope is sinking rapidly and can not live a week." In the meantime, as the *New York Sun* said on the day after the recent celebration: "It is no dying Pope that addressed the Cardinals on Monday and withstood the fatigue of yesterday's ceremonies. May the day of the conclave be far distant!"

The mission of the Sandwich Islands has been severely tried of late. Following closely upon the death of Father Fouesnel, whose missionary career lasted all but half a century, came the death of the Apostolic Vicar, Mgr. Ropert. Both of these lamented missionaries were members of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts (Picpus), and every year of their life in the islands was replete with works of devotedness, genuine self-sacrifice, and energetic zeal. Among the monuments which Father Fouesnel has left behind him is the splendid church of Wailuku, perhaps the most handsome religious edifice in the whole archipelago. It was on the occasion of the blessing of this church, by the way, that Father Damien proffered his services to Bishop Maigret to take charge of the abandoned lepers of Molokai (1873).

In 1883 Father Fouesnel was commissioned by the King of the Sandwich Islands to secure hospital Sisters to look after the leper women of Molokai, and the suspected lepers confined in the lazaretto of Kalihi. After traversing a good part of France and the United States, he eventually found in Syracuse, N. Y., a band of valorous Franciscan Sisters who volunteered to devote their lives to the care of the lepers, in which heroic ministry they are still employed.

As a special mark of his gratitude and esteem, King Kalakaua bestowed on Father Fouesnel in 1885 the Cross of an officer of the Royal Order of the Hawaiian Crown. Seventeen years later the venerable missionary closed his laborious career, to receive from the King of kings the immortal crown that awaits all genuine followers of the Cross of Christ.

Bishop Ropert began his missionary career under the tuition of Father Damien. The two lived together for many years; and the Apostle of Molokai had no closer friend or more sincere admirer of his heroic virtue than he who became, in 1892, the spiritual ruler of the whole archipelago. Mgr. Ropert was highly esteemed by Queen Liliuokalani, who, although a Protestant, made it a point to attend his first Pontifical Mass in order to testify her appreciation of the highest representative of a religion that had "never ceased to promote in my kingdom the true spirit of charity brought into the world by the Divine Saviour."

If the unexpected always happens, there is a chance that the findings of the Alaska Boundary Commission will prove satisfactory to both Americans and Canadians. On no other principle, however, does one feel warranted in hoping for any such result. Some of the Canadians apparently consider that their case has already practically gone by the board. They have not been particularly mild or reverent in their denunciation of England's normal readiness to sacrifice Canadian interests or rights to the expediency of maintaining cordial relations with Uncle Samuel; and seem to anticipate that, in the case of Alaska, the history of the Maine and the Oregon boundary will repeat itself. Our friends in the Dominion object also to the make-up of the American half of the Commission; and a number of our own papers concede that the United

States commissioners, or some of them, are likely to approach the question in the partisan rather than the judicial frame of mind. This, if true, is unfortunate. A good case needs no such advocates; and if the American case is not a good one, we hope it won't win. Meanwhile such comments as this of a Philadelphia paper, "It does not seem possible that any facts can be produced on the Canadian side," suggest the what-I-think-and-what-every-sensible-man-must-think style of discussion, which is as unprofitable as it is exasperating. Let us hope that judicial impartiality will characterize the proceedings of the Commission, and that the unexpected *will* happen.

It is hardly surprising that the extraordinary developments at Shoreditch, England, should have attracted so much attention in the press. The Anglican Bishop of London, it will be recalled, forbade the vicar of Shoreditch to continue the public invocation of saints and other Catholic practices; the vicar refused to obey; the parishioners protested that if the vicar were forced to resign his charge they would go over in a body to the local Catholic church. Accordingly the majority of them attended Mass and Benediction the next Sunday. The children were found to be familiar not only with Catholic hymns, but with the catechism as well.

Of course any such notion as receiving either parents or children into the Church in a body, and without probation and further instruction, was out of the question; indeed, converts can no longer be "received" in England without the Bishop's consent in each individual case. An authoritative statement of the present status of the newcomers is to be found in the latest English papers to hand. Twelve adults have already been formally received into the Church, and one hundred and ten are under special instruction. "The Shoreditch move-

ment," as it is called by some of our contemporaries, hardly deserves the name; however, as an Anglican exchange observes, it is the beginning of a fight—a conflict between parsons who are drifting Romeward, leading others after them, and bishops who dread the doctrines and devotional practices of pre-Reformation days as a certain one is said to dread holy water.

It is gratifying to note that the persecution of the religious Congregations in France and the expulsion of thousands of teaching Sisters and Brothers have not been followed by an apathetic submission to tyranny. Bishops, priests, and the distinguished laity in more than one diocese are taking energetic measures to continue their "free schools," or those in which religion is one of the branches taught. "One shred of liberty," says the Bishop of Bayeux, "is still left us; be it ours to use it." The liberty referred to is that of having free schools, unobjectionable to the government, conducted by Catholic laymen and women. The parents will necessarily have to make genuine sacrifices to support these schools; but, as the leaders of the movement point out, "it is distinctly a question of the moral excellence of the people, of the religious future of the country, of the eternal salvation of souls."

"Unique in the world and in history," is the characterization of Catholic charity by a well-known Dutch rationalistic Protestant writer, in an article recently contributed to the *Amsterdamsche Courant* and quoted as follows by the *London Tablet*:

It is impossible not to be filled with sincere respect at the sight of the immense benefits which are diffused by the Catholic religious Orders and missionaries. Catholic faith retains a power which very soon must win a final victory over Protestantism. I know that these assertions will draw down upon me the wrath of a large number

of my fellow-countrymen; but I do not hesitate to repeat that modern Protestant Christianity must end by becoming an empty phrase. In both the East and West Indies, as well as in various parts of Europe, I have had opportunities of observing at close quarters the exemplary lives of the Catholic religious and missionaries, and the prodigies of charity of both the teaching and nursing Sisters. Many of our people, before visiting these countries, either through ignorance or human respect, used to insult Catholicity. But I have heard them confess with shame, on seeing the miracles of the Catholic apostolate among the lepers and the despised Negroes, that the heroism of Catholic charity surpasses all that can be imagined; that it is unique in the world and in history.

Writing to the *Missions Catholiques*, the Rev. Father Alazard describes the catastrophe that occurred in the Society Islands about the middle of January. From eight hundred to a thousand natives and eight Europeans lost their lives from the combined destructiveness of a cyclone and a tidal wave. One sentence in Father Alazard's letter is worth quoting, if only as a reminder to Catholics generally of the good which they often fail to do. Appealing to the readers of the *Missions Catholiques* for aid to the stricken natives of the devastated islands, he writes: "I ask all the more readily from the fact that the natives of the Tuamotu Islands are almost all Catholics, and even in their poverty they have very often shown themselves generous in subscribing to the Work of the Propagation of the Faith." The aborigines of the South Pacific giving of their poverty to a Catholic work concerning which well-to-do, not to say wealthy, Catholics in highly favored lands know little and apparently care less! Verily, it furnishes food for thought.

The Irish bishops find no incongruity in devoting a portion of their Lenten pastorals to the brightening prospects of the Irish peasantry. The Bishop of Ross fears that the proposed land bill will be

a disappointment to those who have based high hopes on it; the Bishop of Cloyne hails it as "the harbinger of glad tidings" to the people; and that sterling patriot, the Archbishop of Dublin, is confident that a great obstacle to the progress of Ireland is about to be removed, and he directs that the Collect "of the Holy Ghost" be said in each Mass throughout the diocese to invoke the guidance of the Holy Spirit on those charged with administering public affairs. It is a long time since an Irish bishop called upon his flock to pray for the Sassenach ruler, but the proposed remedial legislation has a religious as well as a political importance. If the Irish people are forced by poverty to emigrate to other countries, the Irish Church will suffer accordingly, whoever else may be the gainer. Indeed, it is not so long since a sombre prophet suggested that the Green Isle may one day be a Protestant country through the enforced desertion of her faithful Catholic people.

The French Premier, M. Combes, probably foresees that his tenure of office will be brief rather than lengthy, and this prevision may account for the rapidity with which he is conducting his campaign against the Church. One of his proceedings that has attracted very much less attention than his expulsion of the religious teachers is at bottom a much more serious matter. The astute M. Combes wishes to constrain the Holy Father so to modify the regular course of procedure in the nomination and appointment of French bishops that the civil power will practically replace Papal jurisdiction. It is a blow aimed at the very constitution of the Church; and although in more than one case of French episcopal appointments Leo XIII. has heretofore carried his condescension to pretty extreme limits, he will and must at present refuse point-blank to admit the

pretensions of the French government. Napoleon III. tried his hand at a similar scheme in 1866, but was opposed by Pius IX. with the utmost energy; Leo XIII. is not likely to be less inflexible. In the meantime a number of French bishops are aged, many others are far from robust in health; so it may readily happen that in the near future several Sees will be vacant with no immediate prospect of being canonically filled. The situation is a serious one.

The slurs cast upon the National Civic Federation in a speech delivered before the Strike Commission appear, upon examination, to be rather calumnious than truthful; and it is not surprising that they have aroused considerable indignation among both the members of the Federation itself and the many thousands who have believed and still believe in the potency of that body for excellent public services. Sarcastic references to "distinguished gentlemen, some bishops, some dressed like bishops, and many that we did not know," may relieve the spleen of the speaker, but they don't at all increase the force of his argument. It is quite possible, by the way, that this rather large country of ours can furnish several hundred gentlemen more distinguished than the Federation's acerbated critic, and yet unknown to that somewhat domineering citizen. And it is quite certain that had he and his fellow-operators done in the first place what they were led to do before the close of the Strike Commission's sessions, the Civic Federation could have settled the coal difficulty several months before its actual solution. The Federation holds a much better position before the American public than does its sneering censor, whom one journal of the metropolis characterizes as "a monomaniac living in the delusion that property is divinely commissioned to do as it likes." There are many monomaniacs of this class.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Two Saints of Erin.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



ERY queer name to give a poor little baby, anyway. No wonder the kid set up such a dreadful yell as soon as he heard it."

"Charlie Hogan, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. As if a child two or three days old *could* know anything about the name it was getting. And the name is a pretty one, if it isn't very common. Of course, since Father Doyle selected it, it must be the name of some saint."

"Oh, you can bet on that all right, Bride! Every baby *he* christens is bound to have at least one namesake in heaven, sure. But just think! Two or three years from now you'll be over in Hennessys', and when a roly-poly little chap toddles up to you, imagine yourself saying, 'Hello, Columbanus! How are you to-day?'"

"Now, Charlie you know Father Doyle said that 'Columban' was the ordinary English rendering of the name; and naturally while the baby's little he'll be known as Coll or Colly."

"That last is pretty near what that English clerk in Gordon's calls me. I told him the other day that I wasn't any Londonized New York dude, and that if he couldn't get any closer to my name than 'Cholly' he might cut it out and call me simply Hogan."

"Suppose Mrs. Hennessy's idea had been carried out and the baby christened 'Roosevelt Choate Porter Hennessy,' what do you think they'd call him for short, Bride?"

"That, Clare, is more than I can say.

But the case *isn't* supposable. Catch any one in this parish asking Father Doyle to give a baby a string of names like that. Mr. Hennessy had more sense than to try it."

As the conversation threatened to develop into a somewhat uncharitable criticism of these young folks' elders, I concluded at this point to leave the adjoining chamber whence I had chanced to overhear their talk, and take part in it myself.

"Good-evening, children! What's all the animated conversation about?"

"About the lucky escape of a little baby, Uncle."

"Escape from what, Charlie?"

"From the calamity of being known as 'Roosevelt Choate Porter Hennessy.' The poor kid is bad enough off as it is. They've called him 'Columbanus.'"

"Which is merely the Latin version of Columban, my dear boy. And a very good name, too,—especially for an Irish Catholic child."

"Why so, Uncle? Was there an Irish saint of that name?"

"Yes, Clare, and a celebrated one, too. Did I never mention him in any of my stories?"

"I don't remember that you did. Do you, Bride?"

"No, I think not. However, Uncle, you might tell us some now, and if we ever heard them before we can soon tell."

"Very well. In the first place, then, you must not confound Saints Columban and Columba. The latter is perhaps better known as Columbkil. He was born in Donegal—your grandfather's part of Ireland, Charlie. He belonged to the royal family of the O'Neills, was the Apostle of Caledonia, or Scotland, and also the founder of the celebrated Monastery of Iona—"

"Iona!" interrupted Bride. "Excuse me, Uncle Austin; but Sister Regina gave us some examples of good sentences the other day, and I am sure that name was at the end of one of them."

"Very likely, Bride. Perhaps it was the oft-quoted period from Dr. Johnson. Let me see whether I remember it. Was it something like this? 'That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.'"

"Yes: that's it exactly. Why, what a splendid memory you've got, Uncle!"

"Retentive, rather than 'splendid,' my dear. It is the result of pretty constant practice when I was about your age."

"Pardon my breaking in on this interesting digression," said Charlie, with exaggerated politeness; "but if *my* memory serves me well, I think Miss Bride read me an indignant lecture not long ago about my always interrupting Uncle's stories. I'm not the culprit on *this* occasion."

"Tarlie, what oo talk big 'ike dat for?"

"Don't mind him, Frankie; that is only Charlie's idea of sarcasm, which means being mean. Continue about the Irish saints, Uncle, please."

"Yes, Bride; but first let me call Master Charlie's attention to the fact that you at least excused yourself for interrupting the story,—a practice he might imitate with advantage. Well, St. Columba or Columbkil, then, was one monk, and St. Columbanus or Columban was quite another and a different one. You see, as they were both Irish, both monks, and besides lived in the same century—the sixth,—some writers occasionally get them mixed up.

"When he was about thirty years old, Columban and twelve other religious went to France and settled in the wild country of the Vosges. He founded there the famous Monastery of Luxeuil; but that was only after spending a good many years in overcoming the

savageness of nature in that uncultivated district. Of course there were wild beasts in great numbers, in those days, in the forests and ravines and on the mountains of Vosges; but Columban never had any trouble with them. Like so many other holy men whom I've told you about, he had extraordinary power over the fiercest animals; and that no doubt is why the painters of the Middle Ages always represented this saint as surrounded by stags, wolves, foxes, and other beasts that usually keep away from men.

"The fact is that Columban signalized his arrival in the country by a miracle. The first dwelling he had was a grotto, the original proprietor of which was a great big, savage-looking bear. This brute growled angrily when he heard Columban approaching his cavern; but when the saint said to him, 'My friend, I have need of this grotto, so you must get out of it,' the bear quietly and humbly shuffled out, and took up his quarters a short distance away, in a thicket, where he continued to live without ever disturbing the holy monk. Shortly afterward, as Columban was walking in the forest one day, there was a sudden rush and he found himself surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves, that howled furiously and showed their teeth in the most threatening manner."

"W'y dey didn't put on sheeps' cwose, Untle Aus'in?"

"Probably because it wouldn't have been of any use, Frankie. The saints can tell wolves from sheep no matter what kind of clothes they have on. These wolves evidently knew a saint when they saw one, too; for when they came a little closer to Columban, they stopped their howling and trotted by him as quietly as if they were sheep. It needn't be said that while all the animals respected St. Columban, he, on his side, was invariably kind to them. He never hurt one of them; but, on the contrary, used to go up to them,

pet them, and give them his blessing.

"Brother Jonas, who wrote our saint's life, tells us that, after the foundation of Luxeuil, whenever Columban took a walk through the woods, the wild squirrels would hop from the trees to hide in his cloak, and the birds would perch on his shoulders just as familiarly as if they were all his particular pets. And the saint transmitted his affection for animals to his favorite disciple, St. Valery. He, too, delighted in caressing the wild little inhabitants of the wood, and used to fill his pockets with crumbs to feed them. One day while he was giving a flock of larks their dinner, some of his monks drew near the forest clearing that served as the birds' dining-hall. The larks began to get alarmed as these strangers approached, so St. Valery told the Brothers to keep away. 'Don't frighten my little friends,' said he, 'but let them eat their fill of the remnants.'

"To conclude my little story of St. Columban, I should add that before his death, in 615, he went from France to Italy, where he founded the Monastery of Bobbio, and where his friendship with the untamed dwellers in the fields and forests was as remarkable as had been his kindred experience in the Vosges. So, you see, Charlie, that your youthful acquaintance, Columban Hennessy, has a patron saint of whom he may well be proud—when he grows old enough to understand the greatness of sanctity and the beauty of kindness."

IN Suffolk, England, robins are safe from boys who hunt birds'-nests, it being considered unlucky to interfere in any way with the bird that ministered to Our Lord when on the Cross. The tradition is that a robin tried to pluck the thorns from Our Saviour's head, and that its breast was stained with His blood. "A robin once died in my hand," said a boy who could not keep his pen steady enough to write; "and if a robin dies in your hand, it will always shake."

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

"Just let up on that, will you?" said Jim, looking at his relative with deep disgust. "Haven't you done enough to get a respectable family in trouble without putting your neck into a noose again? If it hadn't been for this here little cubby-hole I happened to stumble into last fall, I'd like to know where you'd have been now, with the officers scouring the whole country for you? Durned, if you try any more tricks I'll throw up the job of hiding you and getting you off! Pete Lanigan says he knows a skipper that will lay off the Point here and send a boat ashore for you for twenty-five dollars cash,—not a cent less. He says it's risky, law-breaking business, anyhow; and he is got to be paid for it. Laws, he might as well have asked for twenty-five hundred. But mother is worriting night and day thinking how she can get it. And you've no more sense than to tumble down under the very eyes of those Neville kids and pretty near spoil everything. If you try any such tricks again, I'm done with you. Now I'm going, and my last words is to lie low here and not budge until I come back, or your game is up."

And, slinging his bag around his neck again, Jim peered cautiously out of his cubby-hole; and, finding the coast clear, clambered up over the cliff and betook himself home.

Judge Neville was waiting on the porch when the cutter came swiftly around the curve of the road. Tessie's little hands held the reins in a brave but inexperienced grip; and Tessie's voice, tremulous with anxiety, called out:

"O Uncle Ben, come lift Joe out, please! He is dreadfully ill, I am afraid."

"Joe ill!" exclaimed the Judge, a swift pang shooting through his heart as he

caught sight of the little white drawn face pressed against the crimson velvet cushions of the sleigh. "Why, my poor little boy, what is the matter." And he stepped forward to gather the frail form in his arms.

"Oh, lift me easy, papa, please!" panted the poor little fellow. "It is my side that hurts so bad. Take me up to my room—and—and let me lie down and rest."

Even as the Judge bore the moaning boy through the splendid entrance hall of his home a burst of silvery laughter came from the drawing-room, where little Joe's mother was receiving afternoon callers. And the master of Wycherly pressed his lips together in a tight, thin line, as if he felt the entering wedge of a sword that was to pierce his proud, strong heart to the core.

"Tell Mrs. Judkins to come to Joe at once," the Judge said to Tessie, who followed him, mute with fright.

And the good housekeeper came at once, eager and anxious, to undress the suffering boy and put him in his soft pretty bed, where he lay white and panting among the pillows,—a broken-winged bird in a downy nest.

"Is everyone in this house blind, deaf, or mad, that my child should be out in a condition like this?" asked the Judge, bitterly.

"God knows my heart chilled when I heard he had gone," answered Mrs. Judkins, with a sob. "But my work called me downstairs, sir. There was an English pudding to make for dessert that I could trust to no one else, I've been worriting over the little lad all the week; though it was none of my business, I well know."

And the Judge felt the justice of the good woman's plea. If there was a warm glow of womanhood in this palatial home, it burned in Mrs. Judkins' breast; but pride, vanity, luxury claimed the time and thought that might have been given to "mothering" little Joe.

There was no lack of care now. A few words sterner than she had ever heard from his lips aroused Aunt Marian; the gay guests scattered like butterflies before a darkening storm; doctor and trained nurse were summoned by telegraph; and by nightfall little Joe lay in comparative comfort, eased temporarily of his pain. But the doctor's parting words were grave and portentous.

"To be frank with you, Judge, I think there is serious trouble; but I can not decide to-night. Meantime the boy must be in perfect quiet and rest."

With these warning words sounding in his ear, Judge Neville turned back to his little boy's room, where Science, Skill, Wealth—all the powers of earth—were now marshalling their forces to fight the great battle of life and death.

The white-robed nurse met him at the threshold with the set professional smile to which she had been trained.

"Our little patient has been asking for you," she said. "He seems restless and troubled about something which only 'papa' can settle."

And the Judge stepped to the bed where his little boy lay, with his thin cheek flushed, his dark eyes shining with a strange, starry light, that recalled to the hapless father his own mother's look as she blessed him for the last time thirty years ago. Little Joe's likeness to that dear grandmother had been one of the ties that held him so close to his father's heart.

"Well, what is it, my son? What can papa do for you to-night?" he asked, striving to speak cheerfully.

"It's about the poor man that Tessie and I found hurt on the beach, papa," the little fellow answered, eagerly. "I have been so sick since then that I almost forgot what I promised him. We found him lying on the sand, so sick and hurt and poor and ragged, papa,—the same man who picked me up on Barker's Hills and brought me home. I gave Jim a dollar to take care

of him, and told him to get a doctor and—I—I would pay him. I have ten dollars in my saving bank. And the key is in my jacket pocket. Will you open it, please, papa, and get the money and give it to Jim? The pain might come back and I might forget again. Please let the doctor go to him and make him feel better, as he has made me. It must be so bad to be hurt and sick and poor, with no nice bed or nurse or any one to take care of you. So give Jim the ten dollars for the poor man, please, papa, before—before I forget."

"Yes, my son,—the ten dollars and as much more as he needs," answered the Judge, soothingly. "Don't worry about the poor man. I will see that he is properly cared for, and has all that he wants. I give you papa's word for that. And now go to sleep."

"Oh, thank you, papa! You are so good. Now I'll try to do what nurse says, and won't talk any more. The key is in my jacket pocket, papa; and Jim knows."

And the starry eyes closed under the opiate's influence at last; the eager, strained lines of the small face relaxed, and little Joe drifted off into feverish slumber. And though, when the anxious night passed, the day brought no change for the better, the Judge was faithful to his word.

There was a knock at Mrs. Duncan's humble door next morning, and that forlorn woman nearly dropped with dismay at the sight of Judge Neville, pale, stern, and apparently severe, on her threshold.

"Good-morning, madam!" he said, with the old Southern courtesy that softened without weakening his dignity of bearing. "I have come to question your son, if you will kindly call him."

"It's all up with us, lad," said the poor woman in a shaking whisper, as she summoned Jim from the wood-pile. "He has come to question you and you'll have to tell all. It's over and

done with the poor boy in hiding beyond. We can do no more."

And Jim agreed with his mother, as he reluctantly shuffled into the room to face the full majesty and power of the outraged law.

The Judges words were dismaying.

"I come to inquire about the man whom my little boy found hurt from a fall upon the beach yesterday afternoon. You took him home, I believe, at little Joe's request?"

"I—I did, sir," stammered Jim.

"Was there anything serious the matter with him?"

"No—yes,—no, sir," faltered Jim. "I mean he seemed—in—in a bad way."

"Limbs broken, or what?" was the terse question.

"I—I—can't exactly say, sir. I think it was more—more in his head—like."

"Ah! That's bad. Has he any one to care for him?"

"He—he—has a sister, sir," said Jim.

"A poor helpless creature that can do little for him," put in Mrs. Duncan; and there was a sob in her voice quite startling in its genuine sympathy.

"Then perhaps I can depend on you to help him, my good woman," said the Judge, kindly. "My little son is quite ill, and very anxious about this poor man, who was kind to him when he was lost in the hills some time ago. I promised him I would see that the poor fellow had every comfort,"—and the speaker drew a roll of bills from his pocket. "Tell him that little Joe Neville sends this to him in gratitude for his kindness that night on Barker's Hills. May I depend on you to see that he has proper medical attention, food, warmth, clothes,—in fact, everything needful for his comfort? I have pledged my word for this to my little son, and will trust to your womanly kindness to keep it for me. Can I rely on you?"

"Sure—you—can, sir," gasped Mrs. Duncan, as, fairly in a daze, she took the money extended to her.

"If more is needed come to me," said the Judge. "And Jim will report to us at Wycherly how your protégé is."

"He will, sir," said Mrs. Duncan, catching on with woman's wit to the situation. "God bless you and yours for your goodness to the unfortunate, sir!"

"Gee-whit-a-kins!" whistled Jim, falling in a limp heap against the wall. "I haven't got a leg left to stand on. What did he give you, mother?"

"Ten, twenty, thirty,—the Lord save us, it's fifty dollars, Jim!"

"Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars for Red Murdoch, that's waiting for a chance to fly at his throat! Fifty dollars for Red Murdoch, that he is hunting like a hound! Well, I'll be durned!"

"It will pay Pete Lanigan's man to get him off," sobbed poor Mrs. Duncan, in rapturous delight. "It will help the poor lad to freedom and life in another land. It will save my poor mother's wild boy from shame and ruin here. God bless him! God bless the kind open hand that brought us this help! God bless him and his forever!"

But the complexity of the situation was too much for Jim. He could only stare blankly at his weeping mother, and mutter in bewilderment:

"Well, I'll be durned, if I'm not clean beat out! To think Judge Neville giving a helping hand to Red Murdoch."

As the long day wore on, the gloom deepened on Wycherly until all its gayety and gladness seemed wrapped in a pall. Ted and Wynne betook themselves to stables and kennels, where they strove to divert their troubled minds with the horses and dogs. Aunt Marian lay in her darkened chamber, prostrated by nervous suspense. Tessie sat in Mrs. Judkins' room, very sad and subdued, whispering little convent prayers for the loved playmate who seemed to have already passed into some strange darkness she could not reach.

White-robed nurses moved noiselessly through the beautiful halls that had

echoed all these glad years only to mirth and music. And amidst all, stern, proud, strong, stood the master of Wycherly, with the sword of a mighty sorrow buried deep in his heart. For the noted specialist summoned from the city had spoken a sentence against which Love could make no appeal. An operation was little Joe's only chance,—a serious and delicate operation, that would result—even Science could not forecast surely—either in life or death.

(To be continued.)

A Story Franklin Loved to Tell.

Franklin was one of a committee who drew up the Declaration of Independence. When the makers reported, many changes were made in the document and many parts of it were mutilated.

"I was reminded," said Franklin afterward, "of a journeyman hatter I knew when I was a printer. His name was John Thompson, and being about to start in business for himself he was desirous of having a suitable sign. So he composed it in these words: 'John Thompson, Hatter: makes and sells Hats for ready money.' Then followed the picture of a hat. He showed the designs to his friends. 'You don't need the word *hatter*,' said one; 'for the other words show that you make hats.' The second suggested that the word *makes* might be omitted; for if the hats were satisfactory, no one would care who made them. A third said that everyone in Boston paid cash, so there was no need of saying anything about *ready money*. The next remarked that there was no use of saying '*sells hats*,' for surely he wouldn't be expected to give them away. So the sign stood, 'John Thompson, Hats,' with the picture of a hat; and at last the word *hats* followed the others, leaving the sign, 'John Thompson,' with the figure of a hat added, which answered every purpose."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Persons who have been searching for Mr. W. S. Lilly's well-known work, "Some Chapters in European History," which has for some time been out of print, will be gratified to learn that a new edition, with several entirely new chapters, is announced for publication this month by Chapman & Hall. The work is now entitled "Christianity and Modern Civilization."

—We question the wisdom of circulating in this country a document like the lengthy pastoral letter of the Bishop of Cebu (P. I.) on Catholic Unity, and we are at a loss to know what good is expected to result from this publication. The letter is addressed to the Filipino clergy and laity, and it will be profitable reading for them; it is calculated to stir up bad feeling in this country. We will not criticise the official message of a bishop to his flock, but refer the curious reader to pages 82 and 83 of the pamphlet under consideration. There are magnificent passages in the pastoral, but these two paragraphs are infelicitous, to say the least.

—The London *Catholic Times* suggests a new way of celebrating the jubilee of the Pope—by distributing among the faithful everywhere a copy of his beautiful treatise on the virtue of humility, of which there are two translations into English. Perhaps a better choice would be his admirable instruction on the Christian life, a pastoral letter addressed to the Catholics of Perugia when he was Archbishop of that See. The instructions and maxims contained in this letter are a summary of the principles by which every Christian should be guided in order to preserve the deposit of faith in its integrity, and fulfil the Commandment upon which depends the whole law. Nothing surely would afford the Holy Father more gratification than to know that his instructions on the Christian life were being widely disseminated.

—The literary quality of the Authorized (Protestant) Version of the Bible has been the cause of so much invidious comparison that it will be a surprise to many to find that the old Catholic (Rheims) version exercised a strong influence over the Protestant scholars who translated the English Bible of 1611. The Oxford Press has just published a volume by Dr. James G. Carleton entitled "The Part of Rheims in the Making of the English Bible"; and in an elaborate analysis of the work, the *American Ecclesiastical Review* says:

It is not a little interesting that a non-Catholic scholar should essay to prove, with such ability and success, how much the Authorized Version (the cadence of whose rhythm Newman declared to have haunted him for years after his conversion) owes to the oftentimes despised Rheims Translation. Those who are never tired of lauding the one to the skies as the greatest monument of English literature,

will not, we hope, after reading this elaborate treatise forget in the future to give its due meed of praise to the version that remains a standing witness to the attainments of our Catholic forefathers, which the compilers of the Authorized Version used so freely and thanked so sparingly.

—A somewhat grandiloquent admirer of blank verse has been chanting its praises in the *Chicago Dial*. Among other statements made concerning this species of poetry is: "It only surrenders its whole beauty to the finest ear." Is it hypercritical to suggest that an ear not more than ordinarily fine is shocked by the flagrantly improper position of "only" in this sentence? 'Only to the finest ear does it surrender its whole beauty,' is of course the meaning intended to be conveyed. Common prose merits not less attention than does blank or any other kind of verse.

—We see that President Roosevelt is being referred to as the coiner of a phrase that is recognized as happily descriptive of the decreasing birth-rate among certain classes of our citizens—"race suicide." What about John Boyle O'Reilly's prior claim to the expression, or at least its exact equivalent? In O'Reilly's poem "Bone and Sinew and Brain" there occur these lines:

Ho, white-maned waves of the Western Sea
That ride and roll to the strand,
Ho, strong-limbed birds never blown a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land.
Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a suicidal race.

—The Abbé Loisy's book, *L'Evangile et l'Eglise* (The Gospel and the Church), has been made the text of considerable immature philosophizing and fantastic speculation on the part of certain correspondents of American papers. That the volume was disapproved of by the Archbishop of Paris was, of course, a sufficient reason for hailing it as "an epoch-making work," etc. We do not expect either the correspondents or the papers to which they contributed to notice the latest news relative to the Abbé and his book, so we will furnish it ourselves. Abbé Loisy has written to Cardinal Richard a letter in which, after stating that he has suppressed the second edition of his work, on the point of publication, he submits to the judgment of his ecclesiastical superior, and repudiates all the errors that may have been deduced from his volume. And so the Abbé's reputation, with the mob at least, vanishes into thin air. A few weeks ago he was a "sturdy, scholarly thinker with the full courage of his convictions"; now he lies in supine cowardice beneath the iron heel of Roman despotism (or words to that effect), and the scribblers of the secular press have no further interest in him. But

Father Loisy will probably survive this reversal of opinion as to his intellectual calibre and his moral courage as well.

—Among useful new books of which teachers especially should be informed we note the following lately issued by the American Book Co.: "School Composition," by Maxwell and Johnston, is well arranged and should be helpful in what to many teachers is irksome work,—namely, teaching the art of composition. The chapters on letter-writing and the appendix on the subject of correcting themes are, perhaps, the best parts of the book. Foncin's *Le Pays de France*, edited by Antoine Muzzarelli, and Bruno's *Le Tour de la France*, edited by L. C. Syms, are manuals that give a good idea of France and combine instruction with entertainment. A new school edition of *Nathan der Weise*, by Lessing, for advanced German students, furnishes all the material necessary for a critical study of this work. Catholic teachers will, of course, be guided by Catholic principles as regards the religious aspect of this drama. "Rote Song Book," by Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, in form, matter and thoroughness, is good. "True Fairy Stories," for the little folk, by Mary E. Bakewell, has excellent lessons; but even children like something with a clear moral motive.

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.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremeaux.* \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Life of Blessed Emily Bechieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.

The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.

Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.

A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.

The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.

Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Dogtown. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$1.50, net.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Robert Hughes, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Henry Meuffels and Rev. John Reichenbach, diocese of Detroit.

Sister M. Celina, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. George Andrews, of Erie, Pa.; Mr. Jacob Mossbacher, Madison, Cal.; Mrs. Annie Donahoe, Boston, Mass.; Mr. William Murphy, Malden, Mass.; Mrs. D. Rhyder, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. H. King, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Edward Murray, Co. Cavan, Ireland; Mr. Louis Devaux, Mrs. Mary Hughes, and Mr. H. I. Brady, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. George Plunkett, Mr. Denis Tierney, and Anne Gearty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Henry Hammill and Mrs. Mary Kohl, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. John O'Connell, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Mr. Myles O'Reilly, Wexford, Ireland; Mrs. R. M. Freehill, Halifax, Canada; Mr. Marcus Murphy, Mrs. Mary Ganzert, Mr. Michael Meehan, Mrs. Lillian Morton, and Mr. James McElearney, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. W. J. Clarke, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Calnan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Victor Perry, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. M. A. McDonald, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. C. L. Hayes, Hornbrook, Cal.; Mrs. Ellen O'Connor and Mrs. Ellen O'Toole, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. William Walsh, Galt, Cal.; Mrs. John Weber, Chelsea, Mich.; Mr. Timothy Coffey, Allston, Mass.; Mr. Caspar Keyser, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret Quinn, Mrs. Anna Fallon, Mrs. Julia Murphy, and Mr. Daniel Regan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. George Schmitt and Mr. J. W. Phillips, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

VOL. LVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 28, 1903.

NO. 13.

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Thy Kingdom Come.

BY MARION MUIR.

INCARNATE Love, whose coming smote the doors
Of Death and Fate, and bade Compassion seat
Herself by Thee: a heart that's broken pours,
Like Mary's box, its treasures at Thy feet.

What could I give to Thee I have not laid
Upon Thy shrine in sacrifice contrite—
High hopes and garnered joys, whose brightness
played


Like stars across the gloominess of night?

This I have done: keep now Thy faith with me,
The pledge of Comforter to those that mourn;
Give me to eat the fruitage of the tree
That stands where Eden's rose of light is born.

I can not hear Thy seraphs' songs afar:
I need Thee near,—I need Thy care for me.
My guide in doubt, my strength where dangers are,—
Come to my aid or let me rise to Thee!

A Modern Danger.

BY A PRIEST.



IN both sides of the Atlantic, for some years past, newspapers and periodicals have been flooded with certain advertisements of a style calculated to attract that growing class of persons who, in the rush and turmoil of modern life, with its periods of tense excitement and consequent depression, have become nervous, jaded, and weary to a degree that causes intense suffering. From the very nature of their disorder, nothing but what is new and exciting will appeal to them.

The old quiet ways of a God-fearing, God-serving life; the old Christian maxims of love for God and one's neighbor in the present, with childlike trust in Providence for the future, present no attraction to their shallow souls. The æsthetic side of Christianity is all too tame for their highly-wrought emotions; while its moral teaching of self-control and self-denial is too unpleasant for inclinations which have been used to no restrictions. When, therefore, a new, startling, and—to quote from one of the very advertisements of which I speak—a “most dazzlingly plausible” and a “daringly original” method of escape from all the ills and miseries of life, together with “power,” “success,” and “happiness” now and for the future, is announced as within the reach of all who are willing to pay a few dollars for the grand secret, it is no wonder that numbers of deluded folk are ready with their money—only, in the end, to suffer grievous disappointment.

There are, moreover, others to whose curiosity anything that savors of the occult or mysterious offers a temptation almost irresistible; and they also are likely to fall an easy prey to the vivid presentment of wonderful powers as possible of attainment, of mysterious influence as possible of exercise, and of secret and valuable knowledge as easy to be gained. All these things, and more, are promised in return for a greater or less amount of hard cash.

Making use of the permission granted me as a priest to read forbidden books

for purposes of refutation, I obtained temporarily for perusal certain volumes largely advertised in America and England, which profess to contain full instruction in every branch of "psychic" art. Not much reading was required to convince me of the utterly pernicious influence of the teaching they contain; and I hasten, through the widely-read pages of THE AVE MARIA, to utter a warning, if haply I may thus save some who may hear it from delusion, if not from great danger to their souls.

I forbear naming either books or publishers; but my readers will easily recognize both the class of publication to which I refer, and the glaring advertisements through the medium of which they are brought to the notice of all who can read. It is a regrettable fact, which has been commented upon in the columns of this magazine, that, at least in one instance, a Catholic newspaper has lent its columns to the dissemination of such advertisements. One charitably supposes, of course, that those who were responsible were ignorant of the nature of the literature which they thus helped to recommend.

The teachings and practices set forth in the books which came under my notice constitute a new and therefore a false religion,—if religion, indeed, it may be called: a religion of utter selfishness and naturalism, the professed purpose of which is nothing else than personal aggrandizement, personal power, and personal success. True, there is a great deal of talk about benefiting the human race and doing good to others; but the great inducement held forth to persuade the dollars out of the pockets of the unwary is the easy possession of health, wealth, influence, and happiness by the buyer. All reference to and recognition of not only a supernatural order of things—the things of divine grace,—but also of God's overruling Providence in things of the natural order, are conspicuous by their absence.

I have called this system a 'new religion,' but this is true only in part; for it is the strangest mixture of modern trickery and ancient superstition, of Eastern occultism and Western charlatanism, seasoned with a flavor of the spiritualistic *séance* and a few much-distorted borrowings from the teachings of Christian mysticism. Add to this, dangerous ingredients from the little understood and easily abused arts of the hypnotist, thought-reader, and fortune-teller, and you have a fairly accurate general description of the "New Thought," as one publication terms it, which is to regenerate the human race.

"Buy my book," says the advertiser, "and you will become a magnetic man; you will command attention and success wherever you go. All you have to do is to act upon my suggestions, and society will be at your feet. My instructions are very simple. You have only to cultivate the magnetic glance, the magnetic hand-shake, and to lay up a store of magnetism in order to bend others to your every wish. Buy my book, and you will be able to read the thoughts of others. You will need no telegraphy, wireless or otherwise; for 'telepathy' will be ever at your service, without trouble of switching on or ringing off. Buy my book, and you will become a universal healer. Buy my book, and you will be able to hypnotize like an adept, and to wield a power (dangerous of course, but that does not matter) which will make others the slaves of your will. Buy my book, and learn the grand secret of 'how to think'; for *all that you desire may be attained by knowing how to think*. Never mind the old superstitions about an all-ruling Providence or a God that disposes the affairs of men. Man is his own providence—nay, his own god. By willing aright and thinking aright he may make his own environment and create circumstances according to his own desires."

Behold the creed of this new religion: "*I believe that I can do all I want and have all I want by willing and thinking.*" Again, this religion professes to be "no distinct sect or doctrine." It is not Christian Science, it is not Theosophy, it is not Spiritualism; but through all these doctrines runs the undercurrent of truth which forms the main essence of the system: "*All that we wish may be obtained by knowing how to think.*" But there is more. "Buy my book, and become an adept in the higher secret mysteries. Then you will become as one of the Immortals. There will be no death for you, no suffering, no misery. You will be able to heal diseases and restore the dead to life by a touch."*

It is in this latter connection that the essentially anti-Christian spirit of the whole pernicious system reveals itself. The "adept" is nothing else than a sort of Buddhistic pantheist. God is the sum of all things; or rather the Universal Mind, in which all things have their existence. Our minds are part and parcel of God. The miracles of our Blessed Lord and His saints were due, according to this teaching, simply to the fact that they were "adepts," who had, in advance of their fellows, discovered the mighty natural forces which are in the possession of everyone of us, and which we can learn to develop and use in return for the outlay of a very modest sum.

What a pity that these great "truths" were not known before! What an amount of suffering, of useless penance, of superstitious, unavailing prayer, might have been saved if men had only known that they are their own masters, makers of their own fate, responsible for their acts to themselves alone, independent of any higher Power! But, in spite of all these wonderful promises, our Catholic people will prefer to commit themselves to the keeping of God; will prefer to

trust for true and everlasting happiness to a life well passed with the help of divine grace, and will prefer to believe that the supernatural life of charity and the sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost will do more for them than this wonderful new system of regeneration.

Nevertheless, it may not be out of place, as I have already hinted, to warn Catholics against the indulgence of a curiosity which, though harmless enough in intention, might have the result of bringing them under evil influences. Many would, doubtless, at first sight, pass over with contempt, as evidently of the charlatan order, the advertisements which promise such extraordinary advantages to the cultivation of the "power within," and to the study of this new so-called "Philosophy of Life"; but the young might not be proof against a very natural curiosity, and it is well that the Catholic parents who are responsible for their upbringing should have their attention drawn to this growing danger.

Not only are such publications as I have described dangerous in themselves, but they are made the medium of advertisements designed to interest their readers in matters of still more questionable repute. In these the notorious "planchette" figures largely, as well as apparatus for crystal-gazing, and methods of palmistry, fortune-telling, and other practices emphatically and explicitly condemned by the Church.

While there may be some truth in what is taught by these people in regard to will-power and its useful cultivation as a cure in nervous and hysterical cases; while we may, with eminent Catholic theologians, recognize the possibility of a useful employment of hypnotism, under proper restrictions, by qualified state-recognized practitioners; while, too, many of the apparently marvellous phenomena connected with thought-reading, palmistry, and kindred arts may be found to be due—where

* This is not exaggerated: this preposterous claim is actually put forward.

they are not the result of clever guess-work or mere trickery—to natural causes, yet there is so much contained in publications of the kind I have been considering that is not only morbidly exciting and bizarre, but also directly contrary to the spirit of faith and the doctrines of Christianity, that the Church wisely warns her children off the dangerous ground, considering the preservation of their faith and morals far more important than the very problematical advantages to be gained from the practice of arts so questionable.

Hence, too, the prohibition to make use of any means whatsoever for discovering the future, for revealing the secrets of the past or of another world. Palmistry, fortune-telling, the planchette, table-turning, and similar practices, may be taken up as a matter of mere amusement; and, as regards some of them, it may be easy to keep on the right side of the line which separates a harmless game from a dangerous superstition. But with regard to others, they are connected with phenomena so extraordinary as to be inexplicable except by some preternatural agency, which reveals itself as of an evidently evil nature.

Surely, then, considering the danger, and the ease with which amusement may develop into superstition, the Church is wise in her interference. No undiscovered or newly discovered powers, whether natural or preternatural, however marvellous in their character and results, can effect the moral regeneration of society; no natural life, however highly developed by further understanding, of the innate natural capabilities of man, can supply the place of the supernatural life of grace. The attempt to make this claim for them only neutralizes the possible usefulness of such further understanding of natural powers. One might respect a sober, scientific and reverent treatment of the question whether there exist such capabilities and what they are; but the attempt to force upon the

world, as a means of universal happiness and salvation, premature notions that are, for the most part, nothing more than the crude product of a morbid imagination, working upon a few half-understood truths; and the attempt, moreover, to attack the consecrated beliefs of the whole Christian world, held for nearly two thousand years, under cover of so miserable a pretext as these notions afford, merits the contempt of any sensible man.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XII.—POSCOVITCH.

DESPITE the protests and beseechings of the ladies, Myles insisted upon taking plenty of exercise; telling Dr. Filcovitch to go and be hanged—or words to that effect. In less than the allotted week Richard was himself again, and exceedingly desirous of joining the party about to set out for Poscovitch. A fever of restlessness had come upon him; and with his convalescence came a great tidal wave of strength, causing him to feel eager for any test of muscle or endurance.

When O'Reilly arrived Myles played several games of cricket, covering himself with glory, and becoming a greater hero than ever in the eyes of Percy Byng.

"By Jove, but won't it be bully when you are stopping with the *pater*! Are you fond of port? I tell you, O'B., that the Governor has an Offaly of '48, which he opens only for old Rothschild or some of those swells; and a Madeira which, I tell you honestly, is quite beyond me. I'll come back with you,—why, of course. Don't bother. We'll go to Londs cricket ground. I am a member, so is the *pater*, and we go in for the big

matches. I know Jeffries of Yorkshire; I am intimate with Billy White, who made the best catch England has ever seen, and saved the All England Eleven. I dined with Jimmy Abel, who took nine wickets off Surrey." And thus and thus, retailing his cricket reminiscences with the earnest eagerness of an emancipated Etonian.

Count Mero gave audience to O'Byrne every morning in his bedroom; for it was his habit to breakfast in bed, and smoke cigarettes while perusing a French novel or the pages of the *Nove Vreyma*. He never lost a chance of enlightening Myles as to the true condition of Russia, declaring that Nihilism had no hold whatever upon the Russian people.

"It is a fact," he stated, "that the Russian peasant is bitterly opposed to the promulgation of anarchical doctrines, or any other doctrine, in short, which does not coincide with his present religious belief and political customs. He is fanatically devoted to the Emperor; he recognizes nothing but God and the Tsar. When the peasants detect the presence of an anarchist among them, they generally batter his head with their sticks, and then turn him over to the *starosta*. The peasantry, who compose much more than nine-tenths of the entire Russian people, are perfectly satisfied with the government. That is what you English would call a good working majority, my young friend,"—squeezing his underhanging lip. "If more than nine-tenths of a people are satisfied with their government, and oppose every attempt to change it, as is the case with the Russian people, how can the remaining less than one-tenth be justified by the moral sense of the world in seeking to plunge their country into all the horrors of a rebellion?"

"What of your prison system, Count?" asked Myles.

"My dear sir, you shall come with me to St. Petersburg and visit our prisons from dungeon to skylight. As I have

already told you, those magazine articles are—" and he blew a cloud of smoke from his cigarette, gracefully pointing to it with his forefinger as it floated into nothingness. "Russia is a giant baby just awaking. We want everything. We want workshops within our walls, and Russian work. We want to be independent of the outside factories, and so we can—in time. We want railways, especially electric railways, all over this vast continent. We shall have them—in time. Our trans-Siberian road is a proof of what we can do within our walls. We want great iron and steel foundries, such as they have in the United States—the grand workshop of the world; and we will have them in time.

"My father saw mighty changes in his eighty years. He rode nearly all over the country, and was the best horseman of his day. They tell a story of him that is actually true. During the Crimean war, Todleben was desirous of sending a dispatch to the Emperor Nicholas, who awaited it with feverish impatience. My father was selected for the ride—this from Sebastopol to St. Petersburg,—and he rode day and night, night and day, until he arrived at the Winter Palace. As the Tsar was engaged in a serious war question with the Imperial Privy Council, my father was ushered into an anteroom, where he flung himself upon a couch and, tired to death, went fast to sleep. The Tsar sent for him, but he could not be awakened. Being informed of this, Nicholas came out of his cabinet and said: 'I shall awake him!' Shaking him roughly by the arm, he shouted in a loud voice: '*Vashe prevoschodite, elstro loshadi zolnovey!*'—which means, 'Awake your Excellency! The fresh horse is in readiness.' This familiar phrase, which had been hurled at my father all along the famous ride, caused him automatically to rise to his feet, when the Tsar, seeing his condition, gently aided him with his own hands

to extract the longed-for and important dispatch from a secret inside pocket. To-day we can push a dispatch over the wires, and the iron road enters the fortifications of a city that the genius of Todleben rendered impregnable to the allied armies of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Turkey. *Voilà!*"

The Princess Gallitzin, accompanied by Count O'Reilly and Percy Byng, left for Poscovitch; having extracted a promise from Myles that he would escort the Baroness thither upon the following day, Count Mero also to be of the party. A very fine riding horse was most hospitably placed at the diplomat's disposal; but he flatly refused to use it, to the ill-concealed chagrin of the Baroness, who did not eagerly relish his company,—at least upon this occasion; a quiet chat with the young Irishman being much more to her fancy. His honest frankness, his genial appreciation of every trifle, his delicious freshness possessed a charm for her that she could in nowise analyze; but the effect was so refreshing after the vapid utterings of court officials, *et id genus omne*, that his company acted upon her like a tonic. Dr. Filcovitch was pressed into service, lest any unforeseen accident should occur; and the party duly and safely arrived at Poscovitch, the Prince and Princess Gallitzin and a large house party receiving them on the terrace of their truly magnificent chateau.

"You should be tired after your drive, Mr. O'Byrne," said the Prince; "so you must permit me to escort you to your chamber, where you will find possibly an old friend."

This "old friend" was a bottle of Irish whisky—"John Jameson" brand; and, in order to humor the conceit of the Prince, Myles took a little in water, clinking glasses with his handsome host.

Prince Gallitzin, as a man, was as handsome as his lovely wife, to whom he was devotedly attached; the devotion being reciprocated in full measure. He

was a giant: six feet four high, and built in proportion. Very fair, with a straw-colored beard and big blue boyish eyes, and a smile like electric light, he won admiration, respect, and friendship from all who came into contact with him. This graceful act of producing the bottle of Irish whisky for the son of Erin, his guest, displayed his scrupulous thoughtfulness, albeit a trifle; but in the greater events of his life his name was ever associated with acts of grace, humanity, and care for others.

Count O'Reilly came in for a *golligue* (*Anglice* glassful) of the whisky, and drank the health of "The O'Byrnes," in which toast the Prince joined with a "Hip-hip-hurrah!" till in a very short time Myles, who felt pretty shy and awkward at first, found himself as much at home as if he were in the six-roomed little house at Sandymount Strand.

When the host had retired, leaving O'Reilly alone, Myles said to him:

"Now, look here, Count, and don't chaff me out of what I've got to say. You have stood by me like a brother, and have given me evidence of a friendship which is priceless and which is anchored right down here in the bottom of my heart. But, dear friend, how am I to—to arrange for these clothes?"

"Wear them out, Myles: then we can talk," said O'Reilly.

"My dear Count, they would wear *me* out if I did not talk. Be frank with me. I'll get the money—sure—"

"This is not a question of *money*, O'Byrne. There is something more than money in the world. And as for these paltry clothes—why, they are not worth talking about."

"But they are not yours: they belong to your brother. He will require his clothes, man!"

"Please don't let that bother you. He will not trouble about clothes, as he will be in uniform for at least a year, or perhaps longer. And he would not wear any raiment that was not up to

the top notch of the newest fashion. Besides, I shall give you a commission to execute for me in 'ould Ireland' that will more than offset the duds."

"Are you really in earnest, Count?"

"Faith, I am *that*,"—with a laugh.

"What is this commission, pray?"

"I'll not tell you just now; but it will cost you a little coin and a great deal of trouble, old man."

"The word *trouble* is nonsense. I shall be only too delighted to do anything for you or yours."

It is needless to say to the intelligent reader that the "clothes" question was a perpetual shadow over Myles. How was it possible to square the account? Assuming that it resolved itself into a question of money, who was to appraise the value of these garments of price? If they had been "confectioned" by a St. Petersburg tailor, similar suits could be ordered on the same lines, and the bill paid. Myles took it for granted that, under all the peculiar, not to say romantic, conditions of the case, his uncle would gladly pay the account; but if he refused,—well, something else should be done. The magnificent dressing case and gorgeous dressing gown he would, of course, return; having purposely refused to use either luxury, as he had never been the possessor of one or other. The garments used were to be considered, and the bill might prove a formidable one, since "swagger" tailors all over the world have fanciful notions in regard to prices, especially when the customer is young, extravagant, and willing to let the bill run. It was indeed an immense relief to honest O'Byrne that a road was opened to him which, as a gentleman and a man of honor, he could so easily travel, and perhaps be of "proof service" to his royal friend.

"I agree to your terms, Count," he said, "although I do feel rather mean, and I tell you frankly I would much prefer paying up—don't hit me!—and doing my uttermost to carry out the

task you will place in my hands. The dressing case and *robe de chambre* shall, of course, be handed to you the moment we reach St. Petersburg. I shall not miss them"—he laughed,—“for I never had a dressing case and never a dressing gown. So there you are!”

"Shake hands on the bargain, Myles. You can do more for me—*us*, my brother and myself—by cracking the nut I shall give you than if I were to empty the shops of Poole of London, Frank of Vienna, or Putswitch of St. Petersburg, of all their swell suits. So here's my hand, dear boy!"

The Palace of Poscovitch was conducted, as indeed that of Bermaloffsky, on the lines of regal magnificence; but the former had a more refined atmosphere, and less of the latent element of the barbarous which prevails so strongly, yet so silently, all over Russia. The furniture of Louis XV. was historical; the tapestried walls marvels of deftest handiwork; the vases each a small fortune; the picture-gallery studded with veritable gems of art; the billiard room hung with sporting pictures, any one of which would prove a treasure in an ordinary mansion; while above all were flowers, flowers, flowers,—everywhere, of every hue, of every delicious perfume, of every wondrous form which God in His goodness has given to the tiny garden of the earth. What an irrepressible sensation of gratification a flower evokes! Go into a peasant's hut, and a bunch of wild flowers compel you to yearn for them. Go into a prince's palace, and the gorgeous orchid commands your admiration. Flowers *are* messengers from the good God.

The servants too—of whom there was a small regiment—were refined in appearance. The men were in powder, silk stockings, and scarlet coats trimmed with gold bullion; the women in laced bodices, short scarlet skirts, black stockings, and low patent leather shoes, with

immense silver buckles of quaint design; their hair done up under coronet-like combs.

A Grand Duke being present, the Princess could not take Myles into dinner, but handed him over to the Baroness. As the young Irishman gazed around at the wondrous flashings of jewels, silver, and electric lights; at the beautiful women and uniformed men, he was thrilled with a sensation of almost rapturous admiration.

"Our hostess does the thing well," observed the Baroness, who seemed to divine the thoughts of her cavalier.

"Superbly, gloriously!" said Myles, in a burst of genuine enthusiasm.

"She has the Parisian sense of color. I had no chance of giving a dinner while you were at Bermaloffsky. But mine is an older and gloomier house. Besides, she possesses the one element that spins the world round like a top."

"And that is—?"

"Look at her, Mr. O'Byrne!"—almost bitterly.

"She is very beautiful. But, Baroness," he added, "I hold it that intelligence is always beauty."

"As they say of a plain woman. 'Oh, she is very good and sweet and amiable!' Now for a Russian custom old as Rurick! Please touch the top of my glass—so; now the bottom—so. Now I do the same by yours,"—suiting the action to the word. "Say *spasibo*—good!"

At this moment a small, dark-featured gentleman, in plain evening dress but covered with half a dozen decorations, leaned across the table and said something in Russian.

"This gentleman does not understand our language, Baron Jarotski," the Baroness replied in English.

"Ah!" And the small man's eyes glittered as he twisted the needle-point of his mustache as though he would twist it off.

"The Baron Jarotski is one of our Moscow finance magnates," whispered

the Baroness. "He is really nobody and nothing but a stack of roubles. He is enormously pretentious, and lacks breeding. However, that is his misfortune, not his fault; for I believe he was born in an *isba*, or hut, within sound of the great bell of the Kremlin."

"He must be a man of distinction, he is so decorated."

"In Russia they decorate for almost anything. Open a railway, build a bridge, give half a million roubles to a hospital, and you will get ribands and crosses galore. My husband had at least fifty, but I took good care that he never wore any of the cheap ones."

As Myles kept gazing at Jarotski, the Baroness continued:

"He is only the jackal of the Finance Minister. Every Finance Minister has a jackal and a Jew. This man is the jackal. If he were the Jew, or a Jew, he could not be here. Being the jackal, he is recognized by those nobles who have gone too fast. Not that our host is in that category,—quite the other way about: Gallitzin is very, very rich. You should go to his wonderful place in the Government of Perm."

"I have given up going to places where I have not been invited," replied Myles.

"You shall have an invitation, if you care for one. The visit would repay you immensely."

Jarotski again addressed the Baroness in Russian; to which she responded in English, to his evident annoyance.

"I won't introduce you to this man, Mr. O'Byrne. I don't like him, and I regard him as a cynical cod."

"Cod!" laughed Myles. "Cod is, you know, a fish, and a very good one too."

The subject of food ever proved interesting to Olga, Baroness Grondno; so she talked the Baltic fish, and the Black Sea fish, and the Siberian river fish, and the fish of the lakes; bewildering her listener with her piscatorial and culinary knowledge. For she energetically dilated upon the cooking of each particular fish,

and more especially upon the sauces with which it should be served.

Music—aye, and good music—was the order of the night; the hostess being a very brilliant pianist, while some of her guests pressed her very close indeed. One lady, an American, plucked a banjo and sang “coon” songs, to the intense enthusiasm of her audience. She was very young and provokingly pretty, with dark, luminous eyes; long, sweeping lashes; a laughing, rosebud mouth; milk-white teeth; and a Niagara of black hair that would persist in falling over her eyes. Her figure was *svelta* and she danced like a fairy. The Princess had met her at the United States Embassy; and, attracted by her freshness, frankness, and utter absence of “side,” had invited her, with one of the Ambassador’s daughters—Miss Hitchcock—to spend a few days at Poscovitch.

“Mr. O’Byrne, let me present you to Miss Alice Abell. She is half Irish, half American.” And the Princess duly introduced him.

“I hope,” said Miss Abell, laughing, “that you are not like a gentleman I met the other night, who declared that he was half Scotch and half soda.” And she added gaily: “I fancy much more Scotch than soda.”

Myles found this witty, winsome, sparkling brunette very much to his taste; and when she proceeded to the piano, and, after a brilliantly executed prelude, sang, in an indescribably sweet and true voice, “Savourneen Deelish,” following it with “Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,” his honest, enthusiastic applause seemed to afford the singer genuine and grateful pleasure.

“I like *you!*” she said to him, as the party broke up for the night. “*You* are not one of those shirt-collar automatons I meet at the Embassies and all over. There’s a fresh breath of the bog about you that is delightful.”

(To be continued.)

Absent.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

IN the first freshness of the Spring
I heard again “our robin” sing,
With voice as full and sweet and clear
As on that April day last year,—

That day last year when, hand in hand,
We walked abroad; when sea and land,
Pulsating to the Spring’s caress,
Were all aglow with tenderness.

But now as each glad, thrilling note
Rose gaily from that little throat,
My heart grew sad—I turned away:
I could not bear the song—that day.

Life in a Roman College.

BY A ROMAN STUDENT.

I WELL remember the feelings of pleasurable anticipation with which, by the aid of one of Mr. Cook’s ubiquitous agents, I got myself into a cab on my arrival at the Terminal Railway Station of Rome, and set forth on my drive to the Collegio —, where I was to take up my residence as a student for three delightful years. The long journey was over, during which eagerness to be at the goal of my cherished ambitions strove with a ridiculous and unreasonable fear lest something might yet happen to prevent their accomplishment.

I was now enjoying one of the keenest pleasures that this life has to offer—the excitement that immediately precedes the fulfilment of some dearest wish. The scenes through which I passed during that short drive I could not afterward recall; but they have since become familiar. I was in that pleasantly bewildered state of mind in which new objects make but a slight impression, so that on next passing over the same ground I recognized nothing that I had seen. My one idea was that I was in Rome, and hastening to—no, I must not

say *hastening*, for the slowness of the Roman cab-horse is proverbial,—but, at any rate, making for the ancient portals of the venerable Alma Mater of which I had heard and read, and which was now to become my own.

Thoughts of illustrious sons, of noble martyrs for the Faith, of indefatigable workers for God's Church, who had made the same journey as I, and had lived under the same roof that was to shelter me, passed through my mind. Doubtless like many another, I registered a vow to walk in their footsteps; like many another, too, I have now a sad consciousness of having fallen very far below what they accomplished. Nevertheless—and here again I am not alone,—I can look back and say that something has been gained that I should not have, had I not sojourned for a time in the place where they prepared themselves for great deeds. This I say not in any boasting spirit, for it is not merit of mine. No man can live long in those scenes and not be, in some degree, the richer for it. He will, at least, have ideals which, though they be often a reproach to him, will also be a spur, ever urging him to strive for better things.

At last my new home is reached, and the smiling porter stands ready, holding open the door to receive me. Here, accustomed to connect a college with the magnificent Gothic piles of Oxford and Cambridge, I receive a slight shock of disappointment from the unpretentious appearance of the college buildings. Few indeed of the great educational houses of the Eternal City have much to recommend them, from the architectural point of view. Still, they are large and spacious and often imposing, and—they are in Rome. This is enough to dispel the momentary cloud. And now let us suppose the first week over, and the newcomer settled down to the student's life which it is the purpose of these lines to portray.

The day begins early. Half-past five,

or five, and in some colleges even an earlier hour, is fixed for rising. Then come the daily meditation and Mass. Breakfast must be over betimes; for the theological schools open early, and at the stroke of eight the first lecture—in moral theology—begins. Then comes the morning lecture in dogmatic theology, followed by others in Scripture, Church history, or some other branch of sacred studies. The Roman schools are famous chiefly for their excellent treatment of theology and Canon Law. Complaints are sometimes made of deficiencies in regard to the study of Holy Scripture and Church history; but increased attention has of late been paid to these subjects. And it must be remembered that scholastic theology forms the foundation of an ecclesiastic's education, and that without a firm grounding both in dogma and moral he may easily go astray in the study both of Holy Scripture and history.

It is right that in Rome, whose Chief Pastor is charged with the duty of watching over the faith of the Universal Church, the scientific study of Christian dogma and its application to questions of morality should receive the largest share of attention. How else than by the exact methods of the school, carried on under the watchful eye of Infallible Authority, can the development of Catholic doctrine be safeguarded from all error and kept along the line of truth? The Guide of this development is indeed the Holy Ghost dwelling in the Church; but men, and the intellects of men, are the instruments which He uses for His work; and those instruments must be trained and perfected before they can be fit for the uses to which they will be put.

The hall of the Gregorian University at lecture time, when the eminent theologian who now holds the principal chair of dogmatic theology is teaching, is a stirring and encouraging sight. So great is the number of his hearers that the room will scarcely hold them, and

many are crowded in their seats or even obliged to stand. At the present time more than eleven hundred students attend this the chief of the Roman theological schools. Of these students the great majority would be studying theology. In that one room, drinking in with eager and enthusiastic attention every word that falls from the lips of their learned and revered master, are the children of many nations. Italians, Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Portuguese, Austrians, Hungarians, Spaniards, Poles, Belgians, Dutchmen, South Americans,—all are represented; all hear told, not indeed in their own but in the common tongue of Holy Church, the wonderful works of God; and all learn at its very source to expound and to defend the precious heritage of Faith once delivered to the saints.

From above the professor's chair looks down the serene face of the Mother of Wisdom, *Sedes Sapientiæ*, whose aid is invoked at the beginning and end of every lecture. No one who sees the lecture halls of Rome will think that the Church is effete or that she has had her day. There are the recruits who will soon swell the ranks of her priestly army; there are some who, as bishops or as teachers, will rule and enlighten the Christian world; and there, too, assuredly, are some, at least, who by their heroic sanctity will win greater victories for the cause of God than the deepest learning and the highest administrative ability can command. These men, when they go forth from Rome, will disseminate through the earth the light of religious truth, before which the darkness of falsehood and error must fly.

I have often told friends who were visiting Rome to take an opportunity of seeing the students pouring out from the University after the lectures. It is a sight probably unique, and well worth the trouble of going to see.

Strangers passing, by chance, one of the great schools stand astonished at the crowds of clerics—each man dressed in the costume proper to his college—which suddenly invade the street. Quickly they form into *camerata* and wend their orderly way back to college for study, to some church for devotion, to some historic monument for instruction, or to one of the beautiful public gardens of Rome for well-earned recreation. Of necessity all the time that can be gained for private study during the day is diligently used; and that time, on days when the full number of lectures is given, does not amount to a great deal. But there are many days when the schools are not open, and they are the great opportunity for hard reading.

Some recreation indeed is imperative, for college life is not easy; and in Rome a daily walk in the fresh air after confinement in a stuffy lecture room is not to be foregone. The Italian dread of draughts is so great that an open window is rarely tolerated, so that the only airing the lecture rooms get in the day is during the short interval between one lecture and another. Then a spectator from the street below would see the windows flung open and heads protruding, mostly belonging to owners of British or American nationality, who do not share the Continental indifference to a close atmosphere. There is, however, wisdom in this fear of draughts in a hot country; for to catch a chill often entails a fortnight in bed with fever. This danger, by no means remote, is expressed by the Spaniards in the proverb:

If cold wind reach you through a hole,
Go make your will and mind your soul.

In addition to the lecturers at the schools, each college has its own tutors, whose duty it is to coach the students privately, and prepare them for the periodical examinations for degrees or for those which have to be passed as a preliminary to receiving orders. The

latter examinations take place at the Vicariate, or Office of the Cardinal Vicar. The story is still told in Rome how the great Doctor (afterward Cardinal) Newman failed to pass the vicariate examination for the priesthood,—owing, doubtless, to lack of facility in speaking Latin according to the Roman method of pronounciation. The same adventure is recorded of more than one convert who afterward became eminent.

A word must be said here about the admirable practice of the Roman diocese with regard to granting faculties to priests who wish to hear confessions. Three successive examinations, of the most searching character, must be successfully passed before the candidate can obtain leave to act as a confessor in Rome; and this even though he be a man of large experience who, perhaps, has held faculties and heard confessions in many other dioceses for a number of years. This may seem a little hard, but it is a great thing that Rome should maintain a high standard in so important a matter.

Dry theological studies, however, do not fill up the whole of the time of a student in the Eternal City. Nowhere else in the world can those studies be varied by so much that is not merely interesting, but which, while affording variety, bears also upon theology, illustrating and vivifying what might otherwise tend to have a narrowing and cramping effect upon the mind. For him who uses his opportunities, everything that he sees in his daily walks abroad may be made to subserve the great end of progress in the sacred sciences for which he has come to Rome. Here are the very churches in which sat famous councils that defined the dogmas of the Church; others which recall the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, as St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. John Lateran; or the victory of Truth over Heresy, as St. Mary Major—a standing monument to the glorious

title of *θεοτόκος* (Mother of God) secured to Mary at Ephesus. If he go to the Catacombs, he may read, in painting and inscription, in sarcophagus and rock-hewn shrine, the beliefs of the Primitive Church, and learn by ocular demonstration that the Christians of the first ages believed in and hoped in and loved the same glorious body of Truth as he.

Nor is the glory of departed days alone exhibited before his eyes; but, as the Church's year runs its course, he may witness, carried out with more pomp than is elsewhere possible, the glorious symbolic ceremonial with which she surrounds her public worship. Feast and fast, the glad rejoicing of Christmas and Easter, the penitential spirit of Lent and Holy Week,—all have their ceremonies full of teaching for him, if he look rightly upon them with a devout mind. Above all, there are never-to-be-forgotten days when he kneels at the feet of Christ's Vicar and venerates in him the successor of Peter. Incidents such as this stand out amongst many which, though the daily lot of the Roman student, would be great events in the lives of others. Their memory will ever remain fresh and green, casting sweet odors about the dreary ways of after-life, invigorating and refreshing the soul wearied with the drudgery of the "common round."

The Old Roof-tree.

Around the banqueting hall of Bulwer's ancestral home is emblazoned:

Read the Rede of the Old Roof-tree.
 Here be Trust fast, Opinion free.
 Knightly Right Hand, Christian Knee;
 Worth in all, Wit in some;
 Laughter open, Slander dumb;
 Hearth where rooted Friendships grow,
 Safe as Altar even to Foe;
 And the sparks that upward go
 When the hearth-flame dies below,
 If thy sap in them may be,
 Fear no winter, Old Roof-tree.

Mrs. Bentley's Surprise.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE triumphant and self-satisfied smile with which Mrs. Bentley had pursued her way through a voluminous correspondence changed with marvellous rapidity to a frown as she looked into the last letter of the pile that had been heaped beside her breakfast plate.

"She is really intolerable!" the lady cried, in an injured tone; and her husband looked up from his newspaper with a mild inquiry:

"Who, my dear?"

"Your Aunt Janet," Mrs. Bentley responded. "Here is a letter from her telling me that she and her companion are coming here to-day."

"Well?" Mr. Bentley observed, gently.

"It isn't *well*!" his wife retorted. "Do you forget that our house party assembles to-day?"

"No; but there's plenty of room, isn't there? I'm sure there ought to be. One doesn't pay over one hundred thousand pounds to be short of sleeping apartments." And the master of the house laughed.

"Oh, papa never understands!" the third occupant of the room murmured, plaintively. She was a tall, handsome girl, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, and the sole heiress of Mr. Bentley, the wealthy Bradford manufacturer.

"Never!" Mrs. Bentley assented, most emphatically. "Just fancy Miss Nestle talking to the Countess!"

"I see no great incongruity in that," Mr. Bentley said.

Mrs. Bentley looked again at the note in her hand, and added:

"I suppose not. But, as it happens, Miss Nestle has a postscript to her letter, which informs me that she isn't coming. She has been called on to visit some old servant who is ill."

"What a mercy!" Juliet ejaculated.

"But it isn't," her mother answered. "This companion of hers is coming, and Miss Nestle desires that the carriage shall meet her. Carriage indeed!"

"How preposterous!" Juliet said.

"Perfectly so. And this letter"—Mrs. Bentley shook the sheet of paper viciously—"this letter was written from London, and she gives no address. If she had I should have telegraphed to Miss—I can't decipher Miss Nestle's scrawl. Can you, Juliet?"

Miss Bentley took the letter, glanced at it, and replied:

"Norman the name is. What a funny composition Miss Nestle writes!"

"What are we to do?" Mrs. Bentley asked.

Juliet pondered.

"I suppose the girl must come."

"She must, I'm afraid; and she's certain to be some totally unrepresentable person. It is too provoking! And everything was coming off so well! The Countess of Darton writes so nicely. She hopes to be here on Thursday in time for dinner, and she expects Lord Tyndale to join her on Saturday. The others all come to-day." And Mrs. Bentley enumerated the expected guests. "Nine to-day, and the Countess and her son make eleven. Just a nice number for a country house party," the lady continued. For the moment she had forgotten her husband's aunt and Miss Norman.

"And the girl?" Juliet reminded her.

"Oh, the girl! Let me see." Mrs. Bentley's arched eyebrows met. "Yes, yes: the very thing!" she exclaimed. "Carrie's governess is away with a sick relative. I shall make this Miss Norman understand that we expect her to take Miss Helstone's place."

"Splendid!" Juliet clapped her hands.

"Mamma, you're a genius! And perhaps Miss Nestle may be detained for a length of time."

"I certainly hope so. We could not avoid introducing her to our guests,"

Mrs. Bentley remarked. "She is a dreadful person."

"Entirely uncultivated," Juliet agreed.

"What does she mean by saying in her letter that I shall get a pleasant surprise?" Mrs. Bentley inquired, as she lifted Miss Nestle's epistle again.

"Oh, what does it matter?" Juliet answered.

And then Mr. Bentley, having finished the money article in the *Times*, left the room; and the mother and daughter began to make the final arrangements for the reception of their guests.

Mr. Bentley had made an immense fortune while yet a young man, and had married the daughter of a mediocre clergyman, whose great ambition it was to attain a high position in society. For years she had struggled with indefatigable energy for that position, and with indifferent success. She at length induced her husband to purchase the mansion and estate of Carrisbrooke from a bankrupt peer. He had also bought the furniture of the house at a valuation; and Mrs. Bentley was wise enough to leave it undisturbed and to retain many of the former servants. Of course various luxuries and comforts were introduced into the house. There was excellent shooting to be had, and Juliet Bentley was a very handsome and modern young lady, so that at length Mrs. Bentley's efforts seemed to meet with a fitting recompense.

During the previous London season she and her daughter had been received in many smart drawing-rooms. Rumor, too, credited Mr. Bentley with possessing even a more colossal fortune than he actually had; and several mothers of impecunious sons looked on Miss Bentley with kindly eyes. The good Countess of Darton had been sounded by an acquaintance of Mrs. Bentley's, and had been reported as not unwilling to receive Miss Bentley as a daughter. She had accepted an invitation to Carrisbrooke

for herself and son; and at the very hour when Mrs. Bentley and Juliet were discussing their coming guests the Countess and her sister were talking of Juliet and her mother. The breakfast table at which the two ladies sat lacked the brightness and luxuries of that of Carrisbrooke, and the Countess and her sister were dowdily dressed when compared with Mrs. and Miss Bentley.

"The girl is certainly handsome," the Countess observed, with a sigh; "but I should prefer Tyndale's marrying in his own class."

"So should I," Miss Ponsonby agreed emphatically.

"But things are so involved. Darton can not raise enough money to pay the interest on the mortgages even, and the girls are all grown up now. I had hoped that they might have had a season in town, but it was impossible." And the speaker sighed again.

"How did things get into such a mess?" Miss Ponsonby inquired.

"I don't really know. To be sure there was never any money; but with falling rents and all the annuities on the estate to be paid, and increasing household expenses, there is less now. Then there were the losses in South African shares."

"You shouldn't have allowed your husband to dabble in stocks and shares," the spinster said, with a spinster's mistaken notion of a wife's power. "You shouldn't, Anna."

"I couldn't prevent him, indeed."

"Well, there's no doubt, I suppose, about Mr. Bentley's wealth?"

"None whatever; but, Elizabeth, I am rather afraid that Mrs. Bentley isn't a nice woman. I've heard that she scolds her servants publicly."

Miss Ponsonby laughed.

"Perhaps they deserve it, Anna. But, seriously, I myself was not much impressed by Mrs. Bentley. I met her once, and she seemed rather overdressed and arrogant."

"Well, I hope the girl is all right. I

should rather go on living as we are than that Tyndale should marry a person with whom he would not be happy. You know his gentle nature."

Miss Ponsonby thought of her quiet, studious nephew, the heir of the Darton title, and said:

"Well, you'll have an opportunity of judging of her character, anyway. You didn't tell me yet how the girls are."

"They are quite well, but anxious for many things that can not be had. Mary is away visiting some old lady with whom she formed a friendship at the seaside last summer. Very little amusement goes a long way with Mary. She is different from Beatrice and Maud."

"She is so much older, you see."

"Older! Oh, of course! Do you know, I sometimes forget that Mary is only a half-sister to Tyndale and the girls?"

"Mary must be over thirty," Miss Ponsonby said.

"Thirty-two. It is selfish of me, but I am often glad that she has not married. Her income is useful." (The Countess of Darton had been twice married, and the child of her first marriage had a small annuity in her own right.)

"I daresay. Now, Anna, if you mean to do any shopping, it is quite time we were setting out," Miss Ponsonby remarked briskly.

On the appointed day the Countess journeyed to the little railway station that was about three or four miles from Carrisbrooke. Through some mismanagement the train was an hour behind time, and dinner was over when the lady reached the house; but a *recherché* little meal was served in the sitting-room allotted to the Countess for her own particular use, and Mrs. Bentley hovered round her guest with much attention. It was in quite a different spirit the lady had come to Miss Norman on her arrival at Carrisbrooke. A fly from the village had met the latter at the station, and a servant had shown her to a rather dingy little room, where tea was waiting

her. Before she had finished her meal Mrs. Bentley, dressed in fine attire, bustled into the room.

"How do you do?" she said, hastily; and, without waiting for an answer, continued: "It is rather inconvenient that your visit should be paid at this particular time. We are quite crowded. Miss Nestle is very inconsiderate, and must be unused to this kind of life."

Miss Norman was a little person, whose bright brown eyes were full of humor. She looked in some surprise at Mrs. Bentley, and murmured something which that lady failed to catch. The mistress of the house resumed:

"Oh, yes, Miss Nestle's absurd! If she had given any address I should have asked her to prevent your coming. Now that you are here, however, perhaps you can be useful. My niece—my sister's little daughter—resides with me. Her governess very inconsiderately insisted on going to nurse a sick friend, so that Carrie is left to run wild. I presume you could act as governess while you remain?"

There was a mischievous gleam in Miss Norman's brown eyes as she replied:

"Yes, I could perhaps—that is if my knowledge is—"

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" Mrs. Bentley interrupted. "If you just look after the child and keep her from getting into mischief, I shall be greatly relieved. She is only seven years of age."

"Oh!"

"You can have your meals with her in the schoolroom, Miss—Norman, is it?"

Miss Norman bowed; and Mrs. Bentley quietly took her to the schoolroom and introduced her to her pupil. The child wondered why her new governess laughed so heartily when Mrs. Bentley had left the apartment.

The two got on very well together; and on the evening on which the Countess arrived Mrs. Bentley came to ask Miss Norman if she played dance music well. On receiving a modest

affirmative for reply, she requested her to proceed at once to the hall, where the young people were getting up an impromptu dance.

"You can arrange the child's dress and take her with you," Mrs. Bentley said, and hastened back to her titled visitor. "The young folk are getting up a dance," she informed the Countess, "and I have been requesting my holiday governess to play for them. Fortunately, she is a plain-looking person and not likely to attract notice. I disapprove of distracting the minds of such persons from their work."

Dancing was in full swing when the two ladies at length descended to the hall. The Countess glanced round her nervously, and started as her eyes fell on the figure at the piano.

"Why surely—" she hesitated, and lifted her eyeglass to her eyes. "Oh, dear me, Mrs. Bentley, when or how did Mary come to Carrisbrooke?"

"Mary!" Mrs. Bentley ejaculated, following the direction her guest's gaze had taken. "Mary!"

"Yes: Mary Norman, my daughter."

"Your daughter!" There was a wail almost in Mrs. Bentley's tone of surprise. "Miss Norman!"

"Yes. I suppose you didn't know, but I was twice married. Mary had been away on a visit to an old lady, a Miss Nestle, whom she met at the seaside."

All Mrs. Bentley's hopes of seeing her daughter a peeress died at that instant. Lord Tyndale, for some reason or other, did not arrive at Carrisbrooke, and his mother's visit lasted only two days; and, naturally, Miss Norman took her departure at the same time.

It has been observed that when you go to collect a bill there are apt to be fewer inquiries about your health than when you go to pay one.

A SURE way of losing your health is to keep drinking other people's.—"*Light.*"

A Sad Problem.

WALKING home from late Mass the other Sunday, I observed a young man in front of me, well dressed but with a slight stoop, and carrying his hands in his pockets,—a habit which is odious to me. Presently two young girls, also well dressed but too gaudily for an old woman of my conservative tastes, passed ahead of me. As I walked along behind them I overheard the following conversation.

"Madeline, do you see that young fellow in front of us?"

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No. I don't care to know him either. But he fooled me nicely last Sunday."

"How was that? Did you mistake him for some one else?"

"No: I mistook him for a gentleman."

"And isn't he one?"

"Why, certainly not. Can't you tell it by the way he shuffles along with his hands in his pockets?"

"Well, his walk is really not very graceful, Bertha."

"He looks well sitting down, though. It makes the greatest difference."

"Does it? Where did you see him sitting down?"

"In church last Sunday. I came late, and thought I would go to the side aisle. You know those two funny little pews against the wall? I suppose you would call them at right angles to each other."

"Yes. Well?"

"I slipped into one of them, knelt a moment, and then, as the sermon had begun, I sat down. When I got settled in my place I saw that young man almost facing me in the other pew. I was struck by the beautiful shape of his head and the short crisp curls. I like that kind of hair, there is something so romantic about it. And he had such a fine complexion, and such a lovely tie,—blue, with white polka dots; just like

the one I gave Arthur for Christmas. Mean thing! I wish I had it back! I'll never spend another fifty cents on *him*, I can tell you. He's *such* a flirt!"

"Well, he's got his match now in Kitty Hayden. I believe he likes her real well. He gave her a bangle."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it—she showed it to me."

"Well, I'm not jealous of her. I wish them joy of each other. But to go on with my story."

"Yes, go on."

"My friend was all right till he stood up. Then I noticed that he kept his hands in his pockets. I despise that habit, don't you? But afterward I didn't wonder in the least."

"Why?"

"At the last Gospel he made the Sign of the Cross—at the blessing, I mean,—and—well, I can't describe those hands!"

"Weren't they clean?"

"Yes, they were *clean*; but so big and coarse and rough! They were simply disgusting. I *know* he's a drayman or maybe a blacksmith."

"A blacksmith wouldn't slouch along like that."

"Probably he works at *some* trade, though."

"Tradesmen make good money."

"But they're so *common*!"

"Yes, that's so."

"I don't see how any young fellow with a bit of pride would want to work at a trade, do you?"

"Some one has got to do things, you know," rejoined Madeline, who seemed to be less silly than her companion.

The girls began to walk more briskly, and that was all I heard. At some distance farther on they were stopped by an old woman, poor-looking but neatly clad in black. After exchanging a few words with her they passed on. She walked very slowly, and when I reached her she bade me a kindly "Good-morning."

"I saw you in church, ma'am," she

said, "and took you to be a stranger."

"Those are very pretty girls to whom you have just been speaking," I remarked.

"Yes, they're pretty enough," she replied. "But they're just as empty-headed as they're good-looking. They're neighboring girls of mine—cousins,—but they have foolish parents. Instead of putting them to good trades they let them take places in one of those big cheap stores. I declare, ma'am, the way they do be chewing gum all the day long in those places, and then standing talking to customers with their mouths full of it, is sickening,—just sickening. And, then, the foolish airs they put on! Mary and Bridget they were christened, but it's Madeline and Bertha they call themselves now."

"Probably they will end by being ashamed of their parents," said I.

"They're ashamed of them already, ma'am, in a way. Do you think those girls ever take their whippersnapper company to the house? Never!"

"Where do they take them, then?"

"They meet them in the parks and at the corners. It's a wonder that more of them don't come to grief."

"Perhaps they have no place where they can entertain their friends."

"Maybe some of them haven't, but these have a neat little sitting-room where they needn't be ashamed to take any young man. But they wouldn't have him hear the Irish 'brogue,' as they call it, from the lips of their poor old father and mother."

"I wonder they go to Mass."

"And so do I, ma'am. It's habit with them; and they meet people and show their fine clothes. What the children of Irish Catholic parents are coming to in this country I don't know,—that is, some of them. They're not all like that. And yet those two would be very sweet and good girls, if they'd had training. Glory to God, but it's a sad thing!"

And so it is.

M. W. M.

Converted in Spite of Himself.

SOME years ago the parish priest of a village near Roanne, in France, was a notable, and a notable-looking, personage. A stalwart old gentleman of sixty-seven, he was as straight as an oak and fresh-colored as a youth of twenty; though the hair which fell over his shoulders like a profusion of floss-silk was purely white. Pastor of the parish for more than twenty years, he was virtually a father to all its residents. Of genial disposition, he would stop to chat with the peasants as they sat at their doors drinking their steaming soup, and bless the little lads and lasses who delighted to be near him.

This excellent *curé*, however, had one enemy among his parishioners. It was rather an inexplicable fact, but a fact all the same, that the priest was cordially detested by a farmer named Martin who lived on a little farm on the bank of the Loire, about half a mile from the village proper. Martin hated not only the *curé* in particular, but priests in general. He had forbidden his wife to go to Mass or Vespers; and as for his two little boys, the only catechism he taught them was to despise the clergy, who, he repeatedly and loudly declared, were "do-nothings and good-for-nothings."

Time and time again the pastor had tried his hand at converting Martin, but without the slightest apparent success. Still he did not become discouraged, and frequently told the stubborn farmer: "Never mind, Martin! You'll see that I'll convert you some day in spite of yourself."

One October evening the Loire, swollen by recent heavy rains, overleaped its banks and threatened to flood the whole plain. Martin was warned by some weather-wise old watermen that he had better change his quarters, as there was considerable danger in remaining in his

farmhouse. Obstinate as usual, he paid no heed to their advice. "If the Loire pays me a visit," he chuckled, "at least I'll have time to see it coming." And he lay down and went quietly to sleep.

About six o'clock the next morning Martin was awakened by a loud and strange noise. It was the first waves of the swollen river lapping against the lower walls of his dwelling. Cursing the flood and the rains that caused it, he woke up his wife and children, and sent them scurrying toward the village, with the most valuable of their portable belongings. They did not go far, however, before discovering that they were cut off from the village: the waters of the Loire had made an island of the farm. Retracing their steps, they hurriedly regained the house and took refuge in the second story. Soon afterward, the water was rising with such rapidity, they were obliged to mount the roof,—fortunately a flat one.

The width of the Loire had now become almost two miles. Its sombre waves swept away everything they encountered on the plain below the village; and the waters were still rising, advancing slowly toward the confines of the village itself. All the inhabitants were, of course, up and out of doors, watching with dismay the approaching waves. The frightened women clung close to their husbands, who stood silent and anxious; hoping for the best, but clearly fearing the worst.

All at once a new arrival made his way through the crowd to secure a good view of the devastated valley. It was the priest. One brief look around the horizon, then he cried: "My children, look there!" An exclamation of horror broke out as, turning to the point his outstretched finger indicated, they recognized Martin's house. The water was rapidly gaining the roof, on which a woman was running backward and forward like a caged lioness, dragging after her two little children, who were

uttering despairing cries. Martin himself was seated on top of the chimney.

"Come quick!" urged the priest. "Let us not lose a minute: they must be saved." Then, turning toward his parishioners, he added: "Men, there are surely among you some brave fellows who will not refuse to snatch those poor people from certain death."

Not a man stirred.

"Very well," said the priest. "I understand. You can not expose yourselves to the risk of death,—you who have wives and children. But I, anyway, will try to save that unfortunate family."

Freeing himself from the hands of some who endeavored to detain him, he hurried down to the river, jumped into a rowboat that the rising waters had just floated, seized the oars and began rowing toward the point of distress. It was a toilsome and a dangerous task. The rower advanced slowly, painfully, spasmodically. Occasionally trunks of trees, pieces of timber, roofs of barns and outhouses, hurried along by the current, struck the boat and turned it end for end, threatening every minute to upset it altogether.

From the roof of the ill-fated house the mother and children had seen him, and they stretched their arms toward him appealingly. As for Martin, he had arisen, and, scarcely believing his eyes, he watched his enemy bending stoutly to the oars. The priest was approaching slowly but surely; yet there was no time to spare. A minute or two more and it would be too late to save them. Finally the vigorous old pastor made a supreme effort, and the boat touched the roof just as the water began to flow over it. Mother, children, and Martin were soon embarked. But the shore was to be reached, and it was no easy matter to get there.

"Take one of the oars," said the *curé* to Martin; "and all of you pray *hard* to the Blessed Virgin."

Finally, after a half hour of desperate

struggling, the boat exposed continually to the danger of being dashed to pieces by the floating *débris*, they gained the shore. Then all the villagers knelt down while their pastor raised his voice in fervent thanksgiving to God. When the prayer was finished, Martin drew near his preserver, and, with downcast eyes, stammered out:

"Father, I humbly beg your pardon for having abused you and rejected your good advice!"

"Ah, ha! Martin my boy!" said the priest, as he caught his old-time enemy's hand in a vigorous grasp, "didn't I tell you I'd convert you in spite of yourself?"

Let it be added, for the honor of the France of those days, that the pastor's heroism was duly recognized by the State, and that on grand occasions thereafter his simple black cassock was ornamented by a very handsome medal.

Salvation in the Russian Church.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of our French exchanges puts the following question: "What does the Catholic Church think of the validity and the efficacy of the sacraments administered by a Russian pope? May one hope for the salvation of a Russian who dies fortified by the sacraments of his religion?" As the subject is likely to prove of interest to many readers, we think it worth while to reproduce the answer given by our Parisian contemporary, the *Annales Catholiques*.

This answer is not doubtful. Although the religion of the Russians and Greeks is schismatical and heretical, its ministers really consecrate in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and those who *in good faith* receive its last sacraments receive therefrom the grace necessary for salvation, and so may go to heaven.

The religion of Russia, in spite of her self-conferred title of "orthodox," is of course heterodox, schismatical, separated

from the mystic body of Jesus Christ—that is, from the great Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. She is schismatical because she broke away from Catholic unity by rejecting the jurisdiction and magistracy of the Pope, which she had recognized up to the time of Photius in the ninth century; and, after a short lapse, up to that of Michael Cerularius in the eleventh. She is heretical because she denies certain essential dogmas of the faith; for instance, the authority of St. Peter's successor and the Catholic teaching as to the origin of the Holy Ghost. According to her tenets, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity proceeds from the Father only, and not, as we hold, from the Father and the Son.

A Greek or a Russian who knows of these defects in his church, who is aware in consequence that he is outside the true religion instituted by Christ for the salvation of men, and yet persists in his error and dies therein, can not, evidently, go to heaven. If however, he is blamelessly ignorant of all this—if he is in good faith—it is certain that he can be saved, provided his soul be pure, or that by contrition it be purified from every grievous sin. He does not form a part of the exterior body of the Church, but he belongs to her soul. He is in unconscious and invisible communion with the faith of Rome, with all the just on earth, with all the saints in heaven, and with God Himself.

This broad principle does not conflict with the truth of the seemingly rigorous axiom, "Outside the Church no salvation." It rather explains that axiom's real sense. Outside both the body and the soul of the Church there is no salvation. It is possible, however, to be joined to the soul of the Church by *good* faith in default of the *true* faith, if one is invincibly impotent to acquire this latter. More exactly, one may have the true faith in a formal manner, although one professes, through

invincible ignorance, many articles materially opposed thereto. This principle applies not merely to the Greek or Russian creed, but to all false religions; for everyone can be saved with the grace which God never refuses to men of good will.

It is pertinent to add, however, that of all non-Catholics, the Oriental schismatics, the Greeks and Russians are in this respect the best off. They have greater facilities, more abundant means of obtaining grace than have the others, than have Protestants in particular. The reason is this: Protestant ministers are not veritable priests; for the series of regular ordinations and consecrations among them has been interrupted and can be renewed only by a return to Rome. They are merely laymen, and their liturgical ceremonies are nothing but the *simulacra* of sacraments. Not so with the Russian popes and the Greek papas. Priestly ordinations among them have always been regularly performed without any interruption. They are true priests; they give true absolutions; * they consecrate validly, say true Masses, give true Communions, and administer true Extreme Unction. In consequence all who in good faith belong to their religion and who receive from them the last sacraments with piety, with sorrow for their sins, with the love of God and the Redeemer, find in those sacraments either the grace of justification or an increase of that grace, and go to heaven to be united to that Church to which here on earth they belonged without knowing it, and sometimes * perhaps while even opposing it.

As a matter of fact, it would appear that the immense majority of the Russians, especially among the mass of the people, are in the most entire good faith. If they die in the pious sentiments manifested by M. Sipiaguine, we may feel reassured as to their eternal destiny.

* At the hour of death, surely; and probably at other times as well.

We Roman Catholics should rejoice to see a man like the Russian Minister of the Interior, at the moment when he is mortally stricken, ask first of all for the Holy Eucharist, and receive It with devotion. It is an example which many of us would do well to meditate upon.

It must not be inferred from our recognizing the absolute possibility of the Orientals' saving themselves by their good faith, aided by divine grace, that they may indifferently hold to or abjure their errors, and that we may cease to interest ourselves in their conversion. Error is always a source of the most profound miseries. Truth is the source of all good. The Eastern peoples would discover in their return to Catholic unity a principle of religious and social regeneration of which they stand greatly in need. What a blessing for Russia and for the world if the Slavic race should come back to the faith of St. Olga and St. Vladimir, whom they venerate as their ancestors, and who were eminent Roman Catholics!

As to the matter of individual salvation which we have been considering, it must not be forgotten that the Catholic religion is the only true religion instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and is consequently the only *ordinary* channel through which saving grace comes from Heaven to our souls. If, extraordinarily, this grace may come to the souls of heretics or schismatics, drawn thereto by their good faith and good will, it is, nevertheless, much less abundant than it would have been in the true Church. Therefore among them the chances of salvation are fewer and the deaths of the just are rarer. If a Russian is saved, it is not *because* of his religion but *in spite* of it; and he ought therefore to change it.

It is the busiest man, without a moment to spare, who can always find a free moment, because he orders his time.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Notes and Remarks.

We rather like the tone in which M. Piou, president of the "work" known as Liberal Action, in France, discusses the various phases of democracy. Thoroughly and uncompromisingly Catholic, he advocates the sturdy profession of Catholic principles, and sees the solution of all modern problems in the application of those principles to the different social questions that are agitating the masses. Said M. Piou recently: "If unbelievers throw at us the eternal objection, 'The Church teaches the laborer nothing but resignation to his fate,' it will be easy enough, history being appealed to, to refute the sophism. Not to laborers merely, but to all humanity, does the Church preach resignation to the inevitable trials and sufferings of this world. But at the same time the Church demands that to every human being there be rendered, in the first place, justice. Did the Church say to the pagan woman degraded under the yoke, to the slave weighed down with chains, to the serf but little removed from slavery, 'Resign yourself'? No: to the woman the Church declared, 'You are the equal of your husband'; to the slave, 'Burst your chains'; to the serf, 'You have the right to labor on a free soil.' And this ancient and perpetual tradition of the Church has been revived, or rather maintained, by Leo XIII. with incomparable force and brilliancy. His encyclical on Labor is by far the finest expression of justice and liberty that the nineteenth century gave to the world."

In the current *Atlantic Monthly* President Hadley, of Yale, expresses some views on freedom of thought and teaching which the *Literary Digest* thinks will prove "a further shock to preconceived ideas." Dr. Hadley writes: "The Reformation, by the violence of the religious wars which it aroused, tended

to obliterate the distinction between law and morals; and made not only Catholic and Protestant churches, but Catholic and Protestant sovereigns for the time being, intolerant of that liberty which a few centuries previous would have been taken as a matter of course." The view set forth here is by no means new to scholars of all shades of belief and unbelief, but it takes a long time for truth to percolate through the thick crust of error and prejudice which centuries of calumny and controversy have formed. It is, therefore, not only an act of tardy justice to Catholics, but a service of enlightenment to old-fashioned sectarians, which scholars like Dr. Hadley perform when they correct the mischievous and absurd statements of partisan writers.

The venerable colored nun, Sister Mary Ellen Joseph, of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, who passed to her reward in Baltimore on the 15th inst., was born in Maryland, of slave parents, in the year 1791! She had distinct recollections of Presidents Madison and Monroe and of the War of 1812; and was present in Washington when the city was given over to the flames by the British in 1814. She became a Catholic in 1827, when thirty-six years old; and not until eleven years later did she join the Oblate Sisters of Providence; yet she lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her profession, and still retained her hearing, though her sight had failed. Sister Mary Ellen's religious life was wholly devoted to the care of colored orphans. May she rest in peace!

A writer in the *March Century* tells this story of the late Thomas B. Reed: "He was listening one day to a report of the siege of Manila when a member of the House, noted for his strong evangelical convictions, approached the desk. Reed turned to him with the remark: 'Well, I see that you have got

four thousand fewer Filipinos to convert to Christianity than you had a day or two ago. At that rate they will not last more than six months, and the spiritual work of preparing them for the other world should begin at once and be prosecuted with zeal.'" The story is told as one of several illustrations of the "Humors of Congress," and it is not half bad; but the humor must have been all on Mr. Reed's side. Members with strong evangelical convictions who send out missionaries to convert the Filipinos to Christianity are apt to be weak as to humor and strong as to prejudice.

The death of few men of our day has been more widely and sincerely mourned than that of the late Dr. José Ignacio de Loyola, of Goa. We learn from a correspondent in India that in every church of the vast archdiocese solemn services were held in his memory. He was universally admired for his splendid championship of the Catholic cause, and venerated for his high character and saintlike virtues. So great was his devotion to suffering humanity that, although he exercised his profession for forty years, he was never known to accept a fee for medical services. The grateful inhabitants of Portuguese India bestowed upon him the well-deserved title of Father of his Country on account of his brave defence of their interests during the crisis through which Goa has passed,—an honor which he could not decline; but the only distinction he ever willingly accepted was knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. His Eminence the Patriarch of India on a public occasion referred to Dr. de Loyola as "a valiant champion of the Church." He was a knight indeed "without fear and without reproach."

The developments in a recent murder case that has proved a source of inexhaustible copy to the sensational press

are calculated to make one doubt whether Colonel Watterson's vigorous denunciation of America's "smart set" is quite so extravagant as it has been branded. "The known facts of the case," says the comparatively conservative *New York Sun*, "are such as to make the average commonplace citizen rub his eyes and wonder whether, after all, he knows anything of the present manners and customs of civilized society." The laxity of the moral code which practically regulates the social life of too many communities throughout the land is unheard of and unsuspected by the people at large until some startling event, usually a crime, causes the veil to be drawn aside; and the conditions then disclosed, are as a rule lamentable. The *Sun* condemned the Kentucky journalist's castigation of the smart set as exaggerated, yet it is forced in the present instance to declare: "But out of the whole incident stands one development prominently: that there has existed among some of the men and women of Buffalo, who go to churches and speak of their activities as 'events in Buffalo society,' a disregard of the social conventions that simply appalls."

Some reflections which the *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) makes on the Lenten fast are worth reproducing:

If people would live for the rest of their lives according to the rules laid down by the Catholic authority in this city, unless sick and needing a special diet, the average duration of human life would be greatly lengthened and the public health much improved. Eminent physicians declare that the forty-days' fast as practised here is of inestimable value to the health of the people who subject themselves to it. We long since discovered that, apart from the effects on the mind and the morals, more evils are produced by gluttony... than by the use of ardent spirits in any degree compatible with the continuance of health.

As for the suggestion that it would be well to observe the Lenten fast throughout the whole of life, it may be true; but it is usually made by those

who do not keep the fast even during Lent. Fasting is work for stalwarts in this country, where life is more strenuous, the climate more trying, and the food less nourishing than in many other countries. It would, however, be a sad development if Catholics should seek to evade the obligation of fasting without real necessity, more especially at a time when non-Catholics are just beginning to understand it. Dispensations are well enough when there is a substantial cause to avail oneself of them, but neither Pope nor bishop has power to dispense a sinner from the obligation of doing penance for his sins.

It is now mandatory that all schools in New York city subject to the Board of Education shall be opened "with the reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment." The question having been raised whether teachers who have conscientious scruples about reading the mutilated and mis-translated version of the sects may read from the Douay translation, it was answered that the teachers might use whatever version they pleased. We need not wait to inquire what the Catholics of New York think of this concession. It is better, of course, to have liberty to read the real Bible as Catholics have it than to be required to use a spurious text; but the settlement of the school question is not advanced one little step by such a concession—great as it will seem to non-Catholics. The very least that Catholics can ever be satisfied with is an arrangement like that for which the Catholics of England are contending.

It is gratifying to learn that the attention of our new Papal Delegate, Mgr. Falconio, has been thus early called to the insufficient provision made for the spiritual care of the Italians of New York. The average Catholic outside the eastern metropolis will probably

be surprised to hear that there are in New York as many as three hundred and eighty-five thousand of the Delegate's countrymen. From the discussions of the pastors, of that city's forty Italian parishes, it would appear that a regrettable leakage has for some time existed among them. It is said that non-Catholic institutions which provide largely for the wants of the Italian poor are weaning from the Church many of the younger generation. We have no doubt that the combined prudence and energy of the Holy See's representative, seconded by the zeal of Archbishop Farley, will speedily initiate measures that will arrest this leakage. The announcement that Mgr. Falconio will solicit from Rome a sufficient number of Italian priests to place one in every Italian parish here is an earnest of the thoroughness with which the work of reclamation is to be carried on. Rome can well afford the reinforcement.

The Lætare Medal, an honor which for many years past the University of Notre Dame has been accustomed to bestow annually on some American lay Catholic distinguished for devotion to the Church and benefits to mankind, was presented this year to the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore. By his zeal in promoting the interests of religion and the cause of education, by his devotion to suffering humanity and his services to fellow-citizens of all classes and creeds, Mr. Bonaparte has merited the highest honors in the power of his coreligionists to confer. The Lætare Medal has again been most worthily awarded.

One would think that no higher tribute could be paid to the Spaniards who colonized Mexico than to point to the large population of Indian or mixed Indian blood that survives after four centuries of contact with civilization. But the fact is that the Indian has not

only survived, but, in the judgment of a keen American journalist who knows his Mexico as only one who had spent years in the country can know it, the Indian is destined to play a large part in the destiny of Mexico. Mr. Guernsey, writing in the *Boston Herald*, says:

The future of Mexico belongs largely to the men of Indian blood; this blood is vital and persists. It runs in the veins of statesmen, orators, poets, judges, generals, and diplomats. Two-thirds of the nation are of Indian stock. Thousands of the clergy are Indians. A man may be wholly or part Indian and be a man of high culture; he may be an international lawyer, a journalist writing Spanish, be devoted to French literature in his hours of rest, have travelled widely, be a painter or sculptor or chemist.

The *Monitor* asks pertinently: "Where are the statesmen, artists, diplomats and teachers of religion and culture among the aboriginals 'civilized' by the superior Anglo-Saxon process?" It is only fair to say, however, that thoughtful and open-minded Englishmen have sometimes asked the same question. All who are versed in the history of civilization know that the Anglo-Saxon is an exterminator.

We much regret to chronicle the death, on the 5th inst., of the venerable Bishop Bilsborrow, of Salford, in whom the Church in England possessed a splendid type of a twentieth-century prelate. As a priest he was distinguished for indefatigable energy and unflagging zeal. On the day of his consecration, Cardinal Vaughan referred to him as "a man thoroughly according to the Heart of the Good Shepherd — kind, intelligent, thoughtful, prudent, zealous, humble; a man who would give himself to his clergy and to his people, and who would die in harness with a light heart." To say that words of praise were never more fully redeemed than these is the best eulogy of the lamented Bishop. Forty churches and twice forty schools erected during the ten years of his episcopate constitute his most fitting monument. May he rest in peace!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—IN THE DARKNESS.

FT had been a dreary day indeed for Tessie. Even Mrs. Judkins' room had lost its cheery charm. Polly's screech had been hushed by a heavy curtain, which persuaded that loyal Briton it was a preternatural night; and Lady Jane, unnoticed by her mistress, purred sympathetically under everyone's heels.

"Drat that cat!" exclaimed Sara, the housemaid, nervously. "If that ain't the third time this hour she nearly tripped me up!"

"It ain't no good luck when creatures gets restless like that," said Hester, the parlor-maid, with a nod.

"No more it ain't, as I well know," replied Sara. "Dan says he couldn't keep the dogs quiet nohow last night, specially Lion that was always so fond of Master Joe."

"Cook says she has felt this comin' many a day," continued Hester. "She has heard and seen signs she didn't like. She was tuk all of a tremble over the hot range the other night, and said she knew that Death was somewhere near."

"*Mon Dieu*, where is Mrs. Judkins?" cried Mélanie, rushing into the room. "Madame is fainting and needs her."

So through the deepening gloom, in which there was no star, swept a chilling tide of fear and foreboding that numbed Tessie's tender little heart. She recalled her own illness, when she too had drifted to and fro on the shadowy river that lies between Death and Life.

But, ah, how different it had been at sweet St. Anne's, where, with prayer and

blessing and holy rite, souls were cheered and strengthened for that strange, dark journey! How well Tessie remembered Father John's kind voice sounding so cheerily in her dulled ear! "My child, you are not afraid to go to the good God, your Father, your Friend, who loves you even more than your earthly father can. He is with you now in the darkness; you are close to His Divine Heart. Do not fear." Oh, if there were only some one to speak like this to poor little Joe, the dear little playmate, who seemed lost in a darker gloom than the icy twilight that fell upon him on Barker's Hills on the New Year's Eve that seemed so long ago!

It was not a little comfort when Miss Winifred, loyal in sorrow as in joy to her old friends, arrived, looking lovelier in her simple dark dress than in all her ballroom splendors. Aunt Marian clung to her like a weak, frightened child. Uncle Ben's low, hoarse words, "It is like you to come to us!" spoke volumes. Doctors, nurses, servants,—all turned to her as the leading spirit in the stricken home,—a sweet womanly presence that calmed, comforted and cheered all around her. She found time even to draw little Tessie to her side and kiss her tearful face sympathetically.

"O Miss Winifred," sobbed Tessie, "if I could only do something to help!"

"You can, dear," was the whispered reply. "Help as you were taught to help at St. Anne's when sorrow and danger are near."

"You mean—pray?" said Tessie.

"Yes, my little girl," was the tremulous answer. "For in all this great, rich house there is only you to pray."

And Tessie did her best. A dozen times the beads of her little pearl rosary slipped through her fingers as the dark day

wore on and the dreadful hour that was to decide Joe's fate drew near. The great surgeon, famous from ocean to ocean, arrived. There was a hushed note of preparation through the house, whose beauty and splendor seemed suddenly to have become the chill beauty and splendor of a mausoleum. Strange odors crept through the luxurious corridors and velvet draperies, that until now had breathed only of flowers and perfumes. Servants spoke in whispers and moved with noiseless steps. Even good Mrs. Judkins' English calm broke down under the strain.

"O my little lad, my little lad! He is crying out with fear and fright. And no wonder, poor little lamb!"

And even while Mrs. Judkins' pitying words were stirring Tessie's heart with pain, Miss Winifred appeared in the doorway. She was very pale and there were traces of tears in the beautiful violet eyes.

"Tessie my child," she said, coming forward, "you asked if you could help in any way. The time has come for it. Little Joe is asking for you."

"For me, Miss Winifred?" exclaimed Tessie, tremulously.

"Yes, dear. He is frightened and we can not quiet him. He says that he is in the darkness that he dreamed of, and that you will come to him and bring a light and hold his hand, and he will not be afraid. The poor little fellow is half delirious with pain and fever."

"Oh, no, Miss Winifred! He dreamed that indeed; he told me so," said Tessie. "But I—I—"

There was a moment's hesitating recoil. Tessie was only twelve years old, and the day had been a trying one even to her healthy young nerves.

"It will be hard, my dear little girl, I know; but—but—" Miss Winifred's voice grew beautifully soft and earnest,— "you have learned to do hard things at St. Anne's. Little Joe needs you; we think perhaps you can quiet him."

Tessie caught her breath with a little shiver, and said:

"I—I will go at once, Miss Winifred."

Slipping her hand into her friend's, Tessie went on through the beautiful halls and up the polished stairs,—all so still and strange to-day that even the sunbeams seemed to tremble as they fell upon the silent splendors of this stricken home. One of the great oriel windows stood open, and the chirp of a little snowbird came from the leafless bough without; and, with a choking sob, Tessie thought of the broken traps on New Year's Eve.

Now she had reached the upper floor, and the heavy odors that filled the house seemed to grow stronger. She caught sight of Aunt Marian stretched upon the luxurious lounge in her own room, weeping passionately; and ghostly-looking attendants, all dressed and capped in white, seemed waiting silently here and there. And there was an open door showing a long table, on which Tessie dared not look; and then—then she was in little Joe's room.

Uncle Ben stood at the foot of the bed, with folded arms, drawn face that seemed suddenly to have grown old and grey, and lips pressed together in a tight line. Doctors and nurses stood near; and tossing restlessly upon the pillows, his face all strained, his eyes starry and wild, his mouth trembling piteously, was little Joe.

"Oh, I am afraid,—I am afraid! I don't want to be put to sleep. I want Tessie, Tessie, Tessie!"

And as that cry reached her ear, all the fear and trembling left Tessie, and she stepped up to her little cousin and took his hot, fluttering hand.

"I am here, Joe dear,—I am right here beside you."

The shining eyes turned to her with glad recognition.

"O Tessie, I was afraid you wouldn't come! It's the dream, Tessie,—the bad, bad dream! I'm going, going down into

the cold, dark, dreary place all alone."

"Oh, no, Joe, not alone! We're all here," said Tessie, tenderly.

"I'm afraid,—I'm so afraid, Tessie!" continued the little fellow. "You said you weren't afraid—when you were sick like—like me. Talk to me,—tell me you weren't afraid."

Ah, it was time to speak now! Even Sister Patricia would say so. It was time, Tessie knew. And while the great doctor and lawyer stood voiceless, and Science waited mutely on her word, little Tessie bore witness to the Truth she had been taught, and to the Faith and Love that were the only stars that could light this midnight gloom.

"Oh, no, Joe, don't be afraid! God is with you in the darkness. He loves you, Joe,—He loves you better even than your earthly father. He is our Father and our Friend. Don't be afraid, Joe. Trust Him, pray to Him. He will take care of you."

"Our Father," whispered Joe, faintly. "I—I say that every night, Tessie."

"Yes, Joe. Our Father, who art in heaven,—our Father, who loves His little children."

"Our Father—who art in heaven," murmured Joe.

The doctors were bending over the little form now.

"Tessie, take my hand. Tell me again."

And Tessie held back her sobs and whispered again:

"Our Father. He loves you, He is with you, Joe."

"Our Father—" came in low, stifled accents,—"*our Father.*"

There was a hoarse groan from the foot of the bed. Judge Neville tottered back into a chair as the nurses lifted the unconscious form of his little boy. And Miss Winifred, sobbing softly, put her arm around Tessie and led her gently away into her own room.

"Is he dead? O Miss Winifred, is little Joe dead?" cried Tessie, bursting into a torrent of tears.

"No, dear: as yet only unconscious. But, O Tessie, pray—pray now indeed! Pray for the heart-broken father. Pray to God for this godless home. Pray; for you alone are fit to intercede at this awful hour. Pray that this cup of bitterness may pass away; that God may have mercy on us, and, through the safety of this innocent little child, lead us all back in love and gratitude to His ways and His law."

And Miss Winifred fell on her knees beside Tessie, weeping and praying as she had not wept and prayed for many a long, bright, brilliant year.

And when the sun went down behind Barker's Hills a faint sigh relieved the tense strain that was upon Wycherly. The operation had been successful; but little Joe was left very weak, exhausted, still trembling between life and death.

Breathless hours of suspense followed—hours during which the Judge, white, stern, silent, sat motionless at his boy's side, watching the flickering spark that all his wealth and power, wisdom and love, could not quicken into flame; for another Will, mighty in its awful strength, another Master, supreme over human skill and human science, was little Joe's only hope to-night. And what passed, during those hours of darkness, in Judge Neville's soul—what icy chains were riven, what frozen depths were stirred,—only the Great Judge who reads the secrets of such strong, proud hearts knew.

At midnight there was a change. The feeble, fluttering pulse steadied into a gentle beat; the drawn features relaxed. The family physician, who had watched by the bedside, drew a long breath of relief, and whispered:

"There is hope now. The tide has turned. Go and rest, sir, for a while, at least,—or I will have *you*, too, on my hands to-morrow."

And the Judge, almost overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling that threatened to unman him completely,

took the kind physician's word and left his boy's room. But not to rest. Rest would have been as impossible to Judge Neville to-night as to the mountain torrent freed from its wintry fetters and sweeping in flood-tide down the rocky heights.

He turned into his wife's room, and, folding little Joe's mother in his arms for a moment, whispered the blessed word of hope. Then, as the glad tidings pulsed through the house, he flung on his overcoat and passed out into the night. There was no moon, but the dark blue arch of heaven was brilliant with stars—worlds and centres of worlds, as he knew. Never had he felt the mighty majesty of the universe as he felt it to-night, as, with every wrung heartstring quivering with gratitude, he walked out beneath the stars, his proud spirit prostrate at the feet of his Maker and his God. Then Tessie's childish words to his boy echoed and re-echoed in his ear: "Our Father, who loves you, Joe,—our Father, who loves you." Ah, in the dread hour of darkness his love and strength had failed the Father of his own fatherless boyhood. But the God whom he had forgotten and disowned had with infinite pity and tenderness saved his child.

And, overpowered with the flood of emotion sweeping over him, the master of Wycherly wandered on through the starlit darkness, heedless whither he went, until suddenly there started from the midnight shadows a fierce, ragged, uncouth figure, that confronted him in wild agitation.

"It's man to man we meet at last, Judge Neville,—man to man!"

(To be continued.)

WHEN an officer of the army salutes by raising the hilt of his sword opposite his lips, he is repeating the action of the Crusader who kissed the cross that formed the hilt of his sword, to testify his fealty to Christ.

Legends of the Rose.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

A certain youth was accustomed to make a wreath of roses or other flowers every day and to place it upon the head of Our Lady's statue. He became a monk, and in the cloister his occupations no longer permitted him to continue the pious practice. Being much distressed, he asked counsel of an aged priest, who advised him to say his *Aves* every evening, which would be accepted by Our Lady in lieu of the garland. This advice the young monk faithfully followed, until one day, while on a journey, he had to pass through a lonely wood, where robbers were lying in wait. Quite unaware of their presence, he remembered that his *Aves* were not yet said, and forthwith stopped to say them. Suddenly the robbers saw, to their great surprise, a beautiful Lady stand before him, and take one after another from the lips of the kneeling monk fifty beautiful roses, which she wove into a garland and placed upon her head. The robbers, conscience-stricken at the vision, were all converted to a better life.

The word *Rosenkranz* (rose wreath), the German name for Rosary, suggests the thought that originally Christian worshippers may have counted their prayers with roses. At any rate, it is certain that for a long time the larger beads were called roses. Garlands of these beautiful flowers are often seen in pictures and tablets of the fifteenth century. At that period it was not unusual for men and women to wear wreaths of flowers, and also to place them as a mark of respect or reverence upon the heads of persons and statues.

In Germany the Madonna is frequently called *Marienröschen*; and if a rosebush ceases to bloom, it is said that the Blessed Virgin has dried her veil upon it.

The white rose is associated particularly with the Madonna, being chiefly chosen for her *fête* days. According to a German adage, a rosebush pruned on St. John's Day will bloom again in the autumn.

In the lines,

Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses,

one of our well-known American poetesses alludes to the legend which relates that the thorn-crown of Christ was made from the rose-brier, and that the drops of blood drawn forth by its thorns from the sacred brow fell to the ground and blossomed into roses.

In ancient times the rose was used as a symbol of silence, secrecy and stratagem. An Arabian legend relates that a garden of mystical roses once planted by King Shaddad is now lost and buried in their desert. The Persians believe that on a certain day of the year the rose has a heart of gold.

The Rose of Jericho, from its ability to revive after being blown about like a dry leaf by the winds of the desert, became the natural emblem of the Resurrection. When it happens to be blown into water, the withered branches expand again, and the pods open and let out the seeds. The flower thus called is small and white, and does not belong to the rose family; although it has been called the *Rosa Mariæ*, or the Rose of the Virgin: probably because the pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre reported that it marked every spot where Mary and Joseph rested on their flight into Egypt. This plant certainly has a remarkable power of resuscitation, one brought by the Templars from the East having bloomed again after seven hundred years.

Thus we see that the symbolism of the rose has a curiously wide range. The same flower which signified silence and secrecy to the ancients is for us a favorite poetic image of innocence and purity, and more than any other flower emblematic of divine love and beauty.

Feathered Friends in Distress.

Ice-storms occasionally happen as late as the last week of March, by which time all animal life has begun to stir about, and many birds have arrived, so that widespread distress and death are likely to follow. The little birds can usually shelter themselves; though migrating hosts sometimes become so soaked and chilled in such storms that they are unable to fly, tumble helpless to the ground, and may be caught in the hands. The larger birds fare even worse. "Credible instances have come to my knowledge," says Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, "of eagles and swans—the strongest of land and aquatic birds respectively—becoming so plumage-soaked and loaded with ice that they could not spread their wings or rise into the air, and have thus suffered the humiliation of being taken alive or knocked over with sticks.

"I recall one such occasion when a tempest of freezing rain had raged for thirty-six hours; though it was quite time for winter savagery to cease, even in stern New England. Next morning it was hard times among the wild animals in the grove, and worse out in the country fields. Seeds and buds were locked in icy chests; and the insect stores, packed away for safe-keeping under the bark and in various crannies, were sealed beyond the reach of the most persistent beaks.

"The house at that time was surrounded with big trees, relics of ancient woods now almost engulfed in the growing town; these were inhabited by a large colony of gray squirrels, besides a few red ones. I could see here and there a head poked inquiringly out of a hole, or peering from the door of one of the little cabins lodged among the oak limbs. But not a single furry acrobat would trust himself to those glassy twigs; and I thought I could detect an anxious expression in their

black eyes, as if they wondered how they were going to get any breakfast.

"The squirrels had to endure their fast, but for the birds something might be done. So we cracked a handful of nuts, broke some corn into grains, and threw these and the table-crumbs out by the door. I had actually seen no birds about, save a band of blue-jays and a group of English sparrows which had dwelt in the wood-pile all winter. But in a very few minutes a plentiful company came to our table, including some whose presence I had not noticed before, — evidently newcomers. There were song-sparrows with black ephods; the big-headed white-throats, and their brethren with the jaunty caps of black and white; the chestnut-crowned tree-sparrows; a goldfinch, still wearing his dull winter suit; a whole host of snow-birds, in white waistcoats with ivory bills and pink stockings; nuthatches, chickadees; and, most beautiful of all, the purple finch.

"This last is one of our most confiding and pretty birds; looking as if he had plunged his crested head deep into the juice of dead-ripe strawberries, the rich syrup of which had trickled down his breast, staining rosily the white feathers, and had poured over his back into a pool near his tail.

"How did all these little beggars learn so quickly that alms had been spread for them? Where had they been hiding? Whither did they disappear next day, when the sun had come out, the ice had melted, and not a bird visited my lunch-counter?"

THE derivation of the word "ferule" is interesting. It is from *ferula*—fennel. The tough stalks of the giant fennel of Southern Europe were used by the Roman schoolmasters as an instrument of punishment. Birch rods also were used in whipping boys; and in Colonial days the birches needed at school were charged on the bill of the needy boy.

The Thistle of Scotland.

The Danes were never so happy as when harassing the Scots. They would come over the stormy sea when least expected, kill, steal and burn; and then hurry back, leaving little but threats behind them. Once, however, they failed. It was away back in the eleventh century, and Malcolm I. was king. The Danes had hid in the caverns of the east coast of Scotland, near to their enemy's base of supplies, and waited patiently for a favorable time for an attack. The Scots were established in a large fortress, surrounded by a moat, that was *sometimes* filled with water,—not *always*, as the Danes discovered.

The night came for which the invaders had been looking, and they sallied out. There was no moon and the clouds were thick. The Danish leader, followed by his men, crept slowly and cautiously toward the fortress. Each one was well armed, and they carried scaling ladders with them, so that they should lose no time in forcing their way into the castle windows. They reached the edge of the moat. They could not see the water, but of course it was there,—what were moats for if not to hold water?

"Swim!" was the order in good Danish; and the barbarian hordes slipped softly down the bank and found themselves—not in water but among thousands of thistles, with which the moat was filled. Then, forgetting all else except that their bare feet and legs were stung and bleeding, they uttered such yells that the whole garrison was aroused; and the Danes, with the thistle burrs sticking to them and countless arrows raining upon them, beat a hasty retreat to their boats in the darkness.

So you see why the Scots chose the thistle as their emblem, and why the motto of the Knights of the Thistle runs, *Nemo me impune lacessit*,—"No one injures me with impunity."

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new book by Hilaire Belloc is a welcome announcement. A Catholic publishing house will soon issue a volume of verse by Lady Mary Milbanke, Byron's great-granddaughter.

—The *Book-Lover* relates that a wag, having witnessed an unusually villainous performance of *Hamlet*, observed: "Now is the time to settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Let the graves of both be dug up and see which of the two turned over."

—A new quarterly review devoted to Biblical studies has made its appearance in Germany. There are two editors, both eminent Scripture scholars,—one for the Old Testament and one for the New. Each number will contain about 112 pages. It is called the *Biblische Zeitschrift* and is published by Mr. Herder of Freiburg.

—"Poet's and Dreamers," a new book by Lady Gregory, consists of critical essays on Irish poets and ballad writers, with translations of their work. An interesting account is afforded of a wandering poet of Galway, named Raferty, who carried on the traditions of the old bards until about seventy years ago. "Poets and Dreamers" also includes translations of some of Dr. Hyde's peasant plays.

—Organizers of Reading Circle work will find a great amount of useful information and many valuable hints in "A Reading Circle Manual," by Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, just published by the *Citizen Co.*, of Milwaukee. A revival of interest in literary associations and reading circles renders this publication very timely. In a future edition we hope to see fewer blank spaces. Should there be any in so thin a volume?

—"Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism," by the Rev. A. Urban, is intended to aid teachers in the work of inculcating the principles of our holy Faith. It includes general instructions on fundamental doctrines supplemented by questions and answers which review the main points of the instructions. Those in charge of catechism classes may find practical assistance in this compendium, but we must say that the idea of the work is very much better than its actuation. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

—The original "Prayers of St. Gertrude," in Latin, were compiled from a work entitled "Suggestions to Divine Piety," and were published anonymously as early as 1670, since which there have been many editions in many languages. A new and revised edition, *Preces Gertrudianæ*, prepared by a Benedictine monk, has lately been published in neat and attractive form by B. Herder. This issue conforms to the prescriptions of the

Congregation of the Index as regards the revelations and prayers; and to the devotions of St. Gertrude, the compiler has added several approved by the Church.

—A little book of stories intended to inculcate in young people obedience, kindness, punctuality, etc., is "Guide Right," by Emma L. Ballou, published by March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio.

—It is said that Mr. Bryan Clinch has the manuscript of a history of the early California missions well under way. Judging by the quality of Mr. Clinch's work in various Catholic periodicals, we should say that he is just the man for such an undertaking. The subject is one of extraordinary interest, but hitherto it seems to have appealed chiefly to non-Catholic writers.

—An interesting book published by the Abbey Press is "Oberammergau in 1900," by Sarah Willard Howe,—an illustrated account of the village, the people, and the Passion Play, with a notice of neighboring points of interest. The author has done well, we think, not to enter into lengthy descriptions. Her book is calculated to revive precious memories in all who have visited Oberammergau, and to excite pleasurable anticipations in those who contemplate a pilgrimage to that far-famed village. Though brief, Miss Howe's account of what she witnessed in 1900 is so vivid that the reader will get a distinct impression of Oberammergau, or be enabled to recall impressions previously formed. Her book deserves to be remembered as a guide to one of the most interesting places in Christendom.

—The *Chicago Tribune* wants the "machinery" of the Church written up:

What a book could a man who has been pope twenty-five years write! Mr. Bryce described the operation of the machinery of the American commonwealth. No one has yet described in the same way the operation of the machinery of that much larger and much more complicated organization, the Roman Church. To observe the wheels, chains, bands, rods, pistons, and levers of that machinery, and then to describe them for the information of the world, would be to accomplish a thing second in interest to no literary labor that has ever been undertaken. The Roman Church, as a going concern, has never been adequately written up. There is the journalistic fact in journalistic language. But only a statesman and a philosopher will ever be able to scan, mark, and draw the stupendous outlines of such an edifice as that of which Leo XIII. is to-day "the head of the corner."

Any good text-book of canon law, coupled with such a volume as Father Baart's "Roman Court" or Father Humphrey's "Urbs et Orbis" (which is in English despite its Latin title), would furnish abundant information about the "machinery" of the Church's government, and it would be a good idea if all great printing-offices included these.

volumes among their reference-works. As for information about Rome's machinists and engineers, that is another matter. Unlike other statesmen and diplomats, they do not publish memoirs.

—The current issue of *Catholic Book Notes* (London) has an outspoken article on Catholic periodicals. The writer declares that England is in this matter put to shame by Ireland and America. It is to the latter country "that we must look for the highest standard in periodical literature. Five magazines . . . every month excite our admiration and our envy." Of the five, THE AVE MARIA is characterized as "the most popular in style."

—As a matter of course, the publishers not less than the makers of books will keep the Emerson centenary this year. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a new edition of Emerson's works, the text to be edited by J. Elliot Cabot, Emerson's biographer and literary executor; and an introduction and notes to be supplied by Edward Waldo Emerson. An examination of the "literary remains" of the famous essayist has revealed enough unpublished manuscripts to make two new volumes.

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.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe.* 50 cts.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremaux.* \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Life of Blessed Emily Becchieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.

The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.

Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.

A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.

The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.

Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Dogtown. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$1.50, net.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

The Talisman. *Anna T. Sadlier.* 60 cts.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. *William Barry, D. D.* \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. H. Bonner, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Thomas Barry, diocese of Pittsburg; Rev. Matthias Gillig, diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. P. Goemans, O. S. M.; and Rev. Father Ildephonsus, C. P.

Mr. Charles de Pombiray, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Valentine Zimmermann, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Elizabeth Fitzwilliams, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. C. C. Hartwell, New Orleans, La.; Mr. Patrick Connors, Shenandoah, Pa.; Miss Catherine Mullen, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. Francis Atchison, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. John and Mrs. Margaret Lovett, and Mr. John Devlin, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Peter Walsh, Vallejo, Cal.; Mrs. A. J. Beeler, E. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Dennis Hickey, Chapman, Kan.; Mrs. James Caufield and Mrs. Amelia Hackett, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Richard Bridge and Bridget McGee, Pittston, Pa.; Mrs. Bernard Murphy, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. Henry Haffner, Massillon, Ohio; Mrs. Andrew Stein, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Margaret Dougherty, Gervais, Oregon; Mr. Daniel Barrett, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mrs. Marcus Binder, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Summers and Mrs. M. J. McCann, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Annie Jenkins and Mrs. T. Kelly, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. John Ellis, Indianapolis, Ind.; and Mr. Morris Boney, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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The Longing.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

THE green is on the grass and the blue is in the sky,
And the soft wet winds of April hurry by;
The brown Earth laughs aloud to the Wave upon the shore,—
But I'm sighing for the land I shall never see more.

For often in the nighttime and often in the day
I know by the tears that my heart is far away,—
I know by the tears that my heart is grieving sore
For the fair, dear land I shall never see more.

Shame, shame upon me that any one should hear!
The black cloud is gone of the hunger and the fear,
The black care that sat like a wolf beside the door
In the lost loved land I shall never see more.

Peace is here and plenty—O the glad relief!—
With laughter of the children between my soul and grief;

Sorrow is behind us and happy days before,
But God be with the land I shall never see more!

Ever-blessed Saviour, be not wroth with me!
For all Thy gifts and mercies, praise and glory be;
But the shadow's in my eyes for the little one I bore

Who lies sleeping in the land I shall never see more!

—◆◆◆—

EPIGRAMS are worth little for guidance to the perplexed, and less for comfort to the wounded. But the plain, homely sayings which come from a soul that has learned the lesson of patient courage in the school of real experience fall upon the wound like drops of balsam, and like a soothing lotion upon the eyes smarting and blinded with passion.—*Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*

An Impressive Theory as to the Physical Cause of Our Lord's Death.*

THE death of Christ is the grand central fact and truth of the Bible. To it all the lines of the Old Testament Scriptures converge; from it all those of the New diverge.

It stands central and sublime, like the sun in the midst of our solar system. If it could be disproved, the Christian religion would crumble into ruin. But it is not only the grandest, it is also the most certain and well-attested of all facts. The bitterest opponents of our religion, whether Jew or infidel, have never for a moment presumed to deny or doubt it. Whether or not accepted by men in the full significance which God intended it to convey, it yet challenges the attention, the wonder, the respect of all men by its grandeur and its mystery. Even Rousseau was driven to the utterance so well known and so often quoted: "If Socrates died like a philosopher, Jesus Christ died like a God."

If such feelings are excited in the professed enemies of religion by its contemplation, what emotions must fill the soul of the Christian as he draws near to meditate upon that death which opens to his faith and hope the gates of life eternal! What holy reverence,

* Through the kindness of a literary friend, we had the privilege many years ago of publishing this remarkable essay on the physical or immediate cause of the death of Christ, written by the late Dr. J. H. Pooley, of New York. It had been

what swelling gratitude, what a loving, tender solemnity does it beget! Calvary is indeed to him holy ground on which he almost fears to tread; its wondrous incidents seem to be almost too sacred to be scanned with curious and critical eye. And yet we may carry this feeling, however natural and commendable in itself, too far; we do carry it too far if it prevents us from endeavoring to understand, so far as we may, everything connected with that tremendous scene. We propose, therefore, to treat of a subject which has recently been brought prominently before the Christian world, and inquire: What was the immediate physical cause of Christ's death? He died as a *man*. He not only bore our sorrows, but He also shared our nature; and the dissolution of that nature must, as in the case of other deaths, have had an adequate and an ascertainable cause. We instinctively ask when we hear of the death of any one, "Of what did he die?" and with reverence and due seriousness may we rightly make the same inquiry as to our Saviour's death.

The first and commonest—I suppose, the universal—answer of those unprepared for the question would be: "Why, He was crucified: He died on the cross. So far as the physical phenomena of His death are concerned, He died as other crucified persons died." This, I say, would be the answer most commonly received, but clearly it is not the true one; for it is a fact patent to very partial investigation that crucifixion never produced death in so brief a time. The Saviour hung upon the cross only about six hours at the longest; whereas ordinarily one, two, three, or even five and six days elapsed before death was produced by crucifixion.

printed, we believe, for private circulation, and it is probable that very few copies of the pamphlet are now in existence. Feeling sure that the new generation of our readers will be interested in this learned and reverent essay, we have pleasure in republishing it. Some verbal changes have been made, and a few unimportant sentences omitted.

The crucified died a most lingering death—of exhaustion, hunger, thirst, sleeplessness,—unless, as was sometimes done, they were mercifully dispatched sooner by stabbing or breaking their bones. The persons executed in this way were not suspended by the pierced hands, as many suppose; but there projected from the middle of the upright portion of the cross a short piece of wood, which supported the body; and, as no injury was done to any vital or important organ of the body, we see how slow and lingering must have been the death produced. Many days, as we have said, often elapsed; and numerous authentic records could be adduced of individual cases to illustrate this fact, if it were necessary. Josephus even tells us of persons taken down from the cross after hanging thereon many hours, who, being properly cared for, lived and recovered.

Among the Jews the bodies of malefactors were not allowed to remain suspended over night: in accordance with the Mosaic law, they were taken down at nightfall. Accordingly, and because it was the day before the Sabbath, we find the chief priest requesting Pilate that the bodies of the thieves and of Jesus might be taken down from their crosses. The soldiers came and broke the legs of the two malefactors; but when they came to Jesus they broke not His legs, because He was already dead. And when the fact was announced to Pilate (who was surely a competent judge of what was usual in such cases), he marvelled that He was already dead. It was not, then, the ordinary sufferings of crucifixion which were the immediate cause of Christ's death; a crucified person dying in six hours was a thing unheard of. Something else, aside from or beyond this, must have acted as the efficient cause of our Saviour's death. What was it?

Four different answers have been given to this question.

I.—Some say that the death of Christ was caused by the thrust of the Roman soldier's spear, which was inflicted while He was yet living. This opinion they derive from a reading in the Vatican manuscript which has in St. Matthew (xxvii, 50) these words: "But another taking a spear pierced His side, and there came forth water and blood; and Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, expired." We may dismiss this opinion by saying that the passage upon which it is based is an interpolation, and therefore it falls to the ground. All critics of any authority regard the passage in question as spurious; for it differs from all the best and most ancient manuscripts, and is flatly contradicted by the statement of John, an eyewitness of the scene, who says in his Gospel (xix, 33, 34): "But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was already dead, they broke not His legs; but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith there came out blood and water." This opinion never had many adherents, and now, I believe, has none; we need not, therefore, dwell upon it any further.

II.—It is said that our Saviour gave up the ghost, or dismissed His spirit voluntarily, and by an act of His own will as the absolute Lord of life and death. Many learned and pious men, among whom we may mention Tertullian, have been of this opinion.

To this, which may be called the miraculous theory of Christ's death, I can by no means assent. Two classes of Scripture proof are urged in its support: first, the vigor the Saviour displayed the moment just before death, and the phrase He made use of, coupled with that of the Evangelist in describing His death—"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," and He gave up the ghost,"—and His previous declarations, "I lay down My life of Myself; no man taketh it from Me. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it up again. This commandment

have I received of My Father"; and others like it.

We answer, in the first place, the strength and vitality of the Saviour just before His death may be much better accounted for in another way, as will be seen further on. As to the words, "Father, into Thy hands," etc., and "He gave up the ghost," for this argument they prove too much; for the very selfsame words are used by and of other dying persons in the Bible. They are simply the dying expressions of a pious man to whom death is a passage to his God and Father, and the ordinary Jewish circumlocution for death,—nothing more; and to attempt to build such an argument upon them as has been done here is utterly unwarranted. With regard to the Saviour's sayings, "I lay down My life of Myself," etc., they are simply a declaration that He voluntarily submitted to His sufferings and death,—which nobody pretends to deny. They are equivalent to His declaration to Peter, "Thinkest thou not that I could pray to My Father, and He would give Me more than twelve legions of angels?" Or to Pilate, "Thou couldst have no power over Me at all unless it were given thee from above." Christ was not forced or driven to the work of redemption, but He voluntarily, "for the joy that was set before Him, endureth the cross, despising the shame."

The view we are discussing is fatal to the doctrine of the *vicarious* death of Christ. How can He be said to have died in our room and stead, or indeed to have *died* at all, if He voluntarily, by an exercise of divine and miraculous power, dismissed or removed His soul from His body? Was this tasting death for every man? Moreover, the New Testament everywhere asserts that the Saviour was killed—put to death; died—was obedient unto death, etc. Peter accused the Jews of having slain Him, so did Stephen. If Jesus thus miraculously left the world, all this is

but solemn trifling. Again, for 'Christ thus to deprive Himself of life, even in a miraculous manner, is not the obedience even to the death of the cross spoken of by the Apostle to the Hebrews. Besides, it is not in consonance with the life of Him who daily performed miracles for others, none for Himself. To say, as some have done, that He *could not* die in any other way is simply to deny His true humanity, and needs no answer. For the foregoing reasons this explanation must, I think, be abandoned.

III.—A third answer to our question attributes our Saviour's death to exhaustion produced by His mental sufferings added to the physical pain of the crucifixion. This is a far better explanation than any hitherto considered; though not, in my apprehension, the most satisfactory that can be given. The mental agony of the Son of Man was indeed great beyond all human comprehension—a weight of woe to which all human sufferings are as nothing. He who carried our griefs and bore our sorrows sounded a depth of anguish to which this world affords not the faintest parallel. It can not be exaggerated; and it undoubtedly hastened, if it did not directly produce, His death, but not in the way here contended for.

The supporters of this opinion refer to His previous Agony in the Garden as having already worn upon His system so as really to have weakened it beyond the power of enduring much further suffering. But let it be borne in mind that great as this was—so intense as to have forced from His body great drops of sweat in the open air on a night so cold as to have demanded a fire indoors,—it was terminated by supernatural ministry and assistance, and, when it passed, left no trace of its effects. The suffering Saviour exhibited before the soldiers sent to apprehend Him, and through all the trying scenes of His mock trial before the high-priests, Herod and Pilate, the utmost dignity

and self-possession. At the time of His death, Jesus—who, we are to bear in mind, was perfect in body as well as in soul—was in the flower of His age, and in the full enjoyment of that health which had been promoted by a life of temperance and outdoor exercise. In such a case, *exhaustion* from mental suffering could not have come on so soon; it is essentially a slow process, producing death only after a long period of previous lowering of the vital powers.

Again, the mental sufferings of our Saviour were not of the *character* to produce exhaustion. This comes rather from the melancholy, gloomy, brooding, depressing sorrows of the mind. His was a condition of active conflicts of emotion,—agony of wrestling, as it is well denominated. The nameless, fathomless horror of that dark hour when His Father's Face was hidden, though not understood by man, may be supposed to have given rise to the desire to escape such ineffable woe,—fighting against the counter desire to undergo it and so accomplish the redemption of ruined man, according to the will of God, for which purpose came He to this hour; and thus He who was above all principalities and powers "learned the obedience of a son." This was a struggle rather than exhaustion. Furthermore, the energetic and loud exclamations of the Saviour during the last moments of His life, and in the very article of death, are incompatible, it seems to me, with the supposition that He died of exhaustion. Lastly, this view of the case, as do both the others, leaves one of the most extraordinary incidents of the crucifixion—the flowing of the blood and water from the pierced side of the Saviour, as recorded by the eyewitness, St. John—altogether unaccounted for. Hence I feel bound to reject this explanation, as well as those previously considered.

IV.—In 1847 Dr. William Stroud, a learned and pious English physician,

after twenty-five years of study and preparation, as he tells us, published a work intended to prove that the Saviour died from *rupture of the heart*, caused by His mental agony and conflict. This view had been previously hinted at by others, though never distinctly stated, elaborated and defended... After such study as I have been able to give the subject—reading pretty much all that has been written upon it, and verifying most of Dr. Stroud's references,—I feel constrained to adopt this view as best explaining our Saviour's sudden death, and agreeing perfectly with all the recorded incidents relating thereto. Without entering minutely into the scientific questions connected with this theory, I will briefly explain its nature and bearings, and my reasons for adopting it.

It is well known to physicians that rupture of the heart, though rare, does sometimes occur; so that, to us, "dying of a broken heart" is something more than metaphor: it may be a sad reality. This accident may occur, and probably does most frequently occur, in diseased conditions of the organs. But such cases do not demand our attention; for no disease or weakness can be predicated of that Heart which was broken for us. It may also occur in perfectly healthy conditions of the heart and the general system, and then is commonly produced by overwhelming emotions, particularly by opposite or conflicting ones, quickly succeeding one another, or struggling together in the breast. Of the effect of such emotions upon the central organ of the circulation we all know something. Our heart, we say, is light, or heavy as lead, or ready to burst; and many will easily believe that if such sensations as they have occasionally experienced were much intensified, or long continued, death from this cause might really ensue. It is altogether probable that the sudden deaths recorded in ancient history, from intense and contending

passions of the mind—such as that of Chilo the Lacedemonian, Sophocles the tragedian, and that of Diagoras as recorded by Aulus Gellius—were caused in this way.

But we are not left to mere inference and conjecture in this matter: there are not wanting well-attested modern instances where sudden death in healthy persons has occurred under such circumstances, and a *post-mortem* examination has revealed the fact of rupture or laceration of the heart. Let me now direct attention more minutely to the phenomena observed in an examination.

The heart and the roots of the great vessels which arise from it are enclosed in a membraneous bag, or sack, called the pericardium, which has no external opening whatever, but is perfectly closed or shut. Upon opening the chest of a person who has died from rupture of the heart, the first thing observed is this pericardium, or heart sack, more or less distended, sometimes enormously so, by the blood which has been forced into it through the opening in the ruptured heart. The blood thus contained in the pericardium undergoes the process of coagulation, or congealing, just as it would do outside of the body—in a bowl, for instance,—and separates into two parts: a clear, light-colored fluid called serum, and a thicker red portion called crassamentum, or clot,—or, to express it in popular language, blood and water; this very phrase indeed being used even in medical accounts of such cases. This is no mere theoretical description derived from reading; for I myself have witnessed what I now describe. Some years ago I made a *post-mortem* examination of a man who died suddenly of rupture of the aorta, one of the great vessels of the heart, within the pericardium. The pericardium in this case contained a large quantity—fully a pint, I should think,—of fluid; and on being opened there flowed out, side by side, without mingling, a clear

fluid like water, and a thicker, dark red fluid like blood.

What the knife of the physician does in an ordinary examination was roughly performed in our Saviour's case by the soldier's spear; and in the one case as in the other there came forth blood and water. In this way, and in this way only, have I ever been able to account in my own mind for the blood and water,—which, it seems to me, must have been considerable in quantity to have attracted the attention of the Apostle John, and been by him deemed worthy of special record. All other attempts to explain it, I may simply say, without stopping to specify them, are far-fetched and improbable. Death from rupture of the heart occurs suddenly, often when the powers of mind and body are active, the former generally in convulsive exercise. Such persons usually bring their hands suddenly and forcibly to the chest and utter a loud cry. These phenomena, except the movement of the hands—which were fixed upon the cross,—correspond with what are related of our Saviour's death.

One further consideration, confirmatory of the views we have taken, I deem worthy of a passing notice. All the types of the Old Testament sacrifices, and all the allusions of the New, point to and speak of the Saviour's death as accompanied by a copious effusion of blood. In the Old Dispensation the victim to be offered was slain by dividing the great blood-vessels of the neck and rapidly draining the whole system of its blood. In the New Testament it is said Christ's blood was shed, poured out, etc. We are washed in His blood, in the fountain of His blood, etc. Now, the death of the cross, as ordinarily inflicted, was not a bloody death—indeed it was singularly free from bloodshed. The nails that pierced the hands and feet passed through tendinous parts almost destitute of blood-vessels. Such punctured wounds in any situation bleed

but little; and the nails, or spikes, by closing the very wounds they caused, would make it still less, so that a few trickling drops were all,—surely very little in correspondence with the metaphors and statements of Holy Writ. But if the crucified Son of God died, as we believe, of a ruptured heart, then indeed He poured out His blood for us—His Most Precious Blood—His life's blood—His heart's blood.

To conclude, here, as wherever else the test is applied, we find that science, so far from contradicting revelation, only strengthens while it illustrates it. And is not, I would ask, the view here presented a touching and noble one? Does it not invest that awful scene with additional significance and sublimity? What a wondrous spectacle it is to contemplate! The Incarnate Son of God after enduring for years the contradiction of sinners and the spite and enmity of men, submits voluntarily to be condemned as a malefactor and blasphemer, to be nailed to the accursed tree, and there, a spectacle to men and angels, to abide not only the wrath of brutal and infuriated men, but also the heavier wrath of God, until His human nature could endure no more, though strengthened by the Divinity within; but, amid convulsions of nature, signs in the heavens above and the earth beneath, that mighty Heart of love bursts beneath the load of agony; and, pouring out in a copious stream His life's blood for our redemption, with a loud, soul-piercing cry, the Lord of Glory dies!

GREATNESS is conferred not to be ministered unto but to minister. He is the greatest who best serves his race; and he proves himself not great but little who seeks to serve not his race but himself.—*Dr. Brownson.*

THE soul that can shrink from bodily suffering is not worthy of eternal happiness.—*Mary Queen of Scots.*

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XIII.—BARON JAROTSKI SURPRISED.

HERE is no gathering at the morning meal in Russia. Everybody breakfasts in his or her apartment; and not until high noon do the guests begin to assemble—in winter in the great hall, in summer on the terrace or tennis court. There was some rattling good tennis after luncheon, Myles coming out strong; very badly beating, with Miss Abell as partner, Baron Jarotski and the hostess.

"Can you ride as well as you tennis?" asked the American girl.

"Every Irishman rides."

"But every Irishman hasn't a horse." Myles laughed.

"That is true, Miss Abell; and, although I can ride pretty fairly, I never owned a horse in my life, nor am I likely to. The fact is that a chum of mine has a good stable, and every Saturday half-holiday and bank holiday, and every Sunday, we gallop off together, especially in our glorious old Phoenix Park, the sward soft and elastic as a sponge."

Yes, Myles O'Byrne was a superb horseman. *Nascitur non fit*. It came to him from his father and "way back." He would mount any horse that was ever foaled, and ride him: I do not mean a lady's canter or a cavalry trot, but hard riding, in a duel between man and horse—a struggle possibly to the death. He had ridden with the Kildares and Wicklows, to the admiration of the hunting men; for the true sportsman is ever ready to acknowledge a light hand, a steady seat, and above all the courage that speaks trumpet-tongued at an ugly fence, double ditch, or six foot wall.

O'Byrne's secret ambition was to own a horse, and behind his desire to obtain the position of manager in some country town lay the rapturous pleasures of the hunt.

"Let us get up a ride," observed Miss Abell. "I'll speak to the Princess at once." And she flew across the terrace to where the hostess stood chatting with some of the house party.

"Why, you seem quite taken with the American beauty," said the Baroness, who had lounged over.

"She is a nice girl."

"She's engaged."

"Good luck to her," returned Myles, heartily. "Why shouldn't she be?"

"Well, I do not particularly care for Americans."

"I love them all. They have been so good to my poor country men and women,—giving them succor, help, and the right hand of friendship. By Jove!" he added, with considerable animation, "I regard every American man as a brother and every American woman as a sister—"

"Or as a sweetheart, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"My dear lady," said Myles, gravely, "a man with one hundred and fifty pounds a year—that is fifteen hundred roubles—and a dear old mother to look after, has no right to a sweetheart."

"You are a very honest gentleman," said the Baroness, as she turned away.

The riding party having been arranged, Jarotski sauntered up to the Baroness.

"You will give me of the honor to be your cavalier?" he said in his poor English, but *in* English.

"Thanks, Baron! But I have engaged my cavalier—Mr. O'Byrne."

"You can not have him, Baroness," interposed Miss Abell. "He is engaged to *me*. Besides, I laid pipes for this ride, and have at least a pipe cinch on him."

"Mr. O'Byrne rides with *me*," said the Baroness, in a tone that brooked no gainsay.

"This Irish fortune-hunter seems to

have it all for his own way," sneered the Baron.

"Have a care, Baron Jarotski!" said the Baroness. "Mr. O'Byrne is no fortune-hunter, and I would strongly advise you not to let him hear you say that he is."

"Might I be permit to ask of you why, Madame?"

"Well, Baron, if you desire another horsewhipping, your wish, I imagine, shall be thoroughly gratified."

"You're a peach!" exclaimed Miss Abell, as, placing her arm around the waist of the Baroness, she led her to the house.

This sudden allusion to "another horsewhipping" was somewhat cruel, since it was an assault by a man who considered himself deeply wronged in some financial transaction with a bank of which Baron Jarotski was president. It was the president that was assaulted. Very womanlike, though very cruel of the Baroness to fling this into his teeth; but a woman never stops to reason if she has a dart to hurl, especially in defending another.

Jarotski became livid. Indignation almost choked him. He flung his unlit cigar on the terrace, stamping upon it as though it were a snake with poison fangs. Then he lighted another and pulled as though his life depended upon the strength of each whiff.

"Curse him!" he said in Russian, as he strode up and down the terrace. "I'll spoil his little game. He *must* go. By heavens, I believe that Olga is silly enough, despite her adamant heart, to fall in love with this cursed adventurer and give herself and her possessions to a low-down Irishman. Why does she champion such a person? What is he? A clerk in a bank in some place nobody has ever heard of. Who is he? Nobody! I'll have him out of Russia or I'll know the reason why. This—this—*mujik* to dare come between me and the woman I mean to make mine! Oh, no! He must

go back to his Irish pigsty at once. There is no time to be lost. How shall it be managed?"

Then he lighted another cigar, flinging the half-smoked one into the air. After a moment he went on:

"He is poor,—he is only a bank clerk. I have it! I'll buy the fellow off,—yes, buy him off at any cost. It will require delicate manipulation, but the man who pulled off the Manchuria Railway deal from Lomarossoff need not fear an Irish peasant. Yes, I shall act promptly—to-night. I shall not join in the ride. I must think out my plans. The case might become serious. I must nip it in the bud,—aye, in the bud. A word from me, accompanied by the almighty rouble, will send this Irish pig back to his sty."

There was a sinister glitter in the Baron's black eyes as he beheld the joyous cavalcade starting for their ride; especially when he suddenly espied the "adventurer" in animated chat with the Baroness, who, true to her word, held the gallant young Irishman by her side. Miss Abell had "corralled"—to use her own expression—Count O'Reilly, and a merry pair they made. Count Mero and the Princess brought up the rear. Some eight of the house party, with Percy Byng, followed in couples. Half a dozen armed servants galloped on in front, making a brave show in their red coats, high silk cockaded hats with gold bands, cords and tops. A groom had been sent on to a village about twelve versts ahead, with orders to have plenty of cream for the coming party,—the strawberries having been provided from the gardens at Poscovitch.

The entire party dismounted at a wooden hut painted in garish yellow, but scrupulously neat and clean. The peasant woman whose home was thus highly honored by a visit from the "great Baroness" was a perfect bloom of color, from the blue kerchief over her head to her blood-red skirt. The villagers kept shyly aloof, the children peeping

from behind the other dwellings and uttering shrieks of delight. The hostess, having kissed the hands of each visitor, male and female, led the way into her dwelling, where the strawberries had already been laid out in osier baskets, on cool beds of fresh cabbage leaves; the cream being served from great wooden bowls.

Myles gazed around the room with considerable curiosity, especially at the icon, or holy picture, that hangs in the corner of every peasant's best chamber. Each member of the party made obeisance, blessing themselves the while, ere sitting down upon wooden stools at a round table. The seat under the icon is the seat of honor, and is generally occupied by the head of the family, the other members being ranged in order of precedence. To this seat the Princess Gallitzin was gravely conducted.

The interior of a Russian peasant's hut consists of one room, being bedroom and parlor and all. One corner is relegated to the sacred picture and may be called the dining corner. Another corner is the toilet and general washing corner; here stands a tub, and over it suspended by a rope an earthen pitcher full of water. It is at this tub that the *mujik* performs his ablutions, by pouring a little of the water in the earthen pitcher into his hands and then dabbing it over his face. At the back of the hut and facing the door is the stove—an enormous brick structure rising from floor to roof, with ledges and shelves all around it, forming lofts upon which the family sleep.

"How does this compare with your Irish cabin, Mr. O'Byrne?" asked the Princess Gallitzin.

"Well—the poverty and simplicity of the Irish cabin are proverbial. But we are the healthiest race on the face of the earth, despite the sanitary laws enacted for our special benefit, and to which we pay but little heed. When the inspectors come round we give

them what is called in Ireland 'the bothered ear.'"

The party returned to Poscovitch in time to dress for dinner. Myles found a long letter from his mother—enclosed by his uncle, who utilized the back of her envelope to scrawl:

DEAR MYLES:—I won't write: the *voteen* has sent you enough. When are you coming back?

Your uncle

DAN.

"Coming back!" and Myles dropped from the clouds. Back to the bank and its dreary round of daily pounds, shillings and pence; leaving all this gorgeous, too joyous life behind him forever! The dream was nearly over, and what a dream! Stay! There is yet his visit to Grosvenor Place, with its splendid possibilities.

"Cheer up, Myles *ma bouchal!*" he muttered as he tied a knot in his snowy tie. "Cheer up! There's money bid for you!"

The place and dinner were the same as the day before.

"Did you have a pleased ride the day?" asked Jarotski.

"Capital!" replied Myles, pleasantly. "You should have been with us. Those strawberries, Baroness, reminded me of the strawberry beds at Chapel-Izod, on the river Liffey,—the best strawberries in Ireland, and a famous resort of the Dublin swells."

"I shall see them," said the Baroness.

"I must exert my English," pushed in Jarotski. "Much difficulty." And he added in French: "You see, Baroness, I have taken the two lessons of yesterday to heart."

"To head, you must mean, Baron."

This particular evening was given to cards, especially to vint.

"Why don't you play poker?" cried Miss Abell. "It's the only game worth a cent; and you can play it for candy or a million dollars, all the same."

"I play poker!" cried O'Reilly.

"Two won't do, and I'll not melt

time by trying to teach three more. "What do you play, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Spoilfive, a game you never see played out of Ireland, as vint is, I imagine, never to be seen out of Russia. I'll teach it to you with pleasure. A pack, or deck, of cards and some counters."

In a few minutes Myles was gravely laying down the law regarding the rules of that amusing game, — impressing upon them that the five of trumps beat the knave, and that the ace of hearts came next, and then the least in black and the most in red, — and so on, until, with scolding and expostulating and laughing, a merry hour or so went by.

"There are flies in this game," said Alice Abell. "You can't 'bluff' worth a cent. Give me poker every time!"

The sallies of this young lady were received with peals of laughter, her piquant slang eagerly appreciated; while her quaint delivery, with just a suspicion of a "down-East" drawl, imparted a flavor at once novel and palatable. It is necessary to state, however, that she interlarded her conversation with slang for the express purpose of rendering herself amusing and for the general delectation of her audience.

After the ladies had retired, Baron Jarotski courteously offered Myles a cigar and then a cigarette, — both from bejewelled gold cases.

"Thanks!" said O'Byrne. "I always smoke a pipe — when I get the chance," — producing a briar root and lighting up.

"You fond pipe, sir?"

"Very. It is like an old friend."

"Cigar like this bettare."

"I dare say, but I can not afford to smoke cigars."

"Stomach?"

"No — pocket!" laughed Myles.

"Ah! you like money?"

"Very much."

"Have no money?"

Myles did not half like this line of very direct personal cross-examination; but he merely nodded assent.

"You like make money?"

"Very much."

"Ten thousand roubles, sir, eh?" — harpooning him with his eyes.

"Ten thousand roubles are one thousand pounds English. Well, yes, I should like to make ten thousand roubles."

"You *can* make it, quick — electric quick. They are here!" — tapping at his breast pocket. "They are *here* — ready jump to you."

Being a banker, O'Byrne naturally supposed that perhaps the Baron had some banking business to transact in Ireland, and might be desirous of placing the matter in his hands.

"But how am I to earn that sum?"

Here the Baron leaned over, — they were in a corner of the smoking room and out of earshot.

"By make of promise to *me*."

"What promise?"

"Will you make of it."

"Certainly not until I hear what it is."

"Very simple — easy — nothing."

"Well, what am I to promise?"

Jarotski stood up, walked all around the room, peered behind a portière; and, having apparently satisfied himself that nobody was listening, reseated himself, drawing his chair closer to Myles, and almost whispered:

"This you do for thousand pound English. Make excuse go back Ireland to-morrow, and promise that you no more make love to Baroness Grondno."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean what say, sir: one thousand pound here" — tapping his breast, — "all ready jump out. No speak anybody. Dead silence. Secret. Honor. Easy money. No toil it for years. Beautiful chance. Nobody suspect. Business off in Ireland. Ten thousand roubles — one thousand British pound."

"Is this a jest, Baron Jarotski?"

"No! no! Money here!" — handing over a blood-red pocketbook, with an enormous monogram surmounted by a coronet.

Myles was thunderstruck, dumfounded. This blackguard was proposing to him to accept money to leave Russia and to cease imaginary attentions to the Baroness Grondno! Surely the man was insane. The idea of making love to the Baroness had never entered honest O'Byrne's head; and as for the lady's being taken with *him*, this was quite too absurd. Nevertheless, in his hand was the Baron's pocketbook, and in his brain the Baron's proposition. What should he do? Give this scoundrel a thrashing or lead him on? Never! He would turn the tables on him.

"Baron Jarotski," he answered, with a calmness that afterward surprised himself, "take back your purse and your roubles,"—handing it to him. "Now, sir, you will make *me* a promise. *You*, Baron Jarotski, will promise me that *you* will leave this house to-morrow morning, and that *you* will—"

"What you mean, sir?"—in a hoarse whisper.

"Exactly what I say."

"I no go."

"You shall—you *must!*"

"Who say I must?"

"*I do!*" said Myles, springing to his feet. "And if you are here after ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I, Myles O'Byrne, shall make your blackguard offer to me known to the Prince and Princess Gallitzin, the Baroness, and the entire house party."

"Bah!"—snapping his fingers.

"And," continued Myles, whose anger was flying upward and increasing in volume and density, "*after* I shall have informed the people here of your infernal insult to me, I shall thrash you in front of them till you howl, like the cur you are, for mercy. I have the honor to bid you good-night, sir!" And Myles strode haughtily from the room, leaving the Baron livid and glaring, and almost doubled up in his chair, the blood-red purse lying at his feet.

(To be continued.)

The Face of the Christ.

BY CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.

HIS Face holds all the heavens, sun-illumed;
 All the commingled glories of the skies—
 Promise of morning, mystery of night,
 Splendor of noontide, tenderness of stars.
 There sleeps the dread of God, the potency
 Of storms to sweep mortality beyond
 The pale of Time into Eternity,
 As sweet, untroubled heavens hold the fires
 Of storms veiled tenderly within their peace.
 And as I must lift up my face to heaven,
 Since Nature all turns to the open sky
 For light, so must I lift my soul to Him.

A Notable Epitaph.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

ONE of the most remarkable facts of our times is the striking confirmation, by new discoveries, of the primitive origin of the doctrines held in the Church to-day. Time was when, for instance, the absence of religious pictures in the places of worship used by the early Christians was taken for granted by many even amongst Catholic apologists, who, therefore, defended the modern practice of the Church by showing—and with truth—that she is not bound by the same strict rules on this point as was the Jewish Synagogue. Had the fact been as it was supposed, this would have been a valid defence of present usage. But it is a defence which is not necessary; for the opening up of the Roman Catacombs has settled the question once for all, showing that the practice of to-day is in conformity with that of the sub-Apostolic age.

But it is not of the Catacombs, their paintings, their eloquent inscriptions, that I wish to speak; but of an epitaph discovered twenty years ago, which, in a truly remarkable way, bears witness to the unity of belief which existed between

the Rome of the Catacombs and the rest of the Universal Church. For it was not in Rome, but in distant Phrygia, divided from the Eternal City by many miles of sea and mountain and plain, that this fresh witness to our Faith came to light.

Ancient Greek Martyrologies contained the life of a saint quite unknown to the Western Churches. Abercius was his name, and the 22d of October his feast-day. The great Oratorian annalist, Baronius, first placed the saint in the Martyrology of the Roman Church. According to the old account as found in the Greek Martyrologies, which, till the discovery of his tomb, were the only source of information about him, Abercius was Bishop of *Hierapolis* in Phrygia. (We know now, from his epitaph, that this should be *Hieropolis*.) Having converted the population of that town by his preaching and miracles, he was summoned to Rome by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, in order to exorcise his daughter Lucilla, who was possessed by a devil. Having successfully performed the exorcism, we are told that he compelled the demon to transport to Hierapolis (*Hieropolis*) a large stone altar which stood in the Roman Hippodrome. On his way back to his episcopal city, Abercius passed through Syria and Mesopotamia, preaching, as he went, with such unction and effectiveness as to win for himself the name of "Equal of the Apostles." His death took place soon after his return home; and the miraculously transported altar was used, by his own desire, as his monument, being set up on a large slab of stone which he himself had selected. On the monument was engraved an epitaph composed by the saint, which is inserted in the "Life."

Such is a brief epitome of the career of Abercius. The original account is so full of extraordinary, miraculous and sometimes even comical occurrences that many Catholic scholars were led to reject the whole as a fable, and others

to look upon it with great suspicion.

But, in the event, though containing much that has been added merely by imaginative credulity, the existence of the saint, and the more important incidents of his career, have been placed beyond a doubt by the discovery of his resting-place and of the epitaph upon his tomb. This was due to the researches of Mr. W. M. Ramsay, of the Asia Minor Exploration Society, England, who succeeded in bringing to light this important monument, which bears a date equivalent to the year 216 of our era. Since its discovery, both the "Life" itself and the newly-found inscription have very naturally been the object of close attention on the part of scholars, whether Catholic, Protestant, or rationalistic. The latter have used all their ingenuity to show that the epitaph is not Christian at all; but in vain. The exclusively Christian character of the inscription has been triumphantly demonstrated, Protestant as well as Catholic scholars recognizing in it one of the most valuable early Christian documents extant.

An exhaustive treatment of the text of this epitaph, of its proper interpretation, as well as of the rationalistic arguments against it, is contained in the first number of the new "Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne," edited by Dom Cabrol of Farnborough, England; to which I must refer those who wish to see a critical discussion of this highly interesting monument.* My object is to place before those readers of THE AVE MARIA whose attention it may hitherto have escaped, a brief account, drawn from recognized authorities, of an inscription which the great De Rossi declared to be second to none in importance. The epitaph, as restored from a collation of the version given in the ancient

* See "Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique," ad. A. Vacant; *The Month*, May and July, 1890; and Marucchi, "Eléments d'Archéologie Chrétienne," Vol. I.

"Life," with the two fragments of the original, now in the Vatican Museum, runs as follows:*

"The citizen of an elect [or famous] city, I made this [tomb] in my lifetime, that in due season I might have here a resting-place for my body. Abercius by name, I am a disciple of the pure Shepherd, who feedeth His flocks of sheep on mountains and plains, who hath great eyes looking on all sides. He taught me the faithful writings [of life]. He also sent me to royal Rome to behold it, and to see the golden-robed, golden-sandalled Queen. And there I saw a people bearing the splendid seal. And I saw the plain of Syria and all the cities, and also Nisibis crossing over the Euphrates. And everywhere I had associates [or found brethren]. Paul I had... [the allusion here has never been fully explained]. Faith everywhere led the way. Everywhere she set before me for food the Fish from the fount, great and pure, whom a pure Virgin clasped. She gave this always to friends to eat; having good wine and giving it together with bread [or giving the "mixed" (chalice) with bread]. These words I, Abercius, standing by, ordered to be inscribed, being of the age of seventy-two years. Whosoever understands these things and thinks with me, let him pray for me. But let no man place another tomb above mine. If otherwise, he shall pay two thousand pieces of gold to the treasury of the Romans, and a thousand pieces of gold to my dear fatherland Hieropolis."

It requires but slight knowledge of ancient Christian symbolism, as exhibited to us in the monuments and paintings of the Roman Catacombs and in the allusions of the Fathers, to recognize that we have here also a most striking example of the way in which the faithful veiled — often, as here, thinly

* I make use partly of an English translation by Father Thurston, S. J., and partly of a Latin version by Dom Leclercq.

enough — the sublime teachings of our holy religion, under figures which served to guard its precious pearls from the unbeliever. Any person even a little familiar with the commonly known results of modern Christian archæology will see in this epitaph, at a glance, a presentment of the symbolism of early Christian art and epigraphy. Who will not at once recognize in the "pure Shepherd," who feeds His flocks of sheep on plains and mountains, the Good Shepherd of the Gospel? St. Abercius had been to Rome and had visited, as every Christian did, the tombs of the martyrs. He had seen the numerous representations — as many as fifty-six have been discovered — of the Saviour of men under the figure, which He chose Himself, of a shepherd either leading his flocks to pasture or bearing the lost sheep upon his shoulders. What are the "faithful writings" but the Holy Scripture, especially of the New Testament?

Under the guidance of his divine Teacher, the disciple goes to the royal city of Rome, and sees there "the golden-robed, golden-sandalled Queen." The meaning of this phrase is still much disputed. Some great authorities consider that the pre-eminence of the Roman Church is here alluded to. The Protestant Bishop Lightfoot interprets it of the Church at large; while others consider that it refers literally to the Empress Faustina.

Leaving a disputed point, let us pass on to the next passage: "I saw a people bearing the splendid seal." Here I can not do better than transcribe the words of Father Thurston, S. J.:

"This word 'seal' had among the early Christians a strictly technical meaning. It was not merely that it was employed as a natural figure which required other words to explain and define its use, — just as, for instance, we might use the word 'banquet' of the Blessed Eucharist; but it was a word consecrated to a special signification,

in much the same way as English Catholics nowadays speak of 'Benediction,' or the French of *Salut*. For the early Christians, then, the 'seal' was emphatically the seal or symbol of their Faith, and especially the Sign of the Cross as marked upon their foreheads in the sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. This was the 'splendid seal' which each Christian bore, and the writings of the early Fathers are full of allusions to it. Thus in the first century St. Clement bids the faithful 'keep the body chaste and the seal unstained'; and in the 'Shepherd' of Hermes we read: 'When a man receiveth the seal he loseth his deadness and gaineth life. Wherefore the seal is the water.'"

"Properly speaking," says M. Batiffol,* "the word *sphragis* (seal) means the mark placed upon merchandise or on the heads of animals in order that they may be recognized. Figuratively, in Christian literature, it designates Baptism: we find it used in this sense eight times in the 'Shepherd' of Hermes, and twenty times in the 'Acts of St. Thomas.'"

The epitaph goes on to describe the travels of the saint, recording how wherever he went Faith led the way: a common Faith always brought him "associates." Faith, too, everywhere set before him for food "the Fish from the fount, great and pure, whom the pure Virgin clasped." Here is a clear reference to the symbol of the Fish—**ICTHUS**—by which the early Christians represented our Divine Saviour, who is, as Tertullian tells us, "the great Fish," according to whom we are born "little fish" in the waters of baptism.

This inscription of Abercius is, in fact, the earliest document containing a mention of this Christian symbol, which recurs with so great frequency in the Catacombs; and constantly, as here, in connection with the bread and wine of the Holy Eucharist, — the connection obviously teaching the Real Presence of

Christ, the Fish, in the Blessed Sacrament. To receive the Fish is the same as to communicate in the sacred species of bread and wine. This Fish is "clasped by a pure Virgin," who is none other than our dear Mother Mary, the Mother of God, whose perpetual virginity finds here a new testimony. Here, too, as in the Catacombs, and through every age of the Church, she is inseparably joined in the hearts and minds of the faithful to her Son.

Here follows a mention of the "good wine" and "bread," which, as I have just remarked, constantly appear in the Catacomb pictures in connection with "the great Fish" which is Christ. Those who translate this portion of the epitaph thus, "having good wine and giving the 'mixed' (chalice) with bread," see here evidence of the early date of the practice of mixing a little water with the wine before consecration.

Looking at the whole epitaph so far, what a convincing, though simple, proof it gives us of the unity of faith and communion in those early times! The holy Bishop in Phrygia records upon his tomb the same doctrines of Faith as are writ large in the cemeteries of distant Rome; and in his journey to the royal city and back, it is his Faith that procures him friends and associates, and feeds him with the heavenly food of Christ's body and blood. Not without its significance, also, is the circumstance that he wished to record the fact that he was privileged—under the guidance, as he says, of the "pure Shepherd," whose "disciple" he was—to visit the Holy City, then as now the centre of the Universal Church.

Of the conclusion of the epitaph, begging the prayers of the faithful "who understand these things and who think with me," it is unnecessary to say much: it speaks for itself. This is, says Father Thurston, "as authentic and early a testimony to the practice of praying for the dead as any we possess." What

* "Dict. Théol. Chrét."

follows is interesting as illustrating the deep feeling of the sacredness of a tomb which obtained in those early times amongst pagans and Christians alike; and the saint takes effective means to prevent any interference with his last resting-place.

It remains only to add that, in the opinion of those competent to judge, the epitaph of St. Abercius is, in great part, cast in a conventional mould; being, in fact, an epigraphic formula in verse, with the necessary personal details inserted. This is borne out by the fact that Mr. Ramsay, the year before his discovery of the tomb of Abercius, found that of a certain Alexander, bearing an inscription almost identical with the epitaph of the saint. When, too, these inscriptions are compared with another of the third century, discovered at Autun on the tomb of a certain Pectorius, the entire similarity of the symbolism of the latter, both with the symbolism of St. Abercius and Alexander, and of the famous cycle of sacramental paintings in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus at Rome, we have still another proof of the unity of faith in all parts of the Church.

OH, beautiful story of God's gentle rule o'er men! When troubles sweep over the world like sheeted storms, when women fear exceedingly and strong men cower and shrink, and little ones believe the next step to be the precipice, then God smiles. Striking some sweet bell, He sends forth messengers to lure men forward; they hang stars in man's night; they whisper that the twilight is nothing, since it is morning twilight; that fears are bats and owls hooting at the dawn; that hope is a lark singing the new day; that God reigns and all is well. Then depart all fears and superstitions. The courage of the future comes; the columns begin a forward march. These upward movements of society are the yearnings of God's heart lifting His children forward by hope.—*Willis*.

In the Shadow of the Day.

BY GRACE KEON.

ITHAMAR the priest stood on the Temple steps,—on the very first step that led to the vestibule. The predominant expression of his haughty face was one of grim satisfaction as he paused a moment, wrapped in his own thoughts, the tenor of which could but be surmised by the unholy exultation that suffused face and mien. Carelessly his hand swept through the long, black, silky beard that reached well down on his chest. He still wore his vestments, for it had been his duty that morning to offer the sacrifice of the incense in the Holy Place. The white linen turban surmounting his fine brow threw into more striking prominence the keen dark eyes beneath the heavy-thatched eyebrows. In his person, at that moment, he was the embodiment of Jewry in all its intolerable pride and glory; for the great day of the Pasch was now at hand, and, like his compeers in Jerusalem's high places, he was content. There had been a Man of Nazareth, a carpenter's Son, who had incited the feelings of the populace to a mad heat,—a heat that for a while threatened to destroy all Jewish observances and regulations. Ithamar, a stickler for the law, had helped to show his people the folly of their belief in this workman as the Messias,—the laborer who was even then condemned to die.

At the beginning, indeed, in a slow and logical fashion, Ithamar had followed the young Man, keeping well in mind the distance that should be maintained between a priest of the Temple and one who consorted with Sabbath-breakers—nay, who was Himself, according to the Pharisees, no respecter of the Temple's most rigid laws. His pride, at first, was the barrier in the way to listening to aught He might enjoin or preach.

Oppression was in the air: it was heavy, hot. The wind rose and sighed and sobbed like the breath of passing souls in pain. Muffled sounds came from afar,—sinister sounds of distress; there was a noise and a shout as of many voices blended into one, the rushing of many feet. Then silence—dread and awful; silence even of the wind; silence so deep that one's heartbeats rose and fell like sticks upon a drum.

Ichabod looked out on this sudden hush, this sudden darkness, not afraid, but wondering. Miriam whimpered at his elbow, her woman's soul convulsed with terror. She shook as with an ague and looked to him for courage. He did not speak.

What meant this sudden quiet, as if the pulse of Nature had been stilled, as if heaven were lowering itself to earth, and as it neared it crushing all beneath? He turned swiftly, entered the death-chamber and knelt again. One glance at the child had told him the dreaded change was at hand. The blue eyes were half closed; the perspiration stood forth on the waxen forehead in great cold drops. Ichabod touched the kneeling form of his friend very gently.

"Wilt thou not look thy last upon thy son?" he murmured. "'Tis almost over, friend."

Even as he spoke the little fellow turned his face away; his form grew rigid and then collapsed; the breath paused—fluttered over the pale lips—was still. Ithamar stirred from the position he had taken; his limbs were cramped and aching, but he did not feel. His eyes sought the well-loved face: its expression chilled him.

"Benoni, Benoni!" he cried in anguish. The child was past hearing. Again he called; and, though Ichabod stood beside him, the proud heart of the man could not keep back the groan of mortal agony that burst from him. Like a madman he rose from his knees, turned to the door, brushing past Miriam, who

was rocking herself to and fro, crying violently. Out of the house he sped, his face distorted, his eyes wild, his beard tossed, his garments dishevelled. Away, away—anywhere out of sight of the grief of his serving-woman, the pitying glances of his lifelong friend. Away, above all, O God of Israel, from the sight of that little dead face! His head was mad with anguish; his heart throbbled with great gushes of pain that almost choked him.

How far he went he did not know. He passed groups of people, who met his eyes unseeingly, too distraught themselves to notice the agony in his countenance. No one turned to look at the wild figure a second time, and he—he saw not a single soul.

Suddenly his physical powers seemed to give way. He stopped short, his limbs trembling. Three or four persons now approached him, sorrow-stricken and sad. A young man with mild eyes, supporting tenderly the drooping figure of a woman, glanced up as he neared Ithamar. His countenance seemed full of a pity so great as to be more than human. The first two of the little group passed on. The drooping figure hesitated, paused; and as she paused the woman raised her head. The eyes of the priest of Israel and of the Mother met.

Only a woman's face. One face to show forth the sorrow of the spheres; one face to bear imprinted upon it the pain of heaven and the anguish of a created earth. Ithamar gazed and gazed, losing himself in that silent gazing, louder than loudest speech. Blue eyes hers were. No tears shadowed them, but their expression wrung his very soul. The higher part of him, the spiritual part, grew sick within him,—sick of the earthliness that held it captive. His paltry sorrow dwindled out of sight, forgotten. There was no other face in the world like this. A human face in outward seeming; but, supported by the Divine, it had looked upon the consummation

of the shame of the world; and that Divinity whom she loved and who loved her clung about her still. Ithamar, the priest of the Most High, knew that the Lord he served had never come near his life till now. Humanity appeared insignificant, petty, trivial.

The Mother seemed to read his expression.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"My son is dead," Ithamar murmured, ashamed, abashed, sorrowful.

A mournful smile curved the corners of her mouth, and she said:

"I pity thee,—I pity thee. Thy son? Ah, my Son too,—and my God!"

She gave a backward glance to where three crosses stood outlined against the bare, black sky. Ithamar gazed also and fear smote him. He fell, crushed, weighed down, his face in the dust. And Mary, the Mother of Jesus of Nazareth, passed on and out of his life—but not out of his heart.

How long he lay there he knew not—until the terrible fear that prostrated him passed away, to some extent. He rose then, and turned homeward, with bent head and slow step, tottering at times as if he were a weak and feeble old man. He dared not glance behind him,—he dared not look again at the three crosses and the lowering sky. He was afraid.

They saw him coming, Ichabod and Miriam—and one more. A merry shout rang on his ears. His child came to meet him, running with outstretched arms, his curls flying in the evening breeze. The little figure he had seen rigid and cold in death three hours since flung itself upon him in the exuberance of boyish life and joy. Ithamar looked about him in a perplexed, questioning fashion. There were no smiles, no light of joy on those two faces; only fear, dread, terror. They had seen the impossible happen: they had seen the lifeblood course again where it had once been stilled. They, too, were afraid.

The shadows were gathering. It was evening. Only out of the gloom and darkness once more the priest of Israel saw that wan, white, woful face. Again he felt that great fear convulse his heart. With a groan he stooped and clasped his son to his breast, pulling him down with him to the earth. There he lay, his face buried in the dry clay of the road. With shaking fingers he took great handfuls of dust and mingled it with beard and hair, and wept aloud for the dread of that awful day.

And the anguish for his part in it never left him. The proud man walked humbly and penitentially among his people ever afterwad. Afar he followed the teachings of his Saviour; afar he prayed that he might be forgiven, deeming himself a publican and a sinner—nay, worse than these. And when Ithamar the Christian came to die, his last words were the ones that had been the burden of his daily prayer:

"For Thy Mother's sake, Emmanuel!"

A Disregarded Sin.

IS there any other sin so often committed, and so seldom acknowledged even in the confessional, as envy? Does the average penitent, when examining his conscience, spend any adequate time in unveiling his heart and dispassionately rendering an account of the manner in which he has been affected, is habitually affected, by the prosperity, the success, or the superiority of others? Does he recognize the fact that the feeling of uneasiness, mortification, and discontent which the good fortune or the increasing reputation of a neighbor has occasioned him, and the accompanying desire, or it may be effort, to discomfit and mortify the neighbor in question, constitute not only a sin but one of the deadly sins, and the basest as well as the most unprofitable of all the seven?

oppression was in the air: it was heavy, hot. The wind rose and sighed and sobbed like the breath of passing souls in pain. Muffled sounds came from afar,—sinister sounds of distress; there was a noise and a shout as of many voices blended into one, the rushing of many feet. Then silence—dread and awful; silence even of the wind; silence so deep that one's heartbeats rose and fell like sticks upon a drum.

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"I pity thee,—I pity thee. Thy son? Ah, my Son too,—and my God!"

She gave a backward glance to where three crosses stood outlined against the bare, black sky. Ithamar gazed also and fear smote him. He fell, crushed, weighed down, his face in the dust. And Mary, the Mother of Jesus of Nazareth, passed on and out of his life—but not out of his heart.

How long he lay there he knew not—until the terrible fear that prostrated him passed away, to some extent. He rose then, and turned homeward, with bent head and slow step, tottering at times as if he were a weak and feeble old man. He dared not glance behind him,—he dared not look again at the three crosses and the lowering sky. He was afraid.

They saw him coming, Ichabod and Miriam—and one more. A merry shout rang on his ears. His child came to meet him, running with outstretched arms, his curls flying in the evening breeze. The little figure he had seen rigid and cold in death three hours since flung itself upon him in the exuberance of boyish life and joy. Ithamar looked about him in a perplexed, questioning fashion. There were no smiles, no light of joy on those two faces; only fear, dread, terror. They had seen the impossible happen: they had seen the lifeblood course again where it had once been stilled. They, too, were afraid.

The shadows were gathering. It was evening. Only out of the gloom and darkness once more the priest of Israel saw that wan, white, woful face. Again he felt that great fear convulse his heart. With a groan he stooped and clasped his son to his breast, pulling him down with him to the earth. There he lay, his face buried in the dry clay of the road. With shaking fingers he took great handfuls of dust and mingled it with beard and hair, and wept aloud for the dread of that awful day.

And the anguish for his part in it never left him. The proud man walked humbly and penitentially among his people ever afterwad. Afar he followed the teachings of his Saviour; afar he prayed that he might be forgiven, deeming himself a publican and a sinner—nay, worse than these. And when Ithamar the Christian came to die, his last words were the ones that had been the burden of his daily prayer:

"For Thy Mother's sake, Emmanuel!"

A Disregarded Sin.

IS there any other sin so often committed, and so seldom acknowledged even in the confessional, as envy? Does the average penitent, when examining his conscience, spend any adequate time in unveiling his heart and dispassionately rendering an account of the manner in which he has been affected, is habitually affected, by the prosperity, the success, or the superiority of others? Does he recognize the fact that the feeling of uneasiness, mortification, and discontent which the good fortune or the increasing reputation of a neighbor has occasioned him, and the accompanying desire, or it may be effort, to discomfit and mortify the neighbor in question, constitute not only a sin but one of the deadly sins, and the basest as well as the most unprofitable of all the seven?

We are all adepts at deceiving ourselves in matters that concern our self-love and exemplify our intrinsic nobility or meanness of character. We can avow without any very great repugnance our having yielded to a sudden attack of anger, pride, vanity, or even hatred; but we scruple to acknowledge, even to ourselves, that we have ever been so thoroughly contemptible as to pine at the prosperity or rejoice at the misfortune of another. Yet nothing is more certain than that envy—bald, naked envy—is as prevalent a sin as any other specific violation of the great law of charity; and that its enormity is in nowise lessened, its guilt in no way palliated by our disregarding its frequent assaults, or our shutting our eyes to its actual presence in our hearts.

That we should be thoroughly ashamed of indulging in such a passion, and consequently loath publicly to admit that we have ever done so, is of course natural enough. True, we sometimes say, "I envy you your cheerful disposition"; or, "I envy you your philosophic temper." But it is to be noted that the accepted meaning of the phrase "I envy you" in such statements is merely "I wish I had," and that it implies no ill-will or repugnance whatever. No similar softening of the etymological meaning is found in the simple adjective "envious," or the noun itself, "envy." People do not readily admit that they possess an envious disposition or an envious tongue; nor are they wont to acknowledge that they are eaten up with envy, devoured by envy, or are chronic sufferers from envy, although the declaration might be strictly true.

The fact is, that envy is a peculiarly devilish sin, and that the envious man is more specifically an imitator of Satan than is the average indulger in other passions. As St. Vincent Ferrer has well put it: "Just as Christ says, 'By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for

another,' so, on the other hand, the devil can say, 'By this shall all men know that you are *my* followers, if you envy one another as I have envied you.'" In the whole catalogue of sins and vices there is none, save envy, for which some excuse may not be pleaded, and which does not yield some species of gratification to him who indulges in it. Envy alone is utterly malicious and thoroughly sterile.

A little reflection will probably induce us to yield our intellectual assent to the foregoing general truths. We are as ready as any poet, philosopher, or saint to condemn envy in the abstract, or even in the concrete, when an instance occurs in the case of some one other than ourselves. The trouble is that, when the passion really lodges in our own hearts, we steadily refuse to recognize it for what it is, and disregard its presence as if it were a sentiment quite innocent of malice, not worth while mentioning at the tribunal of penance. Nay, we can at need offer an elaborate argument designed to show that our genuine envy is merely one form of virtue,—zeal, for instance, for the public weal; justifiable indignation at honors unworthily bestowed; solicitude lest religion suffer by the elevation of an indifferent Catholic; regret that the good fortune of our neighbor may lead to his undoing; and the like irreproachable sentiments. Anything rather than the candid avowal that we are afflicted purely and simply because the superiority of another impresses us as an injury to ourselves. Yet it assuredly behooves us to see that we do not form an erroneous conscience on so important a matter, and to be careful that our confessions do not lack the essential quality of integrity through our reluctance to admit that we have been base and mean.

The surest sign that we are not envious is uniform charitableness in our words and deeds. Temptations to envy, as to other sins, may assail the most virtuous;

and, if promptly rejected, are so far from being transgressions of the law of charity that they furnish occasion for meritorious acts of virtue. But the safest guarantee that they *have* been rejected is the absence on our part of any overt word or deed that might tend to malign, depreciate, or disparage those with respect to whom the temptation has been felt.

So, too, the exercise of charity toward all is the only remedy by which the envious may hope to cure themselves. If the passion has taken firm root in the heart, its eradication will be no easy task, and love is the only lever that can effectively dislodge it. That it should be dislodged need not be said, as its effects are from every viewpoint most disastrous. Without elaborating this point, it will suffice to quote St. Augustine: "Envy killed Abel, armed Jacob's sons against their brother Joseph, cast Daniel into the lions' den, and nailed Christ, our Head, to the cross."

Practical Hints to Parents and Catechists.

PERHAPS the most generally useful portion of Cardinal Vaughan's Lenten Pastoral, to which we refer elsewhere, is the section entitled "How to Make Religious Training Agreeable." Some eminently practical suggestions are prefaced by this observation, the truth of which there is no denying: "Simply to learn the Catechism by heart, like the multiplication table, will never mould their [children's] character. Unless the doctrines of religion are duly prepared and seasoned to their taste and appetite, unless they are assimilated by 'all the powers of the soul,' they will, like undigested food, occasion discomfort and disgust rather than pleasure and satisfaction."

1. Illustrate well all your Catechism lessons, and the children will love them. Interesting stories read or told from the Old and New Testaments,

from Church history and Saints' lives, will rivet and fascinate their attention.*

2. Good colored prints and pictures that tell parts of a story are wonderful helps. The eye lights up the imagination, and the imagination is the picture-book of the mind. Explain and point out the details in the picture, and sometimes let a child explain the picture to the whole class. The magic-lantern might also be used in connection with explanations of Catechism and religion, even in church, where proper arrangements can be made.†

3. Children should have their own religious functions, and as many as possible should be given a part in them. To entrust to a child a public office is to draw out his good qualities. Let children help to decorate their own altar. The more they are given charges the better.

4. Especially make them sing. St. Augustine, who wrote two books on the instruction of children, says: *Amor cantat*,—"Love makes one sing." And St. Paul, who well knew the human heart, wrote to the Ephesians: "Be ye filled with the Holy Ghost, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." (Eph., v, 19.) Elsewhere he couples teaching and singing together: "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God." (Gal., iii, 16.)

In the fourth century St. Ephrem saved his people from heresy by means of choirs who sang to the multitudes the great truths of Our Lord's Nativity, Death and Resurrection. . . . One great advantage of singing is that it gives more time to think of the meaning of the words. Hurry is in reciting, not in singing. . . .

5. Some people are forever correcting children but never praise or reward them. Be firm, be the master, and punish if need be; but give plenty of praise and encouragement. Often bestow tokens of approval—little presents of no money value. Better these than costly gifts, because you want

* We strongly recommend Bishop Knecht's "Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture," the edition of 1907. It contains an appendix called "A Concordance of Scripture Aids to the Catechism," by reference to which the teacher will find himself in possession of Holy Scripture to illustrate every part of the Catechism. The work has gone through nineteen editions, and is the most complete and the most valuable book for its purpose in any language. The English translation has been exceedingly well done; and is preceded by a preface by the Rev. M. Glancey, of the diocese of Birmingham, in which there are valuable hints on teaching Holy Scripture in combination with the Catechism. We also recommend Gibson's "Catechism Made Easy," in two volumes. It is full of examples and short stories, and will make teaching easy even to those who have but little experience.

† Schorr's very artistic colored prints of the Old and New Testaments, forty-five in number, can now be obtained from the Catholic Truth Society.

Notes and Remarks.

the child to value the approval rather than the token; and expensive presents must be rare. St. Francis of Sales used to carry about medals, pious pictures, rosaries and such things to give to children who answered their Catechism well, or who pleased him by their good conduct; and, strange as it may appear, grave ecclesiastical councils had decreed that churches must furnish little rewards to give away as encouragements to good children.

6. The system of giving marks to children at every class for knowledge and for good conduct, and rewarding those who obtain a maximum of good marks at the end of the month by some little prize, publicly bestowed, is very effective. Prizes, distinctions, precedencies, and other forms of approbation, should be freely used. A little emulation awakens the faculties and keeps a whole class on the alert. Do not grown-up people, civilians and soldiers, covet a clasp, a medal, a ribbon, letters appended and titles prefixed to their name? Sovereigns are unable to satisfy the demand. Children also have the same appetite, which is an instinct of our nature, and are led by it. Encouragement stimulates and brightens, and it is enhanced by being given publicly. Again, to give children a treat, to take them for an excursion, to play a game, to visit a church, an altar, a convent, or a gallery, to get up an entertainment for them and their parents,—all these things signify affection, esteem, real charity; and have a magical power to make children bright and happy, and associate the thought of their religion with genial and pleasant memories. St. Philip Neri and St. John Baptist de Rossi knew this well, and are admirable models for our example in this respect.

7. One more word to parents and catechists. If you wish the children to be bright and interested, be bright and interested yourself. If you teach a lesson, tell a story, exhibit a picture, show that you yourself enter with spirit into the matter. Let all see that you can be moved to indignation, to admiration, to love. Do not hesitate to lead your hearers to pray. A catechist, like a preacher, must exhibit by words, tone, gesture, his own faith and feeling, if he would make his hearers believe and feel aright. Feelings of enthusiasm, admiration, fear, hatred, desire, love, are catching. Children are delightfully simple and responsive to earnestness.

8. Put away as a fatal delusion the idea that religious training is mere memory and head work. The Church teaches the contrary. We implore the Holy Ghost "to kindle within our hearts the fire of His love"—to create them again, and so renew the face of the earth by love. It is by the light of the Holy Ghost that He instructs the hearts of the faithful, and thus it is—through the heart—He makes them truly wise and happy. "Enlighten our understandings and inflame our wills."

The utter ineptitude of the principles which modern science would substitute for the precepts of Christian morality as motors of individual action, becomes more and more evident in proportion as they are developed by their twentieth-century advocates. Avoid evil and do good, says Christianity, because it is the command of the Supreme Ruler, God; and because obedience to or disregard of His divine will means an eternity of happiness or of misery. Do good, says so-called modern Science, because it is one's duty to co-operate in this progress toward humanity's civilization. This progress, it is constructively held, should be the rule and measure and end of every act in which the question of morality is involved. Professor Ziegler, of Strasburg, in a new work, puts the matter thus: "Let us enroll ourselves in the service of good and so conduct ourselves as to conform to its dictates; and then, rejoicing in some fashion in the glorious things that posterity will write of us, we shall be happy in the part which our generation will have taken in the progress of humanity."

Can anything be less satisfactory as a motive urging the individual to live well and act nobly? The ordinary every day man of the world is to do violence to himself, to resist alluring temptations, to tread the narrow and thorny path of virtue—why? Simply that, some five or six hundred years from now, not himself individually, but the world in which he is a more or less significant unit, may be praised for having contributed to the well-being of future generations! The fact is that "progress," the evolution of a perfect civilization, the devotion to the humanity of the future, is, and must be, utterly impotent to lead men to do their duty. As a determining principle by which to regulate one's daily life, it is as fantastic a chimera as has

ever been seriously advocated by sane writers. The civilization of to-day, which is not unapplauded, has resulted from no such nonsensical doctrines, but from the principle of Christian morality which bids men do their duty, not that history may praise them, but because that duty is laid upon them by Almighty God, and because its accomplishment will be eternally rewarded.

“A fine type of the Catholic layman,” is the tribute paid to the late Mr. Valentine Zimmermann, of Milwaukee, by the *Catholic Citizen*, whose editor, Mr. Desmond, is a good judge of Catholic laymen. “At the head of a large mercantile house and active in the business duties devolving upon him, nevertheless his custom was to hear Mass every morning. As he began the day, so he lived his life. And he was public-spirited as well as devout; open-handed and open-hearted toward every charitable and religious purpose; following with interest, sympathy and intelligence all that was true and worthy in Catholic thought and movement; and exerting within the circle of his immediate friendships and associations an influence exemplifying always good will, sane judgment, and wise counsel.” One can not help contrasting such a life, its serenity and its deep peace, with the unsatisfying existence of most “public” men. Sir Walter Scott, dying, said to his son-in-law: “Lockhart, be virtuous, be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here.”

If there is any truth in the saying that a man is known by the letters he writes, it is certainly borne out in the case of Cardinal Newman. We have had the privilege of reading a whole batch of his letters addressed to one who for a time was closely associated with him, and in the least significant of them there is some revelation of greatness of soul. The

absolute sincerity of the man, his sublime disinterestedness, his superb self-control under strong provocation, the perfect fairness to opponents which he so scrupulously studied,—all these qualities are again unmistakably revealed in his letters to the late Father Coleridge, S.J., a collection of which is now being printed in the *Month*. Referring to his “Grammar of Assent,” just published (March, 1870), the great leader writes: “I have done my best and given my all; and I leave it to Him to prosper or not, as He thinks fit, for whom I have done it.... And it is hardly too much to say that I look forward to death more happily, as if I had less to keep me here.”

We know what was thought of Newman by distinguished contemporaries whose opinion once influenced us; but these letters show how incomparably superior he was to many who distrusted and opposed him, failing both to discern his spirit and to appreciate the value of his services.

Mgr. de Stablewski, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, and Primate of Poland, recently addressed to the clergy and laity of his diocese a pastoral letter in which he vigorously condemns gambling. He states that he has received many complaints relative to the scandal of games of chance, especially among the higher classes. The Archbishop demonstrates that gambling is generally accompanied by other vices which ruin families and society itself, and he earnestly entreats the faithful to oppose themselves energetically to the prevalent passion for play. It is a matter of history, indeed, that large numbers of the Polish nobility have lost in gambling houses immense sums that would otherwise have been devoted to the interests of their unfortunate country. The gaming fever is not, however, confined to Poland: it exists pretty much all over the world. Perhaps the most insidious and the most common form in which it

appears on this side of the Atlantic is speculation. Many of the performances which in the commercial world wear the livery of legitimate business transactions are in reality just as really gambling ventures as are the manipulations of the cards or dice-box. And the results are apt to be equally disastrous.

A secular contemporary, commenting on the recent publication of the proceedings of the Episcopal Church Congress held in Albany, N. Y., last October, notes the rather striking incongruity of a latter-day psychologist's presenting to a distinctively theological body, without protest or dissent, conclusions which practically do away with the human soul as theology understands it. Professor Woodbridge, of Columbia University, informed the Congress that the "soul," or "those states of mind in which we are said to think or feel or will," consists of "nothing but peculiar arrangements of elementary sensations." To prevent any misapprehension of his meaning on the part of the assembled divines, the professor further stated expressly that "the soul is not a power, a creative force, an independent existence, separate and distinct from its sensation elements." One might reasonably expect that theologians, however courteously they felt impelled to treat Mr. Woodbridge, would still have intimated that they rejected such palpable flat-footed materialism as is involved in the foregoing quotations. Possibly they told themselves "the shallows murmur but the deeps are dumb"; yet it seems to us that the occasion imperatively demanded positive dissent from these utterances of up-to-date psychology.

While the immigration officials are turning honest folk away from Castle Garden because they can not read or write, or because they are too confused to do so in the awful presence of the aforesaid officials, an earnest protest

against the iniquitous custom of artificially keeping the birth-rate low goes up from President Roosevelt. The warning has been widely and respectfully discussed by the newspapers, one of which observes that, unless a wholesome change comes over our people, the rate of increase in this country will in fifty years be as stationary as it is in France. There is no doubt of it. If ever a future Gibbon appears to write the story of the Decline and Fall of the American Republic, he will trace the beginnings of the decline to the steady encroachments of paganism on the Christian life. A "typical Boston mother and social leader" is quoted by a Boston daily newspaper as saying:

We must all expect now to have our children divorced. Divorce is a part of our modern education,—a consequence, if you like, of the new way of looking at life. We have demanded, and been given, freedom from moral obligations; the individual no longer tolerates the faults of another individual. The most powerful simply make the terms. Christian? Of course it is not Christian: it is pagan. But society is all of that; and if we are of society, we may as well recognize the conditions surrounding it.

It is true that paganism is lived so commonly as hardly to provoke comment, but it is seldom avowed in this way even by the most brazen apologists of the new liberty. We can not believe it was any "typical Boston mother and social leader" that spoke so except in irony; if she did, she is at least half a century ahead of her time.

Some of the wisest suggestions that have been made for the treatment of the Filipinos—and some of the most eulogistic references to the work of the friars—are to be found in the remarkable historical introduction which Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne, of Yale University, contributes to "The Philippine Islands," the monumental work of which the Arthur H. Clark Co. have just begun the publication. After a brief reference to the status of the

Negro in America, Professor Bourne thus speaks of the "six or seven millions of Malays whose ancestors were raised from barbarism, taught the forms and manners of civilized life, Christianized and trained to labor by Catholic missionaries three centuries ago":

A common religion and a common government have effaced in large measure earlier tribal differences and constituted them a people; yet in the fullest sense of the word a peculiar people. They stand unique as the only large mass of Asiatics converted to Christianity in modern times. They have not, like the African, been brought within the Christian pale by being torn from their natural environment and schooled through slavery; but, in their own home and protected from general contact with Europeans until recent times, they have been moulded, through the patient teaching, parental discipline, and self-sacrificing devotion of the missionaries, into a whole unlike any similar body elsewhere in the world. They, too, by the fortunes of war have lost their old rulers and guides, and against their will submit their future to alien hands. To govern them or to train them to govern themselves are tasks almost equally perplexing; nor is the problem made easier or clearer by the clash of contradictory estimates of their culture and capacity which form the ammunition of party warfare.

It would be a blessed fate for the Filipino if his future rested with men of the sober and scholarly temper of the Professor of History in Yale rather than with the small politicians who seek to exploit the country for commerce, and the small evangelists who seek to exploit it for the edification of missionary boards. No emissary, religious or political, who can not enter sympathetically into their past, can help the Filipinos.

So many practical suggestions regarding the religious training of our children are contained in Cardinal Vaughan's pastoral for Lent that we can not help wishing this admirable letter could be read by parents, priests, and teachers the wide world over. The subject is without doubt one of absolutely vital importance. After a refreshingly frank statement of the defects of the educational methods now in vogue among

us, his Eminence suggests remedies so simple and practical that there could be no excuse for neglecting to give every one of them a fair trial. "It will be to the grievous loss of future generations if we remain indifferent, while the influence of secular education is becoming everywhere more dominant."

Cardinal Vaughan declares that we ought to do more than drum the words of the Catechism into the heads of our children. How to win their affection and bind them to the Church as much by the heart as by the head is the question to be solved. It is evidently less easy nowadays than it was even forty years ago to attach children to their religion, so as to make it a living force in their after life; and no means for accomplishing this task should be neglected. We feel sure that if Cardinal Vaughan's words of counsel—elsewhere quoted—were taken to heart and acted upon, especially in the work of preparing children for First Communion, the "leakage" of which we hear so much would be stopped at once.

The total amount contributed by fourteen millions of Catholics in the United States last year to the Indian and Negro missions was \$119,687.95; yet the venerable archbishops who issue the annual report of these missions express their joy because the collection "exceeded that of the preceding year by twenty-five thousand dollars." The increase is indeed gratifying; for it is proof of deeper interest in the Negro and Indian, and more thorough appreciation of the devotion, passing heroism, of the priests and religious who labor among them. Still the increased collection is hardly more than a good beginning; with proper effort it might be doubled. Reports from both mission fields are optimistic as to success in spirituals; it were a pity if a single mission and school should be allowed to languish or perish for lack of means.



How to Avoid a Weak Spell.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

AT the present day, so the editors say, the school's weak point is spelling; And they claim 'tis true of the college, too. Indeed, 'twould seem there's no telling To what shameful pass has come every class of students orthographic; For the papers deplore the spelling of yore in tones quite epitaphic.

All aliens, no doubt, have their reasons stout for saying: "Your English words pain us." For, between you and me, most people agree that in one sense our language is heinous: Half the words in a book don't sound as they look; in fact, you'd think that a "luny" Had fixed in what way it is proper to say such a word, for instance, as "puisne." The only excuse for such words is "good use," and 'tis nonsense for us to be piquing Ourselves on our skill in our language until we conform to the very best speaking. Like the mythical elves, they're a law to themselves, though they favor the system phonetic; But the letters boys write! O Webster, the sight, so absurd were it not so pathetic!

Now, boys, to write well, you must know how to spell, and to spell like the rest of the nation; Else you'll find out, be sure, that all people mature will think you without education. So let me advise: henceforward be wise, with our language don't cut any capers, But look up each word till you're sure you've not erred,—then you needn't mind *what's* in the papers.

The Transplanting of Tessie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—THE BREATH OF SPRING.



O far were Judge Neville's thoughts from all that pertained to the man who confronted him, that for a moment he stood dazed, almost stunned, at this unexpected meeting. Then all that it signified flashed upon him, and instinctively he thrust his hand into his breast—to find he was unarmed, miles from home, and in this midnight loneliness at the mercy of the unfortunate man who had sworn vengeance on him. But the Neville blood, heritage from saints, soldiers, and sages, did not chill.

"So, Murdoch Connor, you play coward as well as villain?" he said, scornfully.

"'Coward'!" cried Connor, fiercely. "Didn't I warn ye I was on yer track? Didn't I swear ye'd rue the day ye gave me to the livin' grave? Coward, ye say! Three times the last two months have I been so close to ye that ye could almost catch me breath. I could have sent a bullet to yer heart and brain, and kept me oath. Coward, ye call me! Look!"—he threw a brace of pistols at the Judge's feet. "There lies all that I have to harm ye; for it's not for harm or hate aither I've followed ye to-night. There's a boat on the Sands below that means safety and freedom for me; but I wouldn't take it,—I couldn't until—until I heard how it was wid the little lad." And his voice broke into a sob.

"Do you mean my—my boy?" gasped the Judge, in amazement.

"Aye, aye, yer boy—the little soft one—him they call 'little Joe.' They tould me it was all up wid him,—that—that—whist! don't say it,—don't tell me the lad is gone!"

The passionate fervor of the man's tone was unmistakable.

"No, no!" answered the Judge quickly. "He—is better."

"Thank God, thank God!" was the hoarse reply. "Sure I—I—that haven't prayed for twenty years—have been on me knees to-night in the darkness, axin' the Lord to spare him, to save him, to keep him from harm."

"*You!*" cried the Judge, with a touch of jealous pride he could not conceal. "You! Impossible! What is my boy to you, man?"

"What is he?" echoed Connor, in a tremor. "What is he, ye ax? Arrah I forget that, wise as ye are, ye don't know. What has the boy been to me. One of God's angels from first to last. Listen while I tell ye. The last day of the black, bitter year that is past found me on the hills beyant yer house, Judge, a hunted, desperate man, wid the price ye and yer wise mates set on me head burnin' into me heart, firin' hate and murdher and all the devil's work there. I was hidin' like the baste at bay that I was, when them two little craythurs came up the hills, chirpin' together like snowbirds. Ye remimber maybe how the little lad fell and hurt hisself, and the little girl prayed to God for help?"

Suddenly a blinding light burst upon the Judge's bewilderment.

"It was you, then, who brought them from Barker's Hills?" he cried.

"Aye, then, it was me, Judge Neville," answered Connor, with his wild laugh. "It was me. A quare sort of guardian angel you may think; and quare feelings I had, too, that same night, wid yer boy's little arm about me neck, and his head lyin' on me shoulder, and his

little voice chirpin' soft and trustin' in me ear."

"Good God!" burst involuntarily from the Judge's lips at this picture.

"Sure ye may say that it was the good God, Judge," retorted Connor, huskily. "It was Him that sent the little craythurs to me. But for them, there's no tellin' what the mad devil in me might have done all the weeks that I've been hidin', cowld and hungry and desperate and hunted, here almost at yer dure. And when I was at me worst wid dhrink and despair, they found me agin. Ye know what the little lad done for me; ye know what he bid ye do in his name. Me poor sister came cryin' to me yesterday wid the whole story, and wid the money that was to give Murdoch Connor, that God and man seemed to have forsaken—that was to give me food and dhrink and medicine,—aye, and freedom, Judge,—freedom and new life. I was to go to-night, but I couldn't, Judge. When I heard that little lamb was lyin' under the doctor's knife, I couldn't go,—sure not if it was to save me from the gallows, until I knew how it was wid him—whether it was death or life. But now, now I'll be off. I'll lave ye wid one last word, Judge Neville. It's this. Yer laws and yer prisons, and all yer strength and money and power, couldn't hould Murdoch Connor as that bit of boy and little girl have held him and changed him and made him another man. God bless the little craythurs forever and keep them the white lambs they are!"

"Connor!" exclaimed the Judge, in a moved voice, stepping forward.

"Don't ye thry to touch me, Judge! The pistols are there, but me right arm has its strength still. It's man to man we meet here in the darkness. Sure ye might as well thry to hould the wind or the say: I'm free as aither to-night. And it was yer boy that did it, Judge Neville,—yer boy and *you!*"

And, with a harsh laugh of triumph,

Murdoch Connor sprang away and was lost in the shadows, leaving the Judge shaken to the soul by this last revelation—of the Power that had shielded and guarded him even while he had stood, faithless and forgetful, in his pride and strength. And beneath the stars that night a vow was registered that made watching angels rejoice.

The hush of that night rested for weeks on Wycherly. Carriages stopped at the gates, where Dan was stationed to answer all inquiries, that naught might disturb the absolute stillness through which little Joe was slowly but steadily returning to life and health. Ted and Wynne were sent off with their tutor for a month's sojourn on the mountains; but Tessie lingered, the one bright sunbeam in the still shadowed house. Uncle Ben turned to her with new tenderness in those quiet days. Even Aunt Marian, all the mother in her aroused by little Joe's peril, seemed to have grown softer and gentler; while Miss Winifred was the dearest and sweetest of companions and friends. Tessie was vaguely conscious of a change in Wycherly,—a subtle, beautiful change like the coming of spring to icy heights that had long worn the glittering raiment and jewels of the frost.

Outside the snows had melted; the creek was flashing and dimpling in the sunshine; there were touches of green in the brown, bare earth; and some daring little birds were already twittering and nest-building in the cedars. Easter was very near, and strange, sweet hopes began to waken in Tessie's heart,—hopes to which she scarcely dared give voice. Twice Uncle Ben had gone off early on Sunday mornings; and Miss Winifred said the Rosary with her every night.

And now little Joe began to sit up in his pretty room, that was kept a very bower of spring blossoms. And Tessie was allowed to take her old place at his side for an hour or two every day;

though the white-capped nurse was still on guard to prevent undue exertion; and dominoes were prohibited, as too exciting; while even the "paper soldiers" were allowed only brief parades. So Tessie and her little playmate were reduced to "talks"—low, quiet talks, brightened by the new life and strength that little Joe was gaining day by day.

"The doctor says that now I will grow big and strong like Ted and Wynne; and that I can hunt and fish and ride and won't get tired as I used to before I was ill. I am so glad, aren't you, Tessie?"

"Y—yes," faltered Tessie, with some hesitation, "I am glad for your sake. But I—I liked you just as you were, Joe. You won't want me now."

"Oh, yes I will!" said Joe quickly. "I will want you just as much as ever, Tessie. Nobody can ever be my friend like you. I'll never forget how you came to me when I was so frightened, and took my hand and said such nice things to me. Tessie, I never knew what 'Our Father' meant before,—I mean I never thought of it. But I've been thinking lots about it since. I asked papa if there wasn't some place where boys could go and learn all about God and heaven, and he said there was, and that he would take me when I got well, and we would begin like little boys together."

"Oh, I am so glad, Joe!"

"And he told me something else very beautiful, Tessie. We are going to make a thank-offering—papa and I. He says, people ought to do it when God has been so good to them. He is going to buy Bayside Inn—it is for sale, you know,—and he is going to turn it into a home for sick little boys, where they can have nice beds and pretty rooms and nurses to make them well. He went to see Mr. Stratton about it yesterday."

"The Crooked Man," said Tessie,— "I mean the gentleman who was so nice to me at the Mother Goose party?"

"Yes: he owns Bayside, and wants

to sell before he starts for Europe again. And he was so glad papa wanted to buy, so it will all be fixed soon. It is to be called the 'Teresa Neville Home,'—after my grandmother."

"Why, that is my name too!" said Tessie, laughing.

"So it is. I didn't think of that. Of course she was your grandmother too. Papa has told me so much about her since I have been sick—how good she was and how gentle and how loving to her little boys. So we are going to call the Home after her. And the little beds are to be put in and the rooms fixed right away, and everything ready by Easter."

"Oh, how lovely that will be!" said Tessie, delightedly. "And how good dear Uncle Ben is to think of such beautiful things!"

"Yes," answered little Joe, with deep satisfaction; "that is what I said too. I told him he was the best father in all the world; but he said 'No,' that he had been 'forgetful and ungrateful.'"

"O Joe!" exclaimed Tessie, in dismay.

"That is what he said," continued Joe. "And when I put my arms around his neck and almost cried, he said 'Never mind; he would show me what a good father was indeed,—now that his little boy had been given back to him.'"

And so, with new life and love and hope brightening the spring sky above Wycherly, the quiet, beautiful days wore on, and it was Easter Eve. The carriage had been at Tessie's disposal all the week, for Aunt Marian had not yet resumed her gay life. Miss Winifred had gone with her to *Tenebræ*, had knelt with her before the repository, had thrilled to the impassioned eloquence of the great Dominican preacher who had crowded Father Dolan's little church with all classes and ages on Good Friday.

And now it was Easter Eve, and Tessie had been to confession with the other children in the basement of Father

Dolan's little church; and Miss Winifred was waiting for her without, with Ted's little pony and phaeton. They had brought a box of lilies for the high altar, and Tessie went into the little sacristy to give them to the "sanctuary ladies"—when she was startled at the sight of a familiar figure in one of the front pews. The head, silvered strangely since that night of trial, was bowed upon the clasped hands—but Tessie's faithful little heart gave a glad leap. It was surely Uncle Ben,—Uncle Ben back at the foot of the altar, at the feet of his God!

(The End.)

The Heart of Bruce.

When the great King of Scotland, Robert Bruce, lay dying he called his knights about him and addressed them as follows:

"Always have I wished to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but the Lord has had other work for me to do. Now I ask of one of you—my trusted and beloved Knight, Sir James Douglas,—when I am dead to carry my heart to Jerusalem and there bury it."

Sir James could scarcely speak for weeping, but at last he replied:

"Dear and noble King, I return to you many thanks for the high honor you have done me; and I will, God helping me, carry out your wishes."

"You promise this, Sir James, upon your knighthood?"

"I promise."

"Then I shall die in peace," said the King, and soon afterward rendered up his brave spirit.

Sir James had the heart of Bruce carefully embalmed with perfumes and spices, and fastened in a silver case, which he hung about his neck with a twisted cord, half silk, half gold. Then, taking a brave company of knights, he set out on his long journey.

On the way to the Holy Land his vessel touched at a port of Spain where war between the Moors and Christians was being waged most fiercely. When Alfonso, the Spanish King, learned that a body of Scottish soldiers had landed on his coast, he hurried to Sir James, their leader, begging his help in his wellnigh hopeless conflict with the infidel hordes. This the good Sir James was glad to give, and soon after there was a great battle in which he and his men had a part. They were not, however, accustomed to the Eastern way of fighting, and were in danger of being slaughtered, when Sir James, taking the precious heart of Bruce from his neck, threw it far before him, among the advancing hosts, crying: "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die!"

Poor Douglas! His words were brave but he was no match for his enemies, and he fell pierced by many a Saracen spear. His body was afterward found and carried back to Scotland, where it rests in the Church of St. Bride; and since that day every noble Douglas has worn upon his shield a bloody heart surmounted by a crown.

And the heart of Bruce? It never found sepulchre in the Holy Land, but was, like the body of Sir James, taken back whence it came and buried in Melrose Abbey. It was Sir Simon Lochhard of Lee who found the silver case over which the infidel feet had tramped; and, in honor of his fidelity, a man's heart inclosed by a padlock was granted him for a device, and his name was changed to Lockheart instead of Lochhard.

ONCE the enemies of Epaminondas, the great Theban general, wishing to humiliate him, gave him the office of street-cleaner; but, instead of becoming angry, he performed his duties cheerfully and well. "The office can not lower the man," he said; "but the man may raise the office."

A Lighthouse Indeed.

If you look at the map of Alaska you will see a little point at the extreme northern part protruding into the Arctic Ocean. That is Point Barrow, where the most northern post-office in the world is situated. The mail reaches it only once a year—in July or August, that being the only time when the revenue cutter that brings it can plow through the floating pieces of ice. The temperature at Point Barrow is usually from 75 to 150 degrees below zero; but, strange as it may seem to you, people live there and enjoy life with just as much zest as if the climate were milder. The nearest post-office to Point Barrow is six hundred miles away—at Kotzebue.

If Point Barrow has the distinction of possessing the post-office nearest to the North Pole, its neighbor, the famous town of Nome, near Behring's Straits, has one still greater; for in Nome the Catholic church is situated farther north than any church in existence. It has another honor too, for it is a government lighthouse as well as a church. On its spire is an immense cross blazing with electricity, which is seen not only for miles up and down the coast, but by the miners inland who are returning from the mountains. Many a man owes his life to the brilliant emblem of salvation that, through the night half a year long, never ceases to shine. Thus does the church save body as well as soul.

The city of Nome is only three years old, but it owns schools, waterworks, and an electric light plant. Sad to say, it also possesses all the vicious attractions usually found in a new mining town. But surely in the years to come law and order will conquer; for how can sin reign where a shining cross perpetually looks down to warn as well as bless?

With Authors and Publishers.

—It may be worth noting that, according to Edward Gaylord Bourne, professor of history at Yale University, the famous line of demarcation drawn by Pope Alexander VI. "led to the first circumnavigation of the globe, the greatest single human achievement on the sea."

—Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) is about to publish a new novel, "The Squire's Granddaughters." Another important literary announcement is a volume of biographical sketches of "England's Cardinals," by Dudley Baxter, B. A. If we may base a prophecy on the quality of Mr. Baxter's other writings, we should say that this work is destined to be the standard one on the subject for a long time to come.

—"The Reformation and Education" and "Systems and Counter Systems of Education" are the titles of the latest additions to the Pedagogical Truth Library. Both of these *brochures* are from the pen of the Rev. Eugene Magevney, S. J. All who are interested in pedagogical work should secure them. The Cathedral Library Association has conferred a real boon upon teachers by this series of booklets.

—We are overrun just now with books of devotion, but many persons will welcome "Via Salutis, or Various Methods of the Exercise of the Way of the Cross," by the Rev. Joseph Mueller, O. S. B. Those who complain of the monotony of the Stations have a remedy in this booklet, which has the added advantages of large type, flexible binding, and convenient size. Published by the Christian Press Association.

—The death of Col. G. F. R. Henderson, of the English Army, removes the official historian of the South African war. His excellent book on Stonewall Jackson and the efficient service which he rendered as Chief Intelligence Officer during the late war, led to his appointment as historian by Lord Roberts. For several years Col. Henderson had been professor of military art and history at the Staff College. We learn that he was a convert to the Church. *R. I. P.*

—The new edition of the life of Leo XIII. by Monsig. O'Reilly, soon to be published by the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia, is not, as we had been led to suppose, a mere reprint: the work has been carefully revised and extended to the present year. There are several entirely new chapters dealing with all the events of the Pontificate since 1887. It will be remembered that Monsig. O'Reilly's life of Leo XIII. was undertaken at the express wish of his Holiness, and the author enjoyed special facilities in preparing it. In many respects it is the best biography

of the Pope that has appeared in English, and the most reliable and readable record of the leading events in the history of the Church in the last quarter of a century. The revision and enlargement of this work leaves nothing to be desired.

—In M. Gaston Paris, who died last month, France has lost a scholar of world-wide repute. He is spoken of as one of the most distinguished and learned Frenchmen of modern times. His published works include "La Vie de Saint Alexis," for which he received the Prix Gobert of the Académie des Inscriptions; and "Les Miracles de Notre-Dame par Personnages," from the MS. in the Bibliothèque National, of which eight volumes were issued from 1876 to 1893.

—The nucleus of every Catholic library in the United States ought to be a set of Dr. Brownson's works. A reference library that does not include them is no credit to its patrons and reflects on its director. The editing and publishing of Dr. Brownson's writings (which are provided with an exhaustive index) deserves grateful recognition on the part of American Catholics. The time is coming when sets of Brownson's works will not be so easy to secure as at present. Which is *verbum sap.*

—Many books are sent to us for review which we have no scruple in ignoring. The receipt of a book by an editor involves no obligation either to praise or condemn it. Zola's last book calls for no notice from us; however, we do not mind quoting a short paragraph from the *Academy's* review of it:

Zola raves sheer nonsense when he assumes that all Catholic-bred Frenchwomen are hypocrites, sly and immoral; that all priests and monks are monsters of cupidity, perfidy and vice; and tumbles into hallucination when he again triumphantly depicts a reprobated France freed of the tyranny of Rome and priesthood; churches cleft by lightning and priests without occupation.

—The Rev. Lucian Johnson's comparative study of the beginnings of "Religious Liberty in Maryland and Rhode Island" is a booklet of uncommon interest; though the author's own conclusion is that with the same facts before them, men of various schools will continue honestly enough to read various interpretations into them. A less scholarly and more partial student would settle the question of priority with cocksureness and dispatch, but Father Johnson considers it the most just and the most sensible course to divide the credit of inaugurating the policy of toleration between Lord Baltimore and Roger Williams. He also agrees with Winsor, McMaster, Fiske, and most of the other modern historians, in holding that Lord Baltimore granted toleration to Prot-

estants chiefly because to have done otherwise would have jeopardized the future of his colony. If this view is correct—we do not think it has been established beyond reasonable doubt,—most of our Catholic manuals of history ought to be revised. We should like to have a pamphlet from Father Johnson on the question on which the whole discussion hinges: Was Lord Baltimore a believer in religious toleration? (International Catholic Truth Society.)

—There is certainly no lack of variety in the collection of "Catholic Gems and Pearls" (Vol. II.) afforded by the Rev. J. Phelan and J. S. Hyland & Co. The setting of these precious stones is not quite so effective as it might be, and we question the value of a good many of them; but by far the greater number are of genuine worth and deserving of general attention. "Thousands of items useful, interesting, and instructive to the general reader" is perhaps the best description—its own description—that could be given of this work. It is provided with a copious index, which is further evidence of the author's industry and zeal for his readers' profit.

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.

- Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan.* \$1.
 Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe.* 50 cts.
 Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.
 Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.
 With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremieux.* \$1.50, net.
 History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.
 Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.
 Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.
 New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.
 Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

- Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.
 The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.
 Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.
 Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.
 A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.
 The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.
 Life of Blessed Emily Beccieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.
 The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.
 Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.
 A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.
 The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.
 Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Anatole Van den Broeck, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. Edward O'Reilly, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Ford, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Nicholas Leonard, O. F. M.; and Rev. Edward Stone, O. C. C.

Sister M. Augustine, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister Maria Ernestina, O. S. F.

Mr. George Bowlin, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Richard Powers, Taunton, Mass.; Miss Winifred Corby, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. John O'Farrell, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. August Deprez, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Anna Welz, New Albany, Ind.; Miss Margaret McBennett, Dover, N. H.; Mr. Edward Murray, Co. Cavan, Ireland; Mr. Robert Shultz, Ionia, Mich.; Mr. Richard Walsh, Ferryland, Newfoundland; Mr. Henry Coleman and Mr. John O'Brien, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Rebecca Britton, Mrs. Catherine Norton, Mr. John McKenna, and Mrs. Anna Prendergast, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. George Baker and Mr. G. A. Kuhn, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Patrick Brennan, Carbondale, Pa.; Miss Annie Hart, Pennington, N. J.; Mr. Jacob Fink and Mr. Theodore Schnell, Detroit, Mich.; Catherine Roddy, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Mary McLaughlin, Boston, Mass.; Mr. George Albright, Mr. Luke Farrell, and Mr. Alexander Maloy, Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Gigandet, Yorkshire, Ohio; Mrs. Johanna McNamara, Pallaskenry, Ireland; Mr. F. Minch, Denver, Colo.; Mr. George Kuhn, Maplewood, Mo.; Mr. E. F. Maher, Miss Frances Kirwin, and Mr. Archibald Kelly, Trenton, N. J.; also Mr. Arnold Bieter, Faribault, Minn.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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

Christ to the Christian.

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

A CHRISTIAN thou! Then justify thy name
 And be My follower in very deed,—
 Not dallying in Pleasure's flowery mead,
 Not chained to chariot of Wealth or Fame,
 But constant ever to one single aim:
 Still pressing on with never-bating speed
 Up rugged paths, or down, where'er I lead,—
 To heights of honor or to depths of shame.

Who follows Me must first take up his cross,—
 Not onerous as Mine, yet heavy too;
 Must sacrifice the world, nor count it loss,
 His only care My Father's will to do.
 Be such an one and learn I said aright
 That "sweet My yoke is, and My burden light."

Easter Eve in Rome.

BY JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

W ROWDS of believers and of
 curious spectators gather in the
 baptistery of the Lateran, not
 far from the tall font where the
 baptismal water is about to be
 consecrated. The shady baptistery is
 cool, owing to the frost of the previous
 night and to the marble that lines its
 walls. Garlands of evergreen are wound
 around the pillars and the edge of the
 font; and under the colonnade stands
 a Cardinal, in cope of silver tissue,
 surrounded by numerous clergymen in
 richest vestments, and young men robed
 in white. The red glare of the candles

deepens in the bright daylight. The
 Cardinal chaunts the Latin prayers
 from the great book that is held up
 before him:

"Lift up your hearts."

"We have lifted them up to the Lord."

"Let us give thanks to the Lord our
 God."

"It is meet and just."

"It is truly meet and just, right and
 profitable to salvation, to give thanks
 to Thee, O Holy Lord, Almighty Father
 and eternal God, who, by Thy invisible
 power, dost perform such wonders
 through Thy sacraments. And, although
 we are unworthy to administer so
 great mysteries, Thou dost not abandon
 the work of Thy grace in us, but
 inclinest Thine ear toward our supplica-
 tions. O Lord, as in the beginning Thy
 Spirit moved over the waters; O God,
 as in the Deluge Thou didst blot out
 the sins of the world, so that the water
 became the death of sin and the origin
 of virtue, look down upon Thy Church
 and suffer her to prosper in the grace
 of Thy regeneration, which bringeth to
 Thy city the joy and benefit of a living
 stream. Open up, O Lord, the fountain
 of baptism to all people of the earth;
 so that they, guided by the power of
 Thy grace, may receive the glory of
 Thy Only-Begotten....

"Wherefore I bless thee, O creature
 of water, by the living God, by the
 true God; by that God who in the
 beginning separated thee from the firm
 land, and whose Spirit moved over thee.
 He that suffered thee to flow out of

Paradise in four streams. He that changed thy bitterness into sweetness in the waste. He that suffered thee to burst from the rock....

"I bless thee also by Jesus Christ, His only-begotten Son, Our Lord, who in Cana converted thee into wine; who walked across thy surface; who was baptized with thee by John; out of whose side thou flowed together with blood; who bade His disciples baptize in thee all the peoples on earth....

"Almighty God, mercifully assist us who observe this commandment. Lend us Thy gentle help and send unto us Thy Spirit."

Here the Cardinal breathes thrice upon the water in the form of a cross, saying:

"Lord, bless Thou this water with the breath of Thy Spirit, so that it may cleanse not only the body but also the soul."

Then one of the white-robed priests dips the Paschal Candle into the water three times, saying each time:

"May the virtue of the Holy Ghost descend into this water and communicate to it the power of regeneration!"

The Paschal Candle is taken out of the water, and the venerable dignitary prays, with folded hands:

"May all the stains of sin be washed off, and may human nature, which was created in the likeness of God, be cleansed from inherited sin and changed so as to glorify the Lord; that all who receive this sacrament of regeneration may be born again new children of true innocence; through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who is to come to judge the living and the dead, and the world with fire."

The Cardinal pours two silver jars of consecrated oil and balsam in the baptismal water and stirs it with his hands,—“the anointment of the Holy Ghost and the unction of salvation for those who are regenerated through the waters of baptism, to win eternal life.”

Thus the baptismal water is prepared,

and in the primitive Church it was customary to perform the solemn rite of baptism with the catechumens immediately afterward. For this reason the font is deep and the baptistery large. The catechumens descended into the water; and tents were raised between each two pillars of the chapel to afford a place where persons might change their clothing, and the newly baptized invest themselves with white robes,—leaving behind them their old nature and assuming the dignity of the new man, created after the likeness of God,—in that sanctity which is the fruit of Truth.

A depth of wisdom opens to us as we penetrate into the symbolism of these old liturgical acts and words. “In the sanctity of Truth,”—how deep and how fine it is! Truth sanctifies, but the absence of Truth implies desecration. Where Truth is, sanctity also must be; and where we find sanctity, Truth never will be lacking. To love Truth means the same as to direct one’s will toward sanctity. Truth is a means of sanctity, and sanctity proves the result of Truth. This was unknown to the world before the coming of Jesus of Nazareth.

Nowadays, on Holy Saturday only, and by way of exception to the general rule, some Hebrew or heathen catechumen receives the sacrament of Baptism in the Lateran. Another sacrament, however—that of Holy Orders,—is administered. The many young men in white robes who cluster about the Cardinal are candidates for ordination. In due time they will arrange themselves in a procession behind the priests, with the cross and the candles; and from the cool, shady baptistery they will walk across the sunny square. The Cardinal and his suite follow, singing the Litany of the Saints; while the laity, impressed with the sacredness of the hour, join the procession.

Soon we find ourselves in the Lateran. The clergy and the long train of attendants proceed slowly up among

the great mass of believers and curious spectators that fill the entire nave of the church as far as the chancel. As soon as the ordinands reach this place, they throw themselves on their face before the altar and remain in this posture; while over them sound the prayers of the Litany, sung to ancient, beautiful music.

The Cardinal himself kneels during the invocation of the Saints, until he rises to beg God to "bless, sanctify and consecrate these elect souls." The Litany is then continued—a few additional supplications,—when suddenly there is a great movement and all arise. The Cardinal and his attendants walk up to the altar, while the candidates take their seats on chairs in the chancel. The solemn Mass begins, during which the ordination itself takes place. The ceremony is preceded by the conferring of Minor Orders—lower grades of the sacred office, which are conferred before one receives the higher and the highest consecration.

The very first act is the conferring of the Tonsure, by which the layman becomes a servant of the Church, removed from the world and consecrated to the Lord's service, bearing upon his head "the semblance of the Lord's crown of thorns."

Next comes the ordination of the Porters, or "Doorkeepers." "It befits a Porter to ring the bells, to open the church, to open the book for him that shall preach. On the right day and hour he shall open the doors to the believers and close them before such as do not believe. In the manner in which he opens and closes the church with the keys made for that purpose, so shall he by words and by example open the invisible house of God, which is the hearts of those who believe in Him,—so that the Lord may enter; but keep it closed to the Evil One. All of which may God work in you through His grace!"

The Readers now present themselves.

"It behooves a Reader to read to him that preaches, to sing the sacred lessons, to consecrate the bread and all new fruits.... And what you learn by the mouth, believe with your hearts and fulfil in your acts; so that you may instruct your audience by acts and by works alike. All of which may God work in you through His grace!"

The consecration of the Exorcists follows: "It is the task of the Exorcist to drive out demons and to prepare water for baptism. Therefore receive you the power of laying your hands upon those beset by evil spirits; and by the imposition of your hands, by the grace of the Holy Ghost and by the words of the exorcism, the impure spirits shall be driven out. Study, therefore, to govern all your passions, so that the Evil One shall possess no power over you. For only then will you be able to command the demons in others when you have conquered their evil attempts and their manifold snares in your own minds. All of which may the Lord work in you through His Holy Spirit!"

Next comes the ordination of the Acolytes, or of those who carry the holy tapers. Him "it behooves to carry the candles, to light the lamps in the church, to procure wine and water for the Eucharist. Therefore seek to fulfil this task in a worthy manner. For you never can please God in that you carry the candles in your hands but are servants of darkness in your deeds. As the Truth Himself hath said: 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works.' Like Paul the Apostle, you should be a light before the people.... So let your loins be girt and your lamps burning, that you may remain children of the Light. Rid yourselves of the deeds of darkness and put on the armor of light. For you were sometimes darkness, but now you are light in the Lord. Walk as children of light. But the nature of this light is explained by the Apostle himself: 'For

the fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth.' Therefore be careful of these things, for the sake of all righteousness and goodness and truth; so that you may light both for yourselves and for all others throughout the Church of God.... All of which may the Lord confer upon you through His grace!"

These four degrees are conferred at the beginning of Mass. When the *Gloria* and the Collect have been sung, the first of the principal orders—subdeaconship—is conferred. This consecration is, as we know, the one that forms the barrier between the layman and the servant of the Church. He that has received the lower degrees of ordination may yet withdraw. Now, however, the Cardinal pronounces an earnest exhortation:

"Most beloved sons, you ought to consider attentively, again and again, the burden you are about to take upon yourselves this day. You are as yet free: you may, if you so desire, return to the world. But if you receive this order you will no longer be at liberty to recede from your resolution. You must serve God forever; through His assistance, you must continue to live in celibacy and always remain bound to the service of the Church. Therefore consider this matter well while yet there is time; but if you remain firm in your purpose, in the Lord's name approach the altar."

At these words the candidates make one step forward. This is the turning-point in their lives. They fall upon their knees before the Cardinal, who is seated in his chair of state on the uppermost step of the altar. He now proceeds to remind them of their new duties. They must lend their help to the deacons, wash the altar cloths, and keep the altar vessels clean and bright. "And if hitherto you have been tardy in seeking the church, you must now become eager. If you have been dormant, you must now awaken. If you have been given to the drinking of wine, you must now

be temperate. If you have been of lax morals, you must now become chaste."

Then he presents them with the sacred vestments which henceforth they are entitled to wear—the amice, the maniple, and the tunic; also the book containing the Epistles they shall then sing at the Mass.

After the subdeacons have sung the Epistle by virtue of their office, the order of deaconship is conferred:

"It behooves the deacon to serve at the altar, to baptize and to preach. And since you are servants and assistants in the ministration of the sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord, be estranged from every allurements of the flesh, as the Scriptures say: 'Be ye clean, you that carry the vessels of the temple.' Keep in mind the blessed Stephen, who was chosen by the Apostles especially on account of his chastity. Take care that you illustrate the Gospel, by your living works, to those to whom you announce it with your lips; so that it may be said of you: 'Blessed are the feet of those that carry the Gospel of peace!' Have your feet girt by the example of the saints, so that you may prepare the way for the tidings of salvation. All of which may God grant you through His grace!"

Now the deacons approach the altar one by one, and the Cardinal places his right hand upon their heads, saying:

"Receive the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of strength, whereby you may withstand the devil and his temptations. In the name of the Lord."

He hands the stole and the dalmatics to each one:

"May the Lord clothe thee with the garment of salvation and with the vestment of joy, and may He encompass thee with the dalmatic of justice!"

He takes the Book of the Gospels and permits each one of them to touch it:

"Receive the power of reading the Gospel in the Church of God."

Finally the conferring of the priesthood

takes place. The deacons are called by name, and step forward.

"It is the duty of the priest to offer sacrifice, to bless, to govern, to preach and to baptize. In truth with great fear should one ascend to so high a rank.... Bear in mind what you do. Let your conduct be in conformity with the action you perform; so that, celebrating the mystery of the Lord's death, you take heed to mortify your members from all vices and lusts. Let your doctrine be spiritual medicine for the people of God, and let the odor of your life be the delight of the Church of Christ."

Whereupon each of the deacons kneels before the Cardinal, who places the stole about his neck:

"Receive the yoke of the Lord; for His yoke is sweet, and His burden light."

Arranging the chasuble around the shoulders of the ordinand:

"Receive the priestly vestment, by which charity is signified; for God is powerful to make you grow in charity and every perfect work."

In a long and solemn prayer the Cardinal then invokes divine blessings upon the deacons—"that, like Titus and Timothy, they may consider night and day the law of the Lord; that they may believe what they read, teach what they believe, do what they teach; that they may prove themselves the bearers of righteousness, compassion, strength and all virtues; that, through ardent love, they may develop into perfect manhood and fill the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; that, through God's righteous and eternal judgment, they may rise with a pure conscience, in the true faith and filled with the Holy Ghost."

Now the Cardinal arises and intones the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which is taken up by the choir, while the Cardinal resumes his seat. The deacons walk up to him, and he anoints the thumb, the forefinger, and the palm of their hands: "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to consecrate and

sanctify these hands by this unction and our blessing, ... that whatsoever they shall bless may be blessed, and whatsoever they shall consecrate may be consecrated and sanctified, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Cardinal now binds a linen cloth around the hands of the candidate, who returns to his seat. In a little while his Eminence calls forth another, who is allowed to touch a chalice with wine and a paten with a host. It is the power of saying Mass that is in this manner conferred upon him:

"Receive the power to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate Mass, as well for the living as for the dead, in the name of the Lord."

One of the newly ordained deacons now sings the Gospel, and the hands of the new priests are unbound and wiped with a cloth. They all kneel down behind the Cardinal and read their Missals in concert with him. This is called a concelebration, and implies that they join him in the offering of the Mass. So, like the deacons and the subdeacons, they immediately put to use their new dignity. Thereupon they all partake of Holy Communion; and when the Mass is over, they approach the third time the Cardinal's chair. Here they kneel, one by one, and the Cardinal places his hand upon the head of each:

"Receive the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

With still another exhortation and a blessing, the long service, which began at six o'clock, finally comes to a close. It is after one o'clock, and I hastily wend my way homeward,—thinking the while of the aged Cardinal who conducted the long and solemn ceremonial, fasting until this late hour.

And I am thinking of still another thing. What a stamp of the *ancient* Church clings to all that I have seen and heard this day! Under the roof of

the baptistery and the apse of the old Lateran Basilica I have breathed the atmosphere of the sixth, of the fourth, of the first century. There was a breath of the Gregorian days in those prayers, in that liturgical beauty; and there were glimpses of the Apostolic times,—of the century when the memory of St. Stephen still lived among the deacons, and when Titus and Timothy were ideals to which the young priests looked up with admiration.

I am aware that some recognize a pagan spirit in all these ceremonies—the anointing, the prayers, the Sign of the Cross,—to which the Church is said to ascribe a “magical” power. They maintain that this is a heathen view of Christianity, and point out with much show of learning that the floral decorations, the holy water and incense, the magnificent vestments, the sacred pictures and mayhap even the hymns—are little less than Roman paganism that has floated into the cause of Christianity. The demigods of ancient times are said to correspond to the Christian saints; the vestal virgins correspond to the Sisters and nuns; the Pontifex Maximus, to the Pope, who even adopts this title; Cybele or Demeter, to the Virgin Mary; Heracles, to Christ, the Son of God.

And they point toward this expression of St. Augustine himself, who confessed: “We hold several things in common with the heathens, but our object is a different one.” St. Jerome explained the matter very clearly in one of his letters: “The fact that once we were worshipers of idols is no reason why we should now give up worshiping the true God, even if we were to do it in the old manner.”

This opinion is uttered from the standpoint of faith. We confide, as Cardinal Newman put it, in the power of Christianity toward resisting evil spirits and to derive an evangelical benefit even from pagan rites; or, as the same powerful spirit said once, in a polemical discourse:

‘Our adversaries declare these things are to be found among the pagans: *therefore they are not Christian*. We say: These things are found in Christianity: *therefore they are not pagan*. They reject everything they find among the Pharisees or the heathens; we, however, understand that the Church, like Aaron’s rod, devours the serpents of the magi. They are always on the lookout for Apostolic simplicity, which they never find: we rest in the fulness of the Church. They at length are compelled to maintain that Christianity has never been pure and unadulterated; we, on the contrary, say that it can never be corrupted. We hold that a divine promise preserves the Church from falling into error, but it is not clear what gospel our adversaries propose to quote in their search after that plainness and simplicity of which they dream.’

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF “NUESTRA SEÑORA,” ETC.

XIV.—TORTURE.

ENCOUNTERING Myles in the perfume-laden gardens upon the following morning, the Baroness Grondno inquired:

“Have you heard the good news, Mr. O’Byrne?”

“No. What is it, Baroness?”

“We have lost—or rather got rid of—Baron Jarotski.”

“Really?”

“He left for St. Petersburg very early this morning. Some important banking business, I think.”

“What a glorious carnation!” said Myles, smiling inwardly at his success.

“Take it,” she said. “I shall place it in your buttonhole,”—suing the action to the word.

"What is it called? I do not remember having ever seen it before."

"Perhaps not,"—archly. "It is called the absurd name of First Love."

"A very sentimental name," returned Myles; but its sentiment had touched him not.

The little lady blushed.

"I wonder if I am, as the Americans say, 'through' with Baron Jarotski?" Myles reflected. "And, now, why the dickens should he bother about *me*? If I were Prince Dolgoruki or one of those swells of *the* ultra-aristocratic community, I could imagine—well, no, I'll be hanged if I could!"

Count O'Reilly could not contain his satisfaction at the departure of Jarotski.

"Such a cad to be allowed inside our gates! I hope some of his banks have failed, and that he is now nearing the station to hear full details of the catastrophe by wire. He was trying to pump me about you, Myles; and seemed inclined to disparage you. But I put a flea in his ear so quickly that he was glad to retire."

"I don't see why the man should have taken a dislike to *me*."

"Don't you? *I* do, Myles—ah, here comes the Princess! While kissing the tips of your five fingers, most lovely lady, I offer up five blessings for you—Faith, Hope, Health, Happiness, and Love."

"You have kissed the Blarney Stone, Count," she laughed.

"Faith, I would not waste my time kissing a *stone*!" he gaily retorted.

"By the way, Mr. O'Byrne," observed the Princess, "I expect your dear little countrywoman this morning. I sent Percy Byng for her; and, if I mistake not, that is the dust of the *troika*."

O'Byrne's heart seemed to give a beat backward. Eileen De Lacey, who had somehow been pushed aside in the tide of events, was coming—was here! He would see her again; hear her sweet, low Irish voice; look under those wondrous, sweeping lashes into the

violets they would so churlishly hide; take the tiny white hand! Oh, he had so much to say to her, and longed to say it all!

"Are you quite recovered, Mr. O'Byrne?" was all that Eileen said—somewhat coldly, he thought.

"Quite, thank you!" was his conventional, dull, lifeless reply. He would fain have amended it, added to it, adorned it; but she was being kissed and hugged and gushed over, and was finally borne away to the house, amid joyous caresses and light-hearted laughter.

"I had a glorious drive over!" cried Percy Byng. "Those brutes of Orlofs tried to bolt twice, but they little knew they had a member of the four-in-hand club to reckon with. She is delicious. I never saw her in such spirits; and we talked a lot about you, Myles."

"Did *she* talk about me?"

"Well—no, but I did, as I saw that it pleased her."

"I sincerely hope that you told her none of your ridiculous nonsense about my alleged flirting?"

"Not a word. You gave me such a wiggling that I wouldn't have given you away for anything."

"Given me away! Be hanged to you!" said Myles, almost in anger.

"I say, old chappie, we are to come to the General's the day after to-morrow. The old chap goes with the Emperor to Yalta in a couple of weeks, and will have to return to St. Petersburg. Sir Henry wants you to come aboard the boat instead of living ashore. She's moored below the British Quay. We will have the ladies to afternoon tea, and get up dinners and dances. There is no one in St. Petersburg except our noble selves; but we are enough. Eileen—I beg her pardon! Miss De Lacey—is divine. If you only knew how I worship her! More than ever. *Vires acquirit eundo*. You remember? Oh, if I were only of age wouldn't I—oh, no, certainly not! Bowwow, come and let me bowl to you

for half an hour! I dreamed of a new underhand pitch last night, and want to try it awfully."

Myles, although keenly anxious to be in the presence of Eileen, resolved to display his carelessness by remaining away. Her manner was cold and distant; not a spark of interest in her question, "Are you quite recovered, Mr. O'Byrne?" She might as well have been inquiring for the health of his aunt. He was at first very much disgusted with his own pulseless reply; but, on second thought, it was the only way to meet her absolutely indifferent tone, and he rather applauded himself for his *aplomb*. So he indulged honest Percy by an hour's batting to the new system of underhand bowling, which was true and deadly, to the unqualified delight of the bowler; and he did not return to the castle until the bell announced luncheon.

Again O'Byrne was beside Baroness Grondno; a gigantic epergne overflowing with fruit and flowers between him and Eileen, who sat at the opposite side of the table next to her hostess. Was she not gay, and did she not look beautiful, and was she not faultlessly attired? He would be gay too,—why not? And, turning to Olga, he rattled away after his own light-hearted fashion; the lady listening to him with evident pleasure, and keeping her small bead-like black eyes fixed upon his, while an earnest attention dignified her exceedingly expressionless face. Not once did he turn in the direction of his country-woman except to reply to the Princess; and, as the epergne stood like a flowery wall between them, Eileen was invisible.

As the guests were approaching the terrace Miss De Lacey came shyly forward.

"I have a message from my uncle for you, Mr. O'Byrne."

Myles, who had been standing with his back to her, started at the sound of her voice as if a few thousand volts had been sent through him. He felt

himself grow pale and heard his heart hammering up in his ears.

"This is what he said, Mr. O'Byrne,"—and she slowly and methodically uttered word for word: "'Tell Mr. O'Byrne that he promised to come to us on his return from Bermaloffsky. Tell him that the Emperor has commanded me to go with him to Yalta; that I must go, and may leave at any moment. Tell him that as the Emperor's commands are imperative, so are mine to Mr. O'Byrne.' That is my uncle's message."

"A very gracious one, Miss De Lacey; and by a very winsome messenger,"—bowing low. "I need hardly say that to refuse would be an impossibility. I shall come—oh, so gladly!"—searching for her eyes, but the lashes fended him off. "I suppose it would be contrary to etiquette to leave to-day?"

"I feel certain they will not be willing to part with you," answered Miss De Lacey.

"Oh, you may be sure they won't!" interposed Miss Abell, who had overheard the conversation. "Especially the Baroness Grondno. *She* has a lead pipe cinch on him."

"You will come to Yamadoubsky," said Eileen, utterly ignoring the interruption and the interrupter. "It will so please my uncle. I shall, unfortunately, be away." And she turned to chat with Count Mero, who instantly proceeded to enlighten her upon the efforts of the recent action of the Privy Council on the recalcitrant Finns.

So savage was Myles that if Miss Abell had been a man he could have made her eat her words. It was deplorable that the Baroness should be raised as was the demon to Frankenstein,—always to be hurled at the head of a young lady with whom, at all events, he wished to stand at his level best. By what right did this American couple his name with that of the Lady of Bermaloffsky, and in so public a manner? How was he to set himself

right with Miss De Lacey? How explain matters to her? How tell her that the Baroness Grondno or all the baronesses in Muscovy were as nothing to him? How could he do this without appearing a coxcomb, a cad, a cowardly churl? Oh, why did he not laugh it off? Miss Abell could have been ready with *poste et riposte*, and the whole thing cleared up in a little duel of jocosity.

"You look as gloomy as a man who had been run over by a hearse, Mr. O'Byrne," laughed Miss Abell. "What's in the molasses, anyway?"

"I'm sorry you said anything about a lead pipe cinch between the Baroness Grondno and me."

"Isn't it so? I wasn't born under a blue moon."

"I don't care a farthing what sort of a moon you were born under: you have no right to couple my name with that of an exalted lady—"

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! What *are* you giving us? Why, it's the talk of the entire outfit!"

"Really, Miss Abell, I—"

"Don't try to play possum with *me*, or my cousin's aunt's grandmother. You are a pretty bold plunger and deserve to win."

"Miss Abell, let me tell you that if the lady referred to were—"

"As poor as Æsop's crow, your love for her would be—*et cetera, et cetera*. Oh, we know all about that! It's an old-timer, but it always goes. Coming!"—in response to a call from the Princess, as she skipped along the square marble flags of the terrace as though playing at the game of hopscotch.

He would, no matter the cost, endeavor to set himself right with Miss De Lacey; and that too at the first opportunity. Seeing her a little apart, leaning over the balcony, he walked up to her.

"Miss De Lacey," he began, "may I say a word to you?"

"A thousand and *one*, Mr. O'Byrne,"—in a sweet, merry and gracious way.

"You heard what the American girl said just now?"

Miss De Lacey's smile changed into a frown as she replied:

"Really, Mr. O'Byrne, anything that that young lady says seems to be very acceptable here. She is very amusing. Where did Alexandrovna pick her up? On the Atlantic?"

"She made an observation which she had no right to make."

"I do not suppose that she would permit *you* or anybody else to challenge her right."

"I repeat, Miss De Lacey, that Miss Abell had no earthly right to say that I had what she slangily put as a lead pipe cinch on the Baroness Grondno."

"What is a lead pipe cinch? It seems very queer."

"I repeat again, Miss De Lacey, that—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but what *is* a lead pipe cinch?"

"Oh, it's a plumber's slang phrase"—testily,—*"and as I was saying—"*

"*What* does it mean, Mr. O'Byrne?"—taking a truly feminine delight in gently turning the arrowhead in the wound.

"I don't know what it means, and I don't care!" cried Myles, beside himself with annoyance.

"O'Byrne!" bawled Count O'Reilly. "The Baroness wants you here at once."

"I can not come,"—forgetting all his good-breeding.

"I'll take care of Miss De Lacey for you," said the Count, advancing.

"Miss De Lacey is not to be taken care of," observed that young lady, joining the Princess.

"Oh, that rascally lead pipe cinch!" muttered O'Byrne, while being led by O'Reilly to the side of the Baroness, like a sheep to the slaughter.

"Your Irishman is looking very handsome to-day, Eileen?" said the Princess.

"*My* Irishman, Alexandrovna?"

"Yes, of course,—nobody else's."

"The Irishman of Olga Vera, Baroness Grondno," said Eileen.

"Not much, dear. Olga is a wee bit gone on *him*; but he is about number one thousand, you know. She might as well be that statue of Niobe over there,"—pointing to the end of the terrace where an effigy of that weeping lady stood very much at her ease, albeit supposed to be "all tears."

"Then why does he sit with her, lounge with her, ride with her, play piquet with her, and pay her every conceivable attention? Tell me *that*, Alexandrovna!" cried Eileen, excitedly, her beautiful eyes aglow.

"Because, my dear, he has to."

"Has to! Would he do so if he did not care to?"—the aristocratic upper lip curling in incredulity and scorn.

"For the moment, Eileen, Olga is fairly taken with him. Look at him! He is splendid."

"I don't want to,"—but stealing a timid glance, nevertheless.

Myles was attired in a light grey homespun suit, with a delicate pink tie, his turned-down collar revealing his well-proportioned neck, surmounted by a curl-covered, shapely head, from which he had removed his straw sailor hat. He stood the very incarnation of superb physical manhood.

"Olga must have some man to play with. She has selected your Irishman, who doesn't care *that*"—tossing a piece of fluff of the wool from which she was knitting,—"*not that* for her! He was, on account of his wound, brought home to Bermaloffsky. And, at any rate, Olga Vera has a good round heart; and, having nothing very particular to do except scold her secretary and draw cheques, she nursed, and caused to be nursed, her very interesting patient. This threw them together day after day, and an intimacy sprang up and grew as rapidly as though they had been marooned on a desert island; for Bermaloffsky, as you will admit, is exceeding far from the madding crowd."

(To be continued.)

Vexilla Regis Prodeunt.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

BANNERS of our King are streaming,
Blazoned with the cross redeeming,—
Mystic sign of death life stealing,
And of death new life revealing.

At the dreadful spear-point's gleaming,
Forth from Sacred Heart came streaming
Floods that marked out sin-stain's ending:
Water, blood together blending.

Now fulfilled those words astounding,
Sung in David's Psalms resounding,
When to nations prophesying
God from Tree should reign in dying.

Beauteous Tree, with royal splendor
Purpled by those life-streams tender,
Fair 'mid ignominious scorning,
Thee those lovely limbs adorning!

Blessed Tree, with arms upbearing
Earth's great ransom from despairing;
God's stupendous balance, weighing
The world's price o'er hell dismaying.

O sweet Cross, our hope in sadness,
In this Paschal Time of gladness
Shed thy flood of heavenly graces,
That man's foulest crime effaces!

Threefold fountain of salvation,
God, supreme in exaltation,
Grant, to all Thy cross here guarding,
Thy celestial crowns rewarding!

As Mary felt more acutely than any other the sorrows of the Passion, so she shares more than any other in the joy of the Resurrection. Imagine if you can the emotions of her soul when she saw her Son living, glorious, surrounded by saints whom He had raised from the dead.—*Luis de Granada.*

I SALUTE you, O Virgin Mother of the Sovereign King, consolation of the human race, bulwark of the faithful, secure harbor wherein we are sheltered from the fury of the tempest, refuge of sinners, strength and protection of souls in danger of being lost, sweet mediatrix between God and men!—*St. Ephrem.*

The Monckton Bells.

AN EASTER STORY OF LONG AGO.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

ON Good Friday evening of the year 1650 Oliver Cromwell was resting, with his camp, on the outskirts of Monckton village. The squire of the place—a refugee in France because of his religious belief, which refused to be swayed or changed by the tyranny of the so-called Protector—had left his domain in charge of his faithful steward, Richard Winston; and his no less faithful son, also named Richard. But the old man had died suddenly soon after his master's departure, leaving all the burden of care and responsibility on the shoulders of his successor.

Richard Winston the younger was about twenty-six years of age. He had married Elizabeth Sprigg, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, belonging to a Catholic family as ancient and firm in the faith as his own or that of the absent squire, whom they served with unwavering devotion.

For many a month no Mass had been said in the old gray church of Monckton. The pastor of the place was lying in prison, later to suffer death for his faith. The people, terrified and discouraged, while unwilling to renounce their religion, kept closely to their own houses, where they performed their exercises of devotion in the greatest secrecy.

The bells of Monckton church had long been famous through the country round for their sweet, beautiful sound; the finest copper, with a quantity of silver, having been introduced into their composition. They had been presented to the parish centuries before by a grateful squire in thanksgiving for the return of his only son from the war with the Turks. The musical bells of Monckton could be heard miles across

the broad, flat stretch of meadow land, dotted here and there with agricultural villages; the inhabitants of which in the olden days, before their religion was proscribed, had been wont to assemble on Monckton Green for the celebration of all the great festivals of the Church. But, alas! the sweet bells had long been silent.

On the evening of Maundy Thursday Richard Winston had been sitting at a table in the Monckton Arms, sipping a glass of ale with two companions. Not far from them sat two of Cromwell's troopers. Winston and his friends had been conversing in moderate tones, till all of a sudden he exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by the troopers:

"And I swear that the Monckton bells shall ring on Easter morn a right good, joyful peal, and a long one, in spite of the tyrant Cromwell and all his men!"

"Have a care, Richard,—have a care!" said the elder of his two companions. "Yon troopers have quick ears, and they are dangerous men."

"But I mean it," rejoined Richard. "On Easter morn our bells shall ring, and not a village between here and Vesey but shall hear them and rejoice."

"Tut, tut, man! Why provoke the Protector to retaliation?" continued the other. "He is quiet here now; he doth not molest us: why, then, plunge ourselves and our friends into trouble, perhaps death, by such vagaries?"

But Richard was as determined as impulsive. Once having said that the Monckton bells should be rung on Easter morning, nothing could turn him from his purpose. The only time when they were now struck was at the curfew hour, and a very doleful sound was this in the ears of the disheartened villagers.

When he returned home and told his wife what he had resolved to do, she endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose; but her pleadings seemed to be of no avail.

Hardly had they sat down to supper, however, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, which when opened disclosed four soldiers. The captain, advancing, said:

"Richard Winston, by command of the great Protector, Oliver Cromwell, I arrest thee for seditious language and Papistical sentiments."

In a moment it was all over; and Elizabeth sat alone by the fireside, her husband's pipe unfilled where he had left it, his cup untouched on the table. When she had recovered herself she seized a mantle from a hook behind the door, and, with a man-servant to carry a lantern, she went forth into the darkness of the night. The two soon reached the camp of the Protector, and Elizabeth was permitted to speak to him without the opposition she had expected. Her husband was nowhere to be seen, and she soon learned from Cromwell's lips that he was to be shot on Easter morning.

"Madam," said the grim captain as she fell on her knees to beg for mercy for the doomed man, "thou art, like him, no doubt, a Papistical rebel. But I compassionate thy youth and inexperience; neither do I make war on women. But thy husband is a dangerous firebrand in the midst of this community of villagers, and his temerity must be punished. Aye, I say to thee the Monckton bells *shall* ring forth on Easter morn,—not, as is the custom in thy Romish observances, with peals of joy, but they shall toll the death-knell for thy husband. I have given orders that at the first sound of Monckton bells on Sunday morn he shall pay the penalty of his defiance to the State. I have no more to say."

He turned and left her. She tottered away, feeling sure that no supplication would avail with this stern leader: her Richard must pay the price of his rash, impulsive threat.

And now, on Good Friday evening,

she knelt in her chamber, before the time-stained crucifix above the mantel. Half crazed by her grief, she murmured: "Only two nights more, only two nights more, and on Easter morn the Monckton bells will toll for my Richard! When the bells toll—when the bells toll—that will be the signal. But if they should *not* toll! Oh, if I could but persuade Job *not* to touch the bells, then he might be saved!"

Dwelling on this faint possibility until it burned into her brain, the poor woman arose from her knees at last and hurried to the dwelling of the old bell-ringer, who had, she knew, already received his fatal order from Cromwell; repeating to herself as she went along: "The bells shall not ring,—the bells shall not ring!"

She found Job in his little cottage, where he had lived eighty years, during sixty of which he had performed the function of bell-ringer. He rose at her approach, but she bade him sit down; and, seating herself beside him, she said:

"Job, do not toll the bell on Easter morn. I beg of thee do not toll the bell!"

"Speak a little louder," said the old man. "Thou knowest, Dame Elizabeth, that I am very deaf."

"For the love of Heaven, I beseech thee, Job, do not toll the bell on Easter morn,—do not, I pray thee!"

"How can I help it, sweet Dame? Knowest thou not that my old heart feels for thee and the master whom I carried in my arms when he was a babe? And dost not see that it will not avail whether I toll the bells or no—the fate of our good Richard will be the same? 'Tis but the signal that I am ordered to give. 'Tis in revenge for what he threatened to do. They will put an end to him if the bells toll or if they toll not; and to me also, if I fail to do Cromwell's bidding."

"But, Job, if thou wilt not, they may think thou hast forgotten. They will not punish an old, old man like thee."

"But of what avail if I did so?" he asked anxiously.

"Then there would be a little respite; something might happen. I would go again to the Lord Protector and plead with him."

"Nay, nay, sweet Dame, I must do the bidding of the powers that rule. I can not listen to thee further. There be spies under every window and behind every door these days."

Elizabeth's dark eyes dilated; she clasped her hands together. A sudden thought had occurred to her, and, without answering the old man, she quietly left the house.

She had not been allowed to see her husband. The next day seemed almost interminable; she spent it in tears and in earnest prayer.

On Easter morning the last star was disappearing in the blush of dawn when Elizabeth stole forth from her house, quite alone. She soon reached the entrance to the bell tower; and, ascending the long winding stairs, she was speedily at the top. Peering through the small barred window, she could see Job closing the door of his cottage, prepared to do the duty which had been laid upon him. He walked slowly, with bowed head, as though reluctant to accomplish his task.

"Poor Job!" she murmured. "He is loath to do it. But the bell shall not toll,—with the help of the Most Holy Virgin, it shall not toll this morn!"

She waited a few moments—till the cord began to move; then, throwing herself with all the strength she could summon against the enormous bell, she seized the huge tongue between her hands and bore down upon it with all her might. Backward and forward she swung with each motion of the rope wielded by the hands of the old man below; but the bell made no sound, because the body of Elizabeth, acting like an elastic ball, prevented the tongue from responding to his efforts. And

thus she hung, swinging in air, her arms stretched to their utmost tension, her hands cut and bleeding, till the vibration of the rope closed altogether, and there was no longer any motion or sound from below.

Dropping to the ground, she sprang once more to the window, and in a few moments saw Job crossing the green—not in the direction of his own cottage, but toward the camp of the Protector.

Cromwell was seated at breakfast in his tent when the old man was ushered into his presence.

"Sir," said Job, making an obeisance, "I am the old bell-ringer of Monckton. For sixty years it has been my duty; not once have I failed in it. But this morn the bells have failed *me*, and for the first time. With heart reluctant, my Lord, I went half an hour ago to do the service that was commanded me,—to give the signal which was to announce the death of my dear master, Richard Winston. But, your Lordship, the tongue would not budge a single inch, pull and haul and strain my old arms as I might. Do as thou wilt to me, good sir: cut off my old head if thou wilt; but not a stroke will I try to sound on Monckton bells this day. 'Tis a punishment of God, I trow,—'tis a punishment of God."

As he uttered the last words a woman hurriedly ran through the tent and threw herself at Cromwell's feet. Her face was pale, her hair hung in disorder about her shoulders, her hands were streaming with blood. Holding them up to the view of the Protector, she cried:

"See them,—see these hands? It was *I* who did it,—I held the tongue of the big bell so that it would make no sound. When the signal is not given there can be no execution, my Lord. Is it not so? By these torn and bleeding hands, by my torn and bleeding heart, I beseech thee, my Lord Cromwell, to restore me my husband!"

Cromwell was touched.

"Thou art indeed a brave woman and a true wife," he said. "Thy husband is free."

Turning to the guard beside him, he spoke a few words in a low voice, and the trooper quickly left the tent. He returned almost immediately with Richard Winston, whom he had found on his knees preparing for his doom.

"Man," said the Protector, "thy brave and faithful wife hath saved thee from death. Thou art free. And, to show that Cromwell is not the hard and ruthless tyrant he is represented, and that he makes not war upon women, I give thee leave to ring the Monckton bells this Easter morn as loud and long and joyfully as thou shalt please—not in commemoration of thy Popish mummeries nor as a concession to thy Papistical belief, but in recognition of the love and devotion of thy faithful help-mate. Go now, and take her with thee!"

The Protector would listen to no expressions of gratitude, but dismissed the couple forthwith.

Before he set foot across his own threshold, Richard Winston hastened to the church tower, accompanied by Elizabeth, and followed by the tottering Job and a crowd of villagers. And never was there a gladder, longer, louder peal than that which rang forth over the fields and meadows, and even across the echoing hills, that Easter morn from the heart of the Monckton bells, rung by the strong and fearless hands of Richard Winston.

"REJOICE, Queen of Heaven, because He whom thou didst deserve to bear has risen again as He said." Mary did, in truth, rejoice on seeing Jesus risen from the dead, as much as she was desolate with grief at the sight of His agony and death: She had seen Him stricken by death; afterward He appeared to her the conqueror of death, to which He says: "O Death, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?"

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

A LIFE of singular value, dignity and consistency has just come to a close in that lovely town on the Riviera, Nice, where the eminent Irish patriot, scholar, legislator named above had elected to spend the last years of his life in honorable retirement. Very busy, very eventful, most varied, abounding in vicissitudes, was his existence, which he has so graphically described in those charming volumes, "My Life in Two Hemispheres." So earnest was his spirit of endeavor, so resolute his habit of achievement, that even the comparative leisure of his declining years did not preclude work. On one occasion he wrote to a near relative of the present writer* that he had just celebrated his eighty-second birthday, and was still suffering from the effects of that depressing malady, the grip. Nevertheless, he proposed collaborating with Mr. Martin McDermott, author of the far-famed "Coolin," in a life of his early friend, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. "That once accomplished," he wrote, "I shall sing my *Nunc Dimittis*."

Death came in his eighty-seventh year; and from that it is a far cry indeed to those early days, so rich in promise, when the eager-hearted young son of the Gael set himself to labor for the uplifting of his country, and for her gradual advancement toward the better things that are now in store for her. In taking such brief cognizance of the chief events in his life as the limits of this article will permit, and so desultory a glance at his aspirations, struggles, failure and success, it will be most satisfactory to quote from his own account of those various happenings. The record will, at least, furnish food for thought,

* Her mother, Mrs. James Sadlier.

and some insight into the character of a man who has been mentioned since his death in terms of the highest eulogy by journals of all shades of opinion. Quoting Robert Browning, he says:

I have trod many lands, known many men,
Probed many hearts, beginning with my own.

But the other day his remains were brought to Ireland over a wild, tempestuous sea—symbolical somewhat of the storms of his career,—and laid to rest with historic men amongst the green graves of Glasnevin, in the O'Connell circle; thus, so to say, ending his career as he began it, under the influence of the great Tribune. In the vast assemblage—which, as the newspapers stated, was the largest funeral cortège seen in Ireland since that of Mr. Parnell,—there were probably few who remembered the leader in his early manhood, as he appears in that portrait attached to the first volume of his autobiography: a thin and mobile face, with large dark eyes—the eyes and the brow of a poet,—with fire, energy, determination in their depths. Many, no doubt, will recall him as he is seen in the later portrait. The face is still handsome, but the dark eyes have lost much of their fire and are profoundly melancholy. The disillusion of a lifetime can be read in their depths.

It is no easy matter to condense into a magazine article all of interest that may be said of him. "For a generation," he writes, "I was a factor in whatever was done or projected in the affairs of Ireland; and if my countrymen in after times come to regard that era as the wellhead of their liberty, they can never be indifferent to its authentic history. For nearly a generation I lived in a new country, whose marvellous development is destined to take a permanent place in the annals of mankind; and I was not an idle witness of its progress."

Born in the town of Monaghan, on Good Friday, 1816, he was the son of a thriving merchant, who by industry and integrity had accumulated consider-

able property. On his mother's side he was connected with the MacMahons of Oriel and the Dawsons of Dartry. Those early years are full of the richest promise: a pupil in a school taught in a barn by a one-armed teacher named Quinn, who could impart only the elements; a student at a classical academy—there was no Catholic one in the town—conducted by a Presbyterian minister, Bleckly, where the young "Papist" held his own amid the outrageous bigotry then rampant; a lover of books, climbing on the shoulders of a friendly shopman to rummage amid neglected volumes, or devouring the fine library of his guardian, a priest, who lived in a peasant's whitewashed cottage; a dreamer of dreams, intensely religious; and presently (by force of the conversations he heard at his father's table amongst men craving religious freedom) a juvenile politician, deeply sensible of his country's wrongs and the disabilities of his coreligionists.

On one occasion young Duffy led the opposition against the election of a local magnate, and so incurred his ill-will that, his father's leases chancing to run out, some of his houses were confiscated by the landlord. This settled in the patriot's mind the question of the land, no less than the shrewd axiom of a leading democratic personage, John Sloan, who declared: "'Tis not so much the question of kings or governments which concerns us here in Ireland as the question of the land from which the people get their daily bread."

Lord Mulgrave, the Viceroy, shortly afterward visited the North, and for the first time received Catholics and Protestants on equal terms, to the great rage of the Orangemen and Protestant gentry, who held aloof. Duffy headed the deputation from the Liberal Club, which had voted Lord Mulgrave an address. He made his bow to journalism in the columns of the *Northern Herald*, founded by Mr. Teeling of 1798 fame.

From that time forth he was employed upon various newspapers in Dublin, gaining considerable journalistic experience. But after a time he returned to the North and founded the *Vindicator* in the heart of a hostile majority. Of this publication O'Connell said: "The spirit of the North has been aroused by a free press. That excellent journal, the *Vindicator*, has caused a new light to dawn upon the people of Ulster, and still continues to do incalculable service to the cause of freedom."

It was at this time that the national leader first thought of holding a meeting in Belfast, which was "very much like the announcement of High Mass in the Mosque of St. Sophia, or an Abolitionist meeting in Virginia. A compromise in the shape of a dinner and deputation was arranged by Duffy and attended by the flower of the Ulster Catholics and a few liberal Protestants. The Whigs likewise sent a deputation to welcome O'Connell to the North as an eminent reformer."

At this period Gavan Duffy began his intimacy with the illustrious Father Mathew. At a banquet given to the Apostle of Temperance, Duffy sounded the keynote of his whole after experience—that what the Irish most needed was education. "Having quenched one thirst," he cried out to the guest of the evening, "could you not excite another—a thirst for knowledge, to be slaked in the library or lecture room?" Duffy suggested that a library or lecture room might be attached to each temperance society, where the artisan could be taught the principles of mechanics; the farmer, the latest improvements in agriculture; and everyone something to make him a better man and citizen. Bishop Blake, of Dromore, who presided, cordially seconded the proposal, saying: "We are not permitted to govern our country, but we may teach it; and it is a nobler task to teach a people than to govern them."

In the *Vindicator* Duffy first strove to awaken a love of native literature. But a wider field soon opened out before him. Going to Dublin to study law, he met John Blake Dillon, who in turn made him acquainted with that man who, perhaps more than any other, excited Duffy's enthusiasm—the gifted and too early lost Thomas Davis. These three men, each of wonderful force and patriotism, met under an elm-tree in Phoenix Park one Sunday morning and decided to establish the *Nation* newspaper. Truly an era in the affairs of Ireland. "The instant success of this paper," says a recent London reviewer, "is one of the finest romances of journalism. The people had found a voice worthy of them, which by song and story and acute vital comment on public affairs, stirred aspirations that had fretted in impotence, while the press was vulgar and insincere."

"I aimed from the outset," says Duffy, "to stamp upon the *Nation* an individuality like that which distinguishes an honorable man from whom it is instinctively felt that nothing underhand or unfair need be feared. Every line of its contents passed under my own eye. . . . The aim of the *Nation* was speedily understood by the best men in Ireland; they recognized almost instinctively that here was a journal which was not a commercial speculation, but the voice of men to whom the elevation of Ireland was a creed and a passion. The profits, which were considerable, were spent in improving and distributing the journal, and paying contributors on a scale unprecedented in Ireland."

"Seldom," declares the historian Lecky, "has any journal of any kind exhibited a more splendid combination of eloquence, poetry, and of reasoning." One of its aims was to excite the old bardic spirit of the people in passionate, popular verse. Leigh Hunt, writing to Duffy, referred to "the trumpet-like tone and poetical vigor" of the verses,

and declared that he read every line of the *Nation* except the advertisements. Monckton Milnes read them aloud to a choice circle of friends at the Athenæum. The foremost names in Irish literature were connected at one time or another, with this paper: O'Curry, O'Donovan, Ferguson, Mangan, T. D. Reilly, D. F. McCarthy, O'Hagan, McGee, Dillon, Meagher; "Speranza," Lady Wilde, "Eva," "Thomasine," "Mary," Julia Kavanagh,—all prominent women of letters; while Thomas Davis wrote for its columns verses which have become immortal; and the calm but enthusiastic, incisive but courteous editorials of the chief controlling spirit were read with delight and approval everywhere. In addition to the newspaper a series of monthly shilling volumes was published, called the Library of Ireland, consisting of poetry, history, and general literature.

The *Nation* supported every popular movement: repeal, organizations against the famine, to prevent the exportation of food when a people were starving; the Tenant League movement, and the formation of an independent Parliamentary party, both of which may be glanced at in their proper place. "The Young Ireland leaders," says an English review, "with their magnificent Olympian breadth of outlook, and strong, calm defiance of inveterate secular wrong, were hurrying the people on to a crisis." When it came, however, it ended in disaster; yet, like the Rebellion of 1837 in Canada, it planted the seed of future liberty. Duffy was arrested near his own house, and the *Nation* office seized. There was a dramatic scene as he was being driven to prison through throngs of angry, threatening people. D'Arcy McGee jumped upon the steps of the coach to whisper: "We are ready for a rescue." But Duffy implored him to attempt nothing of the kind, as it would mean only a street riot; and he himself begged the people to be calm.

Then came the brief and, as it appeared,

mad attempt at insurrection. Smith O'Brien was arrested, with Meagher and Mitchell. McGee and Doheny escaped to America. All save Duffy were sentenced to penal servitude beyond seas. Duffy's imprisonment and the repeated trial to which he was subjected read like a romance. From his very cell he arraigned the highest officials, exposed the jury, and obtained at last a just trial, which ended in acquittal.

With regard to the Young Ireland movement itself and its break with O'Connell, there may, of course, be two opinions. Duffy puts the young men's case very strongly; but none can deny the most honorable motives to all those participants in that futile uprising, which a deceptive hope of help from France had precipitated. They had all to lose and nothing to gain by such a step. Smith O'Brien was a man of fortune and high position, with a wife and family. Duffy had to give up his cherished hope of founding a Parliamentary party, and the proud position he had attained as editor of the *Nation* imperilled life and liberty.

Coming out of prison, triumphant, amid a tumult of popular applause, Duffy went back undaunted to the work he had in hand, revived the *Nation*, and made himself prominent in the Tenant League Association. A vigorous paragraph from his pen on this subject deserves to be quoted here:

"Over three-fourths of Europe the tenant is as immovable as the landlord, where landlords are not altogether unknown. From the British Channel to the Sea of Azof, the tiller of the soil sits firm. Even under the British flag in Guernsey and the Channel Islands no one can divorce him from the land. The fixed tenure turned the rocks of Switzerland and the harsh sands of Belgium into corn-fields. It would turn the spectral graveyard of Skibbereen into the cheerful and prosperous homes of men. It is the custom of the civilized world on both

sides of the equator. Here, then, the Irish tenant is entitled to take his stand."

As a voice from the grave so speaks Duffy; and it is a voice of peculiar power and a message of special meaning, now that the clouds seem breaking which so long have enshrouded the Irish coast; and the dawn that is to lead to a luminous day is undoubtedly the settlement of the Land Question.

Needless to enter into the story of the Tenants' League. In it, as in so many other matters, Duffy foresaw and forestalled nearly all the public measures for the welfare of Ireland which have been introduced within the last quarter of a century. "The Tenants' League brought together Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers, working in perfect harmony; farmers, some of whom afterward ripened into Members of Parliament; nearly a dozen professional men, who later entered the House of Commons or were legislators in some of the great colonies. Those principles have since blazed like beacon fires in Ireland, only to be obscured and at times even extinguished. In their main features they resembled the Land Act of 1881."

A Protestant organ of the day, commenting on the Tenant League meetings, bursts into the following strain of eloquence: "It was a grand, ennobling sight to see the children of the Covenant from the far North, the Elizabethan settlers from the Ards of Ulster, the Cromwellians from the centre, the Normans of the Pale, the Milesians of Connaught, the Danes of Kerry, the sons of Ith from Corea's Southern valleys, the followers of Strongbow from Waterford and Wexford, and the Williamites from Fermanagh and Meath,—all, all uniting in harmonious struggle for the dear old land."

Duffy was subsequently elected Member for New Ross; and that night the town was illuminated and bonfires blazed on adjacent hills to celebrate an event

which a dozen weeks before would have seemed impossible. Duffy was tendered a public dinner by the Irish in London, "not as the Member for New Ross, triumphant over religious prejudices, nor even as the advocate of Land Reform, but as the state prisoner of '44-'48 and one of the founders of the new literature."

Duffy's Parliamentary scheme was almost identical with that which Mr. Parnell carried into execution so successfully later on. The latter freely acknowledged the debt, saying that he had always believed the idea of an independent Irish party as mapped out by Duffy in 1852 was the ideal plan for the settlement of the affairs of Ireland. Of the causes which led to the failure of the plans and to his retirement from the House of Commons, as well as his resolution to leave Ireland, it is unnecessary to speak here. But it will be of interest to quote a few of his impressions of those he met in Parliament and to glance at his relations with persons of alien creeds and races.

Palmerston, gay and debonair, making the impression of a play-actor cast in the part of a patriot statesman; Gladstone, habitually grave, with a vigor and grace of rhetoric which put criticism to flight; Frederick Lucas, who was Duffy's attached friend and colleague, refined by culture and a high sense of duty; and Disraeli, of whom it may be interesting to quote, somewhat at length, the impression he made upon the newcomer to Parliament, and an interview at the statesmen's house in Park Lane:

"In the front benches, crowded with Englishmen, for the most part bright-complexioned and always punctiliously fresh in linen and visage, sat a man approaching fifty, with swarthy features and a complexion which had once been olive, on every lineament of which was written foreigner and alien. It was not an uncomely face, and far from unimpressive; but it was conspicuously un-English. Masculine will and unflinch-

ing purpose might be read in the firm mouth and strong jaw,—gifts worth nearly all the rest in the art of governing men. He dressed in complete disregard of masculine prejudices. A Chancellor of the Exchequer in a plum-colored vest was a sight as perplexing to trim propriety as Roland's shoe-ties in the court of Louis XVI. He cultivated on his chin an ornament rarely seen and little loved north of Calais—a goatee. During debates he sat in dumb abstraction, never cheering and never interjecting a denial; his face often haggard, and his air weary and disappointed; but he had the brow and eyes of a poet, which are always good to look upon. He generally said the right thing at the right moment."

After the escape of Meagher and Mitchell from the penal settlement, Smith O'Brien and the others were permitted to return to Europe, provided they did not set foot in the United Kingdom. To a memorial requesting that this restriction be withdrawn, Gavan Duffy obtained one hundred and fifty signatures, including many of the leading names of the time; and having spoken to Disraeli in the House, that statesman asked him to come and talk it over in Park Lane. In the course of the interview Disraeli referred to Duffy's proposed retirement from Parliament, declaring that he was 'too impatient. Human life might be likened to a wheel: it was constantly turning round, and what was at the bottom to-day would be at the top some other day.' Duffy answered that 'the wheel was worked with a strong pulley by party whips, and the Irish Nationalists never came to the top.'

In answer to Duffy's inquiries concerning Smith O'Brien, Disraeli said that he thought the time had come when Mr. O'Brien might properly be allowed to reside where he thought fit. Duffy asked if he might make use of this opinion, and the great man replied:

"Certainly." 'If the government blotted out all penalties, he should not criticise their conduct.' "I told him," continued Duffy, "I should rather have asked the favor of him than of Palmerston, who had no sympathy with a generous career and did not understand nationality. Disraeli smilingly remarked that my countrymen usually supported the gay old man. He did me the honor to speak very openly of Irish affairs, and said that he had striven to induce the Cabinet to accept Napier's reforms, and proposed further concessions." Long after Duffy had left Ireland, Disraeli recalled his advice and strove to act upon it in relation to Ireland.

The conversation turned upon the statesman as an author, and Duffy thus expressed to him his appreciation of those novels which have been so variously appraised: "The wondrous 'Tale of Alroy' is the most entrancing book since 'Ivanhoe'; and 'Contarini Fleming' can not be compared with any other English book, because it is *sui generis*,—an insight into the desires and dreams of a youth of genius. 'Vivian Gray' has affected me as my first draught of champagne. It intoxicated me with enjoyment.

"As I spoke the last sentence," observed Duffy—"which was literally true, and spoken to a man whom I never expected to see again,—I noticed a flush rise from Disraeli's cheeks to his forehead, till it glowed with sudden light. The man, *blasé* with applause in many shapes, was moved by my manifest enjoyment of what pleased himself most; for under the mask of abstruse political profundity, which could be shifted like a domino, he was always at heart a man of letters, and the only one amongst his contemporaries. Other statesmen published books: he was a dreamer and creator, whose truest life was in the region of the imagination."

With Thomas Carlyle and his wife, Gavan Duffy maintained a warm and

cordial intimacy for years; and, in fact, he published a book entitled "Conversations with Carlyle." The Sage of Chelsea wrote him many letters, and one or two extracts may not be amiss here.

"Justice to Ireland—justice to all lands, and to Ireland first, as the land that needs it most—the whole English nation, except the quacks and knaves of it (who in the end are men of negative quantities and of no force in the English nation) does honestly wish you that... I am happy to hear that there is now a prospect of seeing your book. Certainly I will look into it. My persuasion is that you must mean something by it,—a very considerable distinction for a man or a book these days."

He was likewise on terms of great friendliness with Cobden, Bright, Napier, William and Mary Howitt, Forster; and had met on various occasions Robert Browning, Sheridan Knowles, Thackeray, and others of lesser note. His account of all these is most interesting; though with none of them probably did he form the warm and generous friendship of early days, when Davis, Dillon, Hagan, Meagher, Mitchell and the rest, met for congenial intercourse in some favorite haunt of Dublin, or went off into the lovely places which have made the name of Ireland synonymous with beauty; as when he and McGee established a personal acquaintance, almost a friendship, with the glens of Wicklow, sunny Clara, gloomy Glendalough, soft Avoca, rugged and purple Glenmalure.

That time was past and that brilliant coterie scattered. McGee, "who," said Duffy, "brought to the cause the most splendid faculties of all, save Davis," was an exile, aspiring to be, as he wrote, "the Duffy of the emigrants in New York." Meagher, whom his leader describes as "becoming the inspired spokesman of a nation," away in a distant land; Mitchell, Reilly, Doheny,—all had vanished. And the moment had come when Charles Gavan Duffy was

about to turn his back upon the land to which he had devoted such splendid abilities. Bishops, priests, and laymen of his own nationality sent him letters of regret at his departure, and of appreciation of his services; and from amongst the farewell messages of his English and Protestant friends we may quote four which are typical of the universal good-will he had won in a career of singular independence.

"Let me write to say good-bye," said Charles Kingsley, "to a man whom, though widely differing from him on many points, I have long admired for talent and fearlessness, even where I thought those great powers misapplied. However, what is past is past. You are going now to a more wholesome atmosphere, there to mix with social problems more simple than those of this complicated and diseased Old World."

"I wish you a happy voyage and prosperity wherever you are. May both return to the shore ere long and shake hands, says

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

"I think, dear Mr. Duffy," wrote Mary Howitt, "of your speaking of the woes of old Ireland with deep emotion. I hope God will give you a beautiful and happy home in the new world of Australia; and, though you can never forget the old land of so many sorrows, may the new one afford you and your children such abundant comfort and joy as shall make the day you set foot on its shores the most fortunate of your life!"

Sir Emerson Tennant, then a prominent Conservative, wrote: "And here let me say that I think in the management of the *Nation* you have done more than any living man—Moore only excepted—to elevate the national feeling of Irishmen. I do not talk of your energies in pursuit of a brilliant delusion; but I refer to the lofty spirit which has characterized that pursuit; to the bursts

of eloquence and flashes of true poetry which have accompanied it; and to the pure and lofty and at the same time gentle feeling which you have evoked in the struggle. The *Nation* has exhibited the genius of Ireland in a new and unlooked-for phase."

Amid such a chorus of praise, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy turned his back upon the green shores of Ireland for the antipodes, with, as he says, "the main purpose of my life unattained,—though, as I was persuaded, not lost but postponed; for a belief in God's justice is incompatible with the doubt of Ireland's final deliverance from cruel and wicked misgovernment. It was my consolation that in public affairs I had always done what I believed best for Ireland, whatever penalty it involved; and that I had never accepted so much as a postage stamp by way of honorarium or compensation."

Duffy's fortunes in Australia will form a second chapter to this necessarily imperfect sketch.

What is Happiness?

NOT all the words in the vocabulary of even the most unlettered mean the same thing to all men. Ask a dozen different people to define "liberty," "patriotism," "ambition," "glory," or "courage," and you will discover that the import of the term in the mind of one of the dozen is something quite distinct from the signification attached to it by any of the other eleven. It is interesting to note this variety of meanings as instanced in the word "happiness," so frequently met with in books old and new. Let us quote the definitions given to this common term by some of the famous moral philosophers, essayists and poets.

Happiness does not consist in acquiring and possessing, but in not desiring; for it consists in being free.—*Epictetus*.

To behold without envy the happiness of others is to be happy oneself... Happiness has more to do with the affections than with external events.

—*Mme. Rolland*.

A man's happiness,—to do the things proper to man.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

A happy memory is perhaps more real than happiness.—*Alfred de Musset*.

One secures happiness for oneself only by endeavoring to secure it for others.

—*Bernardin de Saint-Pierre*.

Happiness,...in its full extent, is the utmost pleasure we are capable of.

—*Locke*.

The secret of happiness lies in this: our regarding those who are more unfortunate than ourselves.—*G. Picot*.

Happiness consists in the possession of a lot in harmony with our faculties.

—*Mme. de Staël*.

The elements of happiness are: a good conscience, honesty of purpose, and uprightness of conduct.—*Seneca*.

True happiness, so far as we are concerned, is something negative; it consists above all in the absence of evil.

—*Mme. du Deffant*.

Happiness depends, as Nature shows, Less on exterior things than most suppose.

—*Cowper*.

Happiness! 'Tis that smiling cottage, its thatched roof all covered with moss and blooms. It must be viewed from without; once you enter, you behold it no longer.—*Alph. Karr*.

How many we would make happy if we persuaded them that they *are* happy!

—*Arn. Frémy*.

To happiness nothing contributes so little as wealth, or so much as health.

—*Schopenhauer*.

Happiness is a ball that we run after while 'tis rolling and start again when it stops.—*Mme. de Puyieux*.

Our happiness is only our misery more or less comforted.—*Denis*.

Happiness has its source in ourselves:

without our aid the universe can't give it to us.—*Eug. Marbeau.*

We recognize no happiness but that which is past.—*Ch. Bonheur.*

Happiness is his who makes others happy.—*Delille.*

Happiness is only an illusion, since we are happy from the moment we think we are.—*Ch. Gouges.*

True happiness contains as much of abnegation as of pleasure.

—*Maxime du Camp.*

Men's happiness and misery depend not less on their humor than on Fortune.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

The happiness of comforting the afflicted is the greatest we can taste in this life.—*Mme. de Genlis.*

In strictness, any condition may be denominated happy in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain; and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of this excess.—*Paley.*

Men disagree exceedingly in their opinions as to that which constitutes happiness: nay, the same man sometimes places it in one thing, sometimes in another—in health or in riches, according as he happens to be sick or poor.

—*Grote.*

O happiness, our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live or dare to die.

—*Pope.*

Thus varied is men's appreciation of what, nevertheless, each pursues with ardor. Of all these quoted maxims, the wisest are clearly those which approximate most closely Christian doctrine. Faith teaches us that this earth is "a vale of tears." True happiness, then, is not of this world: 'tis only with heaven in view that we can reasonably speak of being happy or miserable. Bourdaloue, in half a dozen lines, tells us more of the matter than all the philosophers:

"True happiness is heaven. The highest happiness is to possess God. That is the supreme felicity of the elect. Here on earth happiness is to expect heaven or the possession of God; it is anticipated felicity." And he concludes: "Happy the souls whose converse is with Heaven! For the sake of even our present happiness, let us busy ourselves only about the happiness to come."

The Kiss of Peace.

THE kiss as a sign of good-will and charity was of frequent use among the ancients, heathens as well as Jews. It was given at Mass from the earliest times, as many authors bear witness; not, however, during the last three days of Holy Week, in remembrance of the kiss by which Judas betrayed Our Lord. The kiss of peace with which on occasion Russians and Frenchmen are not at all ashamed of greeting one another even in public, impresses less demonstrative people as somewhat effeminate. The custom served Cardinal Cheverus, however, to very good purpose on one occasion.

As Archbishop of Bordeaux, that saintly prelate had for several years been endeavoring to effect a reconciliation between one of his *curés* and the mayor of the *curé's* parish. All to no purpose. Finally, on one of his pastoral visits he arrived at the parish in question, and, instead of driving to the presbytery, proceeded to the residence of the civil dignitary. "Mr. Mayor," said he, upon entering, "may I ask you to do me a personal favor?"—"Assuredly you may, your Eminence," was the reply of the astonished and delighted functionary.—"Very well," said the Cardinal, giving the mayor the kiss of peace; "then be kind enough to deliver this on my behalf to your pastor." Needless to add the desired reconciliation took place.

Notes and Remarks.

The Coal Strike Commission has made its award, and is being very generally praised both for the commendable promptitude with which its members have completed their arduous labors and the fairness of its findings. Both miners and operators profess to be satisfied, for the most part, with the decisions arrived at; and, as was to be expected, both sides claim a victory. One clause in the Commission's report that will commend itself to unprejudiced minds the world over is that which deals with the individual laborer's fundamental right to sell his labor freely, irrespective of the wishes of organizations or Unions.

No person shall be refused employment, or in any way discriminated against, on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization; and there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization.

Notwithstanding the specious arguments advanced during the sittings of the Commission—arguments justifying Union interference with "scab" labor,—it is repugnant to the plain common-sense of humanity that a man shall not be free to sell his labor whenever he can find a purchaser for it, but must submit therein to the dictation of a third party. This was perhaps the crucial question of all those discussed, and we are glad that the award is so outspoken in answering it once for all. Let us hope that equally effective means will be found to prevent the abuses committed by operators.

The loss of Dr. Schaepman will be felt with special keenness when the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Dutch hierarchy comes off. It seems a pity that this great priest, of whom all Netherlanders were proud, and whose patriotism was second only to his

devotion to the cause of religion, should not have been spared a while longer to tell, as he alone could, of the wondrous change that has been wrought in Holland since 1853, when, after long efforts, Pius IX. succeeded in re-establishing the hierarchy in the most Protestant of Protestant countries. One striking result attributed to Dr. Schaepman's influence is that three members of the actual government out of seven are Catholics.

The Silver Jubilee of the restoration of the Scottish hierarchy by Leo XIII. also occurs this year. Some of the Sees of Scotland are of great antiquity; that of Whithorn, or Galloway, having been founded by St. Ninian in 397. The See of the Isles is said to have been established by St. Patrick in 447.

Referring to the recent "trouble" at Shoreditch, England, a writer in the *Living Church*, which is Protestant Episcopal, has this to say:

Although the late vicar still retains, so far as is publicly known, his allegiance to the Catholic Church in this country, it lamentably appears that a portion of his old congregation have seceded to the Romish Dissenting body, in connection with which a new chapel has just been opened only about four hundred yards from St. Michael's, Shoreditch. Amongst the seceders were the Sunday-school teachers, who had the base effrontery to take all their scholars to the mission chapel. It is reassuring to know, however, that some who were present at the schismatical Romish worship on the morning of Sunday week were back at St. Michael's for evensong; and, finding that the rumor they had heard as to a Protestant-minded priest being sent to take charge of the parish was false, said they should remain at St. Michael's.

"The Romish Dissenting body"! "The schismatical Romish worship"! Well, well, well! It reminds us of a little story. One evening last summer a faultlessly-attired gentleman was walking down one of the principal streets of New York, holding a match in one hand, a fresh cigar in the other. A trolley car approached. He walked out on the

crossing and solemnly hailed it. As soon as the car came to a standstill, he struck the match on its side, deliberately lighted his cigar, and then, waving the car onward, returned to the sidewalk and continued his journey, without saying a word—unless, as we suspect, he said something to himself. The conductor and motor-man gazed after him for a moment in amazement, then at each other. They didn't say anything: their thoughts were too deep for words; they couldn't have done justice to the occasion, anyway.

We confess that the arrogance of the *Living Church* is too much for us: we are dumfounded at it, and must let it pass. The Rev. L. S. Osborne, also of the Episcopal Church, but Broad, is authority for the statement that the *L. C.* is "a standing joke among rational and sensible Episcopalians of all schools." We should think it would be. Now that we have recovered ourselves a little, will the editor of the *Living Church* permit us meekly to state—we do so on good authority—that one of the curates of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, has since submitted to the Church, and that the majority of the parishioners are likely to follow his example? A dozen or more adults among them have already done so, and upward of one hundred others are under special instructions.

How pleasant it is at this season to turn from things controversial to things devotional! We have been reading with deep interest and much edification the first of a series of handbooks for the clergy of the Church of England, edited by the Rev. Arthur Robinson. It is written in a quiet, meditative style, and is full of the spirit of devotion. There are excellent chapters on Penitence, Prayer, Secularization, Over-occupation, etc. Let us quote a few of many striking passages:

Some of us may remember an article which appeared in one of the magazines a few years

since from the pen of Mr. Gladstone, in which he dealt with certain theological difficulties then much discussed in connection with a widely circulated work of fiction. The most remarkable thing in that article was the assertion of the writer's conviction that the great majority of all such difficulties have their origin in an inadequate sense of sin.

We are extremely slow to learn that work is not necessarily influence. Were it otherwise this country would be vastly more Christian than it is.

We must simply decline, with whatever sorrow, to undertake more things than we can hope to do well. Possibly if the truth were known it would be seen that much of the activity of to-day is in reality the effect of indolence.

It is to be hoped that all future volumes of this series of handbooks will be up to the standard of the one before us, and that they may win a wide influence.

A police official of our greatest American city has been to London to study the congestion-of-traffic problem, and is now back in New York demonstrating that "vehicular movement," as regulated in the English metropolis, is far superior to the system, or lack of system, that prevails in this country. The very general admission that some things at least are better managed in England than with us emboldens us to suggest that no harm would ensue if some American statesman should visit the home-land of Edward VII. to study the problem of giving American children an education both free and religious. The double educational tax paid by American Catholics is an injustice that cries to all sane Americanism for speedy redress.

The saying of a distinguished Protestant parliamentarian of our time, that "England has never granted any redress to Ireland that was not extorted from her unwillingly," is recalled by these words of Mr. P. E. C. Lally, in the *Denison (Iowa) Review*: "Since I have been old enough to remember anything, it has been a fact of history that a concession which one English parliament

declared should never be granted to Ireland, the next succeeding parliament actually offered." We observe with much interest that while Mr. Lally admits that it is too early to pass final judgment on the merits of the new Land Bill, he takes an optimistic view of its workings, and evidently has little sympathy with the lilliputian politicians who think it best that Ireland should always have a grievance. We quote his words:

The passage of the present Land Bill will mean the disappearance of political and national strife between the Irish and the English. They may still have their differences, to be sure; but the struggles as our fathers have known them shall have passed off the stage forever. A new era of good-feeling between the races and of statesmanship on the part of the politicians is about to dawn on the sun-kissed hills of Ireland. The Land Bill is but a forerunner of the Home Rule Bill. This in turn will lead up to the Irish managing their own internal affairs.

Says the *Christian Commonwealth* (London) apropos of the dearth of great preachers such as flourished in England a generation or two ago: "Where shall we now look for anything like the number of pre-eminent preachers who in those days made England great, changed it from a colossal sink of corruption, such as Wesley found it, to the world's head centre of righteousness, and founded the Christian civilization on which we now have to build?" The "world's head centre of righteousness" is good. The *Commonwealth's* editor is probably a Scotchman; in any case, to him has been granted in full and overflowing measure the boon requested in the Scot's prayer: "O Lord, gie us a guid conceit o' oursels!"

Legislative triumphs are apt to elicit less exuberant joy and fewer plaudits than are victories on the battlefield, though the latter may be of relatively little import. Yet every thoughtful student of history, every philosophic observer of current movements, sees in the introduction of the new Irish Land

Bill in the British House of Commons an event of historic importance, which may well stamp 1903 as the greatest year for Ireland since O'Connell took his seat in that same House as the dauntless and irrepressible Member for Clare. Whether or not the Bill passes in its present form, its discussion insures ultimate peasant proprietorship, and, as we think, consequent Home Rule.

As specimens of twentieth-century Christianity, as understood by some non-Catholic clergymen of national reputation, we quote the following recent declarations: "Christianity is not exclusive but inclusive of all religions." "A Christian is a pure, honest and unselfish man." "Get to heaven by any road you like: choose a bypath if you will, but for the work needed in this world let's stand together." "Religion does not ask you to be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Christian, but simply: Do justly, love mercy, walk reverently with God." Of course the logical, necessary outcome of any argument that starts from premises such as these is that Christianity and the best pagan philosophy are really one; that the Incarnation (if it ever occurred) was superfluous; and that there really wasn't any need of a divine Revelation at all. To such extremes has private interpretation of the Bible led the heirs of the so-called Reformation.

We question whether any number of prelates of the Church of England like Bishop Bedell would have been able to make the people of Ireland embrace Protestant Christianity; however, the *Athenæum*, in reviewing a recently published life of Bedell, throws a side-light on the attempts made to establish the Reformation in Ireland:

The Englishmen sent as bishops to Ireland, . . . from Jeremy Taylor, who (with Bramhall) made a rift between the Protestants of the North not healed to this day, to Trench, who irritated the Protestant thousand of Dublin by his respect for

ritual, English bishops, if they took any care at all for their dioceses, spread discord rather than peace among their people. This refers to the Anglo-Irish population. As regards the unfortunate natives, they were preyed upon and despised by all, both High and Low Churchmen; they were expected to pay tithes to an alien clergy, and often compelled by law to attend a church service of which they understood not a word, though it was professedly addressed to the people, and not in the universal language of the learned. For the Latin of the Mass was understood by all the higher-class natives, even those very savage in other respects.

Discord and disunion, it need not be said, are the fruits of the Reformation everywhere.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. Norway and Denmark are profiting by the tempest of governmental tyranny that is dispersing the French Sisters to the four quarters of the world. At Drammen, at Rander, at Reykjavik, and in Copenhagen, hospitals and schools are being established with laudable diligence, extension of such work being made possible by the arrival of the exiled French nuns. Besides their free schools in Copenhagen, the Sisters have opened others, known as French schools,—although, as a matter of fact, four languages are regularly taught therein: French, English, German, and Danish. The blessing of the hospital at Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, was recently made the occasion of a veritable celebration, in which the governor, the prefect, the mayor, the doctors, and all other notabilities of the island, participated. Within a decade France will probably be offering inducements to the exiled nuns to return to their own country; and if a free hand is allowed to the present rulers for a year or two more, there can be little doubt that the Sisters' home-land will sorely need them.

There are limits beyond which even the most inveterate hatred of Catholicism hesitates to carry persecution, and M. Combes seems to have recognized that

the Little Sisters of the Poor form a Congregation whose rights he must occasionally, however reluctantly, respect. It is somewhat reassuring to learn that the French government—in this case M. Combes himself individually—has authorized six establishments controlled by the Little Sisters. The explanation of this apparent clemency is simple enough: the service rendered by these institutions is so unmistakably great that public opinion would not tolerate their suppression. Exceptions, however, do not affect a general rule; and M. Combes' rule, even with the Little Sisters, is: Get out! Authorization has been denied to several of their establishments, and is likely to be denied to a good many more on the false principle that they "do not correspond to any public need." As if there were any large city in France in which there is not a field for the energy of these best friends of the poor whom we have always with us!

The decoration known as the Order of St. Michael and St. George lately bestowed upon Father Hecht, O. M. I., is said to number "only two hundred and fifty members, confined to princes of the royal blood and great dignitaries at the English court." The King took this means of expressing his appreciation of the services rendered by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate to the wounded during the Transvaal war. The event is said to be without parallel of its kind.

The death of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kłopotowski, metropolitan at St. Petersburg and spiritual chief of the Church in Russia, is all the more deplorable in view of the Czar's recent decree providing for freedom of worship throughout the Empire. Three other important Sees are now vacant in Russia, and it is feared that the schismatic authorities may succeed in having the Czar's beneficent decree modified in such a way as to hamper the action of the Church.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER



Old-Fashioned John.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

WHEN gray Ash-Wednesday comes along,
I hush my laughter and my song,
And put my storybook away,—
It is a penitential day.

I try hard to keep good in Lent,
That it may prove a time well spent;
Obedient I aim to be,
And always say the Rosary.

But when St. Patrick's Day is here,
I want it to be warm and clear;
And then my grandpa says: "Well, John,
You have a nice green ribbon on."

Then on Palm Sunday there's the smell
Of cedar that I like so well:
I almost think I'm one of them
That followed through Jerusalem.

In Holy Week they break up class,
And every day we go to Mass.
My, but we're tired when it's done,
And ready for our Easter fun!

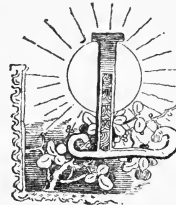
The music's fine,—I'd go to hear
Regina Cæli all the year:
"Rejoice, rejoice! He died to save,
And He is risen from the grave."

For breakfast (I forgot almost)
There's chocolate and ham and toast,
And colored eggs (white ones I hate),
And Easter gifts at every plate.

THERE are various legends to account for the lily on the French flag. Here is one of them. On the eve of a great battle King Clovis swore a solemn oath that if success should attend him he would become a Christian. He won the day, and as a seal of his contract, it is said, received from an angel the flower that has so long adorned the banners of France—the beautiful symbol of Our Lady.

An Eastertide Repentance.

BY MAY MARGARET FULLER.



O! there was mystery in the air at the Barnwell home; and Helen, who was twelve and the youngest of the family, was most deeply concerned. A week before Easter, when the florists' stores were being transformed into enchanted gardens, she had brought home a lily—a gift for her mother, as she confided to her sister Grace,—which immediately disappeared into her room, there to await the coming of the glorious feast.

"Isn't it a beauty!" she exclaimed, setting it on a table, that Grace might see it to advantage.

"Isn't it a beauty!" echoed George Washington, the parrot, from his corner, as the girls, with a last admiring glance at the lily, went downstairs.

That evening Helen found her treasure on the floor, the flowerpot lying in a dozen pieces, the stalk all bruised and broken, and two of the prettiest buds quite severed from their stems.

"Who has spoiled my lily?" she cried, determined to find the guilty one.

Silence at first greeted her outburst, and then came pleas of innocence from her sister and brother.

"Well, *some one* must have been in the room," she persisted, looking mournfully at the drooping buds in her hand.

And then Grace, in a moment of thoughtlessness, made a disclosure that sounded the tocsin of a war of words, and put to flight the customary peace of the household. For, during the afternoon, Matilda Blake, the laundress' small daughter, coming to call for a

bundle of outgrown clothes, had been sent to the room for a few moments to await Mrs. Barnwell's coming.

"Then it must have been Matilda,—*she did it!*" cried Helen, in tones that awakened Mr. Barnwell, who had been absorbed in his newspaper, to a sense of the realities about him.

"I don't think any one is to blame," he said. "Likely it was an accident."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Barnwell, contriving to gather from Helen's disconnected sentences that the plant was to have been her Easter gift,—“merely an accident,—though a very sad one. But never mind, Helen; for even if I lose the lily, I can always remember the thoughtfulness; and that, after all, is what gives the pleasure. And don't blame Matilda; for I'm sure she would have told me had anything happened while she was in the room.”

"Well, no one else seems to have been there," said Helen, somewhat grieved at the protests that were ventured in Matilda's behalf.

The discordance was echoed in the "good-nights" at bedtime; and Helen, having wearily tossed about, fell asleep at midnight, to dream that a hundred ogres with Matilda's face and form were pursuing her through a garden of Easter lilies.

Early the following morning George Washington began to prattle, and, hopping about in his cage quite merrily, filled the air with his shrill cries, "She did it! She did it!"

"My gracious!" said the startled Helen, rubbing her eyes. "Do you know about it, too? Yes, she did it; and when I see her I'll tell her so."

The storm-cloud hovered about all day; and when in the afternoon Matilda, promenading past the Barnwell home with two of her six brothers and sisters, came into view of Helen who chanced to be going out, the cloud burst in a torrent upon the poor girl's head; while the small brother and sister flew to each

other for refuge, and gazed, wild-eyed, at the scene.

"I never touched your lily, Miss!" retorted Matilda. "I looked at it,—yes; for I thought it so beautiful. But I never touched it; and I don't care whether you believe me or not,—so there!"

But she really did care, and the sobs that escaped from her, as she hurried away with her frightened charges, lent color to the tale that was recounted by the latter two at the Blake supper-table that night; while half a dozen pairs of bright eyes telegraphed messages of sympathy to 'Tilda, whose face bore unmistakable signs of weeping.

Over in the Barnwell home, too, tears were running their course; for Helen, who at heart was the kindest of little maids, was beginning to repent of her hasty words. The holiest and saddest week of the year was drawing on to Easter; and she, with her resolutions cast to the winds, had been unmindful of it all. But her contrition helped her to promise better things. The last unkind feeling against Matilda fled, and poor George Washington suffered a humiliation from which he never fully recovered, in being banished to a store-room, out of sight and hearing, because of his persistence in shrieking, "She did it! She did it!"

Just at that moment, when penitence was beginning its gentle sway, Grace entered the room with a peace-offering from her mother,—another lily quite as beautiful as the one whose life had been so short.

"Oh, I don't deserve it," cried Helen,—“I don't deserve it; for I'm too bad to have anything so lovely!”

"Well, never mind," said Grace, as she set the new plant on the table; "things are bound to go wrong sometimes. Now bathe your eyes—there's a dear!—and come down to dinner."

And when Helen, remembering George Washington in his exile, had restored him to his realm, she went downstairs,

her face aglow with a smile that was truly sunshine after a shower.

"Oh, I ought never to lose my temper again, I've been so unhappy!" she said to her mother, in a tone of sincerity that was good to hear. "And that lily! I must bring it down at once."

So up to her room she went, and on her return brought with her a story that might well have startled a much less interested audience.

"That parrot is a wicked old thing," she said, "and he shouldn't be kept in this family any longer. Why, he was actually out of his cage, walking about on the table, and as I went into the room he was just in the act of pushing the lily over the edge. I caught it—how, I don't know. And that awful bird, not a bit ruffled, hopped back into his cage, closed the door with his beak, and shrieked, 'She did it!' Now what do you think of that?"

"So, of course, Matilda was to blame for the mishap," remarked Mr. Barnwell, with a twinkle in his eye.

Then the family marched in state to the scene of the averted disaster, and opened fire upon the erring George; and when finally they withdrew triumphant, the offender retired to a corner of his cage, tasting the bitterness of defeat.

Easter dawned a few days later, bringing with it the blessings of the Risen Lord; and during the morning hours two messengers of gladness rang the door-bell of the Blakes. Thereupon six cherubic heads appeared at the windows, but vanished when Matilda opened the door. With a cry of surprise, she received the lily that Helen put into her arms, and then she said joyfully:

"How can I ever thank you, Miss! Oh, you're an angel!"

"With very dingy wings, then," laughed Helen; "for I was as unkind as I could be the other day. I've come now to ask you to forgive me, and to tell you about the dreadful mistake."

Then followed the story of George

Washington's misdemeanors; and a series of smothered laughs betrayed the fact that the cherubic heads were not very far away.

And afterward, when the visitors had departed, a golden sunbeam found its way in through the window and made a discovery; for at the foot of the lily stalk, hidden among the folds of paper, were six beautifully colored Easter-eggs. Delighted "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" were uttered by small voices that fairly trembled with joy; and Matilda, her nose tinged yellow from being buried deep in the centres of the fragrant lilies, wondered at the gladness that the day had brought.

But happiest of all was Helen, as, turning homeward with her sister, she listened to the first spring carol of the birds that had come with the Eastertide, and felt that He who had made this glorious feast was pleased with her repentance.

The Easter Flower.

While every bud and blossom which unfolds its petals to the spring sunshine symbolizes the resurrection, the white lily, the emblem of purity, is above all the Easter flower. Although native to the East, and growing wild in many countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the lily does not really belong to the flora of Palestine. It is very likely that this flower was not the one referred to by Our Lord when He said: "Consider the lilies of the field." The most generally accepted theory is that the red anemone which covers the hillsides of the Holy Land, and flushes its warm welcome to the spring season, suggested the exquisite figure of speech in the Sermon on the Mount; while others think that the asphodel, the amaryllis, or the narcissus, may have been the flower honored by such special mention.

Still it is possible, although not probable, that it was our lily which was

used as an illustration in Our Lord's sermon; and even this possibility has given to it an added charm of sacredness in every Christian country. The ancient Greeks called the lily the flower of Juno, and loved to repeat the following legend as to its origin. Jupiter, wishing to make his son Hercules one of the gods, tore him from the arms of Alcmena, his earthly mother, and bore him to the breast of Juno. When carried across the sky back to earth once more, some of the celestial milk was spilled from the infant's lips, and formed the Milky Way. Some drops falling below the stars, touched the earth. Every drop produced a lily, which flower was ever after considered emblematic of hope and purity.

But still further back than the era of Grecian myths, the lotus, the Egyptian lily, held chief place in Oriental mythology. The Egyptians spoke of it as the throne of Osiris, the god of day, who is often represented as seated upon the flower. The lily forms the basis of their architectural designs: the capitals of columns, the prows of boats, heads of staves and other objects being fashioned in its shape. The Egyptians are frequently represented in carvings upon their tombs and monuments as holding the white lotus in their hands at banquets. In the mythology of the Hindus and Chinese the lotus represented the world and the Meru, or residence of the gods.

In the time of Solomon the lily ornamented the great golden candlesticks, and was chiselled on the pillars of the temple, symbolizing purity and benediction. In the pictures of the Annunciation, the lily is often introduced as an emblem of hope and purity; the old masters sometimes representing the Blessed Virgin as receiving the lily from the Angel who brings her the glad tidings. No other flower has held so high a place in religious worship during all the ages, from the remotest antiquity down to the present day.

Our Risen Lord's First Appearance.

It is piously believed that Our Lord appeared first of all to the Blessed Virgin. According to the old tradition, she was kneeling in prayer at the time, saying: "Thou didst promise, O my most dear Son, that Thou wouldst rise again on the third day. Before yesterday was the day of darkness and bitterness; and, behold, this is the third day. Return, then, to me, Thy Mother, O my Son! Tarry not, but come." A very old carol voices this promise of Christ to His beloved Mother in the quaint lines:

Upon Easter day, Mother,
My uprising shall be;
O the sun and the moon, Mother,
Shall both rise with me.

Mary's prayer was scarcely ended when the room was suddenly flooded by a brilliant light. Then the angelic host appeared, singing a hymn of joyful thanksgiving; and a moment later Jesus entered, bearing the banner of the Cross, and closely followed by the long procession of ransomed souls. They one and all knelt before the Virgin Mother, humbly thanking her through whom their deliverance had come at last.

Quaint Observances.

The advent of Easter is variously observed in different parts of the world. In Russia people hurry into the streets, embrace each other, and present red-colored eggs, exclaiming, "Christ has risen from the dead!" Cage-birds are set loose, to signify the freedom which Our Lord purchased for us by His passion and death. In some parts of Germany, instead of eggs, emblematic prints are presented, in which three hens are holding a basket, wherein are placed three eggs. Over the centre egg is the Agnus Dei, with a chalice, representing Faith; and the other eggs bear the emblems of Charity and Hope.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new book in which literary students will be interested—but for which few students will feel able to pay six dollars—is “Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers,” by Prof. Cook, of Yale.

—Among the book announcements we notice “Children of Destiny,” another long story by Molly Elliot Seawell; and “Love Thrives in War,” by Mary Catherine Crowley, much of whose best work has appeared in this magazine. Miss Seawell’s story deals with patrician life in Old Virginia, and Miss Crowley’s is a romance of the Frontier in 1812.

—Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard’s new volume, “Exits and Entrances,” which we hope to review soon, has been greeted by the critics with much enthusiasm. It contains two poems, hitherto unpublished, by Bret Harte and R. L. Stevenson; but our readers need hardly be told that the quality of Mr. Stoddard’s work does not suffer by juxtaposition with that of his distinguished friends.

—Another important service has been rendered by the English Catholic Truth Society. Under the well-chosen title “The Pope and the People,” it has issued a new and enlarged edition of select letters and addresses by his Holiness Leo XIII. dealing with social questions. Mr. C. S. Devas contributes a preface to the volume, in which he shows the need of popularizing the Pope’s teaching on these questions. The index greatly enhances the usefulness of this book, which is well printed and durably bound.

—The *Harvard Monthly* contains an exquisitely toned eulogy—hitherto unpublished—of a deceased friend by James Russell Lowell. We quote two short sentences: “Rome was at its gayest and he knew it. The great Easter throng was gathered before St. Peter’s to receive the blessing of him whom his subjects curse.” It is a sufficient commentary on these words, written in 1856, to say that no writer of standing would pen them in this year of Our Lord, least of all Lowell himself if he were alive. Things move on.

—There is the pleasantest kind of literary flavor about a little story told in the *London Tablet*. A few months ago an ardent bibliophile in Rome bought at auction two volumes, a *Virgil* and a *Cicero*, both printed in 1800. To his delight he found on the fly-leaf of each the name of a former owner, Joachim Pecci; and not only that, but also numerous marginal notes in the handwriting of the young student who was one day to become Leo XIII. The fortunate purchaser had the books handsomely rebound, and the other day presented

them to the Holy Father, who was delighted to receive them, and declared that he remembered these two schoolbooks very well.

—“Triumphs of Science,” edited by M. A. L. Lane, is the latest addition to the “Youth’s Companion Series,” issued by Ginn & Co. The story of the Atlantic cable might be differently told.

—Even the impressive old morality play *Everyman*, which has lately delighted the elect of England and the United States, has not escaped the vulgar spirit of caricature; and we read of *Every Man’s Education*, with Knowledge, Oxford and Cambridge as the chief characters. “Rather a poor joke,” says the Lounger in *The Critic*, Yes, rather.

—Mr. John Boyd Thacher, a writer of experience and power, has produced a notable work under the title of “Christopher Columbus.” It deals with the life, work and “remains” of the great navigator, as revealed by original records in print and manuscript. There is also an essay on Peter Martyr and Las Casas, “the first historians of America.” The work, which is rather expensive and richly illustrated, will be in three volumes, one of which is now ready.

—It would doubtless be even more of a gratification than a surprise to our readers to know into how many foreign languages articles appearing in these pages are translated. The number now includes Arabic. A Capuchin missionary in Syria is bringing out a volume, to be published at Beyrouth, made up entirely of selections from THE AVE MARIA. The translator informs us that books on Our Lady in Arabic are few and all old, though there is great devotion to her among the people. “So the ‘Cedar of Lebanon’ shall become still better known and loved in the land of Lebanon.” *Prosit!*

—Referring to those anonymous articles, ostensibly by Catholic writers, which appear now and then in English and American periodicals, notably the *Independent* of New York, the *Catholic World* makes these just observations:

The names of the authors are carefully hidden under such titles as “Romahus,” “Catholicus,” “Vox Veritatis,” “Presbyter,” or the like. They always conceal their names “for fear of persecution,” and, without exception they are titled by the editor as men of superior learning and unimpeachable character. No man ever yet wrote seriously who was not actuated by the sincere and unshakable love of truth for truth’s sake, cost what it may. But these men, if we are to believe them, have been given by Providence a more loyal and a more honest love of truth than any of their predecessors; and they are determined to set forth the truth, cost what it may, so long as it does not cost themselves anything. They always make for reform and progress and advancement. At least that is the good impression which they would give their readers and by which

they would seek to gain adherents. On the same plea they launch forth erroneous statements, iconoclastic theories, and champion interpretations that would mean simply the undermining of the fundamental truths of the Catholic religion. Development of Christian doctrine, the further reconciliation of Catholic teaching with the best advances of modern science, the continued demonstration that the Catholic Church is in perfect accord with the later-day governments, historical and biblical criticism,—all these are good and have their proper place. But these men of whom we write have overreached themselves and fallen on the other side. We have always thought that criticism of these articles but gave them unmerited attention, and condemnation of them was unnecessary, since to any intelligent Catholic they condemned themselves.

—It has been somewhat of a surprise to us to observe that the editors of reputable Catholic periodicals who have given much higher praise to certain of Mr. Joseph McCabe's books than was accorded them by literary critics in England, seem not to be aware of the fact that this writer is a renegade priest. His style is entertaining, but his scholarship is by no means remarkable. It is curious, by the way, how unfortunates of his class reveal themselves in what they say and write. Since his fall Mr. McCabe has been occupied exclusively with literary essays on such themes as Abelard, the youth of St. Augustine, and the "Confessions" of Rousseau. Studies in scarlet evidently appeal to his 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.

The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. Rev. J. Phelan. \$1.

Oberammergau in 1900. Sarah Willard Howe. 50 cts.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. Rev. D. G. Hubert. \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. Paul Fremeaux. \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A. \$1.25, net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

Instructions on Preaching. Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M. 85 cts., net.

New England and its Neighbors. Clifton Johnson. \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. Rev. John J. Nash, D. D. \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. Matthew Power, S. J. 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Dr. Rogers, of Chatham, Canada; and Rev. Thomas Maloney, diocese of Hartford.

Sister M. Dolores, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Brendan, Order of the Presentation; and Sister M. Cecilia, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Samuel Benson, of Peoria, Ill.; Dr. Edward Nelson, Frederick, Md.; Mrs. Charles Murphy, Brussels, Belgium; Mr. James Regan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Sabina Henderson and Mr. Charles Miller, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Thomas Roach, Petaluma, Cal.; Miss Mary Flynn, Georgetown, Cal.; Mr. John Hutchinson, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Joseph Dyer, Mrs. Patrick Donahue, and Miss Jessie McKinnon, Boston, Mass.; Mr. William Ronnan, Metuchen, N. J.; Mrs. Catherine Keyes, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Thomas Harren, Saginaw, Mich.; Mr. James Phillips, Mr. John Mangan, Mrs. C. M. Johnson, and Mrs. Patrick Smith, San Rafael, Cal.; Mrs. Ella Galvin, Miss Ella Hanratty, and Mr. Patrick Coyne, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Thomas Yohn and Mr. Ernest Johnson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Gilligan, Miss Anna Scalley, Mr. Peter Reilly, Mr. George Truschel, and Miss Mary Whealan, Bellaire, Ohio; Mrs. P. Somers, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. J. F. Seibel, Brookville, Ohio; Mr. Michael McGrail, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mrs. John Roberts, Hartford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Propagation of the Faith:

J. F. F., \$2.

For the sufferers in the Society Islands:

P. O'C., \$25.50.

The Chinese Missions:

Mrs. A. G., \$2; J. R., \$5.

The Indian and Negro Missions:

Subscriber, \$1.

To supply good reading to prisoners, poor hospital patients, etc.:

Mr. K., \$1.

The Martinique Sufferers:

J. R., \$5.



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

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A Song of the Heavenly City.

The Song of the Blessed.

FROM THE LATIN OF HILDEBERT (1057-1134),
BY H. M. M.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

O IN Zion, peaceful city,
Let my wandering soul be stayed!
He who made the sun hath built her;
Of the cross her gates are made,
Living stones her walls and pillars,
King of kings her light and shade.
No night shrouds that city golden,
Endless spring and peace are there;
All her sky is filled with fragrance,
And with songs of joy her air;
No corrupting taint there enters,
None are maimed and none deformed;
Plaint and aching void are ended,—
All to Jesus are conformed.

City blest, celestial city!
On the rock thy bulwarks rest;
Lo, from far I seek thy haven,
Thee I hail most calm, most blest;
Waiting, weary, sighing, panting,
To go in and be thy guest.
How thy myriads feast together,
What love bindeth each to all,
How they dwell in peace forever,
What bright gems o'erspread thy wall,
In chaldœdon set and jacinth,
Those may tell who enter shall!
On that city's sapphire pavement,
With its saintly choir, would I,
Near to Moses and Elias,
Raise my alleluia high.

It is a part of special prudence never to do anything because one has an inclination to it, but because it is one's duty, or is reasonable.

—Matthew Arnold.

SO happy is it to die in God's love that it may be simply said, I think, that a soul dying in the state of grace can fully and fittingly make use of the *Magnificat*, adapting to itself every thought and word of it, even without qualification or reserve.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of his handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name. And His mercy is from generation to generation."

Now, from the beginning God has set down death as a threat to the whole human race. He made the threat before sin was committed: "On the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And it would almost be wanting in reverence to the supreme power and majesty of God not to have a holy fear of death. And yet everywhere through the Inspired Writings we find God Himself taking away this fear from those that love Him. "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, even though he be dead, shall live; and everyone that liveth [in grace] and believeth in Me, shall not die forever [eternally]." Sin and temporal death are the way and the gate leading to, as

well as the type of, eternal death. "Oh, how broad is the way and wide the gate that leadeth to destruction, and how many enter thereat!" On the other hand, grace and this temporal life are the way and the gate leading to eternal life. "Oh, how strait is the way and how narrow the gate that leadeth to life everlasting, and how few there are that find it!"

Taking the Catholic position, and taking the relations that Our Lord's life and work instituted between us and the great eternal Sovereign of the world,—namely, that He is our Father, and that we are His children; that our *home* is there where He is; that our *exile* is here where we are; and that the moment of death is the realization of the prodigal's words, "I will arise and go to my Father"; and that, as suggested by the parable, our Father is waiting for us anxiously, eager to throw Himself upon our neck and kiss us, and order all the feasting of that home where He is the Lord: the fatted calf to be killed, the richest garments to be produced, shoes for the feet and rings for the fingers, and all rejoicings to take place: "For my son that was lost is found, he that was dead is come to life again,"—taking this view into consideration, it is no wonder that although from the first God meant death for a threat, He, nevertheless, in places innumerable through the Bible, should take away the fear and terror, and replace them by hope and peace.

The Church selects the Office for the Dead substantially from the two most sorrowful books of the Old Testament. David lamenting for his sins or groaning in his misfortunes, and Job sitting on a dunghill and scraping off with a potsherd the overflow of ulcerous matter from his body, are two that might give tears to a world. In the solemnities of the Office for the Dead the Church has before it the presence of a dead body, a corpse, sealed up from sight, but, like

St. Francis Borgia's noble Queen, already a mass of corruption. This is the state of the body. In the second place, it regards the departing soul. No matter whether the person has been dead three days or seven days or thirty days or a year or a hundred years, or only one hour, the cries and prayers of the Church are raised to God as if the soul were on the point of departing this life, and had not as yet passed through judgment.

It is thus we understand the first prayer the priest says: "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord; for in Thy sight no man living shall be justified, unless through Thee he receive the forgiveness of all his sins." And, in the second place, where, in the name of the deceased, the priest says: "Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death in that tremendous day when the heavens and the earth shall be moved." It is laid down in Ecclesiastes (xi, 3) that "if the tree fall to the north or to the south, in what place soever it shall fall, there it shall lie." By the *north* is meant in Scripture what is bad, and mystically hell, as in this case. If, then, judgment has taken place and the soul is condemned to hell, how can it pray to be delivered from it on "that tremendous day"? On the other hand, if it is saved, it can not be condemned to eternal death; and how, therefore, can it pray to be saved from it? It is only on the ground that the Church in her liturgy looks upon the deceased as still struggling in the throes of death, that the expression can be understood. And when she prays, for instance, for eternal rest for the soul, she seems to be still looking at the soul, as it were, in its agony.

Again, when the Church says, "O God, whose property it is to have mercy and to spare, we humbly entreat Thee for the soul of this Thy servant, whom Thou hast this day commanded to depart this life, that Thou wouldst not hand it over to the enemy, nor utterly forget it," it is as if the Church can

hardly recollect anything else but the hour of the death-agony, and that the soul is still before the judgment. Laboring, then, under this double sorrow—the presence of the dead body and the uncertainty of the departed soul,—we do not wonder that, like a stricken mother, the Church in the Office should cry out: “My soul is weary of life; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul. I will say to God, Tell me why Thou judgest me so? Doth it seem good to Thee that Thou shouldst oppress me, the work of Thine own hands?”*

Troubled even as Job with “frightful dreams and terrifying visions,” when he was forced to say “that his soul rather chose hanging and his bones death,” Holy Church exclaims: “Spare me, O Lord; for my days are nothing! Behold I shall sleep in the dust; and if in the morning Thou seekest me, I shall not be there.... Man born of woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries. He cometh forth as a flower and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow. And dost Thou think it meet to bring such a one into judgment?... My spirit is wasted, my days shortened, and only the grave remaineth for me. My days have passed away; and if I wait, my house is among the dead. My couch I have stretched in darkness. I have said to rottenness, Thou art my father; to worms: My mother and my sisters. Where is, then, my expectation? All that I have shall go down into the pit.... My flesh is consumed, my bones have cleft to my skin, and nothing but lips are left about my teeth. Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.... Why didst Thou bring me forth out of the womb? O that I had been consumed and that no eye saw me! I should have been as if I had never been. I go to a land that is dark and covered with the mist of death; a land

of misery and darkness, where no order but the shadow of death and everlasting horror dwell.”

Sorrowful unto death as the Church is, from time to time, in the midst of these mournful rites, she indulges all unexpectedly in hope and even joy; just as when from behind a dark cloud the brightness of the sun will now and then shine out. It would indeed be strange if she who is “the mother of fair love, wisdom, and holy hope,” and who is continually exhorting us to hope and rejoice, should herself abandon hope and give herself over to despair. Therefore even in these solemnities we find her exclaiming with the prophet: “As for me, I will come in the multitude of Thy mercy into Thy holy house [heaven]. I will worship toward Thy [eternal] temple in fear. Let them be glad that hope in Thee. They shall rejoice forever, and Thou shalt dwell in them. For Thou wilt bless the just. O Lord, Thou hast crowned us with Thy good-will.”*

Gladness comes on her even in the midst of tears: “The Lord guideth me, and I shall want for nothing. In a place of pasture, there hath He set me. Though I walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil. Thou, O Lord, hast prepared a table before me. My head Thou hast anointed with oil, and the inebriating cup Thou offerest to me. Oh, how goodly it is! Thy mercies will follow me all my life, that I may dwell in the house of my Lord for the length of the [eternal] days.”†

With what beautiful hope and trust she turns toward God! “To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul. In Thee have I put my trust, O God; let me not be ashamed, neither let my enemies laugh at me. Remember, O Lord, the bowels of Thy compassion, and Thy mercies that are from the beginning of the world. According to Thy mercy and for Thy goodness’ sake, O Lord, remember Thou

* Job, x, 1-3.

* Ps. v.

† *Ib.*, xxii; *et seq.*

me. The Lord is sweet and righteous; He will guide the mild in judgment, and will teach the meek His ways."

And again, even still more trustful: "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?... If armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear.... One thing I have asked of the Lord, and that I shall always beg for: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life."

But the antiphons and versicles and responses of the Office of the Dead, which the Church selects from the Psalms and from the Book of Job, and on which she lays particular stress and emphasis, point out her feelings and her spirit better than anything else. "In a place of pasture hath He set me.... The good things of the Lord I believe that I shall see in the land of the living.... The Lord shall set them [His elect] with princes [the angels]; with the princes of His people.... As the hart panted after the fountains of waters, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God. When shall I come and appear before the face of God?... I heard a voice from heaven, saying: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

It is a moment of happiness such as "the heart of man can not conceive" when the soul that dies in the state of grace sees our Divine Lord for the first time. "O my Lord and my God!" I am inclined to believe that, even before its last breath, God gives the soul that is dying in His friendship a foretaste of that exceeding joy; just as one feels the heat of a fire before coming to it, or the scent of a rose before touching it. And I am inclined to believe further that the story of those beautiful deathbeds that we hear or read of is the ordinary rule with souls, and the accident of their becoming manifest is but the exception. However that may be, there is no doubt

of the incomprehensible joy of the soul that has obtained even the least place in heaven. If the rapturous joy of the saints even in this life is so great when God deigns to visit them, what must be the joy of a soul when it comes to see God face to face!

Blessed Imelda died at the age of seven, in the year 1393. On Easter Sunday morning there were many children in the church about to make their First Communion. Little Imelda had begged hard to be of the happy number. But the nuns thought she was too young and too childish in her ways: she must wait till she was older. So the little Imelda was obliged to stay far away from the altar, at the end of the church. She was alone, in sadness and tears, because she could not receive Him whom she loved. But there is One who measures not the years but the love of little children. Our Lord could not bear that the child should be sorrowful because she could not satisfy the desire of her innocent heart.

The bell had sounded for the communicants to approach the Holy Table. The altar rails were filled with a long line of happy children. The priest was standing on the highest step, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hand and saying: "Behold the Lamb of God!" At this moment a ray of dazzling light went from the Blessed Sacrament to the little Imelda. Then the priest saw, with astonishment, that the Sacred Host was no longer in his hand! He had seen the ray of light which went to Imelda. And now he saw above her as it were a star of light. Imelda's eyes were also lifted up, looking at the bright, glittering star. She knew it was the light of Jesus Himself who had come to His dear child. The priest left the altar, following the bright path of light. The people made way for him, hushed in deep and solemn silence. He came to Imelda, and saw that the Sacred Host was in the air above her head. With trembling

hand he took the Blessed Sacrament and gave it to the child.

So the little Imelda received Our Lord. A few minutes afterward she was seen to lean on one side, looking pale as if she were ill. The nuns came round her and took her in their arms; they thought she had fainted. But it was no fainting. On the child's face there was an angelic smile. Her arms were crossed over her breast, as if she wanted to hold fast the treasure she had received. What, then, was the matter with Imelda? The joy of the little child in receiving Holy Communion had been too great. Her heart was too weak to bear it. Joy had snapped in two the thread of life—the soul of the little child was gone to Jesus in heaven.

When such holy souls enter heaven, we may well imagine them using to Our Lord the words of the Sulamitess in the Canticles: "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth, for His love is better than wine." The Sulamitess represents, primarily, the immaculate and virginal soul of our Blessed Lady or the Bride of the Lamb on earth, which is the Church. Secondarily, she represents the Christian soul: first, when receiving those sacraments in which the Holy Ghost imprints an indelible character, such as Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Orders,—the character is the fiery kiss of Divine Love; secondly, when the soul receives Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar; thirdly, when the soul takes the crucifix and meditates lovingly on the Passion; fourthly, as we are going to suppose it, when the soul leaves earth on the invitation of God and enters heaven. The death of St. John of the Cross is an illustration of the last two. He lay on his bed of pain, dying; he held the crucifix in his hands, and, pressing it first strongly to his heart and then to his lips, he expired, saying, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!"

(To be continued.)

The Rating of Miss Bond.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

THE current belief in Belford's innermost circle that Miss Bond was a good woman was shared by Miss Bond herself. Not that she ever said she was good; on the contrary, she called herself a great sinner, and would expatiate at length to a patient listener on her faults, which somehow, in her narration of them, were made to appear as virtues in disguise. Father Cudahy, her pastor, may have doubted her qualifications for immediate canonization, but he carefully kept his doubts to himself. The rapid succession of servants who served her for periods more or less short were not so diffident. They said there was no standing her temper, and spoke of her economies with contempt and with allusions to misers and their habits.

When Miss Bond heard how her character was aspersed, she did not fly into a passion. All she did was to sigh and say that she knew her faults, and that stinginess and temper were not among them. If anything, she was too meek and patient; and, though not a spendthrift, her heart was open to give.

One servant, however, had remained with her ten years, and great renown she gave her mistress. The women of her set said it was perfectly lovely in dear Miss Bond to put up with Margaret Callahan. Margaret was so stupid. She never did seem to learn, and the mistakes she made were enough to try the patience of a saint. "But, then, Elizabeth Bond is a saint, if ever there was one."

On a certain Wednesday, the eve of the Ascension, Miss Bond was instructing Margaret in duties appertaining to a luncheon she was about to give, and that was to eclipse anything of the kind ever before given in Belford.

"You will bring the dishes to the

door only. Luella will hand them round. Under no circumstances are you to enter the room," she said peremptorily.

"And what, ma'am, if you'd be pleased to tell me, is a green and white luncheon?" asked Margaret, with visions of dear knows what in her mind. For she was very patriotic; and, having nothing else to give, gave her quota of prayers to the "cherished country."

Miss Bond's countenance assumed a look that foreboded trouble.

"I wish you would pay attention, Margaret," she reproved. "You will bring nothing to Luella but what cook gives you to bring."

"And if she be short of a knife or a fork—it might be a spoon—"

"Pshaw! I mean the eatables. You are to bring them in the order cook hands them to you. Do you understand?"

"Indeed I do, ma'am," said Margaret, and shook her head wisely. "And I remember now," she continued, "the knives and forks are in the cupboard by the sideboard—"

"And there's another thing," hurried on Miss Bond, interrupting. "Luella's hands will be full of the things *you* ought to attend to." (Margaret's countenance fell.) "You will have to answer the bell. I give you credit for neatness: be your neatest on Monday."

Margaret was all smiles now. With a courtesy she had learned at home, she exclaimed with assured confidence:

"Trust me for *that*, ma'am!"

Miss Bond nodded her head, and adding, "That's all for the present," dismissed Margaret, and turned her attention to the writing-table before her, which was littered with note-paper of various sizes and divers tints.

"I *should* have a secretary. All these notes to write, my correspondence; and that upstart Smythe woman, whom I'll have to invite, has one!" she grumbled to herself, as she rummaged through a heap of envelopes, pausing to extract one with a jerk.

"Father Cudahy's everlasting collections for the church!" she said half aloud, and glanced over the printed matter on the envelope's face. "We had one at Easter; does he think people have nothing else to do with their money but hand it over to him—"

A sharp knock at the door, its flying open suddenly, and the entrance of Luella with cap strings streaming, brought Miss Bond's soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion.

"I do wish, Luella, you would enter a room without creating a draught!" she ejaculated testily.

Not noticing the reproof otherwise than by a sharpening of her chin, the girl handed her a letter.

"It's the dressmaker's bill; she left it herself. This makes the third time she's left it," said Luella, in a voice without sentiment, and nasally phonographic.

Miss Bond's face grew very red. "Sure but very slow," was what people said of her payments.

"Do you know that you are very impertinent?" she said, slowly.

Luella's chin was lifted higher, and there was a warning in the meek tones of her reply.

"Indeed, Miss, I never knew it was an impertinence to speak the truth."

Miss Bond would have liked to order the girl out of her house; but, the luncheon in view, she contented herself with ordering her out of the room.

Her voice slightly elevated, Luella retorted that she would gladly give up her place if Miss Bond would kindly pay her her wages.

"Why, Luella!" gasped her mistress.

"Why, Luella!" mimicked the girl. "What you'd like to do is to box my ears; and I don't blame you for that, for you're thinking about your luncheon. But won't Margaret do for the green part of it? For, dear knows, she's *green*, stopping on here all these years, and for thanks nothing but nag, nag from morning to night, and every pinch

of salt you use reckoned up and counted again' you. And it is mean keeping a lady waiting for her bill as you've kept Miss Haydon, and she a member of your Church,—which I haven't a word to say again'; for that poor, patient Margaret of yours has made me most to love it. But I'd hate it if all Catholics were like you. And I'm sorry to have to speak so, but the truth's the truth. And I can't stand it longer,—I can not!"

Luella fairly screamed the last words, and then burst into a flood of tears.

Miss Bond sat upright in her chair, too stunned to speak. Gross rudeness she had received from servants, but never had she been so berated to her face. A close and nagging woman she was from habit and not from nature, but she was not a foolish woman. By no means did she believe the charges brought against her to be true to their full extent; but she did acknowledge to herself that she had been somewhat in fault. She remembered how civil and gentle Luella had been when first in her employ; how she had taken to going to Mass with Margaret, her gradual deterioration to insolence, her dropping of Mass altogether.

Luella was still sobbing when Miss Bond had composed herself to say, not without dignity:

"If you really wish to leave me I can not keep you, but suppose you give me another trial? We both might do something to restrain ourselves. I am not thinking of the luncheon: I am thinking of Margaret, who, as you say, is a good woman. It is true, though, that you serve beautifully in the dining-room."

Luella gazed at her mistress in astonishment.

"I thought all along, Miss, that I was not giving you satisfaction," she stammered.

"You thought very wrong," returned Miss Bond; and she was about to add that no one could complain justly of Luella's service, when it occurred to her

that she herself had often found fault with it, and had never till to-day given it a word of commendation.

"Then, Miss," said Luella, sheepishly, "if you'll pardon my words, I'd be glad to stop; for indeed I'd be sorry to part with Margaret."

The girl's speech struck her as unintentionally rude, and she was about to say so with considerable asperity, when Luella continued:

"I don't think, Miss, you know half the good there is in Margaret. She is slow in her ways and hard to learn; but, Miss, do you know where almost every penny of her wages goes?"

"No," Miss Bond replied, "I do not."

"To her old mother in Boston; and she hasn't seen her since she's been here,—not having the time, or the money to pay her way, though it's a trifle of three dollars going and coming. Her mother is often very sick; and I've sometimes thought, Miss, the trouble of it, and not seeing her, is what makes her seem stupid; though stupid she isn't about her religion, as I well know."

Something like shame sent the color to Miss Bond's cheeks. She had never been gentle with Margaret, had considered herself a model of forbearance in keeping her in her employ, and now came this story of hidden sacrifice, and a full knowledge that, after all was said that could be said to the contrary, the girl was a treasure in her household.

"I am glad you have told me this, Luella; and now that you have concluded to give me another trial," she said, toying with the papers before her, "I'll go on with my correspondence."

"I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did, Miss; and if I had the chances you have, I'd go to confession for it," said Luella, and she slipped noiselessly out of the room.

Confession! She had gone last Easter. She thought for a long while, and the end of her thoughts was to ask herself if she was not a wicked woman. And

as she asked herself this question, her eyes fell on the envelope containing the dressmaker's bill. Mechanically she picked it up, mechanically she opened it. The bill she knew by heart, not so the pitiful letter that accompanied it,—a letter in which many sores were exposed. If the well-to-do knew one half the pain it causes the independent poor to expose their individual sores, surely they would feel sorry for them. Miss Haydon begged for what was her own; and to get it she felt herself obliged to tell of a brother maintained at the seminary mainly by the fruits of her toil, and of a grinding poverty at home.

Miss Bond folded the letter, carefully replaced it in its envelope, and locked it in a drawer of her writing-table. Then she took up the bill and went over its items, every one of which she had, to use a vulgar phrase, "jewed down." Not without a sigh—for people do not instantly overcome bad habits, least of all penurious people,—she altered the sum-total of the bill to the figure her awakened conscience told her it should be. This done, she wrote a short note, in which she said she had erred in her previous calculations, and that she would call in a day or so about some work she contemplated for Miss Haydon; and she hoped her delay in settling a very just claim would be overlooked. The note she enclosed, with the bill and its amount, in an envelope, and touched an electric button twice, that being Margaret's signal.

Margaret hurried to the room, her face smiling, her eyes red. Miss Bond had often noticed those red eyes before, with a half contemptuous thought that Margaret's hay fever was perennial.

"Margaret"—she spoke so gently that the girl flushed with pleasure,—“I wish you would take this note to Miss Haydon with my compliments. It is only a step, you know; and when you return come directly to me. I have something to say to you.”

“Luella has been instructing me about the luncheon—”

“Bother the luncheon!” interrupted Miss Bond; and she continued, in a milder tone: “What I have to say is of more importance than green and white luncheons.”

Again alone, her mind reverted to those words of Luella that, more than aught else the girl uttered, had brought her roughly to a true knowledge of herself. Poor, despised Margaret had made Luella love the Church, and “if all Catholics were like you I'd hate it.” In a way she had considered herself a missionary of the Faith. For this reason, she had schooled herself to believe, she had cultivated the St. Jude set,—St. Jude's being the fashionable Protestant church of Belford. If she did not make converts—and she *did not*,—at least she removed prejudices, she had taught herself to believe. She had even taken credit to herself that Luella went to Mass instead of to the particular meeting-house she had been wont to frequent. “The girl must think to herself that if I, who am, socially, head and shoulders above any one else in Belford, am a Catholic, it *must* be the true religion.” She thought of this now with a bitter laugh at herself, and told herself that she was a snob.

The girl, too, had spoken of confession as one of her mistress' privileges. How often did she enter the tribunal of mercy? It could not be said she was a Catholic who altogether neglected the practice of her religion. About three times a year she knelt at the altar rail; and, though a slight indisposition had been made to stand in the way, she was quite regular in her attendance at Mass. Neither could it be said she was indifferent to the Faith. She was simply a woman who had permitted weeds to flourish in her soul; a woman who had no true knowledge of herself till rudely awakened to a consciousness of her defects by the insolence of a servant. And it was a proof of the innate

goodness of her heart that, far from feeling angry with Luella, she approved of her, and felt she could beg the girl's pardon for the scandal she had given,—a thing she never did, unless a changed demeanor be a way of begging pardon. It must not be supposed that this new manner she cultivated was without lapses; for lapses there were, but they became more and more infrequent as time went on.

Her humbling meditations were interrupted by the return of Margaret, breathless from rapid walking.

"Miss Haydon was very pleased, ma'am, and she bade me give you this," she said,—handing her mistress a sealed envelope.

Miss Bond made a motion with her hand for Margaret to remain, and proceeded to read the letter the dressmaker had enclosed with the receipted bill. The letter in a manner was a postscript to Luella's rating. It thanked her for the payment of the bill, and apologized with evident sincerity and simplicity for having misjudged Miss Bond. "I thought you niggardly and hard-hearted, Elizabeth—I may call you so again,—and I have sinned by my rash judgment."

Miss Bond's mind flashed back to her convent schooldays when she and Julia Haydon had been bosom-friends and classmates. Reverses of fortune came to the Haydons, and Julia was left with a little brother to care for as best she could. "She is better born than any of the St. Jude set, and she has been but my dressmaker to me all these years! God forgive me!" she said. For the second time that day she sighed; this time for her sins.

"Margaret, sit down," she said.

"Ma'am?" stammered Margaret.

"Sit down. I wish to talk to you."

Margaret looked about for the least comfortable chair in her proximity; and having found it, seated herself on its edge, and smoothed her long white apron on her knees, with nervous hands.

"Margaret," said Miss Bond, thoughtfully, "I heard to-day that you have an old and sick mother."

"I have, ma'am," said Margaret in alarm; "but indeed she'll never trouble you, ma'am,—not in the least."

Miss Bond started in her chair. These reiterated confirmations of the character Luella gave her had somewhat the same effect on her consciousness as that which is produced by a blow on the nape of the neck; and for a moment or two she stared before her in a dazed manner ere she said:

"You think me a hard mistress—"

"No, no, ma'am; indeed and indeed I do not!" interrupted Margaret.

"But fault-finding, very hard to please, Margaret?" she persisted.

"And who wouldn't be with a green-horn like myself? And I doubt that's what I'll always be. And, then, the weather is sometimes trying to a lady like you."

"But your mother,—why did you never speak to me of her?"

"But sure, ma'am, why would I be troubling you? And I'd a mind for my place," faltered Margaret.

"You thought that I would send you away if I learned your mother depended on you?"

Her voice sounded hard and unsympathetic, not that she was either at the present juncture. She was only striving to repress her feelings.

"You see, ma'am, it was this way," hesitated Margaret. "I wanted to keep my place, for my mother needs the wages; and I had a dread of being troublesome like."

"And," Miss Bond went on, "you have worried about your mother, and that has made you at times—not careless but not in sympathy with your duties." She hesitated for a word to express herself; and now that it was uttered, she wondered if Margaret would understand.

Margaret understood, and her tears fell fast.

"Well, it's true, ma'am," she replied; and, believing the dreaded expulsion close to come, she added with heartfelt resignation: "The Lord be praised!"

"You poor, dear soul!" cried Miss Bond, no longer able to control her feelings. "But I deserve that you should think me so cruel."

Poor Margaret stared in unfeigned amazement.

"I never said that, ma'am, nor thought it either. Indeed and indeed I did not!" she exclaimed.

That afternoon Miss Bond went to confession. Intentionally she had never made a bad one,—perhaps in reality she never had. But to-day she made the best of all possible good confessions; the kind in which the motive for contrition is love—love for God our Father, and for His children, all of whom without exception are our brothers and our sisters.

When Father Cudahy—"one of those priests we read about in good books," said the Belford people—opened the envelopes containing the donations for the much needed decorations of his church, one that was anonymous contained a sum sufficient of itself to pay for the desired altar. It was long before he found out that Miss Bond was the donor.

Margaret's mother came to Belford to live; and the invigorating air, as well as the proper food provided by one who never ceased to be her friend, gave her new life; and, no longer entirely dependent on Margaret, she helps by plain sewing to support herself.

The green and white luncheon was a great success. Luella outdid herself, and was well seconded by the heart-relieved Margaret. An honored guest was a Miss Julia Haydon, at which the St. Jude set would have rebelled had they dared. Miss Bond was too great a power for them to attempt to upset her leadership.

When, years after, a new church was erected in Belford for the increasing Catholic population, Father Michael Haydon called it St. Elizabeth's, in

remembrance, perhaps, of a woman whose endowments to the seminary made it possible for him to extend his course of studies for the priesthood.

It was in the season of the Epiphany that Miss Bond, passing down a corridor, heard Margaret say to Luella:

"It would be a great honor for you to have the mistress for your godmother."

"I know it would. But I'd rather have you, Margaret; for it was you led me first to think of it," said Luella.

Miss Bond acquiesced with humility to the judgment of her maid; but when Luella came to be confirmed, she provided the frock and veil, and *then* she was her godmother.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.

THERE was, of course, no mail service to Australia in 1855; and the future Prime Minister set sail in the *Ocean Chief*, of the Black Ball Line. On the first Sunday at sea occurred an incident highly characteristic of the man.

The bell rang at ten o'clock for divine service. The bulk of the passengers assembled, and the captain read passages from the Book of Common Prayer. When he had quite finished, Duffy emerged from his stateroom to inquire if there were an Established Church on board the *Ocean Chief*. The captain said there certainly was not. "Well," responded Duffy, "have the goodness to have the bell rung again, and I will read prayers for some hundred Irish Catholics in the second-class and steerage." This was done. Sir Charles declares "he got through the business fairly well," and continued the practice till the end of the voyage.

"For two weeks the good ship never got beyond a day's sail from Ireland.

Up to the equator we had as good a passage as could be conceived; a head-wind for a longer time than the captain had ever heard of in the North Atlantic, and then a longer calm than he ever remembered at sea. But when we crossed the line, a favorable wind filled the sails for eight thousand miles almost without interruption; and we saw the land lying on the lap of the Pacific within eighty days, during which we passed through two winters and two summers."

When the vessel had reached the noble landlocked harbor of Port Phillip, entered by a natural gateway called the Head, the health officer brought the distinguished exile a note requesting him, on reaching Melbourne, not to land till he received a deputation of welcome to the new continent. This deputation numbered about eighty, and included Irish, Scotch and Englishmen; headed by John O'Shanassy, then and for long after prominent in the public affairs of the Colony, and at that time leader of the opposition in the Legislative Council. So true it is that Irishmen abroad are forever rising to eminence. Mr. O'Shanassy having read the heart-warm address from the Victorians, a second address from Sydney was presented, inviting the late state prisoner to make his home in that city, and bearing the signatures of the most distinguished men in New South Wales.

On reaching Melbourne, a public dinner was tendered to 'naturalize him in his new country,' and attended by two hundred persons,—the largest number for whom accommodation could there be obtained. In his speech on that occasion Duffy made the following declaration:

"I recognize that this is not Ireland but Australia, where no nationality need stand upon the defensive; for there is fair play for all. In such a land I could be what I believe Nature intended, if national injustice and fraud had not turned my blood into gall,—a man who

lends cheerful and willing submission to the law as the guardian of public and private rights, and who desires no more than to be permitted to live in peace under its protection. But let me not be misunderstood. I am not here to repudiate or apologize for any part of my past life. I am still an Irish rebel to the backbone and to the spinal marrow. I should not be tempted by all the gold in Australia to repudiate my share in a struggle which was as just and holy a one as ever was lost or won in this world."

It is curious to read his description of the now handsome and picturesque town of Melbourne "as a village, in the by-streets of which stood primeval trees, and where huge chasms sometimes interrupted communication between adjoining streets." The public buildings were ultra-provincial; the government offices were a two-story villa; the Public Works were housed in a wooden shanty; the Legislative Council met in a small brick building known as St. Patrick's Hall; a new Parliament House was planned on a scale so vast that after forty years it is not yet finished; while society was existing in a state of discomfort and inconvenience difficult to realize.

"In the capital, the ill-lighted streets were also ill-paved, and the flagways made in patches or left unmade, at the option of the owners of the adjoining property. In some of the chief streets of Melbourne, on windy nights, one stumbled from fragments of solid flagging into unexpected pools of slush and mud. The principal highways in the suburbs bore the same relation to the streets that highways ordinarily bear to streets; that is to say, they were worse made and worse mended."

Such, then, was the capital of that great empire which was to arise out of the Pacific and compete in vastness, as in enterprise and progress, with those older nations of the earth, already

tending, however imperceptibly, toward inevitable decay. On emigrating, thither, Duffy was for a time uncertain as to his future movements. His first intention was to settle down quietly to the practice of the law. But there was in his heart forever that impetus not only to labor but to lead others; that inevitable destiny which seems to await some men of being a governing force wherever they go. The wishes of his numerous friends coincided with his own, and the new and vast field of influence opening before him entranced his eager and enthusiastic eyes, as yet unwearied with the fallow fields of unsuccess upon which they had hitherto gazed.

"The foundations of a new nation were to be laid," he wrote. "The principles for which reformers contended at home might have fair play in a country where there was no aristocracy, no large estates, no paramount authority; and to aid this development was a task which might repay endless toil.... I had been cordially received by the leaders of the Liberal Party, and their programme included the opening up of the public lands to the people, the enlarging of the basis of political freedom, and the proclamation of complete religious equality."

But he was also invited to go to Sydney. The prospects in New South Wales were no less attractive; and before deciding he resolved to visit this new Land of Promise, there to make a final decision. As he approached Sydney, the steamer which bore him was met by a vessel gaily decorated with Irish and Australian flags, and filled with representative people coming to welcome him amongst them. As a comment on the popular enthusiasm aroused by his advent, he learned that already two Gavan Duffy hotels and a Gavan Duffy omnibus had been established in his honor. "Men of every sect and creed," said the chief local journal, "assembled to honor the patriot of Ireland." During his stay there he was offered more than

one constituency, being earnestly invited to represent some section of New South Wales in the local Parliament. In fact, he met with prompt and universal recognition from his countrymen and from the Liberal Party at large. It was characteristic that he refused to attend any banquet at which should be drunk the health of Sir William Denison, who had been Governor of Tasmania when O'Brien, Meagher and their comrades had been prisoners there. From his treatment of the convicts, political and other, Denison had received the significant title of the Black Snake.

"The old passion for public life having been awakened," the popular party, which was chiefly Irish, erected or purchased a residence and certain other qualifications for either House. Duffy entered the new Parliament with the eyes of the country upon him; for "Australian reformers," wrote a foremost figure amongst them, "regarded his arrival with deepest interest, as leading toward the end to which all these noble Colonies were tending—their entire freedom and independence. He believed it equally a law of nature and an ordinance of God that full-grown communities, such as these Australian Colonies had become, should be self-governed, free and independent."

"About this time," declares Duffy, "the making of Victoria was begun, and I need not hesitate to say that for a quarter of a century I took as large a share as any man living or dead in that reproductive work." It had been suggested to him early in his Australian career that "the cardinal service, the permanent historical service, he could render Australia would be the Federation of the Provinces." At this he did labor with characteristic ardor and with ultimate success.

His parliamentary career was full of vicissitudes and contained many a stormy page, as was inevitable; since the ultimate, unwavering purpose of the

man was to check corruption in high places, to reform abuses, to remodel defective institutions, and to preserve himself from the taint of personal self-seeking, personal dishonor, or personal preferment procured by unworthy means. As a public man, a politician, a statesman, his career is beautiful in its perfect freedom from just cause for reproach. The opposition of political opponents and the unworthy criticism of those who should have been his friends, he had to encounter, undoubtedly. But his upward course was ever steadfast, honorable, and tending toward the good of his fellowmen. Representing for various terms several constituencies, he became minister in more than one cabinet, and finally Prime Minister, with a knighthood,—receiving from the Queen the title of Knight Commander in the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Such was the success of the Irish exile, the state prisoner on trial for his life in 1848. It would fill a volume were we to attempt even a slight review of the bills introduced by him to the House; of his distinguished position there as a debater, forcible and polished, disclosing those views so broad and statesmanlike that they commanded the admiration even of his enemies; those generous aspirations which thrilled the listeners with an enthusiasm seldom produced by such materialistic surroundings. Suffice it to say that he was, from first to last, an impressive personage in those antipodean councils; his name a name of power. And though he found, as the years went by, that racial or religious prejudice is never exclusively the growth of one soil, he managed to overcome to a great extent its poisonous influence, and to write his name indelibly on the annals of Victoria.

On one occasion Carlyle sent a message to Duffy: "Few men have such a work in hand. You seem to be in some real degree modelling the first elements of

mighty nations over yonder, scattering beneficent seeds which may grow to mighty forests and be green for a thousand years. Stand to your work, hero-like, the utmost you can." Newman also wrote to him at this time: "I hope your health is good, and that you may long continue the important services which a mind so clear, so honest and so zealous as yours is sure to effect in the prosecution of the duties to which it gives itself."

Amongst his most notable speeches in the Australian Parliament was that which was appositely styled by some one "the apotheosis of Irish treason." This was in the course of a letter from his gifted relative, Margaret Callan, wherein she declares: "My sons came home from the House mad with delight and pride in their kinsman; not because he is Chief Secretary with a large following in the House—though that is much to be proud of,—but that in the face of a hostile assembly, at the risk of his great position, he dared to speak in words that shall live as the apotheosis of Irish treason." The speech which called forth this tribute scored a splendid success; even "hardened politicians wept," and a chorus of letters from his own country came to thank him for his noble vindication of the past. We give one passage from that memorable address:

"I will soon have to account for my whole life, and I feel that it has been defaced by many sins and shortcomings. But there is one portion of it I must except from censure. I can say without impiety that when I am called before the Judge of all men, I shall not fear to answer for my Irish career. I did what I believed to be best for Ireland, without any relation to its effects upon myself. I am challenged to justify myself for having been an Irish rebel, under penalty of your fatal censure; and I am content to reply that when my native country was in mortal peril, I was amongst those

who staked life for her deliverance. That is a memory I should not exchange for anything that Parliament or sovereigns can give and take away."

During his administration, as in every phase of his political life, again and again he brought up the Land Question, advocating free land for the people. He had deep at heart a project for the establishment of industries suitable to the Southern climate; and was interested in many other wise and practical schemes, social and economic, for the benefit of the people, especially the poorer classes. Carlyle declared his projects to be "good, human and desirable."

One of his most important acts was to combat the Higginbotham Education Bill, which would have deprived Catholic children of their own schools and forced them to attend undenominational ones. The Bishop being absent, Father Dalton, superior of the Jesuits, called upon Sir Charles to ask him what should be done. Duffy replied that "here, in a free country, we will not submit to a system practically discarded in England; the whole power of England has striven to make Irish Catholics attend non-Catholic schools, and has failed." At the principal Catholic church in Melbourne a meeting was convoked, to which came delegates from all parts of the country; and Duffy laid the case before them, insisting that either the old system, under which Catholics had their own schools, must stand, or that Catholics should have a proportionate share of public money; while they would submit their schools to strict inspection in so far as regarded teachers and the management of the secular part of the education. If more funds were necessary, they themselves must of course supply them.

His words rang like a clarion call. Priests and laymen enthusiastically supported him. And it was then suggested as a compromise that religious education might be given separately. This Duffy refused, quoting the words of an eminent

American, that you might as well give children separately the salt that ought to flavor their daily meals as to give them separately the religious teaching which ought to flavor their daily lessons. "And," remarked Duffy, "it is indeed a word of great wisdom. The future of this country depends not so much on legislation or immigration as upon the sort of men and women we are going to rear at home." Words full of meaning, which apply nearer home than the distant antipodes.

Duffy further declared that the schools might combine industrial with other teaching, "so as to make them seed-fields of national prosperity." The broad, sagacious spirit of the man showed forth here as in the provisions of the Land Bills which he introduced in their full magnitude. For these two schemes had ever been uppermost in his legislative policy: education for all, according to the religious dictates of each one's conscience; and the land for the people, with due regard to the rights of property,—which latter rights he held to be essential for the proper balance of things.

Some amusing incidents occurred either during his electioneering campaigns or on other tours of the country. Once at a political meeting where Duffy spoke at length a Scripture reader interrupted him so often that the people grew angry; and, fearing for the disturber's safety, the orator of the evening invited him to take a seat on the platform. But even there the too zealous one could not be quiet. Enraged by some utterance of the speaker, he cried out: "O Irish rebel! O Irish Papist!" This was too much. A rush was made for the platform, and ill might have befallen the hapless propagator of gospel truth had not Duffy, with admirable wit and tact, stepped before him, crying: "What, boys, are you ashamed of an Irish rebel and Irish Papist? For shame! The gentleman describes me with great

accuracy." A roar of laughter settled the disturbance.

Once, on an election tour, Duffy was invited to visit the home of a prominent German settler,—for there was a movement on foot at that time to settle portions of the country by means of the Teutonic element. The statesman was a good deal perturbed at the prospect of the approaching visit; "for," he reasoned, "if papa speaks English so badly, how will it be with Frau Mamma?" On arriving at the house it was found to be lighted from garret to cellar, and a woman's voice cried as the great Irishman entered: "Arrah, Misther Duffy, amn't I glad to see you under me own roof! I give you the *cead mile failte!*"

On another occasion Sir Charles went to visit a settlement known as Killarney, founded by evicted Irish tenants. There he was met by such evidences of prosperity as amazed him, considering that those who had their bank books and their abundance of provisions and cattle, with a comfortable homestead, had been driven from their native home by veritable starvation and the unproductiveness of uncultivated soil. At one of the first houses where he stopped the only anxiety was to do honor to "Misther Duffy," and on the table were placed two decanters containing brandy and, as the visitor supposed, water. Having always had a dislike to anything in the nature of strong drink, Duffy put a teaspoonful of brandy in a glass and filled it to the brim with the white liquid. It still tasted strong. He added more,—upon which he laid down his glass, inquiring of his hostess if the water were bewitched. She burst out laughing and informed him that the white liquid was gin.

From time to time in his letters "home" he gives impressions of the place. "I confidently hope in about three years to go home for a year," he wrote to his friend O'Hagan; "then to return

and be content with Australia for the remainder of my life. There are half a dozen friends in Ireland I long to see again, but the sky and soil here suit me far better. I grow my own figs, grapes, peaches, and walnuts, in addition to all home fruits; and have become a great horticulturist, dividing my time between politics and the pruning knife."

He declares that "the place is just settling down from the frantic orgies which followed the discovery of gold.... The open country is charming, and often presents scenes which the native artist will certainly make memorable hereafter. The ordinary landscape in a pastoral district is a plain, bordered with low, broken hills and clothed with sparkling lightwood or wild cherry, or the dingy gum-tree with fragments of the bark swinging.... In an agricultural district, a common scene consists of undulating hills of rich chocolate soil, running down into long, grassy valleys or succulent meadows. It is a blessed land, seamed with gold, fanned with healthy breezes, bathed in a transparent atmosphere like the landscapes of Guido."

Occasionally there was the touch of that "sad, unutterable woe which only exiles feel," to quote from a Scottish poet. "As for private life, there is no country like the old country and no friends like the old friends," he observed in a letter to Carleton. "You and Mrs. Callan and I have sometimes had a three-handed talk, the like of which I shall enjoy no more this side the Styx. Do not dream of Canada, my friend: an oak of the forest will not bear transplanting. Even a shrub like myself does not take kindly all at once to the new climate and the new soil.... The slopes of Howth, the hills of Wicklow, and the friends of manhood are things not to be matched in this golden land."

He did, indeed, pay one or two visits home; and on one occasion he brought two of his sons and placed them at the famous English college at Stony-

hurst. At another time he was asked to stand for Meath; but as he was not prepared to accept unconditionally the programme of the Land League, he declined. These visits were seasons of rare enjoyment, in the companionship of old and dear friends, in making acquaintance with the new, in revisiting old haunts, and extending his tour to many points hitherto unvisited upon the continent of Europe. Many of these reminiscences, couched in the form of a diary, are delightful, but can not be touched upon here. He came into contact with Manning, and that eminent churchman freely expressed his sympathy with Irish discontent. Newman had long been his personal friend, but he was unhappily absent at the time of Duffy's visits.

After his return to Australia, he accepted the Speakership, but he soon felt that his work was done. The death of his second wife, who had been his loving and congenial companion for thirty years, completely disheartened him, and he resolved to quit Australia and public life at the same time. He departed amid a chorus of regrets, which was practically unanimous; for he was admired and appreciated by all classes. Ireland may have had greater sons, but few who so consistently reflected honor upon her name, who more unselfishly served her; preserving in manhood and age the devotion of a lover to his mistress toward that sad Queen of the Western Seas, verdure-clad Erin. A contemporary Australian journal spoke of him as "a born administrator, utterly free of flummery and buncombe, clear as to his ends, clearer still as to his means; ready to compromise everything except principle, but giving even to compromise an impression of original force."

This, of course, estimates him broadly as a legislator; but it leaves untouched his fiery enthusiasm, his intense loyalty to that one passion of his boyhood; his generous aspirations; the kindly,

genial heart ever ready to serve a friend, and which won and retained the devoted love of so many. And though Duffy hints at a continuation of his Memoirs, which shall tell of quiet days speeding to a peaceful close by the dreamy Mediterranean, in his home at Nice, that work has not yet been laid upon the reviewer's table. However, his personal attractiveness may be gathered from these few stanzas in which Thomas D'Arcy McGee apostrophizes Duffy in Australia:

Old friend! though distant far,
Your image nightly shines upon my soul;
I yearn toward it as toward a star
That points through darkness to another pole.

Out of my heart the longing wishes fly,
As to some rapt Elias, Enoch, Seth;
Yours is another earth, another sky;
And I—I feel that distance is like death.

Old friend! the years wear on, and many cares
And many sorrows both of us have known;
Time for us both a quiet couch prepares—
A couch like Jacob's, pillowed by a stone.

And, oh, when thus we sleep may we behold
The angelic ladder of the Patriarch's dream;
And may my feet upon its rungs of gold
Yours follow, as of old, by land and stream!

With these verses there is only to quote, in conclusion, the words with which the gifted Irishman dismisses the subject of his life:

"I took farewell of a House in which I had served since its creation, to which I had given without stint toil of mind and body, and which had bestowed upon me all the favors it could confer on a public man. I had worked incessantly for forty years, but I was resolved still to work, provided it should be at tasks free from the onerous necessity of attending at a particular place and hour every day. Some of the unfinished designs of early life might be taken up and completed,—for work which did not aim to serve Ireland had no attraction for me. To be content and long for no change, to pay court to no one and expect it from no one, to cherish the fruitful leisure in which thought is ripened and reverie is

born,—this was the condition I desired. If Heaven gave me the capacity for work I should ask no more. Power had nothing to bestow for which I cared a bean-blossom, and the popularity which was dear to me was the confidence and affection of the men with whom I had lived and labored.”

Such, then, was the exit from the scene—to linger indeed some years in retirement—of Charles Gavan Duffy, journalist, poet, state prisoner, exile, Prime Minister, and Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George,—the latter honor conferred by her Majesty because of no unworthy truckling to power, no compromise nor loss of independence; but freely, because of eminent services rendered the British Empire in its Colonies under the Southern Cross.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XV.—PLANNING A VISIT.

A LITTLE later Count O'Reilly stepped up to the ladies and laughingly observed:

“Who has been treading on the tail of my countryman's coat? *You*, Miss De Lacey?”

“I do not quite understand you,”—speaking Russian.

“Why, he is as cross as a bear with a sore ear,—especially with the Baroness. Perhaps a lover's tiff?”

“Is there anything in your raillery?” asked the Princess.

“Anything, Princess? Everything!” returned O'Reilly. “Have you no use for your splendid eyes?”

“Olga does seem taken with him; but Olga is spooney once a moon, and never upon the same man.”

“I don't think that you do her justice,

Princess. She is rather a steady young bird, with very little nonsense about her; with a will of her own, and a resolve to have her own way *coûte qu'il coûte*. You recollect how she set her teeth about the presentation of the Baroness Vladoffski at court, and how she brow-beat the Tsaritsa. Depend upon it that if Baroness Grondno has determined to have her man—O'Byrne, *par exemple*,—she will have him,—aye, and follow him up like a sleuthhound.”

“She is going to Ireland,” said Eileen.

“There you are!” cried O'Reilly. “She evidently means to bag O'Byrne, and this is part of the programme. Here is the case in a nutshell,”—flinging away his cigarette and relighting a fresh one. “O'Byrne is as fine a young Irishman as ever crossed the Shannon, with the courage of a very old and very proud race, and all the honor of an unsullied ancestry. He is poor, as he so honestly and so honorably declares at every turn. He is heart-whole—at least let us assume so,—and does not, I greatly fear, care two kopeks for the Baroness Grondno and her millions of roubles; and if he did, the roubles would raise such a wall of steel that his pride would never attempt to scale it. I do believe that if Olga were to stoop to ask him to marry her, as is the privilege of high and mighty heiresses, he would say ‘No,’ and in very unreserved language too.”

“He is not utterly a fool,” said the Princess. “If he has no fault to find with Olga but her money, he will make a very poor banker. Why, there are hundreds—nay, thousands—of our *jeunesse dorée* who would clutch at any straw flung by her favor.”

“O'Byrne is an exceptional man,” said the Count.

“Rather. Let us discuss some other topic; for here come the hero and heroine of this singular romance.—Ah, Olga, we were just talking about you! Have you made all your arrangements for visiting the Emerald Isle?”

"Strange to say, I have been talking Ireland with Mr. O'Byrne. I can make no dates until I receive a reply to my letter from Lady Cadogan. It is about due. Mr. O'Byrne wants me to go during the late summer. The season, he tells me, is in the spring; but he says that Killarney must be seen when the—the—what is the name of the tree, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Arbutus!" growled Myles.

"Yes, that's it,—when the arbutus is in berry. I am not by any means too keen about stopping at the Viceregal Lodge. *Parole d'honneur*, I should love to taste the flavor of some of those funny little inns one reads about."

"And the *poteen*, Baroness!" cried O'Reilly, merrily.

"What is that?"

"Whisky that never pays the government a shilling of duty,—in other words, illicit. But it's delicious, with such a pungent, peaty flavor."

"Alexandrovna, you *must* come. Eileen is coming."

"I have not quite made up my mind."

"Oh, *do!*" said honest Myles, with eager and hearty earnestness; adding: "There's a lot to be seen in our 'Gem of the Sea'; and you shall see it all—from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from Connemara to the Hill of Howth."

"Mr. O'Byrne has promised to be our *cicerone*," observed the Baroness.

"Mr. O'Byrne," laughed Myles, "promised no such thing; as Mr. O'Byrne will be perched on a high stool in the Hibernian Bank, College Green, Dublin, every day from ten in the morning to five in the evening."

"But you can surely take a holiday?" urged the Princess.

"What do you call *this*? And a right royal holiday,—one so full of color and—and happiness,"—here he instinctively turned to Eileen, whose violet eyes met his, causing a throb in his heart such as he had never felt before. "No more holidays!" he sighed. "When I

leave Russia, I shall have to live—aye, and live well,—upon my splendid recollections: such souvenirs," he added, "as come to very few bank clerks."

"This conversation," remarked Count O'Reilly, "is taking rather a gloomy turn. I'll lay the odds—mark you, lay the odds!—that *you* Baroness, *you* Eileen De Lacey, *you* Princess, and my very unworthy self, shall meet in 'dear dirty Dublin' before two moons. I'll lay a thousand to ten,—who will take me up?"

"My dear Count," laughed Princess Gallitzin, "I have to consult a bear of a husband, and he would not give up his shooting in the Urals for a king's ransom. Besides, the Grand Duke Alexis is, I believe, to honor our shooting lodge with his august presence."

"They won't want frills or flounces at Wamsoff, Princess; so you shall be set at large to roam at your sweet wild will. I shall talk to your bear, and make him dance to a merry measure. Have I your permission, gracious lady."

"Try it!"—with a laugh.

"Won't I? By the way, there is one other whom I should dearly like to have in the party—a man, and a very tough old bird. I mean your uncle, Myles."

"Oh, *he* wouldn't stir! He is as good as a Russian."

"I have already tickled him a bit, and when we return to St. Petersburg we will go at him together."

"It would be splendid, and he ought to spend his last days on the Old Sod. What joy it would give my dear old mother to see him again! Ladies," glowed Myles, "I have the dearest old mother the world ever saw. Not a bit old, if it goes to that; but just the sort of woman whom Almighty God lends to earth to lead the way. And I have a charming aunt,—a most delightful character. How I should love to show her to you up in her sweet, dainty little cottage in the Wicklow mountains!"

"But we must see your uncle first,"

observed the Princess. "He is more combatable."

"He is an old soldier, Princess; and that is all I can say for him."

"Quite enough, too."

"Where do I come in?" And Miss Abell flung herself upon them like a cyclone in petticoats. "I guess that I want to enlist in your Irish Brigade. I ought to go to Ireland. I'll tell you why. When coming over the ocean my maid, a regular little Colleen Bawn, began to raise Cain when she saw the Irish coast, and wanted to land and see her folks; so I landed her at Queenstown, and told her I would write to her to meet the boat I should return by. I soon found out what a treasure I had lost; for I was putting on my things back to front and all out of drawing. I got a French maid in London. She saved me all trouble by putting all my things on her own sweet person."

Be it said that this chic and charming American girl had rendered herself both useful and ornamental at the *datches*; for did she not teach them outlandish dances and coon songs, and how to demean themselves in the gymnastics of the Cake Walk?

"Ah, yes," she went on, "I'll come, sure pop!"

"Why this is glorious!" cried O'Reilly, who fancied this young lady's company in no small measure. In fact, he indulged himself with no homeopathic doses. He sought her at all seasons and in all places, and usually succeeded in finding her—very much there.

"You're no slouch, O'Reilly!" she said one day. "I guess I'll drop the *Count*. You are too Irish for so mean a title. I should rather be *Mrs.* O'Reilly than *Countess* O'Reilly, and—"

"You can be both," he interposed.

"*Baithershin!*—I learned that from my little colleen. Post me a little about this trip."

"The Baroness is your man. It is all in her hands."

"And where does Mr. O'Byrne come in? Is *he* going to get left?"

"Not a bit of it. But things are only in a state of chrysalis."

"Mr. O'Byrne, can *you* post me on this trip to Ireland?"

"In brief, Miss Abell, the Baroness Grondno is, I believe, about to visit the Lord and Lady Lieutenant at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin; Miss De Lacey and our hostess and Count O'Reilly accompanying her."

"And you?"

"I shall be at Kingstown to receive and welcome the party to old Ireland; but I do not expect to see very much of them."

"No Hamlet in the play! I guess you consider that I am greener than your island, Mr. O'Byrne, if you expect me to take a back-seat on that proposition. Come now, honest injun, didn't *you* get up this exploring expedition?"

"Really, Miss Abell, I—"

What Myles would have said must remain unwritten; for Count Mero begged the honor of escorting the young American to the French garden in order to show her a new rose with a faint bluish tinge on its petals, called the *Petit Bleu*.

"*Au revoir*, Mr. O'Byrne! But put me down as ready to chip in for this trip."

She had hardly finished speaking when a servant announced the De Lacey equipage.

"You *are* coming to my uncle, Mr. O'Byrne?" called Eileen, avoiding the hungry gaze of Myles.

"I *am*," was all that he said.

(To be continued.)

Boileau to an Atheist.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

IF you can scoff at Heaven, who wonders
 You malign us like a wraith?
 Sir, can you ask to have your blunders
 Proclaimed as articles of faith?

True and Timely Words from a Yale
Professor.

OPEN-MINDEDNESS is the normal state of the university-bred man. The habit of going to the sources for knowledge on whatever subject; the habit of weighing, sifting and discriminating evidence; of scrutinizing the motives and temperaments of witnesses; of separating the local and the partial from the universal,—all this fits the university man to view events broadly, even though he does not always view them practically. Hence we are not surprised to find the best exemplars of the university spirit in this country expressing sentiments at variance with the chatter of the newspaper and the itinerant lecturer, whether political or religious. We may, however, be honestly gratified; for the fruit of this open-mindedness is the growth of a catholic and tolerant spirit, meet for the pursuit of truth and the growth of wisdom among the less learned masses, who easily follow in such matters the leadership of the cultured. A pleasing illustration of this spirit is afforded by Dr. Bourne, Professor of History of Yale University, who writes thus of the narrow racial and sectarian temper:

It is one of the unhappy legacies of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century that it has fixed a great gulf between the Teutonic and the Latin mind, which proves impassable for the average intellect. The deadly rivalries of Catholic and Protestant, of Englishman and Spaniard, have left indelible traces upon their descendants which intensify race prejudice and misunderstanding. The Englishman or American looks with a contempt upon the economic blindness or incapacity of the Spaniard that veils his eyes to their real aims and achievements.

The tragedies and blunders of English colonization in America are often forgotten and only the tragedies and blunders of Spanish colonization are remembered. In the period which elapsed between the formulation of the Spanish and of the English colonial policies, religious ideals were displaced by the commercial; and in the exaltation of the commercial ideal England took the lead.

Colonies, from being primarily fields for the propagation of Christianity and incidentally for the production of wealth, became the field primarily for industrial and commercial development and incidentally for Christian work. The change no doubt has contributed vastly to the wealth of the world and to progress, but it has been fatal to the native populations. The Spanish policy aimed to preserve and civilize the native races, not to establish a new home for Spaniards; and the colonial legislation provided elaborate safeguards for the protection of the Indians. Many of these were a mere dead letter; but the preservation and civilization of the native stock in Mexico, Central and South America, and above all in the Philippines, stand out in marked contrast, after all allowances and qualifications have been made, with the fate, past and prospective, of the aborigines in North America, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, and Australia; and clearly differentiate in their respective tendencies and results the Spanish and English systems: The contrast between the effects of the Spanish Conquest in the West Indies, Mexico, and the Philippines reflects the development of the humane policy of the government. The ravages of the first conquistadores, it should be remembered, took place before the crown had time to develop a colonial policy.

It is customary, too, for Protestant writers to speak with contempt of Catholic missions; but it must not be forgotten that France and England were converted to Christianity by similar methods. The Protestant ridicules the wholesale baptisms and conversions and a Christianity not even skin-deep; but that was the way in which Christianity was once propagated in what are the ruling Christian nations of to-day. The Catholic, on the other hand, might ask for some evidence that the early Germans or the Anglo-Saxons would ever have been converted to Christianity by the methods employed by Protestants.

The wholesale baptisms have their real significance in the frame of mind receptive for the patient Christian nurture that follows. Christianity has made its real conquests and is kept alive by Christian training, and its progress is the improvement which one generation makes upon another in the observance of its precepts. One who has read the old Penitential books and observed the evidences they afford of the vitality of heathen practices and rites among the people in England in the early Middle Ages, will not be too harsh in characterizing the still imperfect fruits of the Catholic missions of the last three centuries.

In the light, then, of impartial history raised above race prejudice and religious prepossessions, after a comparison with the early years of the

Spanish Conquest in America or with the first generation or two of the English settlements, the conversion and civilization of the Philippines in the forty years following Legaspi's arrival must be pronounced an achievement without parallel in history. An examination of what was accomplished at the very ends of the earth with a few soldiers and a small band of missionaries will, it is believed, reveal the reasons for this verdict.*

In a letter to us, which there is no reason for regarding as a private communication, Prof. Bourne adds: "I have long felt that the Spanish colonial system and the missions have been too harshly characterized as a whole, and in my studies preparatory to writing the introduction I became more fully convinced of it."

Thus writes this non-Catholic scholar, whose aloofness from the field of religious controversy and whose wide outlook upon the past permit him to view clearly and judge sanely events and persons outside his own especial parish. It is a happy contrast to the envenomed speech of the sectarian exhorter; in contrast, too, to the spirit of those Catholics, whether lay or clerical, who have been overready to blame the Spaniard and the friar who have done in the Philippines, according to Dr. Bourne, "a work without a parallel in history."

* "The Philippine Islands." Vol. I. Introduction.

MAN may work, but if he is to work with success he must work in God's way. When you wish to erect a hill, you study to erect it so that Nature herself shall work for you and drive your machinery. In morals you must follow the same method, only you are here to seek to avail yourself not of nature but of grace. You must work, but you must work to let God Himself work in and for you. He has provided for the redemption of man from all evils, and your business is to accept and conform to His provision; and then it is no longer you that work but He that worketh in you and for you.

—Dr. Brownson, "Modern Idolatry."

Notes and Remarks.

The Boston Public Library has been enriched by the "Dogma of the Redemption," the second of Sargent's contributions to the series of mural decorations; and a Boston art writer, quoted in the *Literary Digest*, has been discussing the popular interest in the noble painting. "Day after day and all day long," we are told, "the hall is thronged with men, women and children gazing at the great picture. They speak to one another in subdued voices, and come and go in silence. They carry an air of awe, as in the presence of a solemn mystery.... With artistic matters the majority of the visitors are not chiefly concerned. They care very little for 'art for art's sake,' but are intensely interested in a picture with a meaning. And here is a picture with a meaning which appeals to the universal Christian sentiment; and it is for this reason, above all others, the crowds of people are attracted to it.... The central feature of the painting is the crucifix upon which hangs the figure of the Redeemer."

The public interest displayed in Sargent's latest painting is, in fact, regarded as an event which notably demonstrates the moral and religious earnestness of our people. The impression conveyed by the whole article from which we have made the foregoing extracts is that the lesson taught by the artist is a beneficent one, as no doubt it is. We wonder whether the appreciative writer is aware that in every one of some ten thousand Catholic churches scattered over the face of these United States there is a completed series of mural decorations that interpret to twelve or fifteen millions of our American citizens the same salutary lesson of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The Stations of the Cross, whether superb works of art, as found in some of our cathedrals, or simple sketches devoid of all artistic excellence, are emphatically

"pictures with a meaning" to the faithful who follow thereon the story of the dolorous journey to Calvary and the tremendous tragedy that marked the journey's close. Like the crowds in the Boston Library, the great majority of the faithful care little about "art for art's sake," and know less about the canons of art criticism; but the fact remains that the Stations are a genuine help to a vivid realization of the sufferings of the Man-God, and a potent incentive to gratitude for that miracle of love divine, the Redemption.

The liveliest kind of a discussion is now going on among the faithful in England about the name of the Church. It began, we believe, in this country. Whether we should call ourselves Roman Catholics or simply Catholics, whether to speak of the Church as the Catholic Church or the Roman Catholic Church,—this is the vexed question. A great many of the disputants seem to make no distinction between a name and a descriptive title; they insist on a name that will qualify and also differentiate,—a sort of dictionary definition. For ourselves, we prefer the term "Catholics," for the simple reason that we are the only Catholics; and "the Church," because there is only one such institution. Now that the Infallibility of the Pope is an article of Faith, there is less need for the title "Roman." Catholics who are not Roman are not Catholics no matter what they may call themselves. For reasons which seem good to us, we prefer also to speak of conversions to the Catholic Faith as submissions to the Church.

It is a significant fact that while all publicists bestow generous approbation on the Czar's benevolent decree, few of them expect valuable results from it. The truth is that the Czar isn't so much of a czar in his own dominions as many persons think. In the matter

of religious toleration, for instance, Nicholas is hampered by a spiritual bureaucracy against which his personal influence would not prevail, buttressed as it is by centuries of tradition and a strong, ignorant public opinion. The Orthodox Church is merely the ecclesiastical department of the government of Russia, which is not now and has never been in a position to adjust itself suddenly to new conditions. It was only yesterday that the underlings of the Czar were whipping his Catholic subjects with knouts, which is a long way from absolute religious toleration. So, too, is the policy of Russification so relentlessly pursued against his Polish subjects. One wonders what new light Nicholas has received on the problems of statecraft to favor such a marvellous change of front. Meantime our readers will find in Mr. Nugent Robinson's admirable story, now publishing in these pages, the latest and most reliable information about the inner life of Russia.

A striking appreciation of the power of the Church and a generous tribute to her clergy are to be found in the concluding volume of Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labor of the People of London." We quote:

The reality of the power of the Church of Rome is as remarkable with the cultivated classes as with the rougher, with the educated as well as with the ignorant, with those who have all worldly advantages no less than with those who have none. For poor and rich alike their religion seems to be their greatest possession. True religion, wherever met, brings with it this equality before God. Among those of rank, wealth and fashion, whether hereditary Catholics or newly won converts, their faith enters into, and I think governs, their lives to a degree rare among Protestants. One can not mix with them, or enter their places of worship, or talk with the priests and fathers, or have audience of the dignitaries of the Church, without being conscious of this. All seem to have a common spirit, all to be working with a common aim; every institution the Church possesses comes into line, every resource is brought into play.

The priests live as poor men among the poor. Their food is simple, their clothes are threadbare;

they take few holidays. They live from day to day. If they have a shilling in their pocket, no one in want will ask in vain. Abstemious and self-restrained themselves, they are yet lenient judges of the frailties that are not sins, and of the disorder that is not crime. This kindly gentleness is after the event; at the time no one could be more uncompromising in denunciation or more prompt in interference.

A faithful picture of the lives of priests in the poorer districts of every large city in the world. Mr. Booth might have employed precisely the same words in writing of the clergy of Dublin or New York.

Prof. Jules Oppert of Paris, an Assyriologist of world-wide reputation, does not agree with Prof. Delitzsch's conclusion as to the Babylonian origin of most of the Old Testament. If any of our readers have been ever so little disquieted—as it is possible though not at all probable they may have been—by the published opinions of Prof. D., they may find some relief in this declaration of the veteran French scholar whose authority is at least equally great: "In the end, the whole argument for the so-called Babylonian origin of the Jewish culture amounts to the following: we can prove that the Chaldeans had the nose in the middle of the face; the Jews had the same; hence the noses of the Jews are derived from the Babylonians!" Not a very formidable argument as thus illustrated; but probably quite as forcible as many another elaborately drawn-out plea of cocksure critics whose specious erudition is but the lion's skin clothing the harmless donkey.

It is gratifying to learn, as a result of the publicity recently given to the internal dissensions of the American Red Cross Society, that of the many who criticise its management no one can be found to say anything reflecting on Miss Barton personally. The name of that estimable lady has been identified with the Red Cross Society ever since

President Garfield, shortly before his assassination in 1881, designated her as president of the parent society in this country. To Miss Barton's energetic efforts was due the approval by Congress of the provisions of the Geneva treaty, signed by President Arthur in 1882. In fact, Clara Barton has represented this excellent philanthropic organization as adequately on this side of the Atlantic as has Henry Dunant in Europe. It will be remembered that to this Swiss gentleman's visit to the battlefield of Solferino, in 1859, the world owes not only the beneficent action which of late decades has alleviated many of the miseries inseparable from war, but also the systematic relief promptly given to the victims of floods, pestilence, and similar disasters. We trust that the dissension in the American Society of the Red Cross will speedily be settled, and that the settlement will leave unspotted the name and fame of the noble woman who has so long been at its head.

The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, a leading spirit among the Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who not only devotes herself to the poor of London, but lives among them, contributes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* an article ("My Home in Whitechapel") which can not fail to rouse interest in her apostolate and to influence others to follow her example. There is something contagious about this lady's zeal and unselfishness. Referring to the beginning of her labors ten years ago, she says: "I well remember the day on which I decided to give the remainder of my life to the work. I was absolutely free from home ties, so it was only natural that I should respond to the Cardinal's call." There would be immeasurably less sorrow and suffering in the world if what was "only natural" to this noble lady were more general. "I never quite realized the value of money," she writes further on, "until I came to live in

Whitechapel. I have learned to be grateful for every penny I am able to give away."

The Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul have evidently imbibed the spirit of their great patron. We hope they will not change their name. The writer in the *London Tablet* who objects to "going a begging to France for a patron" forgets that St. Vincent has been named by the Head of the Church general "Patron of Charities."

The substitution of the pictorial cartoon for the editorial page would be a notable improvement in many a pretentious newspaper. The artist's pencil often proves itself more powerful than the editor's pen. For expository and argumentative purposes a picture may be more effective than a long leader. We have before us a cartoon representing the U. S. Senate, in the guise of a benevolent but misguided old lady, handing bare-footed and bedraggled Cuba a shoebrush labelled "Reciprocity Treaty," and a box of shoe-polish labelled "Amendments." Below runs the legend: "You poor man! Sorry I can't give you a pair of shoes, but take these." It would require a long editorial to say all that with equal effectiveness. What a vast deal of relief and reform legislation amounts to merely giving brushes and blacking to people who haven't any shoes!

Westminster Abbey, the glorious monument reared by Catholic piety in the olden time when "Merrie England" was something more than a meaningless phrase, has for centuries ceased to be what it was in pre-Reformation days—the symbol of a nation's faith. It is famous now, not as St. Peter's of Rome, Notre Dame of Paris, or Il Duomo of Florence or Milan—not as a church devoted to the honor of God,—but rather as a mere shrine for the ashes of those of England's dead who have been illustrious "in arms, in art, in song."

Considered as such a shrine, it may well be thought the most fitting receptacle for a statue that has recently been erected in the last remaining place in the transept—that of Gladstone. Few of the statesmen whose effigies adorn the beautiful Abbey have deserved better of England than the grand old British commoner of the nineteenth century. Denounced fiercely by unreasoning partisans in his own day, scarcely appreciated by the present generation, Gladstone's fame will increase with the decades, and will eventually eclipse the renown of many English worthies who in the popular esteem now quite outrank him.

The principle of co-operation in the relations of employer and employee is ably enunciated in a letter addressed to the *Denver Catholic* by Mr. John Mattler of that city. He shows that this principle has its sanction in the dictates of sound reason as well as Christian charity:

The moment the toiler engages his services to another by voluntary agreement he thereby alienates from himself that absolute and unconditional control over his time and powers which was erstwhile his. So, likewise, with the possessor of capital. Just so soon as he engages his capital in an enterprise requiring the co-operation of labor not his own, he also, for the time being, in justice and equity, if not in fact, relinquishes the absolute and unconditional control of so much of his possessions. . . .

It is easy to see that the strife between Capital and Labor will continue until this relationship of co-operation is generally recognized.

A woman of noble character and notable achievements was the late Mrs. James Sadlier, who passed to her reward at her home in Montreal on the 5th inst. She had attained the venerable age of eighty-two. At a time when her coreligionists and countrymen in the United States were most in need of the help which only able and ever-active pens could afford them, Mrs. Sadlier wrote

articles and published books which caused her name to become a household word among American Catholics. Though much of her literary work was anonymous, the list of books on which her name appears as author or translator is a surprisingly long one. Everything that she wrote was intended to do good, and her pen was never idle. Mrs. James Sadlier deserves to rank among the benefactors of her race. May she rest in peace!

Anent the theory of coeducation and the question whether the best of girls tend to develop "sweaters," slang and other masculine accomplishments when coeducated, a writer in the *Critic* tells a profitable story. "The wife of an Ann Arbor professor—herself the most feminine of women—was a little while ago stoutly upholding the system. 'It is the finest thing in the world for the boys,' she declared.—'Then you will send Elizabeth to college here?'—'Elizabeth?' she replied, chillingly; 'certainly not. My daughter is going to Vassar.'" *But it would be the finest thing in the world for the boys.* One is reminded of those "best citizens" who glorify the public schools as the essential and only wisdom and then send their own precious offspring to some private institution. The common schools are quite good enough for the *common* people.

Previous to 1860 the whole province of New Brunswick, with a portion of Maine, constituted only one diocese. In that year a division was made: the southern portion of the province became the diocese of St. John; the northern, that of Chatham. The late Bishop Rogers, then only thirty-four years of age, was selected as ruler of the new See; and from that date until toward the close of last year he administered its affairs with admirable energy, prudence and success. The deceased prelate had always enjoyed, during these forty-two

years of his episcopate, an enviable and well-won reputation for ecclesiastical scholarship, and for a statesmanlike grasp of all public questions as well. His personality was a singularly winning one, his home-life as simple as the most modest curate's, and his affection for his flock as tender as his zeal for his Master's glory was ardent.

A sketch of the Propaganda by the Rev. Dr. Freri affords a list as follows of countries placed under the care of that Congregation as missionary fields: In North America: the United States, Canada, Lower California, Honduras, and the West Indies excepting the islands of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hayti, Guadeloupe, and Martinique. In South America: Guiana, Patagonia, and three Prefectures Apostolic in Peru. In Europe: Great Britain and Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Luxemburg, parts of Germany and Switzerland, Greece, Crete, and all the Balkan States. In Africa: the whole continent except Algeria, Carthage, Ceuta, Angola, and the Canaries and Bourbon Islands. In Asia: the whole continent except Siberia and the See of Goa in India. In Oceanica: all except the Philipines.

The *Southern Messenger* takes a proper pride in the fact that the little diocese of San Antonio, from which it hails, has a remarkably good record for devotion to the parochial school. It is surpassed only by the diocese of Little Rock, which, though it counts only thirty-one churches with resident priests, has thirty-seven parish schools. In the diocese of San Antonio, ninety-five per cent of the churches having resident pastors have Catholic schools also. An examination of the latest issue of the "Catholic Directory" reveals the fact that four out of every seven parishes in this country have their own schools.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

In Eastertide.

LEGEND tells us that at Easter,
'Neath our Risen Saviour's feet,
Blossomed snowy, starlike flowers,
Yielding forth a fragrance sweet.

And the robin, so says legend,
Is love-marked with breast of red;
For one plucked in gentle pity
Just a thorn from Jesus' head.

So you see the birds and flowers
E'er should raise your heart above,
Of your every thought thus making
Earnest acts of grateful love.

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

ALL day the little caravan had been travelling across the arid plain; but now in the evening, the dreary waste left behind, it was encamped at the foot of a sudden sharp declivity which hid the dusty background completely from view. There was a glimpse, through a narrow defile, of a broad pleasant valley stretching out toward the foothills, beyond whose sloping heights rose the mountains, sheer, sharp, pinnacled, piercing the sky.

The company consisted of a man, woman and child—a delicate boy about six years of age,—besides a half-grown youth who, from his shock red hair, small, twinkling eyes, stunted body, and wide-open, good-natured mouth, could have been called the clown—*Gracioso*,—without any attempt to disguise his natural appearance.

There was also a performing bear, which the boy—whom his master called “Riso,”* from his perpetual smile—now dragged by its chain from the van where it had been confined, and fastened to a stout pole he had previously hammered into the soft ground with two or three blows of a hatchet wielded by his ponderous arm. Two chattering monkeys were thrusting their heads through the wires of the second compartment of the rude but strong cage, where they were always kept while *en route* from village to village; for this was the “great travelling circus of El Señor Pasquale Gaspard de Cavaraba de Toledo,”—to whose annual arrival the hamlets nestling among the foothills of the Sierras looked forward eagerly about this time of the year.

The Señor was a handsome fellow—tall, lithe and sinewy, with sparkling black eyes and full, crimson lips; his swarthy cheeks like two Catharine pears in their rich coloring; his crisp black hair curling tightly above a very low forehead,—the only feature which detracted from his otherwise attractive appearance.

His wife, a frail, delicate-looking woman, with no pretensions to beauty but a slight, willowy figure and two magnificent braids of red-gold hair which hung below her waist, now sat wearily on the lower step of the caravan, leaning her head on her hand.

The child, who resembled neither of his parents, had finely chiselled features, hair of chestnut brown curling in soft ringlets about his temples, and gentle grey eyes which were very captivating. He was called Ardello, a name which his parents had softened into the

* *Sorriso*—smile.

diminutive "Dellito," the Spanish language lending itself to the most tender and musical abbreviations.

The boy, glad to stretch his little limbs after the long day's ride, was running up and down the brilliant green patch of grass where the caravan had halted. Not far away a little stream flowed from a natural orifice in the rock above, falling over several sharp-pointed shelves of the escarpment in a miniature waterfall till it reached the round, rocky basin which constant attrition had worn at its foot. Continually overflowing and outspreading for some distance at either side, it had gradually formed a narrow but swift channel, which wound slowly downward as the valley descended to a plain, where, meeting several others of like formation, it united with them in a clear, silvery running stream.

As the child ran here and there about the encampment, he suddenly became aware that his mother, usually so active, was very quiet; and, running to the van, he took an earthen cup from a rack on the wall, went to fill it with water at the rocky spring, and brought it, dripping and cool, to her side.

"Here, mamma, is a drink," said the child. "You look so tired, and you are so still. Have you a headache again?"

"Thank you, Dellito!" replied the young woman, taking the cup and draining it eagerly. "It is not a headache, but that old pain in my side again. It seized me this afternoon, and I have not been rid of it since."

"That is too bad, mamma dear," answered the boy, throwing his arm around her shoulder. "You are tired from riding over that hot sandy waste all day to-day and yesterday and the day before. If papa will stay here to-morrow, we will make you a couch on the grass and you will be rested."

"Perhaps it is that," said the mother. "I hope it is nothing more, *querido*. But I feel strangely ill this evening."

At this moment Pasquale, who had been busy with Riso, getting things in order, came forward to his wife.

"How is this, Rosa?" he asked most solicitously. "Not feeling well?"

"No," she replied, sadly. "I am suffering very much indeed. It is the old pain. I am discouraged, Pasquale."

Pasquale's countenance fell. He was sincerely attached to his wife; and, although her health meant much to him, his business was the last thought in his mind when he answered:

"Perhaps you knew best, Rosa, when you said that the operation was only losing time and throwing money away. No doubt if it had not been for that miserable hospital at Seville, you would be well by this time."

"Not that, Pasquale," she said. "The operation could not have injured me, I think; and yet I felt that it would not help me much."

"But that is because you are discouraged, Rosa. If it did not injure, it surely must have helped. Come now, lie down in the caravan, and I will see that you have a cup of hot wine and a biscuit. Here, Riso, unpack that small hamper and set out the provisions. Your mistress is ill. And you, Dellito, run with this shell to the spring—this pretty pearl-lined shell mamma likes so well for a drinking-cup,—and fill it with cool water for her."

Riso dropped his preparations for feeding the animals, and hastened to obey his master. The child took the handsome shell from his father's hand and made his way as quickly as possible to the spring. Pasquale placed his hand gently around his wife's shoulder and assisted her to rise. When the little one returned with the shell full of water, she was lying comfortably on her bed in the household van.

Pasquale had fitted up this little travelling home with many conveniences. He had a great knack for carpenter work, and had also served some time as an upholsterer, till the voices of the

woods and the air calling him to become a child of Nature had proved irresistible. He had contrived a nicely cushioned bed, which could be fastened to the wall of the van by day, and made a most comfortable sleeping place at night.

Rosa made a pretence of drinking some of the water; but she did not care for it, having had a refreshing draught only a few moments before. The child, climbing on the couch beside her, laid the shell on the bed, and dipping his little fingers in the water, began to sprinkle it on her forehead.

"Are you better now, mamma?" he asked, bending over her till the chestnut curls touched her red braids of hair, his innocent eyes looking earnestly into hers.

"Oh, yes, darling! I am much better," she said. "I think it was partly the motion of the wagon and the heat that made me ill. And here comes Riso with the hot wine. What have you there, papa?" she inquired playfully of her husband as he followed the boy.

"Only a couple of little cakes left over from the *fiesta* at La Madera," said Pasquale. "I saved them for *el niño*, but now he will give them to you with your wine."

"We will share them," said the mother, tenderly, as she took the wine from the hand of the patient Riso, ever smiling, but seldom speaking unless spoken to, except when displaying his wondrous accomplishments upon the village *plazas*, where, in his brilliant parti-colored garments, he made merriment for the delighted rustics.

Soon Rosa and the boy were contentedly crunching the sweet *tortillas*; and presently the child, sinking slowly beside his mother, threw his arm about her neck and sank into a gentle slumber. Outside Pasquale and Riso were preparing the evening meal. The boy had lit a fire, and on two crossed sticks above it a savory stew was swinging in an iron pot. Underneath on the coals a black coffee-pot sent forth an aromatic

odor. Riso had fed the bear, now stretched at the end of his tether on a heap of dry furze. The monkeys had also been provided for and had ceased their noisy chatter. He had gathered heaps of withered leaves from beneath the high sycamores that lined the little encampment, spread them out thickly and evenly on the ground, and covered them with a gray blanket whereon the mistress was supposed to take her place at the coming meal. The two stout mules, never too hardly driven, munched their hay at a short distance.

Twilight descended upon the secluded little retreat, redolent of the fresh, pure air blowing from the distant mountains, now green and fresh with the lush luxuriance of summer, pleasant with the sound of falling water. Far above, in the blue so distant that it appeared of midnight blackness, tiny points of light were piercing the shadowy veil. It would soon be night in that happy valley, where these honest children of nature had paused to take up their temporary abode. All should have been peace and contentment; and all would have been had not the indisposition of Rosa cast a cloud on the loving heart of Pasquale and a weightier fear on her own.

When, a year before, an oft-repeated sharp pain in her side had caused her to seek medical advice in Seville, the doctor had said her health was seriously affected, and that only an operation could afford any relief. To this her husband had given his consent, disbanding his little troupe for the winter,—placing the boy in the asylum which was attached to the hospital, and pursuing, with Riso, his own avocation of acrobat in cheap music halls wherever he could get employment. It was only after she had become convalescent that the physicians had learned Rosa's avocation was that of a dancer, and they declared this fact was the principal source of her ill health. She must have injured herself in some way by her

contortions and unnatural poses; and they announced that unless she gave up dancing altogether, and at once, there would be a recurrence, and probably a fatal one, of her disease. Her only salvation lay in a quiet life, they said. And poor Rosa smiled; for she knew such a life would be for her an impossibility. But she did not contradict them, neither did she impart a hint of the dreadful news to her husband; for with returning health came hope and a disbelief in the doctors' predictions.

Six months' rest, and their peregrinations began once more. Until now, though not as strong as formerly, Rosa had felt no repetition of her previous symptoms. But suddenly they had returned—those sharp pains, that shortness of breath, that dreadful lassitude. What if the physicians had spoken truly? What if she should be obliged to give up her dancing; to renounce the free, wild life of her gypsy forefathers; the company of her husband during the long bright days of summer, when the strollers flit from village to village in their pleasant wanderings; or perhaps even to be the cause that he must abandon his present manner of life altogether and become a dweller in the hated towns, where they never lingered longer than was necessary?

Such were her melancholy thoughts, as, lying with her boy's head on her arm, she gently stroked his moist hair; now pausing to wipe a tear from her cheek as it fell from beneath her closed lids. But already she felt better: the pain had left her, and a sudden swift rush of hope and joy swept over her heart as the buoyant, healthful figure of Pasquale appeared in the doorway, and his cheery voice announced:

"Come, *mi corazon!* The *olla podrida* is ready. It will do you good to eat."

(To be continued.)

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

V.—A BRAVE GIRL.

If you had the misfortune to be born blind, you would no doubt think it useless to try to take your place in the world beside people who could see; but what if, in addition to being deprived of your eyesight, you could neither hear nor speak? Let me tell you in a few words the wonderful story of a little Southern girl who has conquered circumstances under which most people would lie down and die of grief and despair.

She was born with all her faculties and senses, but before she was two years old an illness took away sight, speech, and hearing. Yet this baby—for she was no more—seemed to feel that in some way she must make her wants known to those about her. If she meant "No" or "Yes," she would shake or nod her head; a pull meant "Come," and a push "Go." She had a sign language all her own. If she took a fancy for ice cream, she would make a motion as if working the freezer. That and a shiver told the story. If it was bread she wished, she would pretend to cut and butter a slice.

While she was yet very, very small and young it first dawned upon her that she was different from other people: that they had ways, unknown to her, of communicating with one another. Once by chance she touched the lips of a person who was talking. At that she moved her own lips, but no one seemed to notice her, and so—and who could blame her?—she kicked and screamed and would not be comforted.

Before she was seven years old there was a change in her life. Some kindly people had heard of her and wished to send her a teacher. One day the teacher came,—her own dear instructor and best friend from that day to this. Helen felt that something was going to happen.

"I WOULD rather save one citizen than kill a thousand enemies," said Scipio.

It was springtime. She went out upon the porch, and the sun fell warm and sweet upon her face through the honeysuckle branches. She felt herself a better girl. For weeks she had rebelled against her strange and awful fate; and then, all at once, Miss Sullivan took her feverish little hand, and a sweet, holy peace was her guest henceforth.

In time she and her instructor went to Boston to an institution where the blind are taught. There she made a host of new friends. It was hard for her to believe that the happy children about her could be blind. Could any one, she thought, be blind who could hear? Thus ran her strange fancy.

One of the first places she visited was Bunker Hill. She climbed the monument, and counted the steps, and got the strange idea into her head that the soldiers climbed the steps in order to fire. The next day she went to Plymouth, on her first steamboat voyage. She liked the motion of the boat; but when the machinery shook it, she thought it was thunder, and cried for fear rain would spoil her outing. She was especially pleased with Plymouth Rock, because it was something she could touch, and so make the story of the Pilgrims real.

After a while, through the most patient and painstaking efforts, she learned to speak, and it was quite easy to understand her. Then her real education began, and it seemed as if what she lost in some ways was made up to her in others; for her power of absorbing and retaining knowledge was marvellous. Her preparation for college was made speedily and thoroughly, and in the autumn of 1900 she became a member of the freshman class at Radcliffe, a branch of Harvard University. Next year she will graduate.

She has just published the story of her own life, and I am sure that it will be a charming lesson in patience and courage to everyone who reads it. Her history is, even without the book, known all

over the world, and the name of Helen Keller is everywhere a household word. Her kind teacher shares the distinction with her; for the wonderful work that has been done could have been accomplished only by the God-given power of a tireless love.

A Scientist of Long Ago.

From indisputable evidence it is certain that the philosopher Gerbert, afterward Pope Sylvester II., was familiar with the power of steam, and that he knew and put into use the principles of the telescope and the wheeled clock fully three centuries before their rediscovery by Roger Bacon. The allusions to his practice of propelling machinery by "boiling water" are frequent in the writings of the historians of his day.

There was little knowledge which this man did not possess. He was an adept in philosophy, logic and mathematics; while his musical accomplishments were the wonder of all who flocked to learn of him. He was skilled in rhetoric and the classics, in disputation and oratory; and taught astronomy, by the use of apparatus of his own invention, in so charming a manner that it became a joy to be his pupil. He made practical the decimal system of notation, and popularized the science of arithmetic. And all this in the "Dark Ages"!

How Arithmetic Used to be Taught.

This problem shows how boys were taught arithmetic in 1801; it is from a "Tutor's Guide," by Richard Vyse:

When first the Marriage Knot was tied
 Between my Wife and Me,
 My age did hers as far exceed
 As three times three does three.
 But when ten years and half ten years
 We man and wife had been,
 Her age came up as near to mine
 As eight is to sixteen.
 Now tell me pray
 What were our ages on our wedding day?

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new edition of "Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources" has an additional section on Conduct and Character and an improved cover. This booklet, which is dedicated "To You," seems to have found favor with a host of readers everywhere.

—The death of M. Ernest Legouvé, at the age of ninety-six, removes the oldest member of the French Academy. He was a brilliant lecturer and prolific author of poems, novels and plays, the list of which includes many well-remembered pieces. It was M. Legouvé's proud boast that he had never penned a line that was calculated to offend or injure any one.

—One of the few data we possess regarding John Shakespeare is the entry in the city records that the poet's father "came not to church for fear of process for debt." Mr. J. P. Yeatman, author of "The Gentle Shakespeare," has learned by careful investigation that the clerk who made the entry was a Catholic, and he suggests that the entry was a ruse of the friendly clerk to enable John Shakespeare to escape the fines levied under 23 Eliz. c. 2. for non-attendance of Catholics at Protestant worship. Mr. Yeatman is not a Catholic.

—Prof. Angelo Heilprin, who ranks high among American scientists, has published through the Lippincott Co. a study of Mount Pelée, whose crater he was the first to approach after the awful disaster on Martinique. The work is said to be of great scientific value and to possess extraordinary interest for the layman as well. From the *Chicago Tribune's* review of it we quote this paragraph:

One of the strongest chapters in this book of tragedy contains the story of Father Mary, the priest at Morne Rouge who stayed at his post of duty, realizing that staying meant death. He met death, as did the Roman soldiers at the gate of Pompeii, standing at his post while the fire burned the body, though it could not so much as scorch the spirit.

—The latest catalogue of the Propaganda Press lists books in as many as thirty-eight languages, among them Ethiopian, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Chaldaic, Syrian, Coptic, Sanscrit, Japanese, Chinese, and Madagascan. The Propaganda Press was established in 1626 to furnish missionaries with books, otherwise unobtainable, in the languages of remote countries; but it has also rendered important service to secular students by introducing into Europe certain alphabets of the Far East hitherto unknown. In 1846, even after the destruction occasioned by the French Revolution, the Propaganda Press was publishing books in fifty-seven languages or dialects—twenty-seven of them European, twenty-two Asiatic, five African, and three American. The most important

issues during the reign of Leo XIII. are the works of St. Thomas of Aquin and the Greek Bible from the Codex Vaticanus.

—Max Pemberton's new book, "The Gold Wolf," is said to be his "most striking story." Mr. Pemberton became a Catholic several years ago.

—A forthcoming work of great importance presumably is "Exploration in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century." It will be from the pens of some of the best-equipped modern Orientalists, under the editorship of Prof. Hilprecht, who directed the Babylonian Expedition set afoot by the University of Pennsylvania.

—The *Newsboys' Magazine* is a new and interesting venture. It costs ten cents, eight of which go to the newsboy who sells it. Four cents are paid in "spot cash," and four placed to his credit in the bank. Before Christmas the newsboy is allowed to draw twenty per cent of his credited earnings, the balance being paid over to him when he reaches his twenty-first birthday.

—It may be news to some to learn that the printing-press was introduced into Oxford University by Cardinal Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury. It was this great churchman, indeed, who persuaded the English King to bring the first printing mold into "the tight little isle." Bouchier himself was an Oxford man and ultimately became chancellor of the University.

—Book-fanciers will be glad to hear that Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall a record, in three volumes, of the prices which rare and out-of-print books have brought at auction in the important sales of the last quarter-century in England and the United States. This work will obviate the necessity of consulting back numbers of annuals and catalogues. Every book costing five dollars and more will be listed.

—A really good portrait of Leo XIII. at the age of ninety-one is afforded by the Lincoln Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. It is printed on heavy calendered paper and is well worth framing. The publishers should use heavier mailing tubes. Our copy of this picture was spoiled when it reached us. The supplement to the *Pilgrim* for May will be an excellent picture of Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. It is a speaking likeness, though the venerable prelate is in the attitude of reposeful silence.

—It is not too much to say of Father Middleton's pamphlet, "Religion and Education in the Philippines," that it is the most complete and satisfactory exposé yet issued of the reports furnished to our Government by the Commissions to the Islands

headed by Dr. Schurman and Judge Taft. On the subjects of religion and education these reports are shown to be inaccurate, incomplete and unfair. It is the greatest pity that the information contained in this pamphlet was not afforded sooner. At the time when it was most needed, no adequate defence of the Filipinos and the friars who had civilized them was forthcoming; and the false impressions conveyed by Government documents were confirmed—let us use plainest terms—by the rash judgments of Catholic writers and speakers who seemed to have greater fear of incurring the suspicion of disloyalty to the Government than of incurring the guilt of injustice to their coreligionists in the Philippines. The most serviceable refutation of false notions regarding the Filipinos and the friars still current among intelligent and fair-minded people in this country must be looked for from non-Catholic writers like Prof. Bourne. Father Middleton's pamphlet is for those who have not learned anything about the archipelago since the century opened and who still regard the reports of the Schurman and Taft Commissions as authoritative documents. These persons are under great obligations to Father Middleton and the *Dolphin* Press.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time 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 Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan.* \$1.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe.* 50 cts.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremeaux.* \$1.50, net.

History of the 'Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Life of Blessed Emily Bechieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.10, net.

The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.

Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.

A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.

The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.

Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Roadside Flowers. *Harriet M. Skidmore.* \$1, net.

Obituary.

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

The Rev. James Halligan, of the diocese of Cleveland.

Mr. William Smith and Mr. Dominick Ihmsen, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Hall, Hudson, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Lee, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Francis Ritz and Mrs. Clara Coons, Kinderhook, N. Y.; Mr. Onofris Bottone, Scranton, Miss.; Miss F. J. Harrington, Meadville, Pa.; Mrs. Anne Dalton and Mrs. Nano Glannon, Ireland; Mr. Benedict Wursch, Gulfport, Miss.; Mr. and Mrs. Arsene Bourdon, Biloxi, Miss.; Mr. James Hartnett, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Edward Holms, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Armstrong, Mrs. Maria Gauges, and Mrs. Dorothy Klug, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. B. Dufrechon and Mrs. and Mr. J. O'Connor, Pass Christian, Miss.; Mr. John Green and Mr. James Smith, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Cornelius Halpin, Newport, Ky.; Mr. John O'Flaherty, Keota, Iowa; Mrs. James, Sadlier, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. E. Person, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Mr. Joseph Saylor, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Dominic Gilligan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Michael McCloskey, Central Falls, R. I.; Miss Harriet Patterson, Homestead, Pa.; Mrs. Elias Baker, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald and Mr. Richard Ryan, Gilroy, Cal.; Mrs. F. X. Bachman, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. Anna Mayer, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Lynch, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mr. John Fox and Mr. William Goodbody, St. Louis, Mo.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Together.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

HE went away, and yet in spirit stayed
 Through all the years the world thought them
 apart;
 For what is distance when one loving heart
 Is in the image of another made?
 And what is absence when one soul has paid
 Obeisance to its twin? The tears that start
 At mention of his name are not a chart
 Whereby to gauge her grief at joy delayed,
 For they were never separate; and when
 The friend called Death released this king of men,
 And very gently o'er the beaten track
 Of fears led him and said, "He has come back,"
 She, as she knelt and thanked him, hid a smile;
 For they had been together all the while.

Edward Elgar.

A CONTEMPORARY COMPOSER AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

BY THE REV. H. G. GANSS.

SHOULD the student of music search our musical encyclopædias issued during the last decade or two—either Mendel's "Musikalisches-Conversations-Lexicon" or Grove's scholarly "Dictionary of Music and Musicians,"—should he even with painstaking care consult the periodical literature immediately preceding the new century, his labors would go unrewarded if he sought the name of Edward Elgar. Yet at this very moment

in the musical world no name rivets the attention, creates the interest, even stirs the enthusiasm, as that of this whilom obscure Englishman. National rivalries are effaced, racial prejudices set aside, religious differences—and they are no unimportant factors—sunk, contentious schools hushed, all because a man of indisputable talent, if not epoch-making genius, has appeared upon the musical horizon. All eyes are turned to this rising sun, querying at the same time: Will it attain its meridian splendor, or is it a mere heavenly mirage?

When England separated, or rather was torn from Christian unity, its priesthood driven from its temples and God banished from its altars, the fine arts, hitherto the handmaidens of religion, were paralyzed. Whether the exquisite technicians in landscape, portrait or animal painting can be called creative artists in the sense that we speak of inspired poets, and whether they were contributing influences to strengthen the bond of religion, the spirit of patriotism, and to glorify God—the highest function of art,—we need not discuss now. England's art, like most of its religion, bore and bears the trade-mark "Made in Germany." Holbein, Handel or Mendelssohn had as little in common with British sentiment, sympathy and aspirations, as Washington, Jefferson, or Oom Paul. Its architecture—and we do not exclude Sir Christopher Wren from the generalization—was but a feeble, at times slavish imitation of ancient or mediæval models.

As for its music, with the last, tremulous, sobbing *Ite Missa est* of its exiled priesthood, it became a fount hermetically sealed. Newman revived England's religion; Bentley restored its architecture; will Elgar unseal the fountain of its melody?

Edward William Elgar was born at Broadheath, four miles from Worcester (England), June 2, 1857. He sprang from a good, loyal Catholic stock of Weston, Herefordshire. His father, W. H. Elgar, was professionally and commercially in the music business, being both an organist and music dealer. His musical attainments were considerable, and his sound judgment and good taste in advance of his local contemporaries. For more than thirty-seven years he was organist at St. George's Church, Worcester, where his son received not only his first knowledge of music, but that devotional character which reflects itself in all his compositions. This noviceship, even in childhood, familiarized him with the great masters of modern composition; and among the high ideals the father taught him, the true relation of music to the Church—music as the handmaid of religion—was not the least.

His rudimentary knowledge, however, was anything but satisfactory; and what he accomplished then, as well as the triumphs he has achieved since, are the results of laborious self-study. We know that Haydn, Beethoven, Wagner, not to recall lesser luminaries, owe little if anything to their teachers, whose instruction and influence at best were but nominal and transient. Carlyle spoke like a true prophet when he claimed that "genius was the faculty of taking infinite pains." That Elgar took "infinite pains" his career amply proves. At fifteen years of age, while studying the higher branches of education at Littleton House, near Worcester, he began to learn German with a view of continuing his musical studies at

Leipsic—the Mecca of all English musical aspirants. Fortunately, his poverty would not let him carry out his wishes. Had he gone there, no doubt he would have crammed his head with all the pedagogical details and niceties of that musical centre, would have imbued himself with German ideals, would have returned a composer of academic dignity, respectable mediocrity, and unimpeachable accuracy; but, like Sterndale Bennet, G. A. Macfarren and Arthur Sullivan, his promising precursors, he would have sacrificed individuality, sterilized his imagination, and smothered his sympathetic nationality. He would have been an exotic instead of an indigenous plant striking its roots deep in the musically unproductive Anglo-Saxon soil; possibly receiving graftings here and there, but ever infusing native vigor and vitality.

For a time he dived in law, being in a solicitor's office for about twelve months. He abandoned it to take up the bassoon in a local quintet, for which he claims to have written "lots of music." This transition from Blackstone to the most squawky of instruments carried its own reward. The quintet, composed of two flutes, hautboy, clarinet and bassoon, must have been a most incongruous, if not ludicrous, combination, with musical results that could be more comfortably conjectured than heard. All the same, it gave him a practical knowledge of the wood and reed instruments—of their possibilities and limitations, their individuality and technique; and laid the foundation for that superb power over all the orchestral combinations which now proclaims him a pathbreaker in a field which it was thought was fully and finally explored. His knowledge of the violin was such that he could appear in local concerts as a soloist,—a knowledge he subsequently enlarged and improved by taking a brief course of lessons in London.

In 1879 he entered upon a career that at one time exposed him to no little

pleasantry, sometimes not untinged with sarcasm and malice. He became the bandmaster of the County Lunatic Asylum, and filled the position for five years. Malevolent witticism becomes pointless when it is remembered that his duties were confined to the attendants and not to patients. But let us reverse the order. Would there be any discredit or disgrace in a poor young man earning an honest livelihood, in a genius overcoming almost insuperable obstacles to gain his coveted object? Do we hold up dear Papa Haydn to ridicule and reproach because he blackened the shoes, powdered the wigs and dusted the clothes of crusty old Porpora, in order that he might glean the crumbs of learning gingerly dealt out by that martinet? Maybe Elgar did not enrich himself with the salary he received, or with the regulation perquisites of five shillings for every quadrille he composed, or the eighteen pence that fell to his share for every band arrangement he made of Christy's Negro Minstrel ballads.

But, again, it was a splendid school. It familiarized him with the brass instruments, a knowledge which the Berlioz's, Lobe's, Gevaert's, and all the books on orchestration or instrumentation in Christendom, could not have given him. Besides, he had that unspeakable satisfaction of the aspiring composer—he could hear his own compositions, though they were rendered by a flute, clarinet, two cornets, euphonium, bombardon, double bass, two violins and a piano,—and had the insane inmates for an audience. His consummate mastery of all the orchestral instruments can be traced to this apprenticeship.

In 1885 he succeeded his father as organist at St. George's Church, a position he filled for four years. During this period he composed masses, litanies, and other incidental church music which is still slumbering in manuscript. If we except the three weeks he spent in Leipsic

hearing all the music he could cram into that short interval of time, devoting a few weeks to studying the violin in London, and those hurried runs to attend the London Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, leaving home at six o'clock in the morning, travelling two hundred and fifty miles and returning at ten o'clock at night to be in good time for his Sunday's work,—we have his whole course of study and probationary art period: his *Wanderjahre*.

"Herr Capellmeister," was the compliment an artist paid the great conductor, Hans von Bülow, after leading his orchestra through Beethoven's Ninth Symphony without a score or a shred of music,—“Herr Capellmeister, that was a most marvellous feat. Your predecessor, Von Bermuth, always had his head in the score when he conducted.” “Herr Paukenschläger,” was the quick rejoinder, “that is where I differ from him. I have the score in my head.” Thus was it with our composer. If he did not go to bed, like Wagner, with Beethoven's symphonies as a pillow, he made a most thorough and exhaustive study of them, as well as all available classical scores; so that, as afterward with Newman's poem, he literally became saturated with them. After his marriage (May 8, 1889) he removed to London for a brief time, returning to Worcester to fill his teaching and professional engagements. But since 1891 he has resided permanently at Malvern.

These later years have not been unproductive. Compositions of more than ordinary merit, meeting with an appreciation if not inspiring, at all events encouraging, were constantly flowing from his pen. They not only brought him into prominence, but revealed indications of a talent, even glimmerings of a genius, which England was not slow to discern, with all the greater expectancy since by the death of Arthur Sullivan and A. Goring Thomas it had really no artist who could lift

himself above the level of *capellmeister* potboiling. His audacity in choral writing, originality in harmonic treatment, quaint descriptive touches, command of all orchestral resources, led to a belief that these would eventually blend and crystallize in some masterpiece.

They did. In quick succession came the cantatas: "The Black Knight" (Op. 25); "Scenes from the Bavarian Highlands" (Op. 27); "Scenes from the Saga of Olaf" (Op. 30); "The Banner of St. George" (Op. 33); and "Caractacus" (Op. 35). His popularity and fame were increased by his sacred works: "The Light of Life" (*Lux Christi*) (Op. 29), written for the Worcester Music Festival, 1896; a *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* (Op. 34), for the Herefordshire Music Festival, 1897; and finally his epoch-making achievement, "The Dream of Gerontius" (Op. 38), written for the Birmingham Music Festival, 1900. This work, the crowning effort of his career, confessedly one of the masterpieces of the age, and unquestionably the ripest and richest fruit of English musical genius, has elevated him to a position below no contemporary composer.

Probably few if any modern poems could be found so packed with dramatic possibilities, so charged with pathetic sentiment, ranging over the whole gamut of emotional expression, and affording the widest and deepest scope for musical utterance, as the Cardinal's beautiful work. Dantesque in its spiritual conception, Miltonian in its cadenced diction, Tennysonian in its lyric wealth, a veritable cyclorama of all the sacred, solemn incidents attending the supreme moment of man's earthly sojourn—his deathbed,—its opportunities were bewilderingly enticing, but at the same time full of stupendous difficulties,—difficulties that would yield only to a master-mind. Few poems touch lower depths of the heart; few depict the surging emotion and apocalyptic vision of man in his agony, confronting his Creator

and Judge, with such a soul-searching vividness and stunning realism.

The poem was written by Cardinal Newman in 1865, and was esteemed of so little value by him that he was on the point of destroying it,—a loss to literature and music which was happily averted by the timely interference of a friend. Even then it made its appearance tentatively in *The Month* magazine, and aroused little attention. It is dated "The Feast of the Commemoration of All Souls, 1865," and bears the touchingly sweet dedication in Latin:

TO THE MOST BELOVED BROTHER,
JOHN JOSEPH GORDON,
PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI,
WHOSE SOUL IS IN REST.

J. H. N.

Whether the poem was suggested or inspired by the death of his brother Oratorian we are unable to determine.

It was this book, says Elgar, which was made "a wedding present to me from the late Father Knight, of Worcester, at whose church I was organist. Before giving it to me he copied into its pages every mark inserted by General Gordon into his copy, so that I have the advantage of knowing those portions of the poem that had specially attracted the attention of the great hero. It seems absurd," he continues, in denial of a current impression that the work was written to order, "to say that I have written the work to order for Birmingham. The poem has been soaking in my mind for at least eight years. All the time I have been gradually assimilating the thought of the author into my own musical promptings."

It was an instance where the Cardinal's heraldic motto, *Cor ad cor loquitur*, found a literal fulfilment, and with what result? That with the true faith of a sincere Catholic, who did not hesitate to inscribe at the beginning of his composition the devout invocation A. M. D. G. (*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*), he has given us the greatest contribution

to the musical literature of England since Handel wrote his "Messiah" in 1742, and Mendelssohn at the same Birmingham Festival produced his "Elijah" in 1846. The deep reverence of a Catholic mind, accompanied by a true interpretation of the text, a familiar understanding of the spirit as well as the letter of the poem, manifests itself throughout the entire work. It required the fusion of two such minds as that of the great Cardinal and his young Catholic compatriot to produce a work pulsing with such an inspirational intensity and devotional fervor. The words and music are most happily blended and almost seem to be in the relation of cause and effect. "No one but a Catholic," says an eminent English critic, "could approach Newman's poem in the right spirit." This predominance of the religious element is no doubt what the German critic Dr. Reissl has in mind when he writes that "what surprises us most in Elgar is his emotional depth, which conquers the infidel as well as the non-Catholic," and made a prominent Unitarian minister confess to the writer: "A few more compositions like 'The Dream of Gerontius' would make me a Roman Catholic."

From a technical viewpoint the work bristles with difficulties and startles with surprises; both, however, invariably attain their legitimate effects without an unwelcome excitement or rude shock. The composer's mastery of the orchestral instruments is phenomenal. Every device and resource of instrumentation is known to him. The score is luminous with passages and whole parts where his boldness of conception and intrepidity of execution can not fail to establish new musical precedents. In massing his choral effects he likewise emancipates himself from the traditional fetters of the schools. Fugal, contrapuntal, polyphonic forms are used with a reckless but confident ease, that proves convincingly that he is no stranger to the scientific

part of his art. It is precisely here that his practical knowledge discounts conservatory training, and where his confession, "I have never had a lesson in orchestration in my life," unfolds a lesson.

Even structurally, as an organic whole, the work is a daring innovation. Its success will inaugurate a new era, establish a new musical art form. It can hardly be called an oratorio; though its remote association with St. Philip Neri, the Church of Santa Maria in Vallicella, and direct association with the greatest of modern Oratorians, would impart to it poetic glamour, if not historic importance. Strictly speaking, however, this can not be maintained, because that form is still dominated by conventional rules; so that, unconsciously, we await the consecutive recurrence of recitative, aria, chorale, and chorus; each of which could be segregated from the whole without impairing its organic unity. It would certainly be an anachronism to call it a cantata; to call it an opera is out of the question. If an analogy might be discovered, it would be in *Parsifal*, which Wagner classifies as a "Sacred Festival Drama," having in view, as is well known, the revival of the mediæval Mystery and Morality and Miracle Play. But the analogy falls short of the mark when we remember that Wagner maintains that the essential requisites of true musical expression are Poetry with Music, Scenery and Action. "The Dream of Gerontius" has the first in a superlative degree; but who can conjecture the overwhelming effect it would create could it avail itself of the two latter—Scenery and Action?

In one sense, however, it is an oratorio. A judicious German critic tells us that the scope and intent of an oratorio are "neither to minister to our senses nor to afford us what we ordinarily understand by the words 'pleasure' and 'entertainment'; but to elevate our souls, to purify our lives, and, so far as

art can conduce to such an end, to strengthen our faith and our devotion toward God." If this be so—and it would be futile to question it,—then the work of Elgar stands in the very forefront of sacred compositions, and can claim fellowship with the best productions of Bach, Handel, Haydn or Mendelssohn.

Elgar's work, as well as Wagner's, must be judged in its epic and musical integrity. You can not, like Buffon, from one vertebra build the whole musical organism. You might as well differentiate a single figure from Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and use it as a standard to judge its colossal grouping and glowing color. It is precisely this demand which it makes upon a superior musical intelligence which will retard its public and popular appreciation.

The reception of the work in England was at first politely respectful; enthusiastic later, when foreign musicians, notably Hans Richter, acclaimed it a masterpiece. At Birmingham—sacredly sweet with the memories of the great Cardinal, doubly so to the frequenters of the Music Festival which he attended with unflinching regularity and pleasure,—the performance was in the nature of a national triumph. In Elgar's native city, Worcester, the performance was not only marred by an inadequate, even faulty rendition, but a jarring note was heard in a revelation of fanatical bigotry, which will no doubt go down in history. The work was given in the Worcester Cathedral, where the ecclesiastical authorities insisted upon the suppression of all prayers to the Blessed Virgin for the dying Gerontius, and the elimination of such passages as,

*And Masses on the earth and prayers in heaven
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.*
Naturally, this display of fanaticism had a chilling effect on conductor, chorus and audience.

It was Germany which first set the stamp of national approval on the work by including it in the Lower Rhine

Festival at Düsseldorf in 1902, and at once placing it on the programs for the Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle festivals. At a banquet given after the rendition—a rendition which is said to have recalled the triumphs of Mendelssohn at the same festivals nearly sixty years before—an address was made by Richard Strauss, the greatest of living German composers: "England," he declared, "for the first time appears in the ranks of the musical nations. Until now England received only German music and never paid us in return. Now for the first time an Englishman comes to the Continent who is worthy of a hearing." This significant eulogy from such a source, addressed to the assembled artists of the German Empire, was received with such prolonged cheers and such copious potations of beer, that, by an act of national recognition, it conveyed to the modest Englishman the patent to the highest nobility in art ever accorded to one of his nation.

In the United States, the quick succession of its performance in Chicago and New York created an impression so profound that public and press with demonstrative unanimity declared it not only the "event" of the season, but a milestone in the musical history of the country. Though following immediately in the wake of the Grand Opera Season in New York—with echoes of Mozart, Wagner and Gounod still lingering in our ears, with the dying notes of a most brilliant series of symphony concerts still quivering in the air,—the mighty soar and sweep of Elgar's genius sent vital currents through the jaded nerves and sated minds of the musical public, and evoked such an outburst of enthusiasm as hardly finds a parallel in the recollection of the living generation. How explain it? Only that a new musical prophet has arisen, with a new evangel, whose utterance, like that ascribed by Haydn to Mozart, "goes straight to the heart."

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XVI.—DAN O'BYRNE DECLARES WAR.

MYLES was handed the following characteristic letter from his uncle, written as if with a ramrod:

KRESSTOFFSKY.

DEAR NEPHEW MYLES:—This is to congratulate you all round—up and down, in and out—for the news that came to me. But I'd rather it came from yourself first, my boy. I hear that she's a widow no less, and as rich as Cræsus, and young, and has a narrow escape of being handsome. Well, my boy, good luck to you! But I tell you as if I was on my beads that I'm afraid of widows. I know them well, Myles. If she's a decent woman, she'll turn the old man's picture to the wall, and will never refer to him but as a sort of nuisance that came into her life by accident, and that she wouldn't have him back for the gold of Asia. If she isn't that sort, she'll be hanging up the old man's picture in every room, and crooning over it, and giving an occasional bawl or two. You see, Myles, it's so easy to talk of the defunct as a Hector, when in reality he was nothing but a *spalpeen*, and not fit to dust your brogues.

What if she is a Baroness and has whips of money? Shake her out of her duds, and she's no better than a beggar woman, barring a penn'orth extra of scented soap. This one is pretty sure, after the honeymoon is out of the sky, to talk of the virtues of the late Baron. That's your chance, Myles; that's where you can shut her up forever. I'll tell you what to say to her, *ma bouchal*. If they say you married her for her money, just own up, and ask them which of

them wouldn't be glad of the chance.

Now, it's about a certain Baron that you have this long letter. Seeing that the rheumatiks have left me, I went down in my drosky to take supper at a restaurant called "Ouro." It is a great ball-alley of a place; but the music is choice, the victuals not too expensive for Roosia. Well, I sat down at a table and ordered some green soup, and a cut of sow-back to follow, and a little fillet of beef on top of that. I had got as far as the beef when I heard your name spoken,—for my hearing is as good as that dull grey morning when I gave the alarm that the Roosians were climbing the heights of Inkerman. The voice was Roosian. I turned, to see two men. One of them I knew by reputation—and a mighty poor one at that,—a Baron Jarotski, jackal of the Finance Minister and a banker; the other was a hanger-on at the court, a starved sort of Jew, now acting as jackal to the Baron.

Said the Baron to the jackal:

"You must find out all you can about this Irish blackguard O'Byrne, who has made himself so solid with the"—here he dropped his voice. "And if you can't find out anything to his discredit, why, make up a story that will send him out of the country."

"Oho!" thought I. "Is this your little game?"

They colloquered for some time in low tones; and, losing patience, I stood up and came opposite Jarotski.

"I can tell you *all* about that young man," says I.

"What young man?" says the banker, with a start.

"Myles O'Byrne," says I.

"It's time to leave," he says to the jackal, rising.

"Wait a minute," says I. "You are a pair of infernal scoundrels!" I cried; and I caught both of their necks and before you could say "Jack Robinson" I clattered their skulls together, the whole

of the people then rising. "Here's a pair of rascals," says I at the top of my lungs, "wanting to ruin a splendid young man—my nephew—by mean, trumped-up stories!"

"It's a lie!" thundered the Baron.

"Take that back, Baron Jarotski,—with this!" And, Myles, I hit him one of the old blows for which I was so famous at the Fair of Inchegeelagh.

There was *meelyea murder!* I was held down by the waiters while they were stanching the blood that came from the Baron's nose.

"I'll teach you to speak of your betters with decency," says I,—“you Judas Iscariot! And I have a lot more in stock for your flea-bitten Hebrew. O'Byrne aboo!” I yelled as I was led off to the police station, everybody glad that I had got even with the malicious Baron.

Sir Edward Shirley, Baronet, thinks all will come out well. He says he is a magistrate for some place in England, and that he will see to it, as it is his duty. The young fellow Percy Byng is my darling. What does *he* do? Musha, it beats cockfighting. His father is a big banker in London, and he cables him at once for ten thousand pounds—a hundred thousand roubles no less. And begob he gets them, and has them lying snug in the care of the manager of the Europe Hotel,—a decent little man: I know him well. But, Myles *ma bouchal*, I'm in a hole, and you had better come on and help me out. Of course you'll give that Jarotski a basting to begin with. I told him that when I was rubbing his head against the other fellow's—an old canteen trick,—so my word is pledged to *that*, anyhow.

Well, but you have made friends, glory to God! And you're on the road to great things. I'm uneasy for troubling you; but, you see, it has to be done.

Your fond old uncle,

DANIEL O'BYRNE.

P. S.—I had a long letter from the *voteen*. She's getting anxious. She's

afraid that your head will be turned. "*Botherashin!*" says I. You are no *shoneer*. It's curious that since you came out my Irish is bobbing up now and then. I said "*bannaclath*" to a man the other night, and he thought I was cursing him no less. D. O'B.

The perusal of this queer letter caused Myles considerable uneasiness. He could not blame his uncle: on the contrary, he was exceedingly proud and grateful to the veteran for taking up the glove so promptly and acting so vigorously. But here was a lady's name in a brawl—call it what he would—in a restaurant with a reputation for extreme vivacity, to use mild phraseology; and that lady one of the very highest degree. Nor did it stop here. He was placed in a most deplorable position—being made the penniless hero of a romance which on his side meant nothing,—in fact, had no existence. If the Baroness had been silly enough to fall in love with him—and it was at last dawning upon him that this was possibly the case,—that was *her* affair; for most assuredly he had never, wilfully, given her a nod, beck or wreathed smile of encouragement. On the contrary, his manhood and pride and self-reverence had warned him once and for all never to forget that the chance which had flung him into this rosy vortex must in no respect be infringed upon; and that he was but a mere bystander in a very delightful, albeit a very demoralizing, game. If he gave Baron Jarotski a thrashing—and it was drifting in that direction,—how could he do so without the lady's name coming to the front, and probably after a fashion offensive and mortifying and contemptible; for this man Jarotski was a cad and a miscreant, without the faintest scintilla of scruple. Was ever anything so unfortunate? What was he to do? Consult O'Reilly, most assuredly.

He found the Count preparing to go fishing with Miss Abell.

"May I borrow Count O'Reilly for a few minutes, Miss Abell?"

"Take him! I have no mortgage on him," replied that young lady.

"I want his advice in a matter of some importance."

"If there's a lady in the case, better take *mine*. You won't, I know; but when you are in doubt consult a woman. Go both of you into a secret corner, and talk and smoke; and if at the expiration of an hour *you*, Count, are free, we'll do up old Izaak Walton for once. Ta-ta!" and she merrily tripped away.

"Sorry to break up that *tête-à-tête*, O'Reilly."

"So you ought. She is great, Myles. Now look at the way she trips off! Just like her dancing. Well, my son, what's up? Something wrong. I can guess it by that honest face of yours."

"Let us sit here. Light up, for there's counsel in tobacco."

They had lighted their respective briar roots.

"Now, O'Reilly, don't interrupt me until I have said what I have to say. The O'Byrnes are in a scrape, and must get out of it with flying colors. Here's the story." And Myles read every word of the veteran's letter.

"This *is* a hole," observed O'Reilly, after a pause. "It would be easy enough to kick the rascal, but here is the Baroness. It will never do to have her name mixed up in the matter. Those blackguards will deny everything on oath. An oath to them is a mere idea, carrying no honor or weight with it. You will find that the Baron has gone to Moscow or Kief, leaving his jackal to do the dirty work. We could easily silence the jackal, but the Baron has money. Has anything suggested itself to *you*, Myles?"

"Nothing. I am in a dismal fog."

"What would you think of telling the whole thing to the Baroness? She is a plucky little woman, and would rather like a scrimmage than otherwise.

Besides, it is not a question of her honor or in any way affecting her good name. In fact," he added, smiling, "it would be only a question touching upon her—what shall we call it?—infatuation for a young man from the Emerald Isle."

"Oh, bother! And if such an absurd question should come to the front, would it not place her on a very pillory for everyone to fling a jibe, sneer or laugh at her? No, O'Reilly, I really see no break in this black cloud."

"It seems to me that the best thing to do—in fact, the *only* thing to do—is to start for St. Petersburg at once and see the old man. He does not say whether he is on bail or parole; at all events, we must find him. By starting now," added O'Reilly, consulting his watch, "we may be able to stop the St. Petersburg Express."

"What excuse can we offer here?" said Myles, whose heart smote him sadly at having to quit the atmosphere of Eileen.

"We can not tell the whole truth," replied O'Reilly. "We can say that your uncle has been waving his shillelah too lustily, and laugh it off. Not a minute to lose!"—pushing an electric button and ordering his servant to pack in hot haste. "Myles my boy, don't look as if the Hill of Tara had fallen into the River Liffey. Sure we can come back. It is only fourteen hours' ride."

"I may never come back," murmured Myles, sadly. "My leave is up."

"Oh, bother your leave—ah, gentle Baroness!" O'Reilly exclaimed, as they traversed the long and superb picture gallery. "Here we have to cut and run!"

"What do you mean?"

"Only this. The O'Byrnes have been getting into hot water."

"O'Byrnes! Hot water! *You* will get into hot water if you don't explain," she cried, somewhat impatiently.

"The fact is, Baroness," said Myles, "my worthy old uncle, upon recovering from a violent attack of rheumatism, resolved upon testing his complete

muscular restoration. Having imagined himself insulted at one of your famous restaurants, he took it into his head to beat the two gentlemen whose remarks he took to himself."

"How stupid! Who were those men? Do we know them? Are they of us? What was the restaurant?"

"The Ouro."

"Oh! It's not quite a nice place,—at least so I have heard. I have never been there. But why speak of leaving?"

"I must go to the rescue of my old uncle? He is very old, but as pugnacious as if he were only twenty and on Donnybrook Green," laughed Myles, who, in common with O'Reilly, resolved upon treating the matter as lightly as possible.

"You must go?"

"Absolutely, Baroness."

"But you will return? I am sure the General will not hear of your quitting us after so cavalier a fashion."

"Dear lady, I greatly fear that I can not return."

"Why?"—and she pierced him with her eyes.

"Because I have only a certain amount of leave from the Bank, and my time is nearly up."

"Surely, under the circumstances, you can get all the time you want? Could we not do something through our Embassy, *par exemple*?"

"Make an International question out of an extra week's leave of absence for a poor, unknown bank clerk!" laughed the young man.

"What is this O'Reilly tells me?" asked the General, entering the gallery.

"My venerable uncle has been getting himself into a row, using his fists and behaving in the airiest fashion. O'Reilly and I are off to St. Petersburg to see what it's all about. The fact is, General, I may want your assistance. It is rather a delicate affair—"

"Oh, a lady in the case! *Cherchez la femme!*"

"No—not as you mean it, General;

although there is a lady in the case, and a very important one to boot."

"I shall, I need hardly say, be only too glad to be of service. Surely, from what I have seen of the old warrior, he seems well able to take care of himself, despite his years."

A servant presented a telegram to the General.

"This fits in well, O'Byrne. The Emperor wants me at the Winter Palace to-night. We shall go down to St. Petersburg together. O'Reilly comes, does he not?"

"You dear good friend, he does. What a brick O'Reilly is!"

Everybody came trooping into the gallery, and everybody had a different version of the story. The Princess would have it that there had been a duel, and that the Crimean veteran had killed his man. Miss Abell declared it her opinion that the old man was "full," and, having his load on, unloaded upon one of the Grand Dukes, and was now in the deepest dungeon at the grim fortress of Cronstadt. Eileen, who held back, said very little.

"I do hope it will prove to be a tempest in a teapot," she said. "I am sure the dear old gentleman did what he considered right, and that if he did knock a man down that man richly deserved it."

"I thank you deeply for those few words," Myles half whispered.

"The party breaks up, anyway," she said. "Papa goes with the Emperor to Yalta, the Baroness Grondno returns to Bermaloffsky, while the Princess comes to St. Petersburg with us."

"Are you coming to St. Petersburg, Miss De Lacey?" asked Myles, a great pleasure shining in his eyes.

"Yes, of course. I must attend a court function in the absence of the Emperor and Empress; and I always do papa's packing. He says he never can find anything unless I pack,—to the great disgust of Dimitri, his body servant."

Here a deep-mouthed bell announced the equipages; and, after many hearty *au revoirs*, they started,—but not until the Baroness had hurriedly drawn Myles aside, and, gazing down deep into his eyes, tremulously whispered:

“Do not forget *me!*”—turning rapidly away.

“How very strange!” thought Myles. “There’s a queer look sometimes in her eyes that one sees only in the insane.”

Paddy Casey appeared, grinning from ear to ear, and shining from sharp practice with soap and water. He was encased in a very handsome livery gown, with gold facings, and leggings with gold fringe.

“Sure I’m goin’ wid yer honor, for to spake Roosian for ye an’ luk ather ye day an’ night. Musha but it’s an’ ilegant day for the likes o’ me, dressed up like a macaw no less, an’ appointed for to wait on the O’Byrnes. I wish they could see me at Ballinascorney this blessed an’ holy minute. Wouldn’t I take the consait out of that *shoneen* Mike Dimpsey, an’ knock sawdust out of that Orange souper below in the valley at Ballyvourney?”

In sending Paddy to St. Petersburg, Myles again perceived the genial hand of the General.

“What royal people they are,” thought O’Byrne, “old and young! Looking to my comfort at every side. How I shall miss it all!”

“*En voitures, messieurs!*” cried the Count, seating himself in a troika.

Myles had one last word for the invalid old lady; and then stepping into the troika, seeking Eileen’s eyes the while, dashed off at a gallop seen nowhere but on the Russian steppes,—the horses being young Orlofs, and the *ishvoshtik* a man with arms of steel.

(To be continued.)

A Parallel.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

A CERTAIN insect of the tiny race
That creeps and dwells amid the dust of earth,
Betook himself one day with haughty pace
To a mound-top, and there proclaimed his worth.

Loudly he told of all that he had done,
Than he none greater dwelled in any place;
The farmer, plodding home at set of sun,
Put down his foot—the fool had run his race.

A certain insect of the tribe that lives
Secure on earth, blessed with his Maker’s guise,
Arose one day—denied the Hand that gives
All that he is—himself alone is wise.

The Master, just, and yet demanding praise,
Walking at eve along the starry plain,
The scoffer heard—an instant brief he stays,
Speaks the Death Angel, and passes on again.

The Song of the Blessed.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O’KENNEDY.

II.

BOSSUET divides the Canticle of Canticles into seven parts. He supposes it to be a nuptial song, such as might have been sung when the Ten Virgins watched, and five only entered with the Bridegroom into the wedding chamber. The wedding-feast is to last seven days, and one portion, or canto, is to be sung each day.

In the first canto the Sulamitess, on seeing our Divine Lord in His sacred humanity for the first time, while He is, as it were, at a distance, cries out:

“Let Him kiss* me with the kiss of His mouth.”

The soul on its heavenly way now sees the infinitely beautiful and infinitely loving Saviour coming near her, and addresses Him directly:

* In the Bible the word *kiss* is typical of the love of the Holy Ghost; and therefore the kiss of Judas was typical of the malice of the demon.

A RIGHT moral state of mind germinates or even generates good intellectual principles.—Newman.

Thy love, O Lord, is better than wine,
Smelling sweet of the best ointments.
Thy name is as oil poured out;
Therefore young maidens have loved Thee.

The love of Thy Sacred Heart is better than wine,—that is, more joyful to the soul than wine to the body. Thy name, O Lord, is as oil poured out; therefore young maidens (the immaculate or clean of heart) have loved Thee. To quote St. Bernard: "The holy spouse says, 'Thy name is as wine poured out.' For oil does three things: it lights, it nourishes, it anoints. It feeds fire, it nourishes flesh, it soothes pain.... Are you not comforted as often as you remember this holy name? What so recruits our wearied senses, so renews our strength, induces good and holy morals, and nourishes chaste affections? Every food of the soul is dry if it be not seasoned with this oil. Let the holy name of Jesus be kept in the heart, and it will spring to the lips; for it is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, and joy in the heart."

"Solomon," says St. Francis of Sales, "in order to facilitate the contemplation of that spiritual love which is maintained between our hearts and the Divine Lover, has left us a beautiful representation of it in that sacred work whose admirable merit has obtained for it the title of 'Canticle of Canticles.' Our Blessed Saviour is called the pacific Solomon; and His holy spouse is termed the Sulamitess, which signifies the Daughter of Peace.... Balm is dissolved by heat and converted into a fluid. Love had produced a similar effect on the Divine Bridegroom, which gave His holy spouse occasion to say, 'Thy name is as oil poured out.'"

The oil-palm tree is a native of warm climates, and grows to a height of sixty or eighty feet. The flowers have a strong, peculiar smell. The fruit is like a large pineapple in shape. It has a thin skin, an oily pulp, and a hard stone. By pressure, the pulp yields an oil which

has the perfume of violets. "To express the ineffable perfections of her Divine Love," continues St. Francis de Sales, "the holy spouse says, 'Thy name is as oil poured out'; that is, the odor of your sweet perfumes entitles you to be called, not only the Anointed of the Lord, but the very perfume of heavenly benedictions and delights. To show that, provided her will be powerfully attracted, all the other powers of her soul will contribute to and participate in the union, after saying 'Draw me,' she adds, in the plural number, 'we will run.' The will alone is attracted, but all the other powers follow the impulse which urges it to union with God."

Draw me: we will run after Thee,
To the odor of Thy ointments.

Draw me, O Lord; and we (I with the rest of Thy company) will follow Thee, attracted by the odor of Thy ointments.

The most ancient perfumes were produced from odoriferous gum-resins. These exuded naturally from the trees; but, to increase the quantity, the trunk of the tree was wounded. The practice of gathering the odorous resins, or the flowers of odorous plants, and obtaining therefrom an article of commerce was earliest practised in Arabia. These odors are found in the rind of some fruits, as the lemon and the orange; they belong to the leaves of others, as the sage, the mint, and the thyme; in the wood of some others, as the rosewood and sandalwood; in the bark of more, as the cassia and the cinnamon; and finally in the seeds, as in the caraway and the nutmeg.

The wealthy availed themselves at all times of these ointments—in their rooms, baths, dresses; but the extensive commerce of Solomon's reign caused them to be used to an extent previously unimagined and unknown. It is from this custom of perfuming that we have the blessed name of Christ. The word 'Christ' signifies 'anointed'; and Our Lord was called 'Christ' because His sacred humanity was anointed and

blessed and transfused by the adorable perfections of His Divinity. Well, then, may the holy spouse say, "Thy name is as oil poured out. We will run after Thee, to the odor of Thy ointments."

Again the Sulamitess sings:

The King hath brought me into His storerooms.

The Eternal King hath brought me into His storerooms,—the storerooms of heaven.

Solomon's table received each day "thirty measures of fine flour and three-score measures of meal, ten fat oxen and twenty out of the pastures, and a hundred rams; besides [probably for himself and his friends] venison of harts, roes, buffles, and fatted fowls. . . . And the weight of the gold that was brought to Solomon every year was six hundred and sixty-six talents. . . . Moreover, all the vessels out of which he drank were of gold; and all the furniture. . . . There was no silver, nor was any account made of it in the days of King Solomon."*

God desired all this to be related in the Sacred Writings, that we might think what is the exceeding great riches of heaven. And the Bible adds: "Juda and Israel were innumerable as the sands of the sea, eating and drinking and rejoicing. And they dwelt without any fear, everyone under his vine and his fig tree, from Dan to Bersabee all the days of King Solomon." And, seeing it, the Queen of Saba cried out: "Blessed are thy men and blessed are thy servants who stand before thee always and hear thy wisdom!" Oh, how true this is of God and His elect in the heavenly courts! Blessed are Thy angels and Thy saints, O Lord, who stand before Thee always and hear Thy wisdom!

The Sulamitess sings with the white-robed company that follow the Lamb: "We will be glad and rejoice in Thee, O [Blessed Saviour], remembering that Thy love is better than wine. All the righteous love Thee."

The angels in the company of Our Lord are the daughters of the heavenly Jerusalem,—daughters because of their prompt obedience, at the time of trial, to God's commands. The Sulamitess addresses them:

I am black, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, but beautiful

As the tents of Cedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

I am black,—that is, I was born of a sinful race. I am black, O ye daughters of Jerusalem; but, by God's grace, am become beautiful as the tents of Cedar, as the curtains of Solomon. "The sweets of love," says St. Francis of Sales, "render my beauty more dazzling than the tents of Solomon,—that is, more lovely than the spangled heavens."

The cedar of Lebanon was, and is, the most stately tree, perhaps, in the whole world. Its great length of life is extraordinary. Of the cedars of Lebanon mentioned in the Bible, a few still exist, according to travellers. The timber of these trees was the most excellent and the most lasting. The Bible over and over praises the strength, stateliness, and durability of the cedar.

Do not think me brown, for the sun hath altered my color.

The sons of my mother have fought against me; They have made me the keeper in the vineyards. My vineyard I have not kept.

Show me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, Where Thou feedest, where Thou liest in the midday, Lest I begin to wander after the flocks of Thy companions.

Do not consider that I am brown, and not white as I was made in baptism, because the sun (my life on earth) hath altered my color. Then turning to Our Lord: "Show me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou liest in the midday; lest [tempted by the beauty of the angels] I wander after the flocks of Thy companions."

"At present," observes St. Francis of Sales, "we can see only by the help of the twilight; and we have always reason to fear that, instead of the Divine Spouse whom we seek, we shall find

* III Kings, iv, x.

some other object to delude us. Heaven may be considered the perfect light of glory, where the Spouse feeds His flocks in the midday."

Now listen to the Divine Spouse:

If thou know not thyself, O fairest among women,
Go forth and follow after the steps of the flocks,
And feed thy kids beside the tents of the shepherds.
To my company of horsemen in Pharao's chariots
Have I likened thee, O my love!

If thou knowest not thyself, O fairest among women (fairer than all), go forth and follow after the steps of the choirs; and feed thy thoughts (ever restless as kids) beside the tents of the heavenly shepherds; they will tell thee where I am. I have by my power made thee like, O my love, to the angels who are my company of horsemen riding in Pharao's chariot.

The chariot in olden times was used almost exclusively for war, or for something closely connected with war, such as the return of a conqueror. It was made of the strongest material and often decorated with the highest art. On the occasion of Solomon's marriage with Pharao's daughter, a chariot that was the admiration of the East was given by the father as a present to the young Queen. It was, therefore, called Pharao's chariot; and a retinue of the handsomest and bravest Egyptians accompanied it. Solomon himself frequently rode in it, attended by the swiftest runners of his body-guard. Mystically, Pharao's chariot is the humanity of Our Lord: in the flesh He conquered; in it He ascended in triumph.

The Divine Spouse:

Thy cheeks are beautiful as the turtledove's,
Thy neck as jewels.
We will make thee chains of gold inlaid with silver.

Thy cheeks (thy external acts of charity) are beautiful as the plumage of the turtledove. All the veins of the body meet in the neck: therefore thy internal acts of charity glitter before me as jewels. We will make thee, for eternal reward and ornament, chains of gold inlaid with

silver; that is, all that was innocent and happy on earth shall be united with all that is joyful in heaven.

The turtledove is a species of pigeon, small, elegant, and beautifully colored. The principal color is grey with bars of bright red, the whole changing in the sun to a light green and a rich brown. Around the neck is a jet-black collar of velvet. But more attractive than its elegance of shape or color is its soft and gentle cooing, which makes an atmosphere of soothing music.

While the King was at his repose,
My spikenard sent forth the odor thereof.
A bundle of myrrh is my Beloved to me;
He shall abide between my breasts.
A cluster of cypress is my Love to me,
In the vineyards of Engaddi.

While the King was at his repose in heaven, my spikenard on earth sent forth its odor. A bundle of myrrh is my Beloved to me; he shall abide in my heart forever. A cluster of cypress is my Love to me in the vineyards of Engaddi.

The spikenard is a small plant, growing in very cold regions, on the borderland of the eternal snows in India. Its perfume was most highly prized by the Eastern nations, and was used in great luxury at their feasts. The sweetness of its odor, the smallness of its size, and the coldness of its native land make it mystically very suggestive.

The myrrh tree is a small, scrubby-looking plant, growing throughout India and Abyssinia. The gum or resin falls from the bark in yellowish drops, and has a delicious flavor. The Egyptians embalmed their dead with it. Jacob carried it as a present to Pharao. The Wise Men offered it to Our Lord in the cave at Bethlehem.

Of Engaddi, we read in Joshua (xv, 62) that it was among the cities which the tribe of Juda received at the division of Canaan. In the first Book of Kings (xxiv, 1) we are told that David, fleeing from Saul, 'went up and dwelt in the

strongholds of Engaddi.' Engaddi lies almost on the shores of the Dead Sea. It is a solitary green spot amidst a wilderness of limestone, highlands, rocks, precipices, ravines and caves. A stream of water passes through this one fertile spot, and is the cause and the pleasure of this exceedingly rich oasis.

There is no tree that continues fruit-bearing for such a length of time as the vine,—sometimes for two hundred or three hundred years; and no land seemed so suited to it as the land of Palestine: rich, warm crevices at the foot of rocks for its roots, and the dry limestone for its support. Terraced along the slopes of the hills was vineyard after vineyard, displaying beauty and luxuriance. Engaddi was especially famous for its vines, the moisture arising in the evening time from the great lake giving to the grapes color and fragrance.

The cypress is a small, hardy shrub. The wood has a sweet smell, and its durability may be learned from the fact that the doors of St. Peter's in Rome, made of this timber in the reign of Constantine, lasted until the pontificate of Eugenius IV.,—that is over eleven hundred years. On being changed at that time for the great brazen gates, they were found to be perfectly fresh and sound. The exhalations from the tree were said to be used very generally throughout the East as a remedy for affections of the chest.

The Heavenly Spouse thus addresses His beloved:

Behold, thou art fair, O my love!—

Behold, thy eyes are as those of doves.

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, and comely.

Our bed is flourishing.

The beams of our houses are of cedar,

Our rafters of cypress trees.

I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

Behold, thou art fair, O my love!—
 behold, thou art fair. Thy eyes are meek as those of doves. Behold, thou

art fair, my beloved, and comely. Our throne of love is most blessed and shall always flourish. The beams of our house are cedar and shall last forever; our rafters of cypress trees of delightful odor. I am the flower of the heavenly fields; I am the lily of the valleys among the eternal hills. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters of earth.

Entering into Palestine from the desert, says Dean Stanley, "one observed that the little shrubs were more thickly studded now than in the desert. Next day they gave a grey covering to the whole hillside, and the little tufts of grass threw in a general tint of green. Then the red anemones appeared, and here and there patches of corn. As we advanced, this thin covering became deeper, and daisies and hyacinths were mixed with the blood-drops of the anemones. East and west ran a wide plain, in which verdure, though not predominant, was still universal. Up this plain, or belt, which ascended through the hills, our course took us; and the anemones ran like fire through the mountain glens at each side; and deep hollows of corn, green and delicious to the eye, spread right and left before us. The valleys now began—at least in our eyes—literally to laugh and sing. Greener and greener did they grow; at last lines of spreading trees appeared. Then came ploughed fields and oxen; and far up on the right hand ran a beautiful valley, all partitioned into gardens and fields, dotted with green fig trees and cherry trees, and the vineyards famous through all ages; and far off, grey and beautiful, swept down the western slope the olive groves of Hebron.... In the spring the hills and valleys are covered with thin grass and aromatic shrubs. But they also glow with a profusion of wild flowers, especially with a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds, chiefly anemones, wild tulips and poppies. Of all the aspects

of the place, this blaze of scarlet is the most peculiar; and to those who first enter the Holy Land, it is no wonder that it has suggested the touching and significant name of the Saviour's Blood-drops."

The Sulamitess:

As the apple tree among the trees of the woods,
So is my Beloved among the sons of men.
I sat down under his shadow whom I desired;
And his fruit was sweet to my palate.
He brought me into the cellar of wine;
He set charity in order in me.
Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with
apples,
Because I languish with love.
His left hand under my head and his right shall
embrace me.

As the apple tree among the trees of the woods, so is my Beloved among the sons of men. On earth I sat down under the shadow of Him whom I desired,—that is, meditated on all the graces and blessings that have come from the Cross of Calvary: and His fruit (the Holy Communion) was sweet to my palate. He brought me, while I was there, into the cellar of wine (the Holy Mass, where the wine is changed). He set charity (the love of God first, and of all God's creatures next) in order within me. Then, remembering all these things, and filled with the overpowering love of God, she cries out: Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples; for I languish with love. His left hand (His sacred humanity, with all the graces obtained through it) under my head; His right hand (the power of His Divinity) shall embrace me. Oh, the happiness of the soul in heaven!

In its native state in the woods, the apple tree is easily distinguished from all other trees. In the spring and early summer it is covered with blossoms that in color are more varied and attractive than those of other fruit-trees. In the late summer and early autumn it is at once recognized by the delicious fruit, of all colors, shapes and sizes, which covers it abundantly. In its virgin state in the

woods it sometimes stands thirty or forty feet high. But there is one quality—its readiness to graft—which makes it particularly typical of our Blessed Lord; for He grafted, so to say, our humanity on His Divinity; and both became the one adorable Person, Jesus Christ. In the text the tree is the Divinity, the shadow is the humanity: "Man's life is a shadow, gliding away and never permanent." And the fruit is the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

"Nothing is so admirable in the life of St. Francis of Assisium as the share which Our Lord gave him in His sufferings. This holy soul, seeing the lively representation of his crucified Saviour imprinted on a seraph, was penetrated with the sweetest consolation. Since the angelic spirits are never weary of contemplating the incomparable love of Jesus Christ for man, it is not surprising that St. Francis should have been filled with ineffable joy at seeing the lively expression of this love in the crucified seraph. The memory of this great saint was occupied with the thought of the love that inflamed Jesus Christ on the cross; the whole strength of his will tended to delight in the possession of Jesus Crucified; and thus his soul was transformed, as it were, into Jesus nailed to the cross,"—says St. Francis de Sales.

On the Feast of St. Agnes, January 21, we read the following Office in the Roman Breviary:

"Christ is my Love; His bedchamber I will enter, whose Mother was a virgin. And when I love Him, I am chaste; when I touch Him, I am pure; when I accept Him, I am a virgin. With a faithful ring He hath espoused me, and with presents exceeding great He hath adorned me. With vesture woven of gold hath He clothed me, and with precious ornaments hath He decked me. Depart from me, O earthly love, thou food of death! I am engaged to a far different Lover. My neck and right arm He hath encircled

with precious stones, and rings of inestimable value He hath appointed to my ears. Honey and milk have I received of His mouth, and my cheeks He hath tinged with His blood. His seal He hath set on my face, that I should admit no other lover; therefore to Him alone do I preserve faith, to Him with entire devotion do I entrust myself.

“My Lord hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, and with a vesture of gladness hath He enveloped me. He hath shown me incomparable treasures, which He hath promised to give me. To Him am I betrothed whom the angels serve, whose beauty the sun and moon revere. O almighty, worshipful, majestic and adorable God! I bless Thee, because through Thy Son I have escaped the snares of wicked men; and the seductions of the demon I have trodden on with unpolluted heel. Thee do I confess with my lips; with my heart and all its powers Thee do I desire. And, behold, what I longed for, I find; what I hoped for, I possess; I am united to Him in the heavens whom while on earth I have loved with all the devotion of my soul.”

“The souls of the just are in the hand of God; in the eyes of the foolish they seemed to die, but they are in eternal peace. Alleluia! alleluia!”

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE by its own nature is absolutely indissoluble. When a couple enter into the marriage relation, they do it for life; they understand it, and they mean it for life. If they entered it with any reservation, with an understanding that it was to continue for only a period, only so long as it should be mutually agreeable to themselves, they would not look upon it as marriage; it would want, in their eyes, the character of sanctity, and would be not at all distinguishable from a mere transient commerce of passion and caprice.

—Dr. Brownson.

The Little Sisters of the Assumption before the Paris Magistrates.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IN the midst of the religious crisis in France, we eagerly catch at the signs and tokens that seem to point to the existence of a feeling of justice and righteous indignation in the hearts of the people. The Parisian workman is, it is a well-known fact, keen-witted, bright and active; easily moved to anger, and easily, alas! led away by false and dangerous theories. But he also possesses a fund of innate generosity that is quickly roused. Only a few days ago, on the 26th of March, this underlying feeling of chivalry was appealed to, and in a suburb of Paris—at Grenelle—the Parisian workmen and apprentices proved themselves zealous champions of justice and charity.

Our American readers are acquainted with the religious Congregation of women known as the Little Sisters of the Assumption, the Nursing Sisters of the Poor, who possess a house in New York. They were founded in Paris in 1864, by a holy priest, Father Etienne Pernet, with the assistance of a workwoman named Antoinette Fage. The institution, like all the chosen works of God, began among countless difficulties, and subsequently developed with a rapidity out of all proportion with the poverty and lowliness of its origin. Father Pernet, who belonged to the Congregation of the Assumption, died in 1899. Some years earlier, in spite of his great age and infirmities, he had gone to New York to start the new foundation; and in 1897, two years before his death, the Order of the Nursing Sisters of the Poor received the formal approbation of the Holy See.

The spirit and object of the Little Sisters are in striking harmony with the necessities of the time in which we live.

There lies the secret of their extraordinary increase. Even at the present moment, when they are threatened with destruction, their novitiate in Paris is filled to overflowing. One of the most alarming of the social problems that are daily discussed by thoughtful minds is the increasing feeling of enmity entertained by the poor for the rich; and, in spite of the reforms that have been made with a view to solving the problem, it remains a standing social peril.

The Little Sisters of the Assumption are emphatically the servants of the poor. Their rules forbid them to nurse the rich, who can pay them; or to accept even a glass of water or a crust of bread from the poor. They do anything and everything that comes to hand. When the mother of a family is ill, they cook the meals, sweep, dust, clean; dress the children and do the marketing. Often and often in the poorest suburbs of Paris have we met them in their self-imposed task; and many tales might be told of the influence that they have acquired, by their gentle ministrations, over minds embittered by poverty and distorted by prejudice. They never preach or scold, neither do they inquire into the religious opinions of those whom they serve; yet such is the power of their sweet and loving charity that they rarely, if ever, fail to convert even the most inveterate freethinkers. Whole families have been brought back to the practice of religion, long forgotten and laid aside, by the mere fact of a Little Sister having been called in to assist a stricken household in a moment of sickness and distress.

The attitude taken by the Little Sisters of the Assumption with regard to the laws framed against religious Orders in France has been, from beginning to end, purely passive. They neither sought an official recognition at the hands of the government nor did they break up their community life. They simply ignored the law, and quietly and silently pursued their mission of charity. For this crime

the superioresses of the five houses of the Order in Paris were, on March 26, summoned to appear before the magistrates. This became the occasion of a spontaneous demonstration of sympathy, which was doubly welcome after the debates that had just taken place in the French Chambers, during which all the teaching and preaching Orders of men were brutally and most iniquitously expelled.

When the five Little Sisters, in their black dresses and black veils, arrived at the Palais de Justice, they found over two hundred women of all ranks waiting in the court outside. Flowers were scattered before them as, accompanied by their counsel, M. Joseph Ménard, they made their way to the Salle d'Audience. A formidable number of policemen had been summoned for the occasion. A newspaper, the *Libre Parole*, observed that a stranger might have believed himself taken back to the stormy debates of the Dreyfus case, when political passions in France reached an incredible pitch of excitement and exasperation.

The barristers, lawyers, and spectators who filled the court rose and bared their heads as the Little Sisters entered. The assembly was a significant one as regards the state of public opinion in the country. Besides the lawyers, were assembled representatives of the French Academy, the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, and the poet François Coppée; members of the old French nobility, the Duke des Cars, relatives of the nuns, and last but not least those for whom they live and labor—the workmen and poor people of the suburbs, whose cares have been lightened by the ministrations of these devoted women.

Before the nuns were called up, several cases of theft, immorality and violence were examined. And there was something suggestive in the fact of these hidden miseries of social life in Paris being discussed in presence of the very Sisters whose lives are consecrated to

healing the moral as well as material infirmities of their fellow-citizens.

At last the religious were summoned, and the five took their place before the magistrates. The General Superioress of the Congregation, Sister Louise Jacobs, was addressed by the President, and accused of belonging to an association that is unrecognized by the government. In a firm but low and gentle voice she replied: "I am a Nursing Sister of the Poor. I did not and I do not believe that there can exist in France a law that forbids charity. I nurse the poor without troubling myself about the law." These simple words, sounding through the silence of the court, elicited a thunder of applause. The President appeared embarrassed and omitted to question the four other Sisters.

The counsel for the government then began his speech. After paying a tribute of respect to the charity of the Little Sisters, he thought it necessary to enlarge on the "alarming proceedings of the Congregations," on their "political action," and on the power wielded by the "formidable army" that is arrayed against the government,—big words that sounded ludicrous when applied to the five slight women in black who quietly awaited their sentence. He ended by drawing the attention of the magistrates to the Sisters' refusal to obey the law, and represented the General Superioress as responsible for their disobedience.

M. Joseph Ménard, an able and well-known Catholic barrister, then spoke in defence of the nuns. His speech was remarkable not only for its heart-stirring eloquence, but also for the logic with which he exposed the action of the government. The latter, after sparing no persuasions to induce the Congregations to seek for authorization—promising, if they did so, to let them live,—had, within the last few days, cruelly exiled all the Congregations of men throughout the country, in defiance

of the commonest notions of liberty and justice. M. Ménard spoke, too, of the work of the Little Sisters, and of the *ten thousand* poor men and women who had signed a petition in their favor. Over and over again his voice was interrupted by the enthusiastic applause of the audience, which the President, evidently troubled and ill at ease, was unable to repress.

The judges, subservient to the wishes of the government, had not the moral courage to acquit the accused. The Superioress of the Congregation was condemned to a fine of a hundred francs, and her companions to one of fifty francs each. The sentence gave rise to a hostile demonstration among the audience. Hisses and cries were heard, mingled with cheers for the nuns; and when the latter left the Palais more than two thousand persons took up the cry, "*Vivent les Sœurs! Vive la liberté!*"

At Grenelle, where the mother-house of the Little Sisters stands in the midst of a thickly populated suburb, inhabited solely by the poor, a stirring scene took place when, toward half-past four the same afternoon, the nuns returned to their home. Several thousand persons had assembled round the convent, chiefly workmen, who had left their shops in order to show their gratitude toward their benefactresses. Bareheaded women with babies in their arms, young girls, little children, all the poor and lowly ones of this world among whom the Sisters carry on their heroic mission, were at their post. Many held flowers—small bunches of violets, more precious in the eyes of God than the hothouse flowers of the rich.

François Coppée, the famous poet, one of the leaders of the present Catholic movement in France, appeared first, and was loudly cheered. Then came the five Little Sisters, and at that moment the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. Cheers rent the air, flowers were scattered before the nuns, and soon the

court of the convent and the chapel was filled with people. All stood silent and tearful while François Coppée addressed the crowd: "You honor right, liberty, and the example of resistance to an iniquitous law that has been given by these noble women." M. Joseph Ménard, the nuns' defender, spoke next: "Let us hope," he exclaimed, "that to-day's demonstration is but the beginning of future victories. No: Liberty can not and will not die. The oppressors will end by falling. Liberty will conquer at last."

Then the *Magnificat* was sung by thousands of voices within and without the chapel. Women and even rough men burst into tears. On that sunny spring afternoon, the population of Paris showed itself at its best. The dangerous teaching of the sectarian papers, the blasphemous utterances of the Freemasons who govern France, the doubts, fears and misgivings of the cowardly and half-hearted,—all these things were forgotten in the wave of enthusiasm that swept across the hard-working suburb of Grenelle.

The solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the day's proceedings to a close. The crowd in the street knelt as devoutly as the worshipers in the chapel under the saving blessing of Him who when on earth elected to live and die among the lowly ones of this world.

It would be unwise, even childish, to attach undue importance to these emotional displays, sincere and spontaneous though they were. But when a patient is lying dangerously ill, even the slightest symptoms of improvement are eagerly caught at by the anxious watchers that surround the invalid. In the desperate state of Catholic France at the present day, when impiety and injustice are triumphant, and the cause of right and justice seems hopelessly crushed, we gladly cling to every sign that points to a happier future.

True it is that the country is tyrannized

over by an insolent minority of atheists and Freemasons; that the Conservatives, by their quarrels and divisions, have let power and influence slip from their grasp; that chapels are being closed, Christian schools broken up, and hundreds of religious men and women turned adrift. Yet, below the surface, the heart of Catholic France is still alive; and who knows if the increase of persecution may not indeed prove a powerful stimulant? There are still—more perhaps in Paris than elsewhere—men and women who work and pray; who give to the cause of God not only their gold but their time, thought, and personal labor. There is still in the hearts of the working people a swift sense of indignation when defenceless nuns are treated like criminals, and when the gentle Servants of the Poor are called upon to face the same court that, only a few days previously, was called upon to judge the notorious Madame Humbert.

All these prayers and sacrifices, these generous impulses and efforts will surely in God's good time bring forth fruits of salvation; but how many among us will live to see the day! To all thoughtful minds the future appears gloomy enough. We know with an unfailing knowledge that God's Providence overshadows all things, and that not a prayer, not an effort is wasted in His sight; but we know, too, that it is only through suffering that we can attain victory. And who can tell if this victory, so far as Catholic France is concerned, will not be bought by many tears, perhaps even by the shedding of blood?

THERE are many books in the world and few years in which to read them: why should I spend even an hour in reading one that gives me less pleasure and does me less good when I can be reading one from which I get more pleasure and profit?—*Anon.*

A Veritable Good Shepherd.

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THE most heroic deeds performed on earth are not always immortalized in the narrative of the historian or the song of the poet. Prodiges of moral courage appeal but faintly to the sensational chroniclers who confer or withhold the laurels of worldly fame; and even many a valorous act wherein the more common physical courage is not less notable than the true magnanimity of the hero, lives only in the memory of a village circle or the tradition of a hamlet fireside.

Here is an episode of the Franco-Prussian war which might worthily find a place in some ringing ballad, or grace a footnote of the most dignified history of that eventful struggle. It is a practical exemplification of the spirit with which the true priest interprets our Divine Saviour's dictum: "The good shepherd giveth his life for his flock."

The victorious Prussian troops were approaching the little French village of Horties, when they were fired upon. Short work was made of the expiation of this unpardonable crime. The brusque conquerors seized six of the villagers at haphazard, and condemned them to be put to death unless the guilty ones who did the firing were given up. Now, the sharpshooters who had been unable to resist the temptation of harassing the Germans were strangers in Horties; no one knew their names, or could tell what had become of them. The hostages were accordingly doomed to suffer for the shooting with which they had had nothing whatever to do.

The unfortunate prisoners were confined in the basement of the village court-house; and the Prussian officer authorized the parish priest, Abbé Goerl, to visit them and give them such religious consolation as they might require. The *curé* found his poor parishioners for the most part overcome by the thought

of their speedy execution. Their hands were bound behind their backs, while a single rope served to fetter the legs of all six. In such sombre desolation were they sunk that their pastor doubted whether they fully comprehended his words of comfort and sympathy. Two of their number seemed to have fainted; two or three others raved as if in the delirium of a fever. A notable exception was a man at one end of the row. He stood up straight, with head erect and a brow as calm and unruffled as if quite indifferent to his fate. He was a widower, about forty years of age, and the sole support of five small children.

To the exhortation of the priest this man listened at first with apparent resignation; but, suddenly yielding to despair, he gave utterance to the most abominable imprecations. He cursed all nature with the fury of a real fiend. Then, passing from despair to tenderness, he bewailed the fate of his children doomed to beggary or perhaps starvation. Suddenly he demanded that his little ones should be surrendered to the Prussians to suffer along with himself. "Yes," he cried, with a sardonic laugh, "'twas my three-year-old little Bernard who fired upon those scoundrels!"

Every attempt of the priest to quiet the wretched man proved unavailing. The good shepherd left the room, and walked slowly toward the Prussian headquarters, where he found the officer of the troop quietly smoking.

"Captain," said Abbé Goerl, "there have been committed to you six hostages who within a few hours are to be shot. Not one of their number fired upon you. The guilty having escaped, your purpose can not be to punish those who attacked you, but rather to make an example that will impress other localities. It matters not to you, then, whether you shoot Pierre or Paul, Jacques or Jean. Indeed, the better the victims are known, the more salutary will be the example. So I am come to

ask you the favor of allowing me to take the place of one of the hostages—a poor father whose death would plunge five little children into the depths of misery. He and I are equally innocent, but my death will be more serviceable to you than his.”

The officer had listened in silence, puffing with stolid unconcern at his meerschaum; and as the Abbé concluded, he laconically replied: “All right: you may take his place.” Four soldiers escorted the *curé* back to the prison; the widower was released, and the Abbé Goerl replaced him.

We will pass over the scene in the home of the restored father, whose five little ones had their grief suddenly changed into exuberant joy; and over the sadder scenes in the prison, when, throughout the night, the good shepherd strengthened and consoled the most wretched of his flock.

At eleven o'clock the next morning a guard of Prussians appeared at the prison door to escort the doomed men to the spot chosen for the execution. The pastor was at the head of the file, reciting loudly the Office of the Dead. Along the road, on either side, knelt his parishioners to take a last look at their common father. The designated spot had just been reached when a Prussian colonel chanced to come up with his regiment; and, seeing that a military execution was about to take place, halted. The sight of the priest attracting his attention, he called the captain and inquired into the particulars of the affair. The captain explained; and, as may readily be imagined, the colonel did not regard the pastor's action as quite so natural and matter-of-course as it had been considered by his subordinate. He put off the execution, and reported the matter to the general commanding. The latter ordered the *curé* to be brought before him.

The explanation was brief. The general had a noble nature, and understood at

once the unpretentious heroism of the simple village priest. He said to him:

“Sir, I can not make an exception in your favor, yet I do not desire your death. Go and tell your parishioners that for your sake I pardon them all.”

When the overjoyed Abbé retired, the general turned to the officers who had witnessed the scene.

“If all Frenchmen,” he remarked, “were made of the stuff of that village priest, we should not be long on this side of the Rhine.”

Steps toward Christian Reunion.

THE terms in which many non-Catholic writers and speakers now refer to the so-called Reformation not only mark an epoch in the progress of historical scholarship, but manifest a disposition on the part of outsiders to hear the voice of the Church and to consider her claims on their allegiance. This disposition is not as yet strongly manifested; still it exists, and it is sure to grow. The truth on many subjects of the highest importance now so boldly proclaimed by not a few Protestant leaders will doubtless have much prejudice to encounter, but it must prevail soon or late. It is a blessed thing that at long last descendants of the Reformers are found to characterize the great revolt of the sixteenth century as a calamity to Christendom.

Some years ago the learned *Athenæum*, reviewing an historical portrait of Luther, remarked: “That the ordinary account of the Reformation and Luther to be found in the works of a certain class of Protestant theologians is purely mythical is a fact undoubtedly known to those historical students who have investigated the period at first hand; they sigh over Carlyle's ‘Hero-Worship’ and laugh at Mr. Froude.” Meantime the number of these historical students has so greatly increased that it is no longer necessary for Catholic controver-

sialists to paint Luther as the reverse of an apostle: they have only to refer to the portraits of him presented by trustworthy Protestant historians.

Dr. James Gairdner's history of "The English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary" (the Macmillan Co.) is a work which no partisan scribbler can discredit; it is candid, scholarly, authoritative; and it will undoubtedly act as a check on the nonsense which was scattered broadcast in this country and England at the time of the Luther celebration. Dr. Gairdner contends that the Reformation was brought about by "immoral and degrading agencies"; he paints "Bluff King Hal" in the blackest hues; Foxe, the Reformation martyrologist, is characterized as a falsifier of whom "the worst is not yet known"; and so on. Dr. Gairdner's work holds the truth about Protestantism for all who are prepared to receive it. In our own country the lectures of Dr. W. Hudson Shaw have been quite as destructive of the old-fashioned theories about the *origines* of the Reformation. In a recent address before the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia, this outspoken scholar said:

Religious passion is the deadliest foe of historical truth. So it is that innumerable errors, total misconceptions, and extraordinary perversions of justice are still current regarding Reformation history. It is not true that the English people wanted the Reformation; it is not true that the monasteries generally were dens of corruption; it is not true that all Roman Catholic leaders of the sixteenth century were monsters of depravity and all Reformation leaders pure saints. It is not true that after the Reformation men lived better lives than they had done before. Prejudice may impel us to believe such comforting doctrines, but the facts are otherwise.

Owing to the circumstances of the Reformation, the English Church passed from the control of the Pope to the control of the English King, and has suffered a good deal from this connection. From the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria, from Cranmer to Wilberforce, her bishops have been courtiers. Her best friend can not claim that she did not once slavishly bow the knee to

monarchy; her worst enemies even now can not deny that she is sufficiently respectful to the powers that be.

Admissions like these prepare us for the remarkable statement recently made by the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, head of an Anglican missionary college in Japan. After expressing his conviction that the present state of divided Christendom is a state of sin against Christ, who founded One Church, he declares that "the Anglican Reformation was mainly, if not entirely, due to Henry VIII.'s rapacity and lust. The men of that period who were entirely in the right were the martyrs, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, and Prior Haughton; and the right-minded Englishman should range himself on their side."

Remarkable words indeed. The time has come when all attempts to propagate the Luther myth must be abandoned. Hereafter only hopelessly prejudiced or crassly ignorant persons will be found to refer to the "glorious" Reformation, to quote discredited writers like Foxe or Froude, or to defend characters like Henry VIII. and Luther.

Now is the time to redouble prayers for the reunion of Christendom. We are already at the breaking of the dawn of that blessed day of which Our Lord prophesied when He said: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." Now is the time to circulate as widely as possible among outsiders such scholarly books as the one to which we have referred. Let there be no abuse of any modern Erasmus by extremists among ourselves. The popes and bishops and priests of the Middle Ages were not all saints; and though it is a fact that the world was no more going round in a circle then than now, it is also true that there was ignorance, superstition, and abuse of power, as well as greed, cruelty, and profligacy, among those whose solemn obligation it was to spread the good odor of Christ and to safeguard the liberty of the children of God.

Notes and Remarks.

Although the sentiment of patriotism has not disappeared from the world, it must be regretfully admitted that *pecunia* and *patria* have got badly mixed in the vocabulary of many modern statesmen, big and little. A writer in one of the most influential of the secular magazines, for instance, contends that the Monroe Doctrine is a bar to civilization, and in the course of his argument one is amused to find this paragraph:

Surely God does not love South America; or somewhere, somehow, through the black clouds of turbulence, disorder, revolution, bloodshed and crime, He would make a rift through which might come to it a ray of hope for the future! Rich in resources beyond the dreams of avarice, its tinted mountains filled with priceless gems and precious metals of untold worth, its vast prairies and mighty forests one unending panorama of Nature's most stupendous effort, its shores indented by a thousand harbors wherein might ride secure the commerce of the world; a land of beauty comparable to no other in its myriad pictures formed by Nature's whims, capable of containing the population of the earth and housing it all in luxury and splendor,—this Queen of Continents is held in slavery and blood, in the blackness of intrigue and hate, at the mercy of brutal violence, perfidy and anarchy.

No wonder the cavalierly nations of the Old World yearn for a share in the honor of protecting and civilizing South America; and—between ourselves—no wonder we are ready to fight for the Monroe Doctrine! Weak and wealthy nations are sure to be loved by nations that are powerful and enterprising.

The Rev. Dr. Isaac Funk has attained considerable newspaper notoriety of late weeks through his published statements concerning his personal experience with spirit mediums. The majority of the editorial references to Brother Funk which we find in the more important secular journals of the country treat his spiritualistic adventure in a vein of good-humored incredulity, and imply, where they do not actually assert, that

he has been the victim of fraud. Now, Dr. Funk is a recognized scholar; and, if he really desires to get at the true inwardness of his recent experiences, he can not do better than to devote some hours to the exhaustive treatment of the whole question of spiritism to be found in the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Angel of the Schools understood the relation between the fallen angels and their mortal dupes as thoroughly, perhaps, as do the most enlightened members of the Society for Psychical Research. Read him, Doctor, and you will thank us later on for our suggestion.

It is a gratification to us to know that it was not the traditional "old subscriber" but a "new reader" who was "shocked" because we lately praised "in high terms" a handbook for the clergy of the Church of England, written by one of their number. Let us say, first of all, that the volume from which we quoted really deserved all the praise we gave it. Our correspondent has yet to learn that there are a great many holy persons who are not Catholic Christians—who, though geographically outside of the Church, are not culpably outside of it. What a holy man, for instance, the Rt. Rev. Henry Weedall must have been! At the risk of giving our new reader a fresh shock, let us quote the following beautiful passage—beautiful, though little known—from the sermon preached at the funeral of this Anglican bishop by Newman himself:

One would have thought that a life so innocent, so active, so holy, I might say so faultless from first to last, might have been spared the visitation of any long and severe penance to bring it to an end; but, in order doubtless to show us how vile and miserable the best of us are in ourselves, . . . and moreover to give us a pattern how to bear suffering ourselves, and to increase the merits and to hasten and brighten the crown of this faithful servant of his Lord, it pleased Almighty God to send upon him a disorder which during the last six years fought with him, mastered him, and at length has destroyed him—so far, that is, as death now has power to destroy. . . . It is for

those who came near him year after year to store up the many words and deeds of resignation, love and humility which that long penance elicited. These meritorious acts are written in the Book of Life, and they have followed him whither he is gone. They multiplied and grew in strength and perfection as his trial proceeded; and they were never so striking as at its close. When a friend visited him in the last week, he found he had scrupled at allowing his temples to be moistened with some refreshing waters, and had with difficulty been brought to give his consent; he said he feared it was too great a luxury. When the same friend offered him some liquid to allay his distressing thirst, his answer was the same.

At a time when all unnecessary suffering is avoided as much as possible by the generality of even practical Christians, and mortification of the flesh as a means of atoning for one's sins is little thought of, much less practised, the touching example of this holy "heretic" is well worth citing. Our new reader must be prepared for such little shocks as this. We delight in them ourselves.

Bishop Charles H. Fowler, of the Methodist society, is reported to have made the following remarks at a missionary meeting held in the Delaware Avenue M. E. Church, Buffalo, N. Y., on the evening of the 8th inst.:

Yesterday it was a crime to read the Bible in the Philippines.... There are some things which make me red-hot mad; and if they don't make you mad, too, I shall be mad at you. It [*sic*] is the work of the friars.

Other remarks credited to Brother Fowler are quite as discreditable to him as these. He may not have known that he was falsifying; and as he was "red-hot mad," perhaps we ought to let him off this time with the warning to remember what the Good Book says about bearing false witness against one's neighbor. Emerson, in his essay on Experience, tells of a physician who found theology in the biliary duct; and used to affirm that if there was disease in the liver the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound he became a Unitarian. What physical ailment is it, we wonder, that causes so many Prot-

estant ministers, especially Methodists and Baptists, to revile the Church and to calumniate its members? A physician of our own acquaintance, who became a Catholic a year or two ago, tells us that he fears he can never fully control the indignation that is roused in him whenever he recalls the calumnies against the Church and her clergy which for so long a time he heard from the lips of Protestant ministers. It will be an ill day for many of these men, so few of whom have any valid excuse for not knowing better, when a larger number of open-minded and truth-loving men among their followers become convinced that their opposition to the Church is inspired by malice.

The death of the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Bouchet, the venerable Vicar-General of the diocese of Louisville, removes one of the last surviving members of that devoted band of French priests who came to the United States half a century ago at the solicitation of Archbishop Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville. They were noble priests every one of them, and they have left monuments of their zeal and self-sacrifice wherever they labored. Monsig. Bouchet was highly respected by non-Catholics, beloved by the faithful, and venerated by the clergy as a model of sacerdotal virtue. His death was in keeping with his life. After a long siege in the confessional, he was found late at night by one of his assistants dying from a stroke of paralysis while in the act of prayer. There was time for the consoling Sacraments which he had so often administered to others, and at early dawn on Easter Sunday he passed to his reward. *R. I. P.*

All good Americans are loath to believe the prophets who declare that this country is destined to clash with Germany before many decades; but if the prophets be right, then President

Roosevelt's remarks on race suicide have as much significance for statesmen as his appeal for a big navy. The high birth-rate in Germany as compared with the birth-rate in France moved Von Moltke to say that there never would be another Franco-Prussian war, because Germany was winning a great battle against her rival every year. Similarly one might say that the struggle between Germany and the United States is already begun, and that our country loses a great battle every year. It is reassuring, however, to know that the Irish, the Poles, the Canadians, and the other Catholic peoples who are contributing to our immigration statistics, have given no sign of a tendency to race suicide. Perhaps, after all, the declining birth-rate only means that the unfittest are losing a great battle every year in the United States.

A Frenchman, as is well known, can bear adversity better than ridicule. It is the one thing that drives him to desperation. The defenders of the religious Orders made the anti-clericals mad as March hares by reminding them—in neat phrases and with becoming smiles, of course,—of little facts like these: the daughter of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is a pupil of a convent school in Rome, and his wife a patient in a Sisters' hospital in Paris. Almost all of Zola's pictures, lately sold at auction, dealt with religious subjects; though Zola professed to hate religion as much as M. Waldeck-Rousseau hates religious.

Even a religious magazine, which has no politics, may refer to the re-election of Mayor Jones, of Toledo. He had proclaimed himself a man without a party; his platform was the Golden Rule; he had no party nomination, no "workers," no machine behind him; not a newspaper in the city could be persuaded or hired to mention his name; yet this remarkable man polled as many

votes as his two rivals, with strong party organizations, were able to poll. The lesson of the election is pointed out in the *Nation*: "This repeated success of one who has some grotesque characteristics, yet who has evidently impressed himself on his fellow-citizens as an honest man, without the fear of a boss or a machine before his eyes, is more than a passing curiosity. It has a lesson for politicians, as well as for those ambitious to serve the public, if they would but read it." And has it no lesson for the public also?

It was an error to state that the decoration recently bestowed upon Father Hecht, O. M. I., for services in the Boer war is restricted to royalty or high dignitaries of the Crown. We learn that the Order of St. Michael and St. George was established in 1818, and that its membership is chiefly composed of colonial officials, or men who have distinguished themselves in the colonies or in diplomatic service. In 1900, according to *Whitaker's Almanack*, there were 65 Knights of the Grand Cross (G. C. M. G.), including four princes of the royal blood and various dignitaries; 200 Knights Commanders (K. C. M. G.); and 342 Companions of the Order (C. M. G.) It is so unusual for a priest to receive an honor of this kind that the event is well worthy of being chronicled correctly.

In Valais, Switzerland, an old-time custom prescribes that on March 19, the Festival of St. Joseph, all the able-bodied men devote the day to work for the poor. The fields of those who are sick are tilled, the houses of the indigent repaired, and similar assistance granted to all that need it. It is an excellent practice, that has come down from those Ages of Faith which were also the ages of charity and brotherly love, of Christian altruism translated into such concrete acts as the collectivism of modern socialists will never be able to inspire.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

PASQUALE and his wife had scarcely seated themselves at the impromptu supper table when they heard a rustling in the bushes behind them, and at the same moment a small dog made his appearance, carrying in his mouth a rabbit, which he deposited at the feet of Riso, with a gentle, complacent wagging of his short, stunted tail.

"Ah, there you are again!" exclaimed Pasquale. "So, good doggie, you have brought something for our breakfast? In my anxiety about you, Rosa, I had almost forgotten him. But just as we sat down I remembered that we had not seen him since he plunged into the thick clump of bushes at the head of yonder little hill. He is sure to turn up every time, though; it would be impossible to lose him."

"I am afraid Dellito would almost lose his life if we did," replied Rosa. "Isn't he a wonderful little dog, Pasquale? I never saw one so intelligent. And I have almost grown to think him beautiful, he is so affectionate and good and clever."

"My imagination could never stretch itself to think Griso beautiful," observed Pasquale; "but he certainly is the cleverest dog I have ever seen."

"He must have *some* good blood in him, Pasquale, whatever you say about his being only a mongrel."

"Perhaps so," laughed her husband. "There may be a drop somewhere, but it does not show on the surface. Yet it is

remarkable. Not a day for the past week but he has brought us our supper or breakfast. Look at him now—how pleased he is!"

One would have thought the dog understood every word that had been said, as he stood quivering from head to foot, his bright, intelligent eyes turning from one to the other of the pair; his tail still wagging; his coarse hairy coat, of a mixed red and grey, looking more like that of a badger than a dog. Riso flung him a bone, which he seized with eagerness; taking it some distance away from the group, and, as is the custom of his race, carefully examining it on every side before beginning his attack upon it.

"That dog is hungry,—very hungry. One can see it," said Rosa. "And yet I am sure he has not had a bite of anything to eat. His chops are perfectly clean. He would never think of such a thing as devouring any game he found, no matter how famished he might be."

"He is an unselfish little cur, that Griso of ours," said Pasquale. "He deserves a good supper, and he shall have all he wants."

Riso felt himself warranted to throw the dog another bone. The creature looked up from his feast, and in so doing cast a sharp glance around the group. Evidently he missed some one. Hastily dropping his bone, he left it where it lay, stood still a moment, with tail erect, and then darted away.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Rosa, following him with her eyes.

"He wants the little one," said Riso, speaking for the first time. "He is looking for Dellito."

And so it proved. The dog darted into the caravan, sprang upon the couch and began to lick the face and

hair of the sleeping boy, who awoke under these friendly ministrations; and, sitting up, began to pet and caress his faithful little friend.

"Why, Griso, where have you been?" he asked. "Did you fetch us a hare or a wild chicken for our supper? I smell something good, and I am hungry. Come, let us go and find what it is."

The dog led the way, the child following.

"We thought to let you sleep, Dellito," remarked his mother as they appeared. "Riso would have saved a nice little supper for you."

"Oh, but I did not want to sleep, mamma!" he answered. "I like much better to eat with papa and you. I never like to eat alone,—never, never. I want always to be with you."

The mother drew him down beside her, a shade of sadness clouding her face, which no one observed except perhaps the dog, who began licking the back of her neck; afterward crouching, with his bone, close to the family.

"Griso has brought us a rabbit for breakfast, Dellito," said Pasquale. "Now, what do you think of that for a hunter?"

"I knew he would," replied the boy. "He always does when he runs off that way toward evening. Only I am afraid that some time he will get so far off the track that he may lose us."

"He never has yet," said Pasquale. "His instinct is wonderful. Do you remember how you grieved those three days he was gone?"

"Yes; and how ashamed he looked when he came stumbling into the van that night in the dark, with the rope around his leg. Never let us go to Matanzas again, papa. There are very bad boys there. They wanted to steal him from us on account of his clever tricks. But he got away,—didn't you, dear old Griso?"

The dog had once been lost for three days. When the strollers, ready to start

very early in the morning, whistled for Griso, he did not appear. Pasquale, thinking he had gone off foraging, and knowing, if such were the case, he would be sure to catch up with them in a few hours, set out without him. But the dog did not make his appearance as the morning wore on; and when evening came he was still absent. The boy fell asleep crying; and when morning came there were still no tidings of the dog. It was a very sorrowful party that pursued their way during the ensuing days. Pasquale had become convinced that some harm had befallen the faithful animal. On the third evening, as the little family sat together in the van, sorrowfully lamenting their late companion, a low, soft whine was heard, accompanied by scratching at the door. Dellito sprang to open it, and, behold, there was Griso, bedraggled and trembling, a rope dangling from his neck and another fastened about his ankle. He had been, as his captors thought, securely tied; but he had tugged at his bonds till they parted; and, though sorely impeded in his march by the thick cable at his foot, he had followed the scent and at length reached his friends and benefactors.

The dog must have been in great straits during that three days' search; for his skin was torn in places and his coat filled with brambles and briars. But a good bath in the stream, given him by the willing hands of Riso, had rested and refreshed him; and by the end of the next day—which they made him spend on a rug in the caravan, instead of following it as he usually did,—he was himself again.

Since that time the boy had clung more closely than ever to his loving friend; and any prolonged absence had the effect of exciting fears in his mind lest the animal should not return.

"I am feeling very much better, thanks to our Blessed Mother!" said Rosa, when they had finished supper.

"That is good," replied her husband. "You were only a little fatigued. If you wish, we will remain here to-morrow—until you are entirely rested."

"Oh, no!" she said. "The most of the ride is over; we have left the dusty plain behind us, and the rest of the way will be pleasant. To-morrow we go through yonder cool and well-watered valley. I shall enjoy it."

"Very well," said Pasquale. "Let it be just as you wish."

"Sometimes," interposed the child, thoughtfully, "I wish we could build a little house in the deep green forest and live there always. How delightful it would be! Don't you think so, papa?"

"And how could we live there?" asked Pasquale. "Where should we get money to buy clothing and food? And how exist through the winter when we can not go out in the squares?"

"I did not think of that," said the child. "Do you like *very* much to dance and do tricks, papa?"

"Of course, Dellito. It is my trade. Don't I do them well, my son?"

"Very well," the child hastened to answer,—*"very well indeed, papa. I have heard people say, as I sat on the steps of the van watching you, that you were the best performer they had ever seen; and some of them were men who had travelled to Madrid and other big, big cities. And once I heard a man say that mamma could earn a great deal of money if she would go into the concert halls of Seville."*

"Which mamma will never do," answered Pasquale, looking at his wife, who was seated with her head on her hand, thoughtfully regarding the boy. "Mamma is for you and me, and the free life of the caravan and the road, not for the concert halls. Isn't it so, Rosa?" he continued, almost anxiously, lest the words of the child should have put another thought in her mind.

She smiled and looked at him most affectionately.

"Not for all the gold of Seville would I go into a music hall, Pasquale; and you know it," she replied. "There is only one thing that would make me do it, and that would be to work for you, if anything happened to disable you,—which God forbid!"

"And then I would kill you first," said Pasquale, with a fierceness which the child could not understand. He looked at his father with wondering eyes.

"Papa," he said, amazed, "you would never kill mamma. You love her too much. It is only very bad men who do that; and you are so good, so good,—I can not imagine it."

"No, my darling," answered the father, soothingly, "I would not kill mamma. I spoke in haste. But I would never consent to her dancing in the big cities. Here the people are all like ourselves—they love us, they are kind to us, they do not insult us. But there, while we would get much more money, it would be different. The thought even I can not bear."

"For my part," said Dellito, "I like both of you better in those clothes. And though, when you put on the velvet trousers and scarlet jacket you look very beautiful, papa, you seem to get away from me,—it is not the same. I should be glad if the purse of Fortunatus that mamma tells about were to be yours, and we could build us a house in the woods, under the green trees."

"Then you do not like any better than ever, Dellito, to learn dancing and the castanets, and to vault the pole like papa?" asked his mother, stooping to kiss his white forehead.

"No, I do not like it any better than I did, mamma dearest," answered the truthful child. "There is something in me that says, 'Dellito, you must never do that,—you will never do that.' Maybe I have not the courage, maybe I could never have the skill,—I do not know what it is, mamma; but I have no wish to do anything of that kind."

The father and mother exchanged glances. Both looked grave.

"What *would* you like to do when you are a man, darling?" asked the mother, looking lovingly into the refined, earnest little face.

"Perhaps be a priest; for I love the gold vestments and the incense and the music, and the cool church, still and dark. Or maybe a painter, and paint beautiful pictures of the dear Madonna and the saints. But I believe I should like best of all to lie all day under the trees in the woods and make up stories like mamma tells."

"We shall have to earn a great deal of money for our Dellito if he is to be any of these things," said Pasquale, laughingly. "For in that case he must learn to read, and we shall have to send him away to school, and then we shall lose him—"

"Oh, no, papa," said the boy, "you will not lose me. The last time we were at Veraga the *curé* asked me when I was going to learn to dance, and I told him 'Never.' Then I said I might learn to read and be a priest, like him; and he told me that if sometime we stayed there all winter, he would teach me."

"And you said nothing of it until now, you little rogue!"

"I forgot all about it, mamma, after we were on the road again," rejoined the boy, lightly.

"That might not be a bad thing, Rosa?" inquired Pasquale. "What do you say?"

"The *curé* at Veraga is a very good man," said Rosa. "When we come there, about October, we shall see. But this boy—he has no taste for our life. You understand, my dear?"

"Yes," said Pasquale. "And I am disappointed. And you, Rosa?"

"I do not know," she said slowly, stooping to kiss the innocent lips. "But there is something very fine about our Dellito, Pasquale."

(To be continued.)

Misfit Terms.

A good many terms are misfits. Our best china is made in France. Turkeys are natives of America and so are Irish potatoes. Cork legs are not made of cork and are not from the city of Cork. German silver is the invention of the Chinese, and is not silver at all, but a combination of inferior metals. Dutch gold is anything but gold. The catgut strings used on violins and other musical instruments are derived from the entrails of the sheep, and have nothing whatever to do with the musical feline. Camels' hair brushes are not made from the hair of camels. An Irish stew is an English dish; and an Irishman's hurricane (nautical term) is a dead calm. The Russians invented what we call the Turkish bath, and the famous Cleopatra's Needle, now in Central Park, New York, was made a thousand years before that famous lady was born.

A Strange Lighthouse.

One of the most remarkable lighthouses in the world is that on Arnish rock, Stornoway Bay, which is separated from the Island of Lewis by over five hundred feet of raging water. On this barren rock there is a beacon built, and on its top is fixed the lantern that, night after night, in storm or calm, sends out its rays to light the fisherman home.

Upon hearing this, one naturally inquires who it is that has the endurance and the bravery to row across that wild chasm of breakers and light the lantern. The answer makes everything plain. Upon the Island of Lewis there is a lighthouse, and from one of its windows a stream of light is sent to a mirror in the lantern on the lonely rock, the effect being the same as if it were a real light.

With Authors and Publishers.

—At a recent sale of early printed and other books and manuscripts in London, an Anglo-Norman Latin Bible of the thirteenth century, illuminated, realized £610. A copy of Dante, *editio princeps*, with a date (Foligno, Numeister, 1472), sold for £252.

—The Rev. Patrick J. Murphy, of the Paulist Fathers, has made a booklet of five sermons, the themes being Confidence in God, Raising the Dead to Life, The Holy Innocents, The Faithful Departed, and St. Agnes. The development of the themes is leisurely, and the reader is impressed with the ease and fluency of the style. The spirit of the discourses is also attractive. People who read sermons will like these. Published by H. C. Clinton.

—The article by Father Ganss, which appears in our present number, on Edward Elgar and his now famous masterpiece, is of special value and interest not only because it was written by one who is himself a composer of high merit, but because it furnishes, perhaps, the most extended notice of Mr. Elgar that has yet appeared. Father Ganss' praise of "The Dream of Gerontius," though not less enthusiastic than that of other musical critics in England and Germany, is more discriminating. His estimate of the composition is evidently the result of serious and prolonged study.

—The following books, all of recent publication, will doubtless be of interest to some among our readers: "How to become a Private Secretary," by Arthur Sheppard. (T. Fisher Unwin.) "Religion for all Mankind: Based on Facts which are never in Dispute," by the Rev. Charles Voysey, B. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) "Shakespeare's Church," by J. Harvey Bloom, M. A. Illustrated with many photographs. "Please M'M The Butcher," a guide to catering for the housewife of moderate means, by Beatrice Guarracino. (T. Fisher Unwin.) "How to Enforce Payment of Debt," by a lawyer. (Grant Richards.) This last is probably intended especially for the publishers of religious periodicals.

—A learned member of Johns Hopkins University supplies this interesting tidbit: "There is at the present time in the University of Upsala, in Sweden, a manuscript on purple parchment, written in silver and golden letters. It is the most priceless manuscript in the world—the Silver Codex of Upsala, the main source of the Gothic Bible and the Gothic language. I hope to see this manuscript reproduced so that every Germanic seminary and every student of German antiquity may handle a perfect facsimile of the original." Eminent German scholars have expressed equal enthusiasm over "the most priceless manuscript in the world"; and we have no doubt the facsimile,

highly expensive undertaking though it be, will appear in due course. And, ten to one, it will be some "materialistic American" that will confer this boon on scholars.

—According to comparative statistics published by the *New World*, the Jews support their religious press far more loyally than any other denomination; for while the ratio of Jewish population to each paper is about three thousand, the average circulation of Jewish papers is about five thousand. The Adventists stand second in this respect, and Catholics hold the eighth—almost the last—place.

—We are pleased to state, in answer to numerous correspondents, that Cardinal Vaughan's Lenten pastoral on the Religious Training of Children, from which we made extracts a week or two ago, has been issued as a pamphlet by the English Catholic Truth Society. Another highly important publication by this Society is the "Synodal Instruction on the Method of Preparing Children for First Communion," annotated by his Eminence. It is a great pity, as we have often remarked, that there is no depot in this country for the publications of the English C. T. S.

—The danger to Catholics from constantly reading daily papers which, if not openly antagonistic to the Church are undisguisedly irreligious, and the duty of patronizing the Catholic press as a necessary antidote to an unavoidable evil, are pointed out by the Rev. Father Alphonsus, O. S. F. C., in an article contributed to the *Franciscan Annals*. There is abundant food for thought in the following paragraphs:

We have no daily press of our own. We can not help ourselves, therefore; we must use that supplied to us, or be deprived of eyes and ears in our social intercourse. In some degree, therefore, the daily press must think for us, for we are not differently constituted from other men. But this constant intercourse into which we are daily thrust by our contact with an anti-Catholic press must, if no means are taken to neutralize its effect, blunt our susceptibilities as Catholics, and have a deteriorating effect upon our Catholic *morale*. We owe a duty to ourselves not only to preserve the faith but the instincts of faith—our instincts as Catholics. These, the same as every other instinct, may be lost if we take no care to preserve them. You can not associate with bad company and find your social intercourse among it without losing the instincts of higher morality; and you can not saturate the mind daily with anti-Catholic ideals without in some measure endangering the instincts of faith, the instincts of Catholic morality, which it is the object of the Church to foster and educate.

Most of the Sunday papers are undisguisedly irreligious. Yet even by our own people these are read when the Catholic journals are neglected. We do not by any means imply that journalism such as that which disfigures many of the Sunday papers is characteristic of the daily press. We are only pointing out an evil from which we suffer. Such journals are supported because of the violence of their partisan spirit, and, in many cases, because of the revolutionary appeal they

make to the passions of an indiscriminating public. Biting criticism and violent denunciation, however clever, are scarcely things whereon to frame a policy; and in the cases to which we refer they certainly expose the reader to danger. Clever in many instances the writers undoubtedly are. They know their audience, and they give them just that which pleases them.

To be pleased with a criticism is next to adopting it. It means that we have caught its spirit; and in the cases to which we refer, it is a malicious spirit. It is under such solvents as that supplied by this anti-religious journalism that faith and the instincts of faith die. It is a religious duty, therefore, incumbent upon all Catholics, to use every means to preserve their Christian and Catholic instincts. The cultivation of the Catholic press is, when we consider the nature of the peculiar evil to which we are exposed, a necessary duty, if we would preserve intact our Catholic faith. Inadequate as it may be to cope with the magnitude of the evil to which it is opposed, it is nevertheless the only means at our disposal. Its influence is gaining steadily, and the more we foster it the greater will be its power and efficacy. In every home an abundance of Catholic literature should be found, if it is to preserve its Catholic tone.

No Catholic home should ever be without one or more of the best Catholic weeklies. They quicken the instincts of Catholics in the interests of religion, they keep the whole body of the laity in touch with one another, they supply information peculiar to us as Catholics—they are, in a word, a necessary antidote to that six-days-evil wherein is preached what is not to our interests, either as Catholics or Christians.

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 Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan.* \$1.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe.* 50 cts.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremeaux.* \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Life of Blessed Emily Becchieri, O. S. D. *Sister Mary Stanislaus.* \$1.25, net.

The Quest of Happiness. *Newell Dwight Hillis.* \$1.50, net.

Boston Days. *Lilian Whiting.* \$1.50, net.

A Reed by the Rivers. *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* \$1.

The Dancers. *Edith M. Thomas.* \$1.50.

Days We Remember. *Marian Douglas.* \$1.25.

Roadside Flowers. *Harriet M. Skidmore.* \$1, net.

Dogtown. *Mabel Osgood Wright.* \$1.50, net.

England and the Holy See. *Rev. Spencer Jones.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Lambert Young, of the diocese of Covington; Rev. Denis McCabe, diocese of Columbus; Rev. John Flatley, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. J. J. McGlynn, diocese of Syracuse.

Mother M. Vincent, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Edward Halpin, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Nancy Beaven, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Fannie Miller and Mrs. Patrick Smith, San Rafael, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Balinski, Mrs. Anna Desmond and Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald and Mr. Richard Ryan, Gilroy, Cal.; Mr. Henry Spahner and Mr. Henry Willers, Ironton, Ohio; Mr. Philip Reilly, Mrs. Frank Glockner, Mrs. Mary E. Montavon, and Miss Mary McAber, Portsmouth, Ohio; Miss Zara Beltzhoover, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Jeremiah Connell, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Arthur Smith, Lowell, Mass.; Mary E. Shannahan, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. C. Holzer, Carleton, Mich.; Miss Mary Holton, Miss Mary Westhrep, and Mr. James Mahoney, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Hezel, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Julia Callaghan, Essex, Ill.; Mrs. John Heenan, Valley Junction, Iowa; Mr. James Davis, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Carrie Normile, Purcell, Kansas; and Mr. H. Durand, Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Requiescant in pace!





MYSTICAL, ROSE.
(A. VERNAZZA.)



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

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Dreamland.

BY MARION MUIR.

WHILE Life is so shorn of pleasures,
Bid me not from dreams refrain;
Fair are Dreamland's misty treasures,
Blast them not with cool disdain.

May not one whose feet set seizure
On the hot and stony road,
In the hope of future leisure
Feel a lightening of the load?

Though the hope may be deceptive,
Do not grudge its cheering ray;
'Tis like sunlight to a captive,
Though he knows it will not stay.

Let no worker, for the Ideal,
With its pale, uncertain charms,
Lose allegiance to the Real,
Or neglect the Truth's alarms.

But while thus exalting Duty,
Fear not if her yoke receives
Something of the winsome beauty
Fancy's loom of magic weaves.

Our Lady's Providential Mission.

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

THE great misfortune of the majority of men in all ages has been, as it is now, their blindness to aught beyond the tangible world of sense. Having eyes, they see not; having ears, they hear not nor understand any of the illimitable series of magnificent facts and stupendous truths that concern the spiritual side of their being. Constituted as they are of

body and soul, they habitually starve the latter infinitely more noble element, to live a life which is almost as purely natural as that of mere animals: their human reason for the most part leading them scarcely any nearer to the world of the supernatural than instinct leads the irrational brute.

A permanent desideratum for the major portion of mankind has, therefore, been that gift of God, faith, which is as a spiritual eye full of divine light and celestial radiance. Faith discloses to the natural man the sphere of being that is most genuinely worthy of his contemplation and thought, his study and effort— heaven and hell, the grandeur of God, His infinite mercies and His redoubtable justice. Faith shows how by a single mortal sin heaven is forfeited and hell deserved; and how from one moment to another in this present life it is always possible that we may commit such a sin and fall into the most lamentable of misfortunes, the loss of our Heavenly Father's friendship.

This possibility may well inspire us with salutary dread. It is certainly true that up to our very last breath we are in danger of losing our soul; of forfeiting infinite happiness and meriting unending misery; of becoming totally and irrevocably bankrupt; of depriving ourselves forever of every species of good—honor, peace, and pleasure; of precipitating ourselves into an abyss of all evil, of every conceivable species of torments, and torments that will endure for eternity. Truths—nay, truisms—these,

as terrible as they are certain; yet, O the pity of it! most men not only run the risk of these irreparable misfortunes, but pass gayly and flippantly through life with never a thought of the catastrophe that menaces them. The saints—those mortal angels who led here below a life savoring more of heaven than earth—trembled at the thought of this danger to which they were ever exposed. What should not be our dread, surrounded as we are with so many miseries, walking habitually it may be on the very brink of the eternal precipice!

The Christian who lives by faith—whose vision, clarified by God's holy grace, looks upon life and its innumerable pitfalls with distinct and unerring perception,—might indeed be filled with paralyzing terror, were it not that the sweet benignity of Divine Providence has given him a safeguard in all dangers, a preservative from every evil, an impregnable fortress whence to defy every enemy's assault, a protectress whose power is as nearly infinite as her love for each of us is surely boundless—our thrice-blessed Lady and Queen, Mary, Mother of the Incarnate God.

Jesus Himself is, of course, the sovereign remedy for all the evils that afflict humanity. The Eternal Father sent Him upon earth to renew all things; to re-establish that which had been destroyed; to repair the injury which sin had done to the sovereign majesty of the Godhead; to redeem mankind, and reopen to Adam's progeny the gates of heaven so long closed against them. It is from Jesus, by Him and in Him, that all graces are accorded to men. He is the veritable Saviour of all; "for there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved." His Cross is our unique hope; we may expect all things through His merits, which are infinite. He is the door, "the way, the truth, and the life." Jesus is the only Mediator of Redemption: He

alone reconciled us to His Father and threw open for us the gates of heaven. It can scarcely be too often repeated and insisted upon in our day that all other heavenly advocates whom the Church advises and our hearts impel us to invoke with fervor, from our Blessed Lady herself to the most recently canonized servant of God, are merely mediators of intercession; that their intercession avails solely through the merits of Jesus; and that consequently all the glory of man's Redemption, as well as of the graces which help us to our individual salvation, belongs to Him, our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

While it is perfectly true, however, that our Saviour is our all in all, infinitely sufficient in Himself for the totality of mankind, and needing no one to co-operate in the work of saving souls, it is equally true that, just as He chose originally to give Himself to the world by means of the Immaculate Virgin, so He continues to employ her pure hands for the distribution among men of His graces and favors. All generations call Mary blessed, because God, regarding her lowliness, drew her from the nothingness which was her origin in common with the rest of creatures, and raised her to ineffable heights of grandeur. She is what she is—the most bountifully dowered created being that ever came from the hand of God—purely by virtue of the graces which He so lavishly bestowed upon her. The most perfect of creatures, she is yet, of course, infinitely inferior to the Creator, between whom and her, indeed, there can be no comparison or proportion. This much needs saying, in view of the monstrous calumnies, not yet grown obsolete, of some non-Catholics who charge the Church with giving to Mary an honor due to God alone. All honor and reverence, short of supreme worship and adoration, we do give her, and with the best possible reason.

St. Bridget tells us in her revelations that when the angels learned God's design to redeem men through the mediation of Mary, since the Eternal Word chose to become incarnate in her chaste womb, they celebrated a great festival in heaven. The Universal Church proclaims that Mary's birth brought joy to all the world, since from her came forth the Sun of Justice, Jesus Christ our God, who freed that world from the malediction under which it had groaned for ages. So it is that the Fathers and Doctors have ever looked upon Our Lady as the great means of which Divine Providence has made use to give to us the remedy for all our ills. True it is that Jesus calls to Himself all that labor and are heavy-laden, that He may refresh them; but successive generations of fervent Christians have proved to a demonstration that the shortest and surest way to Jesus is to seek Him through His ever-gracious Mother. True, says St. Bernard, He has made Himself our brother, and experienced all our miseries (sin excepted), so that He might become more merciful in our behalf. But this Brother, adds the saint, although He became man, always remained God; and God being a consuming fire, has not the sinner reason to fear approaching Him, lest, as wax melts in the flame, he should perish before His face?

To do away with any such obstacle, our Father, in the excess of His infinite tenderness and love, has given us the Blessed Virgin, who is purely a creature, wholly human, that we may through her approach the throne of grace with less of dread and more of confidence. He has made of her the sacred heart of His mystic body, causing His life-giving influences to flow through this gracious Virgin upon all that body's members. Since, then, in the order of His Divine Providence God communicates to us His gifts and graces through Mary, as is the positive teaching of the Fathers, we should have recourse to her in all

our necessities. St. Thomas assures us that by her mediation we may be guaranteed against every evil; that in every imaginable occasion she can and will be our strength and aid, our comfort and solace, if only we fervently and confidently implore her help.

Now, Providence has made the Blessed Virgin the channel of His favors to men at all periods of the Christian era, as the history of every century abundantly proves. She has been His grand almoner in all regions of the habitable world, and with respect to all sorts of persons—high and low, cultured and illiterate, kings and peasants,—as countless examples have shown and are daily showing. Her intercession has availed against evils of every description, as is attested by innumerable prodigies and miracles wrought by the all-mightiness of God at the request of this Mother of Mercy. In fact, so visible and unmistakable has been the action of Providence in dowering Our Lady with almost illimitable power to protect and comfort members both of the Church militant and the Church suffering, that we are surely justified in looking upon her as the infallible remedy for all our ills.

In his famous panegyric at the Council of Ephesus, St. Cyril declared that it was through the Blessed Virgin that Divine Providence had withdrawn the Gentiles from their idolatry. The Church proclaims that it is by her that all heresies are overthrown. The Fathers are unanimous in asserting that to her belongs the credit of bringing sinners to repentance. In all public disasters, in famine, plague and war, God has been pleased to let the peoples understand how irresistibly potent are our Mother's appeals for mercy on her children. Run over in a mental review every imaginable evil—public or private; physical, mental, or spiritual; relative to time or to eternity,—and it may be affirmed with perfect truth that there is not a single one concerning which Our Lady has not

time and time again shown herself the Help of Christians and the Comforter of the afflicted.

In what myriad modes, indeed, has not this gracious Mother come to the aid of her clients through all the centuries that have elapsed since the Apostles mourned the Assumption that bereft them of her visible presence! In what extraordinary and frequently miraculous ways has she relieved her servants' temporal wants, when such relief promoted the interests of their salvation and the glory of God! She has furnished them with money in their need, solaced them in sickness and suffering, comforted them in their trials, delivered them from imminent perils on land and sea, supported them amid indignities and humiliations, sustained their courage against all obstacles that confronted them, procured for them notable successes in scholarship and science, helped them to obtain congenial employment, or advanced them to posts of honor and emolument.

Countless as have been such temporal favors granted to devout clients of God's benign handmaid, still less capable of enumeration are the spiritual aids and graces that she has lovingly proffered to souls in affliction, in peril, in the lethargic stupor of habitual sin. How many inveterate transgressors of God's holy law have become converted and done penance, how many weakly souls have been rescued from the toils of Satan and preserved from eternal torments, how many lukewarm followers of Jesus have been enticed out of their cowardice and filled with genuine and steadfast fervor, how many generous lovers of God have been freed from the imperfections that hindered their close and intimate union with Jesus,—and all through the gracious tenderness of this Mother of fair love and holy hope!

Our Lady's providential mission, then, is clearly to bless earth with the inexhaustible treasures of God's infinite

compassion for sinful, sorrowful and suffering humanity. Incomparably more tender-hearted than is the fondest of earthly mothers, she sympathizes with us in every trial and care, and hastens to grant the aid and comfort for which we confidently ask her. No briefest ejaculatory prayer to Mary is ever left unanswered. No piercing cry of distress strikes indifferently upon her ear. Nay, how often, from year to year, does it not happen that the mere mechanical repetition of her name—an act of pure routine and habit—avails to snatch the most reckless of the world's votaries and slaves from the currents of debauchery that would fain hurry them swiftly to perdition! The daily "Hail Mary," pronounced with little, if any, attention to its import, recited merely from force of a habit contracted in other and less troubled years,—how frequently has it not baffled the demon who gloated over the speedy possession of some poor slave for years given up to habitual iniquity!

More and more clearly as the years go by does the beauty and the importance of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the economy of Christianity become apparent. Three or four centuries ago the so-called reformers inveighed against her cult as a dishonor to God, a quasi-blasphemous substitution of her mediation for that of her Divine Son; and the heirs of the reformers, from decade to decade and century to century, have echoed these falsities and filled the world of literature with unnumbered calumnies concerning the rôle of the Mother of God in the one true Church established by her Son. And what has been the result? Marian devotion has been eliminated, or practically so, from the non-Catholic churches, and faith in the Incarnation is growing weaker and weaker among those churches' adherents. The Jesus whom, according to Protestants, Mary was supplanting in the worship of Catholics, is a living reality, true God and man, in the Cath-

olic world alone. His Real Presence is a belief among no non-Catholics save those who give honor to Mary; nay, His very divinity is rejected, not merely by agnostics and infidels—the legitimate offspring of Reformation principles,—but by thousands who with strange inconsistency still call themselves Christians. Devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God has safeguarded faith in the Real Presence, in the Incarnation, and consequently in the redemption of mankind by the sufferings and death of a God-Man.

In a widely general as well as in a particular and individual sense, therefore, may we say that our way to Jesus lies through Mary. Minimizing the rôle of the Mother detracts from, instead of adding to, the dignity and prerogatives of the Son. The sects that for so long have been denouncing Mariolatry are now accepting the “historic Christ”; no longer the Eternal Word made flesh and dwelling amongst us, but merely an ordinary, commonplace Jew, who became in his later years a religious enthusiast.

This thought may well add fervor to the prayers which during the present month we proffer to the Queen of Heaven. While honoring her as God’s fairest creation and chosen handmaid, while offering her our grateful thanksgiving for the thousand and one graces and favors we have personally received from her bounty, and earnestly soliciting the continuance of her loving protection, we should also plead for the extension, over the whole world and every social community, of her own cult as a preservative of steadfast faith in the divinity of Christ, and a means of winning thousands of wavering Christians from the false and sterile creed that puts humanity for God, and calls theoretical altruism true religion.

IF we love Christ we must love His Mother. We must know her in order to know Him.—*Faber.*

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF “NUESTRA SEÑORA,” ETC.

XVII.—THE VETERAN.

ABOUT nine o’clock in the “white night” O’Byrne and O’Reilly arrived at Kresstoffsky; having previously been informed that Mr. Daniel O’Byrne was at large, albeit under surveillance and “word of bail.”

They found the old gentleman smoking his briar root, a bottle of “auld Scotch” and a pitcher of water, with two or three tumblers, on a table close by. He was heartily glad to see his nephew, and insisted upon O’Reilly’s taking a *golligoe* on the spot,—a *golligoe*, as he explained to his guest, meaning a mouthful.

“Now, me boys, sit right forninst me, and I’ll tell you all about it. I let you have a nosebag full in that long letter I wrote you, so I haven’t so very much to say. Of course there was a terrible ruction. You’d think the Tsar had been murdered, and that I had a dozen bombs in the pockets of me small clothes. They fell upon me, and only I stuck me elbows into their ribs—an old canteen trick—I’d have been crushed in like an eggshell. I was hustled into a small room—what they call a cabinet or little dining-room,—where they were for strapping me. I took a silver candlestick and swung it round me head like a *kippeen*. They saw in a brace of shakes that I meant blood and thunder.

“‘Send for Prince Sevnoroski!’ says I.

“‘For whom?’ said they.

“‘Prince Sevnoroski, Minister of War,’ says I.

“‘He won’t come to you,’ says one blustering officer.

“‘Maybe he will and maybe he won’t,’ says I.

“‘We’ll take you quietly to the

Justiciary,' says the officer. 'I'll have a drosky at the side door,—that is, if you promise to behave.'

"I promise,' says I,—and you know, Myles dear, an O'Byrne never breaks his word."

"Never!" cried Myles with fervor.

"It was lucky for me that I had been running tobacco; for it had made me acquainted with some quare chaps, and chaps that had to mind what I said to them. The man on the bench was at one time an associate with me; so, after pretending to be pretty severe, he says:

"You are an old man, Mr. O'Byrne. Now, I won't commit you to prison, though I ought to. I'll commit you to your own *datcha* and the precincts thereof, until I get hold of *all* the facts in this case'" (here Myles winced), "'for publicity in the *Nove Vreyma*,' he says with great pomp. 'Officers,' he called out, 'treat Mr. O'Byrne with the utmost civility. Put two secret police on the house, but not in it. To-morrow at ten, or the next day,—whichever suits Mr. O'Byrne will suit me to be here. Mr. Osgoff—to the clerk,—'send the usual notices to the complainants. Now, Mr. O'Byrne, you are free to depart until you hear from *me*.' And, Myles, I'm waiting to hear now," added the veteran.

"Have you employed counsel, uncle?"

"Not a bit."

"But it will be necessary."

"When it is I'll have one—or maybe two, if they're cheap."

"Did Jarotski make any threats?"

"He couldn't. His false teeth were hanging full out of his mouth, caught in his beard."

"And the other?"

"He couldn't either, for I hear that I dislocated his jaw,"—and the veteran coolly took a pinch of snuff.

"Surely they are not going to drop it?" said O'Reilly.

"Sorra a drop. I sent me *mujik* Ivan to pick up all the news. It appears that they want to lug in the lady and you,

Myles; and it's vengeance on her and you they're after. But she must be kept out of it, and you must baste the blackguards' ribs. Oho," chuckled the old man, "they didn't know whether they were on the Hill of Howth or the Bog of Allen when I got at them! If I have to pay, I'll pay cheerfully. The fun was worth the money."

"Do you recollect exactly what passed, uncle?" asked Myles, who was very sedate and thoughtful during this talk.

"Every word."

"Was there any one near—I mean quite close—who could have heard you?"

"There was."

"Who was it? Do you know him?"

"I do well. He's a clerk in the Public Works Department. He comes here at times for a bit of tobacco and a nip of vodka."

"Could you send for him to-night—now, uncle?"

"No necessity: here he comes."

A small, middle-aged man, attired in the green uniform of the Public Works Department, entered the garden, and raised his cap, greeting them all in Russian. He was pounced upon by O'Reilly, who fairly riddled him with questions. At first Mr. Berdsov seemed willing enough to reply; but as O'Reilly pushed him he became grave, silent and almost suspicious.

"Let me get a whack at him!" cried the veteran, who was pining to get his oar in. "I'll pin him against the wall."

"Be careful, uncle! His evidence may save the day," said Myles.

"Don't be uneasy. I'll take a pull out of him."

The veteran took the unwilling Berdsov in hand, and succeeded in so confusing him that his ideas went tumbling over one another until he could not say whether it was at the Ouro or Coutent's or Cubat's that the fracas took place.

"This man is an *omadhaun*. I'll send him off now, and come at him to-morrow,"—handing a glass of vodka

and a cigarette to the now thoroughly bewildered official, and hustling him unceremoniously off the porch.

"I had better see this blackguard," said O'Reilly. "Hold hard, Myles. If you go there will be blood upon the moon, more rib-breaking, and possibly more publicity. I can keep my temper and ask him to withdraw all proceedings. He knows well that I am rather *persona grata* at the Winter Palace; and I can promise silence all round, whereas you could not and would not."

"I shall make no compromise with this fellow. His blackguardly act of offering one—*me*—money to leave Russia shuts compromise clean off, and—"

"Right, Myles!" interrupted his uncle. "There's nothing for it but the stick; and the sooner he feels it whispering a message of true-love to him, the better. Bedad, boys, if you won't baste him *I* will, if it cost me Kate and the child."

O'Reilly held to his idea of seeing the Baron, but left the *datcha* without intimating his intention.

"*Au revoir!* May I come and breakfast to-morrow?"

"Come, *avic!* You'll be welcome as the flowers of May all the hours of the clock. One tint more before you start!"

"I'll keep it for to-morrow. By the way, Myles, can't you come to the hotel about ten o'clock?"

"Certainly. Good-night, Count!"

As O'Reilly entered his drosky Myles remarked:

"Uncle, I feel inclined to stroll over to the Point."

"Bedad, it's to bed you ought to be strolling. Hey, what have we got here?"—as Ivan hurried up the steps, having bounded from the tram car.

The veteran challenged him; and Ivan responded with great volubility, and considerable gesticulation for a Russian.

"Who's Casey?" asked the old man.

"He is a servant attached to the General and one of the household at Fontauka."

"What in the world is he doing here, Myles?"

"Well, you see, uncle, the General, with his usual gracious thoughtfulness, sent him on to look after me, quite forgetting that you spoke English."

"Paddy Casey! Irish, of course. Well, he's been at it too."

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"He's after walloping a policeman and is in jail. Musha, musha, but we're fond of a ruction!"

"How on earth did it occur?"

"Ivan tells me that our countryman had a sup in, and that he was fairly blue-molded for a fight. He was for basting Ivan—he speaks Roosian,—but Ivan got away. Then he had some words with a policeman, who took him to jail, where he waits bail. You must get hold of the General, Myles."

"It would be much better to let him cool his heels in the jail," said Myles, who was in no mood for leniency of any description. "This man has never been two versts from Fontauka; he has been put into most expensive livery on my account, mind you, uncle—*my* account,—and the very first thing he does is to get drunk and be flung into durance vile. Oh, it's too infernally provoking!" And Myles took to walking the floor with long and unmeasured strides.

"I don't doubt but that you're right. Poor Paddy found St. Petersburg too sociable. Yes, let him cool off; and in the morning you can see the General and bail him,—that is *if* you can; for they're quare people here, and you never know where you are. I'll settle with Ivan. Would you like some hot water and sugar and a taste of lemon with your whisky? Since you left I got hold of some Johnnie Power—oh, I forgot! You don't take anything. Myles," added the old man, very slowly and solemnly, "you are right. Never touch it, barring you're sick—which God forbid! All the follies I have done in me life have been done by whisky. It is a curse if abused,

and ninety-nine out of every hundred abuse it. Sleep well now, and let the Baron and Paddy keep awake. Good-night, me lad!"

Upon the following morning, as Baron Jarotski, after the Russian fashion, was sipping his coffee and eating a sweet bun in his bedroom, a servant handed him a card. Glancing at it, a gloomy frown settled upon his face; and, gazing into space, he crumpled the card between his fat, hairy fingers.

"Did you say that I was in?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Then say that I am at Moscow."

"Yes, your Excellency. Shall I speak of your return?"

"You have your orders, dolt."

As the man was about to close the door the Baron called:

"Stay! Show Count O'Reilly up." Then muttering to himself: "I may as well have this over at once."

He opened a small drawer, picked up a revolver, saw that it was loaded, and replaced it, leaving the drawer open.

"Ah, Count O'Reilly," he exclaimed in Russian, "this is too good of you! You see I make no ceremony; and you will kindly excuse me, if in order to prevent your having to wait, I receive you thus,"—and he flung open a very gorgeous dressing gown of padded satin. "Pray be seated."

"I shall not detain you long," said O'Reilly in a cold, steely voice, and keeping his host under the focus of his eyes. "You are doubtless surprised at this visit?"

The Baron gave a deprecatory shrug. "It is in regard to this singularly unfortunate fracas at the Ouro."

"Ah!" said Jarotski. "I surmised as much."

"Now, Baron Jarotski, I want this matter to drop."

"Oh, you do, Count! And might I ask why?"

"Because Mr. O'Byrne, who is a very old man—"

"A very strong one," interposed the Baron.

"Is my friend. And there are other reasons, why it *must* be dropped."

"'Must,' dear Count, is a word that I use when I want to, and am utterly unaccustomed to have it applied to *me*."

"I repeat, Baron Jarotski, that it must be dropped. There are circumstances connected with the case that, were this matter to become public, would place you, sir, in a very unenviable position,—so much so that you might be requested to leave Russia."

"And what of that? I take a tour every year extending over months,—why not years?"

O'Reilly's Irish blood was becoming red-hot, but by a supreme effort he forced it into a dangerous coolness.

"Years—yes, many years. You are not *persona grata* at the Winter Palace, Baron; and you would not be very much missed."

Jarotski became livid.

"Is this a threat, sir?"

"Call it what you will, Baron. Here I'll throw my cards on the table. You are credited with being a shrewd man of business, and one who knows his own interests *ab ovo usque ad mala*. You have little to gain by prosecuting a very old man, who, indignant that the honor of his family name should be muddied by a *pärvenu* like you, rose in his splendid strength of race and caused you and your fellow-conspirator—"

"Sir—"

"Fellow-conspirator, fellow-blackguard, fellow-scoundrel,—caused you, I say, to bite the dust—an old man of over eighty years,—leaving you a pair of wrecks and the laughing-stock of St. Petersburg."

"For which he and his blackguard of a nephew shall pay dearly."

In a second—for it took but a beat or two of the ormolu clock over the mantelpiece—O'Reilly leaped clean over the table, onto Jarotski, who had seized

his revolver. The Count struck it from his hand, and, pinning him down in the chair, stood over him, a fire in his eyes such as the miserable Baron had never seen before in the eyes of any other man.

"Now, Baron Jarotski," said O'Reilly, releasing him, and speaking as coolly as though describing the coming horse races at Tzarskoe-Selo, "no more of this. I knew that you had that revolver in that drawer. Apologize now—*now*, on your knees—for the insult you have offered my friend, Myles O'Byrne, whose shoes you are not good enough to lick. On your knees!"

"I'll be,—"

But O'Reilly, who was burning with righteous anger, thrust the miserable man onto his knees and mercilessly compelled him to eat his words.

"I said that I would throw my cards on the table, Baron Jarotski. Here is one that I consider sufficient for all our purposes. You are at perfect liberty to read it."

It was a bit of paper as thick as a board, bearing the Russian eagle in the left-hand corner and a seal as large as a trade dollar underneath. The Baron took it and read it word for word, ever so slowly, turning it over and over in search of what Oliver Twist wanted—"more." But the contents were more than enough.

"You have been working very hard for those Irish people, Count O'Reilly," said the Baron. "They *are* lucky in having such a champion. I have nothing to say except this: I consent to drop and withdraw all proceedings, provided you give me your word of honor that what has passed here to-day shall never be revealed. This I feel sure you will not refuse. My account with you personally can never be closed."

O'Reilly thought for a moment before deigning to reply:

"I can say nothing against that. I shall keep our *séance* of this morning absolutely secret. But do not lose a

moment in serving notice to withdraw the proceedings. And what about this other rascal?"

"You mean the gentle—the man who was with me at the Ouro?"

"Yes."

"I have business for him that will detain him at the Urals for years, if necessary. I need detain you no longer, Count O'Reilly. But may I read the letter over again?"—pointing to the important-looking missive still lying open on the table.

"Certainly."

Once more the Baron read the letter, riveting each word in his memory.

"You *are* in power, Count O'Reilly!" he said. "I never imagined that you stood so firmly at the Winter Palace."

O'Reilly made no reply, but folded the letter, replacing it in his pocket-book.

And this letter was autograph. It was written by the Tsar, authorizing Count O'Reilly to act as he thought fit in the matter of Baron Jarotski and Daniel O'Byrne.

Be it understood that O'Reilly knew his man, or he never would have resorted to such extreme measures. He knew perfectly well that a weapon lay in the left-hand drawer, from the satisfied and frequent glances of the Baron in that direction; he knew that this miscreant, should he lose his head, would not hesitate to use the revolver, and then make an outcry that he had done so in self-defence; and, above all, he knew that the wretch was a coward, and must be literally taken by the neck. Hence the Count's acrobatic leap and its consequences.

Again, O'Reilly had not been inactive. He had written to the Tsar, through Baron Fredericky, Grand Master of Ceremonies and an intimate friend, with the request that the letter be placed in the Emperor's hands the moment his Imperial Majesty entered his cabinet, which was usually about seven in the morning, when he took his coffee and

bun and began his day's heavy work. Fredericky complying with O'Reilly's request, the Tsar wrote the letter which simply astounded Jarotski, and which would always prove a Damocles sword, ready to drop on his neck at the will of the Count.

"I have done a jolly good morning's work!" laughed O'Reilly as he proceeded in the direction of the Grand Hotel de l'Europe; "and have saved old Dan's bacon, publicity for the Baroness, and have knocked Jarotski into smithereens. Now for a good breakfast!"

(To be continued.)

Ad Mariam.

BY J. G.

WHY strew to thee our fading flowers?
Why melt our tapers at thy shrine?

What is there on this earth of ours
That can be worthy to be thine,

For whom too poor a vesture are
Sun, moon, and empyrean star?

Why tax our dullard earthly wit,
And feebly strive with tongues of clay
To tune to thee a chorus fit,

To frame to thee a roundelay,
Whose praises worthily to hymn
O'ertasks the blessed Cherubim?

Can aught within us or around,
On earth beneath, in heaven on high,
Or yet within Creation's bound,

Avail thy state to magnify?
What shall fresh dignity afford
Unto the Mother of the Lord?

What work of artist hand and brain,
In his divinest moments born,
Hath worth to hem thy queenly train,
Or footstool of thy throne adorn,
From whom was taken flesh to be
Wedded to the Divinity?

What spoil of forests or of fields,
What gem from earth's profoundest womb,
Or pearl that deepest ocean yields,
Hath price enough for thee, of whom
Christ took the Blood that was to pay
Our ransom upon Calvary?

And if the millions of our race
Should give themselves thy slaves to be,
If kings should bow before thy face,
And peoples pledge their fealty,
What were it to His service 'neath
The cottage-roof of Nazareth?

O thou in whom the Eternal King,
Whose arm is strong, great things hath wrought,
Whatever to thy feet we bring,
Shall we exceed thy due in aught,
Until an offering we invent
Greater than the Omnipotent?

A Leper Asylum in Japan.

THE Leper Asylum of Gotemba, in Japan, was established in 1887. It has subsisted since then on the charity of the public; and about three hundred persons afflicted with the loathsome disease which isolates the unfortunate victim from his fellows have already been succored there.

In Japan lepers, as a rule, enjoy more freedom than in any other part of the world. They are neither deported nor confined, but are allowed to live together in colonies; and are often to be met with along the roads, apparently cheerful and content. Like tuberculosis, leprosy does not attack the mind or brain of the patient; on the contrary, leprous persons seem to have extraordinary alertness of thought,—at least until the final stages. Their horrible disfigurement is the greatest trial to the majority of lepers. Leprosy is not, in the main, a painful disease.

The most famous specific known at the present time for the treatment of leprosy is the "Oil of Chaulmoogra," which is injected into the bodies of the afflicted persons. While it does not kill the microbe of leprosy, it appears to delay its action; sometimes causing it almost to disappear altogether for a more or less extended period. But as yet leprosy is considered incurable. The disease is so dreadful and loathsome

that it is impossible, under ordinary circumstances, to expect people not to shrink from so dangerous and repulsive an association. However, these creatures are human beings; they must be succored, consoled, and made as happy as it is possible for them to be. Humanity demands this much; Christian charity, which to be perfect should be supernatural, offers much more.

This is the object and aim of the Leper Asylum of Gotemba. It is situated nearly thirty leagues from Tōkyō, in the midst of one of the most delightful landscapes of a country famous for its natural beauties. Arrived at Gotemba, it is a walk of two hours to the asylum, along a gently declining road, bordered on both sides by magnificent cedars. The air is delightfully pure. The great mountain of Fuji, celebrated by poets and painters, looms up majestically in the distance, when suddenly, at the border of a little wood, appears a bridge of granite thrown over the torrent which leads us to the asylum.

In the Japanese language, so full of kindness and courtesy, it would be thought shocking to call this home of the afflicted an "asylum." It derives its name—*Fuku-sei-byō-in*, from four Chinese sounds which mean "hospital where the life is renewed." It is an encouraging title, and in many respects redeems its promise. At first the place resembles a small village, a patch of ocher color in the midst of luxuriant verdure. An extraordinary revulsion is experienced as one advances nearer,—a vague odor of carbolic acid mingled with that of the resinous wood of which the buildings are constructed; supplemented by that indescribable heaviness of the air—the air of leprosy,—which once inhaled can never be forgotten.

Having passed across the granite bridge, the visitor feels as though he were treading a new earth. Only the voice of the wind and the murmur of the cicada unite to break the marvellous

stillness. No place could have been better chosen to renew the mind and rest the soul. The buildings are admirably adapted for the uses to which they are put. Conspicuous amongst them all is the church; and on one side there is a miniature Grotto of Lourdes, with the image of the Immaculate Mother smiling down upon her poor afflicted children.

Within doors, everything is conducted according to the Japanese régime, in so far as is compatible with the condition of the inhabitants. There are several patients domiciled in each room. While the furniture, as in all Japanese dwellings, is limited and extremely simple, everything is exquisitely clean. At mealtimes a table, from eight inches to one foot in height, is placed in the middle of the room. Around this table the lepers are seated on their heels. In the table each has a drawer, where he keeps his own dishes, chopsticks, and so forth. The strongest among them go to the kitchen for the food; and with the most delicate kindness all these poor unfortunates assist one another. Every night, after supper, the unfailing hot bath is taken; after which they amuse themselves until bedtime.

If a sick person is constantly thinking of himself—having nothing to do which will turn his thoughts from his malady,—his condition is much more aggravated than it would otherwise be. The lepers are always busy. Carpenters, masons, tanners, tilers, gardeners work as long as they are able. The water has all to be pumped; three of the men are constantly occupied, changing about, in this task. The women cook, sew, mend, and take care of the children.

On feast-days, rainy days, and in the evening when the work is done, the lepers play draughts, chess, and other games. They are very fond of enigmas, lotteries, and theatrical performances, in which they are the actors. They delight in magic-lanterns: the Japanese wants to see everything that can be seen. The

lantern takes the place for him of a round-the-world trip. It is easy in Japan to procure pictures of all that is interesting under the sun. It is pathetic to see the lepers at these assemblages, or on the occasion of an elocutionary *séance*, of which they are also very fond.

It is difficult for them to get about. One can walk but he is blind. His companion can see but can not move his limbs. Often they carry each other on their backs. More delicate or thoughtful kindness it would hardly be possible to conceive. The children are always present. The Japanese are at one with the sentiments of a celebrated artist in this regard: "What still remains of the Terrestrial Paradise in this sad world is due to the presence of children."

These entertainments are long. If a stranger is present, he may become fatigued; but the Japanese do not show it. At last, however, "the Goddess of Sleep has passed among the ranks of the assembly; she has thrown her gravel into the smallest pair of eyes among them,—those belonging to a little jewel of five years, whose parents are no longer alive. The leper women dispute over her; finally she is carried off asleep. It is the end of the sitting. Only, before you retire, the four cleverest (to employ a euphemism) come to thank you—touching the ground with their foreheads, as is the custom among the Japanese,—for having deigned to honor them with your presence, and for having borne with their foolish discourse to the end."

Like all God's works, the Leper Asylum of Gotemba rose out of nothing. In 1887 there was in Japan a famous and holy missionary named Father Testevuide, of the Society of Foreign Missions, Paris. He was greatly interested in the lepers, and at length, through a gift, was enabled to take a small house, whither he conveyed some of those whom he knew. Afterward appeals were made to

the charity, generosity and humanity of the public, and bore fruit a hundredfold, with the results we already know. All these, however, were not accomplished during the lifetime of Father Testevuide, but were continued by his successors, Fathers Vigroux and Bertrand; the latter of whom is now in sole charge of the asylum, which depends for its resources on what, in the Providence of God, it receives from day to day, from Europe, Australia, America,—every country on the face of the globe where humanity and Christian charity have not yet grown cold.

In the days of faith the Church, in setting these pitiable outcasts apart, as she was obliged to do, performed this duty with the same sublime compassion which has always characterized her treatment of the unfortunate. There was a regular ritual for their banishment, part of the exhortation reading thus:

"My brother, my dear one of God's poor, through having suffered much tribulation, sickness, and other adversity in the world, one arrives at the kingdom of Paradise, where there is no more sickness or adversity, but all are clean and pure, without any stain, more glorious than the sun, if it will please God. But let you be a good Christian, and patiently bear this adversity. May God give you grace for it! For, my brother, the separation is only corporal. As to the spirit, which is the principal thing, you are always as you were formerly, and will have part and portion in all the prayers of our holy mother the Church, as if you assisted personally every day at the divine service with the others. And as to your little necessities, the people will provide for them, and God will not abandon you. Only be careful to have patience. God remain with you! Amen."

The closing prayer of this touching ceremony is as follows:

"O God Almighty, who hast by the patience of Thy only Son broken the

pride of the ancient enemy, give to Thy servant the patience necessary to support piously and patiently the ills with which he is overwhelmed!"

And all the people answer: "Amen."

To ensure success in an institution of this kind, it will be at once understood that there must be a capable, self-sacrificing, self-effacing head to preside over its many necessities and requirements. The founders of the asylum were such as this; their worthy successor is equally so. This man, who sees to everything himself, and assures himself that everything is as it should be, is loved, almost worshiped by the poor creatures to whom he has dedicated his life. When one of them becomes so repulsive that he is unapproachable by all others, it is he who charges himself with looking after the body on which there is scarcely left a spot that is sound. Needless to say he is even more solicitous for the soul, which in many cases is a marvel of patience, piety, sublime resignation, and unswerving Christian virtue. It is he who watches to receive the last sigh, the last message, and the last prayer. Neither is it by numerous rules and regulations that he makes this refuge of misery an abode of peace and contentment: he is there simply as the gentle, kindly moving spirit which controls the whole system, personally giving impulse and direction to all that goes on.

Public institutions are most expensive undertakings in Japan, quite in contradistinction to the methods employed by the Father of the Gotemba asylum. According to the pamphlet on which this sketch is based, "in Japan, when one founds a charity hospital, he begins by composing the *personnel*—namely, the director, sub-director, principal doctor, assistant doctors, male and female nurses, domestics and guardians. When arrangements have been made for the payment of suitable salaries to all these employees, the sick are provided for

with what is left out of the resources— if there be anything left. The number of patients is sometimes very small, but the style of the enterprise is magnificent. At Gotemba it is a little different, and the Japanese government had, two years ago, an opportunity to take note of the fact."

After the definite opening of the country—that is to say, when the foreign residents came under Japanese jurisdiction,—the Leper Asylum, founded and administered by foreigners, asked to be recognized as a juridical person, in order that it might possess in its own name its buildings and the land acquired for its use. Before granting the demand, the government exacted all the information required in such circumstances. Legal recognition was accorded, and a little later the Home Minister sent a delegate to visit the establishment. A delegate from the under-prefecture accompanied him thither.

These personages were received in a proper manner by the Father who had charge of the house. After the usual compliments, their first question was:

"What are your means of subsistence?"

"I have no fixed means. I expect them from Providence."

"How much have you spent for the last year?"

"Here are my accounts. With this sum I have repaired the house, paid the salaries of the employees, fed and cared for seventy-one persons."

"It is impossible! How much do you give to the director of the hospital?"

"Nothing. I am the director and I am not paid."

"Where is the office, or apartment, of the administration?"

"Right here—in my room. There is no other."

"Where are the infirmary nurses?"

"There are none. I am the principal nurse; the lepers who still have their hands help me to attend to the others."

"Well, where are your employees?"

"I have three: a doctor who comes every week and when I summon him; a man who attends to the business at the entrance of the place, receives the visitors, writes letters in Japanese, and arranges with the mayor of the village in regard to our public affairs; finally, a domestic who attends to my cooking and discharges commissions outside. The lepers cultivate our vegetables. They need no assistance in looking after the horses, cows, and the house. I pay for what they need in the way of food in addition to vegetables. This is why I have not spent more."

At this explanation, so new to them, the visitors modestly declared themselves more than satisfied; and, although certain formalities required by the law had not been complied with, the Leper Asylum was declared a juridical person, with the right of buying and possessing in its own name.

True it is that wherever and whenever the necessity for heroism arises, heroes are always at hand to take their places in the grand army which cares for the suffering and the outcast,—that incomparable army having its root and inception in the bosom of the Catholic Church. It is a far cry from Japan to the Hawaiian Islands, and from thence to the shores of Louisiana; but in all these places Catholic priests and Catholic Sisters, who have bravely left behind them all that was dear on earth, are laboring for the temporal welfare and spiritual comfort of those poor outcasts, who formerly in Europe were given succor and food as it is thrown to the dogs, and who in China are buried alive.

And to each of these settlements, in its modest but efficacious way, THE AVE MARIA has, through its generous contributors, extended the helping hand of charity. Not long ago the following letter was received by the editor from one of the grateful and devoted souls in charge of the Leper Home at Island P. O., Louisiana. It was not intended

for publication; but the writer will pardon its insertion here, by reason of the good effect it can not fail to have on the charitable Christians who will read it in these columns:

DEAR FATHER:—I assure you I appreciate your kind interest in the dear afflicted ones whom the Heavenly Father has committed to our care. Express my gratitude to the donor of fifty dollars to our lepers. This generous gift will enable us to provide many comforts for our patients and help them to pass pleasantly the long and weary hours of their exile.

Dear Father, permit me to remark here that it is not the disease with which these poor people are afflicted that renders life so harrowing to them: it is the complete isolation from their loved ones—those most near and dear to their hearts. Fathers and mothers are separated from their cherished little ones; brothers and sisters, once sharers of the same family blessings and joys, are saddened by the thought that never again shall they meet on this earth. The holy faith and Christian resignation of these good people are their strength and surest support in the trying ordeal through which they must pass during their many hours of mental and physical suffering.

May our dear Lord bestow on you and your work His choicest blessings! Assuring you of the prayers of our afflicted ones, I am

Gratefully yours,

SISTER BENEDICTA.

Can charity have a worthier object?

THE title of "Our Lady" first came into general use in the days of chivalry; for she was the Lady "of all hearts," whose colors all were proud to wear. Hundreds upon hundreds had enrolled themselves in brotherhoods vowed to her especial service, or devoted to acts of charity to be performed in her name.

—Mrs. Jameson.

The Song of the Blessed.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

III.

IN the second canto, let us listen to the pleadings of the Divine Spouse:

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and the harts of the fields,
That you stir not up nor awake the beloved till she please.

"This," says St. Francis of Sales, "is the sweet repose which St. Teresa terms the sleep of the powers of the soul. It is thus that the Sulamitess fully exemplifies her name—that is, 'calm and tranquil in the sweets of repose.' Therefore the Divine Spouse, addressing the daughters of Jerusalem, conjures them, by the roes and the harts of the fields, not to stir up nor awake the beloved till she please. St. Mary Magdalen was absorbed in this sleep of the powers of the soul when, seated at our Saviour's feet, she listened to His word. Painters who represent the Last Supper often describe St. John not only leaning but even sleeping on the bosom of his Master.... There is no probability that the Apostle yielded to corporal sleep; but I make no doubt that, finding himself so near the source of eternal happiness, he fell into that mystical, profound and delicious slumber which supposes a holy intoxication."

The roe is found on the sides of mountains where there are forests or at least a covering of shrub and heath. On the sides of Lebanon, where Solomon had his beautiful summer residence, these graceful animals must have afforded a pleasant sight to his visitors and friends. The hart, or stag, is larger, broader, and more powerful than the roe. The agility, grace and speed of these animals, the beauty of their form, and the pleasing variety of their colors are scarcely to be equalled. Children in heaven and the holy souls taken there from earth are the roes and harts of the eternal hills. Except for the soul of man, Solomon's

court and Solomon's friends were raised less above the roes and harts of Lebanon than the angelic nature is above the corporeal. The excellence of the angels is so far beyond man that we read in the Bible wherever an angel appeared, man cast himself down to worship.

St. Gertrude was deprived of the use of speech for several months before her death; she was able to utter only two words: "My Spirit." To St. Mechtilde's inquiry as to whether these singular words had any special meaning, Our Lord deigned to reply: "I, who dwell within her, have drawn her soul so completely to Me that she sees Me alone in everything."

The Sulamitess:

The voice of my beloved; behold, he cometh,
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart.
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
Looking through the windows, looking through the lattices.

Behold, my beloved speaketh to me.

The Sulamitess, waking, hears the Divine Spouse, and cries. The voice of my Beloved! Behold He cometh from His throne to meet me, leaping upon the heavenly mountains, skipping over the eternal hills. My Beloved in His adorable Humanity is like a roe or a young hart. Behold, He standeth behind the wall of our humanity, looking through the windows, looking through the lattices,—that is, through the wounds in His sacred flesh. Behold, my Beloved speaketh to me, calling me to leave earth and come to Him.

The Divine Spouse:

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove,
My beautiful one, and come. For winter is now past;

The rain is over and gone.
The flowers have appeared in our land;
The time of pruning is come.
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
The fig tree hath put forth her green figs;
The vines in flower yield their sweet smell.
Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come.
My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall,

Show me thy face; let thy voice sound in my ears;
 For thy voice is sweet and thy face comely.
 Catch us the little foxes that destroy the vines;
 For our vineyard hath flourished.

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove. Oh, the soul is very beautiful when in the state of grace! Arise, my beautiful one, and come from earth. For winter—that is, life—is now past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land. The time of pruning is come. The voice of the turtle—the song of divine love—is heard in our land. The fig tree hath put forth her green figs. The vines are in bloom, and yield their sweet smell. Oh, the happiness of heaven! Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come. O my dove in the clefts of the rock—in the wounds of Our Lord, who is the Rock of Ages. O my love, hiding in the hollow places of the wall—meditating lovingly on the scourging and passion of Our Lord's Humanity. Show me thy face. Let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely. We have caught the little foxes that destroyed the vines, and our vineyard flourisheth forever.

"When we reflect on divine truths to draw holy affections from them, we meditate," observes St. Francis de Sales. "In this exercise of meditation our mind imitates the bees: we meditate on divine truths to extract the sweetness of divine love from them. The Holy Ghost has employed the cooings of the dove to represent the springtime of grace. 'The voice of the turtle,' saith He, 'is heard in our land.' It is thus the Almighty expresses His pleasure in seeing a devout soul make use of meditation, to enkindle in her heart the fire of divine love."

The time of pruning—or of judgment—is come. The winter is now past, the time of pruning is come. It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death judgment. Still, not in harshness does the divine Lover judge His spouse; but as when a person goes from one country to another, the fashions and

ornaments of one country are out of place in the other, so many of the things that on earth are accounted innocent or even meritorious are not so accounted in heaven. Therefore the divine Gardener comes at the beginning of the eternal spring and prunes His tree, that it may have fruit more abundantly forever.

As St. Mechtilde offered the Host at the Elevation for the soul of one of the nuns who had recently died, she saw her elevated to a high and sublime degree of glory. And this she beheld whenever she made this offering for her. Then as she inquired of our Divine Lord why the Sister had seemed to be in great fear and alarm during her agony, she received this reply: "It was for her good, and was an effect of My mercy. During her sickness she desired very much to be assisted by your prayers, so that she might be admitted into heaven immediately; and as young persons seldom purify themselves from slight negligences—such as seeking too much amusement, and taking pleasure in what is useless,—and as it was necessary that she should be purified from these stains by sickness, I therefore permitted her to be further tried by fear, caused by the sight of evil spirits; and thus she became perfectly purified and merited eternal glory. Then it was that I showed Myself to her, and took her with Me to eternal rest and glory."

Judea was evermore, in the eye of God, the place where His chosen people were to dwell. "Israel shall dwell in safety, and alone. The eye of Jacob, in a land of corn and wine; and the heavens shall be misty with dew. Blessed art thou, Israel! Who is like to thee, O people, that art saved by the Lord? The shield of thy help and the sword of thy glory: thy enemies shall deny thee, and thou shalt tread upon their necks." And nothing could be so typical of the natural formation of the country as the clefts in the rocks; nothing so typical of the artificial defences around towns

and cities as the hollow places of the walls. The two expressions are scarcely true, both together, of any country save the Land of Promise. Everything rich by nature—all vegetation, shrubs, vines, honey—was hidden in the clefts of the rocks; everything of wealth was defended by the walls.

Therefore in the eyes of the Heavenly Bridegroom the holy spouse was rich in merits and blessed; and therefore also was she humble, hiding in the clefts of the rocks, in the hollow places of the walls. But He calls her to a far different land. Not in rocks, but "in a place of pasture He hath set me"; not in towns defended by walls, but "where thieves do not break through and steal." O my dove in the clefts of the rock, O my love in the hollow places of the wall, come from earth, come to heaven! Show me thy face; let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely.

The Sulamitess:

My Beloved to me, and I to Him,
Who feedeth among the lilies,
Till the day break and the shadows retire.
Return, O my Beloved! Be like to a roe
Or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

My Beloved to me, and I to Him, who feedeth among the lilies. He to me, and I to Him, till the day of heaven dawn and the shadows of earth retire; that is, till all shadows—all things that pass away—retire. Return, O my Beloved, and be like unto a roe or to a young hart on the mountains of Bether!

Again to quote the Bishop of Geneva: "St. Francis of Assisi, not only while the vision of the Stigmata lasted, but for all the rest of his life, languished and pined away like a person in a severe illness, so great was the ardor of his love. The heart of St. Philip Neri was so inflamed with love at the age of eighty years, that he breathed with difficulty; and the divine fire, finding itself too confined in his bosom, burst two of his ribs. St. Stanislaus Kostka,

at the age of fourteen, had to endure such frequent and violent emotions of divine love that he often fainted away, and was obliged to apply to his breast cloths steeped in cold water. St. Francis Xavier, thinking himself alone, frequently offered amorous complaints. 'Ah, Lord,' he would say, 'I conjure Thee not to overwhelm me with so great an abundance of consolations! Or if it please Thy infinite goodness that I should enjoy such ineffable delights, withdraw me from this world—transport me to Paradise.' My Beloved to me, and I to Him, till the day break and the shadows retire."

On the mountains of Bether, or on the mountains of aromatical spices, not far from Jerusalem, was a pass that led from the high tablelands of Palestine to the rich plain of cornfields in the country of the Philistines. This pass was memorable to the Jews almost from the day they set foot in Palestine. Here Josue routed the five kings; and when they were fleeing down the descent of Bethoron, "the Lord cast down upon them great hailstones from heaven; and many more were killed with the hailstones than were slain by the swords of the children of Israel. Then Josue spoke to the Lord, in the day that he delivered the Amorrhite in the sight of the children of Israel; and he said before them: Move not, O sun, toward Gabaon; nor thou, O moon, toward the valley of Ajalon."* The sun and the moon stood still; and there was never before nor ever after so long a day.

Now, on the heights at either side of this pass grew sweet aromatical shrubs; and hiding among the shrubs, or standing on the rocky heights, were to be seen numbers of roes and harts browsing or disporting themselves. It was a favorite resort with the people of the city of Jerusalem, first, because of the beautiful and extensive view it

* Josue, x, 11, 12.

gave into the valley of Ajalon and away to the waters of the Great Sea in the west; secondly, because of the aromatic shrubs and the wild deer to be seen there; and, thirdly, because of the astonishing miracle wrought there for their first fathers, and the many subsequent miracles God had wrought there in times more recent and even down to their own. Therefore Bethoron, with its situation, its surroundings, and its memories, was a place of joy in the minds of the daughters of Jerusalem. Our Lord had gone to heaven in His Humanity. The spouse calls on Him to return and meet her. Return, O my Beloved, not in the unapproachable majesty of God, but in Thy sweet Humanity; and be like a hart or a young roe, such as Thou wast in mercy and love on the aromatical mountain of Calvary.

St. Francis of Sales imagines our Blessed Lady on Calvary; and he says to the Immaculate Queen of Sorrows, as she stands beneath the cross of her expiring Son:

"O Mother of Life, what do you seek in this region of death?"

"I seek the Life of my existence, my only Son, without whom I can not live. I seek Him that I may be closely united to Him."

"But is this moment, when He is about to die, the proper time to seek Him?"

"Ah! I want not the joy, I want not the delights He can impart. I seek only Himself, my beloved Son, without whom I can not live, and from whom I can not be separated."*

"The bodies of the saints are sleeping in peace, and their names are in everlasting blessedness."

* Roman Breviary.

(To be continued.)

A Regulus in a Cassock.

IF good Father Bertaud, pastor of Saint-Pierre de Montmartre, Paris, had lived in the classic days of antiquity, and enjoyed the good fortune of having Plutarch for his biographer, he might have enjoyed the quasi-immortality of fame. As it was, he died in 1881, without a thought that his life had been signalized by any act entitling him to the appellation of hero. Yet in the wild days of the Paris Commune, in 1871, Father Bertaud duplicated the heroism of the Roman Regulus, going back to assured death rather than break his word.

At the beginning of the Commune he had been arrested as a hostage and consigned to the Roquette prison, in company with the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy. The days slipped by, and the struggle between the legal government at Versailles and the revolutionary government at the Hôtel de Ville continued. The Communists felt the need of regaining their popularity by getting among them one personage who was absent; and Raoul Rigault decided to propose to M. Thiers the exchange of the Archbishop for Blanqui, held prisoner at Versailles.

One of the hostages was sent to negotiate this rather abnormal affair. M. Thiers, however, refused to discuss any such matters with the insurgents; besides, he strongly advised the hostage who had acted as intermediary to remain where he was—at Versailles. His advice was followed, and Rigault waited in vain for the return of the messenger.

Some days later, seeing that matters were approaching a climax, Rigault determined to make another effort to recover Blanqui,—in other words, to treat with the Versailles government on terms of equality. Calling his hostages together, he asked whether one of their number would consent to carry to M. Thiers a new proposal for the exchange

God has promised forgiveness to your repentance, but He has not promised a to-morrow to your procrastination.

—St. Augustine.

of prisoners. Abbé Bertaud expressed his willingness to take the message.

"Well, you may go," said Rigault; "but I'm sure beforehand that you'll not come back."

"You are wrong," replied the priest, simply; "for I will come back."

In good time the Abbé reached Versailles and saw Thiers; but, of course, to no purpose, since to treat with the Commune would be to accord it official recognition. So the priest prepared to return to Paris.

"Stay where you are," said Thiers. "If you go back, they'll kill you." And the conduct of the Communists certainly warranted the prediction.

"They may kill me if they like," said Father Bertaud; "but I promised them I'd go back, and I'm going."

Go he did. He went to the prefecture of the police, saw Rigault, reported the failure of his mission, and quietly asked to be taken back to the Roquette prison.

"Get to the devil out of this!" said Rigault, with a growl, dissembling his astonishment at the Abbé's coolness. Then he added, to the gallery: "Of all the rascals I've ever met, this fellow is the boldest."

The "rascal," as a matter of fact, was bold. As no one offered to reconduct him to prison, he went home to his presbytery at Montmartre; and, not being called upon to die, he contented himself with living a saintly life among his parishioners.

He did not win the martyr's palm; but upon his coffin, alongside the Cross of the Legion of Honor which he had surely merited, there lay a floral crown with this inscription:

TO THE CURÉ OF MONTMARTRE,
FROM THE POOR OF HIS PARISH.

The Drama that Degrades.

THE historic attitude of the Church to the drama is a fascinating subject for study. In every literature of the world the drama grew out of primitive religious representations. In history the Church has been sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile, never indifferent to the stage. Precisely because the very nature of the drama—which deals with the vivid portrayal of actions and passions—makes it of necessity a powerful instrument either of edification or of scandal, its character can not be ignored by clergy or laity.

In the March number of the *Book-lovers Magazine*, Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, one of the ablest of contemporary non-Catholic publicists, suggests some important reflections on the ethical quality of certain recent plays. To begin with, he thinks the force of the drama in general—especially the historical and romantic drama—as an agency for good or evil is greatly exaggerated. "Whatever happens, happens in Stageland; and when the curtain falls, Stageland melts into nothingness. Its heroes and its scoundrels, its noble sentiments and its brilliant cynicism, its acts of heroism and its deeds of crime, vanish as soon as the footlights are turned off and the great hall has become a dark and empty cave of silence." The obvious commentary is that Stageland is not so utterly remote from life that it can not suggest evil thoughts, images and motives; and this alone, where it existed, would render the stage a criminal agency. However this may be, Dr. Peck's observations on the sort of plays that exert the most harmful influence will be read with respect and sympathy by all who have seriously reflected on the matter. He writes:

The only plays which have a moral influence sufficiently great to be reckoned with are those which deal with contemporary life and are keyed to the note of everyday existence. Such are the

UNTIL the time of Louis XV., it was the custom in France to include in the trousseau of a bride a "pair of beads" and a copy of the "Hours of Our Blessed Lady."

most important productions of recent English dramatists, and their power is not to be denied. They are often very subtly constructed, with wonderful verisimilitude, and with a most effective mastery of the playwright's art. They influence us for the reason that they come home to us, that they are natural and plausible, and that they exhibit standards of action and views of life which are supposed to be those of our own world. Unfortunately, such power as they have is necessarily a power working for evil rather than for good. So far as these plays are wholesome in sentiment and clean in suggestion, they are innocuous. They are scarcely, however, a positive moral force. But when they are unwholesome, and in their fundamental meaning unclean, they undermine morality.

I am not speaking of plays that are notoriously and almost professedly improper, that deal with the life of social outcasts, and that depict this life with frank audacity.... I do not believe that they are particularly harmful. Their very rankness, the very nature of their plots and situations, suffice to warn the guardians of the young against them; and it is only the very young who could be made the worse for seeing them. Moreover, such plays as these are studies in a life that does not touch our own; and they are prosy and depressing studies at the best....

But the case is quite different with some very skilfully constructed dramatic pieces that have come to us from England during the past few years and that have been imitated by our own playwrights.... They are witty, ingenious, and truly dramatic. Moreover, there is absolutely nothing in their language or in their personages to give one any violent moral shock. It is the life of the modern drawing-room that we are supposed to see. The characters are ladies and gentlemen....

Nevertheless, it is not easy to conceive of a more insidiously baneful influence than that which these plays and others like them must in the end exert, not merely upon the young and immatured, but even upon those of riper years. For they represent a profound and corroding cynicism, an acceptance of evil as a matter of course. After seeing one of these adroit productions, the spectator may well wonder whether the world has really undergone a change whereby truth has ceased to be inseparable from manliness and modesty from womanhood, and whether we ought to hold that nothing is worth while. The influence of these plays is one that does not easily fade away. It is one that gets its greatest force from urbanity, from grace, from wit, from charm of manner, and, above all, from apparent fidelity to life. Virtue is not mocked at, but its existence is ignored. Evil is not defended, but its prevalence is assumed. This is the drama of disintegration, gradually sapping the foundation of our moral standards....

Extended comment on this long quotation is neither practicable nor necessary. That flagrantly immoral plays are less dangerous than those which refine away the essence of morality by subtle suggestion, is to our mind not a debatable question. The utterly coarse and indecent drama will attract only the vulgar and those who are already depraved; but the play which delicately insinuates contempt for the Christian view of sin, which does not jeer but merely smiles at purity, which presents low views of duty and extenuates offences against chastity on sentimental grounds, which suggests that vice is common and inevitable and that virtue is rare or impossible,—the drama which does this, and does it all without a single shocking phrase or violent indecency, is the drama most to be dreaded and opposed. And the danger is not lessened by the easy-going conscience of what is called polite society, and the toleration that well-meaning and virtuous persons extend to erotic plays. Such toleration is the fruit of breadth without depth.

A Favor of Our Queen.

A SINGULAR incident illustrating the power of prayer and the sweet patronage of the Blessed Virgin was related by Monsignor Benoit, one of the pioneer priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne, and at the time of his death its beloved vicar-general.

Half a century ago the number of priests in the section then known as the Wild West were few and far between; and their parishes, if such they could be called, were practically without limit. A sick-call of several days' journey on horseback was a common occurrence. On one occasion Father Benoit repaired to the foot of Lake Michigan to minister to the few scattered Catholics in the neighborhood of what is now the great city of Chicago. A considerable portion

of the journey lay through thick forests and pathless prairies, and the missionary lost his way. It was late in the evening and Father Benoit, tired and wayworn, came to a lonely dwelling in the wilderness and begged a lodging for the night. The owner said:

"Stranger, it is hardly possible. I have but a poor hut: I have no bed to offer."

"Only let me have shelter for my horse," the Father replied. "I will lie down on the floor or in the hayloft—any place at all."

"Stranger, if you are so easily satisfied, you are welcome. Put up your horse; but I can not well entertain you, for my wife is on her deathbed."

Entering the house, Father Benoit was astonished to see some few Catholic pictures. He addressed the sick woman with words of sympathy, remarking:

"It appears to me you are a Catholic?"

"I am," said the woman.

"Now, would you not wish to see a priest before you die?"

"Oh, that has been my prayer for seventeen years! I have asked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin that I might see a priest before I die. It is many and many a year since I have seen one. I have had no opportunity of receiving the Sacraments."

Father Benoit then said:

"Your prayer has been heard, for I am a Catholic priest. I thought I was lost in the woods, but I now see that God was leading me here."

The children were found to be perfectly instructed in their Catechism. The missionary remained up nearly the whole night, to prepare the mother and children; and the next day he gave the last Sacraments to the mother, and First Communion to the children. Whilst Father Benoit was taking a cup of coffee preparatory to leaving, the poor woman calmly passed away.

"HE who resisteth pleasures crowneth his life."

Notes and Remarks.

American editors who fancy that France is merely banishing a lot of scheming political monks, and who say apologetically that M. Combes and his friends, being on the spot, must know best who are the worst enemies of France, might well ask themselves how the Sisters can be such a terrible danger to the Republic. Even American editors usually understand the Sisters. *La Lanterne* throws some light on the real offence of these dangerous exiles: "The religious Orders have received a preliminary blow. Others must be dealt. After the religious Orders of males come the religious Orders of females,—by no means the least pernicious; after the religious Orders, the Church; after the friar, the priest." If American publicists really understood that the struggle in France is a conflict between revolutionary and conservative forces, between paganism and Christianity, we venture to say that they would change their tune. The doings in France, though not all persons realize it, constitute a more momentous episode than the barbarities of Turkish soldiers in Albania, or the prospect of war in the Balkans.

Apropos of the gratifying progress of the cause of Joan of Arc's beatification, Viscount Oscar de Poli contributes to the *Libro d'Oro* (a Roman heraldic magazine recently established) an interesting study of the Maid of Orleans' family. Contrary to the traditional legend which for centuries has classified Joan as a peasant girl, a shepherdess, the daughter of very poor laborers, M. Poli affirms, and furnishes proofs for his affirmation, that Joan's father had a fortune of more than a hundred thousand francs, that he was one of the notabilities of his district, and in fact bore the title of "dean of Domrémy." The family, it appears, descended from one of the

noblest houses of Burgundy; holding, as its chief territorial possession, Arc in Barrois. If Joan acted as shepherdess, she merely conformed to the custom of the time. Children of the well-to-do and of the best country families took their turn, in those days, in performing this modest function. It is needless to add that Joan's heroic virtues, not her nobility of descent, is the only question about which the Congregation of Rites is concerned. Indigence and opulence are equally immaterial in candidates for the Church's highest honor—a place on the beadroll of her saints.

The London *Tablet* announces the submission to the Church of the Rev. H. M. Evans, late vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, England. One of his curates, it will be remembered, took the same step some weeks ago. We learn also that the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, president of the Anglican missionary college at Tokio, Japan, who openly advocated allegiance to the Holy See, has resigned his charge and repaired to Rome. It would be no surprise to hear of his conversion. There is good reason for believing that a great many Anglicans are with us at heart. Not a few, perhaps, are disposed to imitate only what is easy in the Catholic Faith, and try to think they have done all. But the practice of Catholic devotions is sure to dispel the illusion sooner or later, and to win needed grace.

From the report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul we learn that the activities of the Particular Council of Chicago cover a surprisingly large field. Struggling mothers are assisted to keep their children together and to preserve the unity of the family, so that the little ones may grow up under parental influence and with natural family affections. Poor children are provided with clothing and other necessities, and are thus enabled to attend the parish schools. Almost a

hundred members of the Society assist in teaching catechism in their respective parishes. A Probation Officer has been appointed by one conference to look after the spiritual and material interests of Catholic children in the Juvenile Court. Members exert themselves to procure employment for the poor. Good books, pamphlets and journals are placed where they are most needed and most helpful. Entertainments are prepared for hospitals. The so-called lodging-houses in the down-town districts, where homeless Catholics are huddled with the dissolute and the irreligious, are visited. "We encourage the pious; we plead with the lukewarm and the indifferent." How the heart of St. Vincent, under whose patronage this work is placed, must delight in it! How true are the words of the lamented Archbishop Feehan, "The calling of men into the St. Vincent de Paul Society may truly be called a vocation. It is a high calling!"

It would doubtless be hard to choose a bishop in the whole Catholic world more admired and beloved by his flock than Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Hence when it was whispered about that the Golden Jubilee of his Grace's ordination to the priesthood was almost due, the Catholics of the City of Brotherly Love determined to signalize the occasion by an extraordinary secular demonstration, as well as by religious observance. The following letter from the Archbishop to his auxiliary, Bishop Prendergast, however, necessitated a change in the plans of the people:

MY DEAR BISHOP:—I see by this morning's papers that there is to be a meeting, in the hall of the High School this evening, of representatives of the churches of the city to arrange for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of my priesthood. As you are to preside at the meeting, may I ask you to state to those present that, whilst profoundly grateful for the intended honor, I must presume on the friendly feelings of my spiritual children to permit me to insist that there shall be no other than the religious celebration of the event; and

that the money which would be spent on any secular celebration, with as much more as the faithful of this archdiocese wish to offer on occasion of the jubilee, be given to some one of our charitable institutions to be designated by yourself?

Enthusiastic Philadelphians must permit us to say that we find nothing to marvel at in the Archbishop's action. It is just the sort of thing we should expect from such a man as Mgr. Ryan. His whole priestly and episcopal career has been of a piece with it. Self-seeking, not self-effacement, would be the marvellous thing in him.

Commenting on some of Rabbi Hirsch's pungent criticisms of current social customs—that mothers are making young ladies of little misses, and that as a result of parties and dances too many children have old faces and old manners,—the *Chicago Tribune* says:

It would be a better and more wholesome world if all children were allowed to have a childhood, and were not forced into the ways and habits of men and women long before they are grown up. They thereby not only lose the happiest part of their lives, but they become dissatisfied, exacting, exasperatingly self-conscious, as well as exasperatingly silly and undisciplined. The parents who teach their children to ape their elders and do the things and put on the airs of men and women when they should encourage them to disport themselves after the manner of small and healthy animals, are making a mistake for which they will not be thanked by those they are defrauding.

"A child is entitled to be a child," as Dr. Hirsch observed; and the little ones who have never known the pleasures, sorrows, hopes and enthusiasms of childhood are victims of the most cruel, because the most unnecessary, form of folly. Socially and morally, such children are irretrievably injured.

It has often been suggested that the territory of New Mexico, the majority of whose inhabitants are Catholics, is denied the dignity of statehood because of anti-Catholic prejudice. Senators have said it sometimes, editors often. But the way of a politician is as much of a

mystery as the way of a serpent upon a rock; hence the judicious layman prefers to await an opinion from those who are disinterested as well as expert. Now, Mr. Charles F. Lummis is that sort of person in this case; and we grieve to say that he, too, thinks that the objection to New Mexico was its Catholic population. Mr. Lummis, as our readers know, is a Californian and a Protestant; he is brave, broad-minded and well-informed. He says: "The Opposition was smart enough—after the disastrous experience of its sort some years ago with the A. P. A.—to make no open specification against the Catholics, but this is one of the real grounds of the opposition. It is a new form of that un-American and unmanly proscription which had its fair trial in the United States, and was heard to its last gasp, and was condemned by the American people, and buried and damned so deep that even its zealots dare not resurrect or confess it." We are loth to adopt this view; but the testimony of Mr. Lummis is not to be lightly set aside, nevertheless.

The Vicariate-Apostolic of Mackenzie (Canada) comprises the Klondike and Great Slave Lake regions. Its ecclesiastical head, Bishop Breynat, O. M. I., gives some very interesting information about religion in the far north of this hemisphere. Fifty odd years ago, Mgr. Provencher was charged with the vicariate of St. Boniface and all the Northwest territories up to the Arctic Ocean. He had at his disposal a mere handful of secular priests and two Oblates, one of whom was the late venerable Archbishop Taché. To-day St. Boniface is an ecclesiastical province, comprising three dioceses and three vicariates. In the region formerly under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Taché there are now about seventy secular priests, a number of Jesuits, Redemptorists, Trappists, and other religious, with no fewer than three hundred Oblate Fathers.

Mgr. Breynat declares that Manitoba and the Northwest have before them a future of which France can form no idea.

It is a sad fact—sad and significant—that the number of divorces in France every year mounts up to ten thousand. Talk of divorce mills in South Dakota and “divorces while you wait” in Chicago. At one sitting of a tribunal in Paris recently, so we are told by a Parisian contemporary, two hundred and ninety-four decrees of divorce were granted. What a thoroughly beneficent friend of the family and society generally is not the system of lay ethics as distinguished from Christian morality! The population of France is decreasing and its divorce courts multiplying,—cognate facts which speak for themselves.

“Let everybody in sacred Orders wholly abstain from interference in political matters. ‘No man being a servant of God entangleth himself in secular business’ (St. Paul).” This admonition is said to be contained in the Apostolic Letter read in the cathedral of Havana on Easter Sunday. Servants of God the world over would do well to take these words to heart. The more carefully the clergy abstain from politics as such, and the less the laity meddle in matters purely ecclesiastical, the better it will be for the cause of religion.

We are informed by several correspondents that the Rt. Rev. Henry Weedall, of whom mention was made in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA, was not an Anglican bishop, as we had been led to suppose, but a Catholic priest, who at the time of his death was Vicar-General to Bishop Ullathorne. He had been appointed Bishop *in partibus* and Vicar-Apostolic of the new Northern District, but failing health constrained him to decline the honor. Monsig. Weedall was a priest of great learning, zeal and sanctity.

Notable New Books.

Vetera et Nova (Old and New). By the Rev. N. Walsh, S.J. M. H. Gill & Son; Benziger Brothers.

“It is scarcely possible,” writes Father Walsh, “for certain classes of Catholics living in the world, but still more for priests and religious, to lead the lives to which they are bound, unless they be persons of religious study, consideration, reflection, meditation,—call it which or what you like.” (p. 18.) This is not a “new” thought, but it is a perennially true one; hence the work of rendering meditation easy and popular is one of the fittest to the clergy. Most Catholics have a sufficient *comprehension* of their duty, but many lack what Coventry Patmore, writing of art, distinguished as *real apprehension*. Religious truths are to be realized vividly and made vital, not by merely hearing them but by letting them soak into the soul through meditation. The purpose of this book is to discuss helps and hindrances, difficulties and remedies; and we have been pleasantly surprised, in turning over the pages, to find so many practical hints, all of them reasonable and approved by experience, packed into this tight little volume. The subjects treated are of universal interest; the teaching is not finical nor over-refined nor abstruse nor fanciful nor sentimental. The robust character of the author is felt everywhere; and this, combined with large reading and experience, makes him an excellent spiritual guide. It is a pity the title of the work is almost identical with Father Tyrrell’s “*Nova et Vetera*.”

The Philippine Islands. Edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Vols. I. and II. The Arthur H. Clark Co.

It is seldom indeed that any subject receives such amazingly large treatment as the present work aims to bestow on the Philippine archipelago. Fifty-five large octavo volumes, aggregating about eighteen thousand pages, will be devoted to documents, most of them hitherto inaccessible, bearing on every conceivable phase of the subject. It is an enormous enterprise, and therefore it is a genuine pleasure to say that the introductory volumes are all that its most enthusiastic patrons could wish. The contents of Volume I. begin with the famous Bull of demarcation issued by Alexander VI., and include numerous other Papal documents, besides the important early treaties, compacts, State papers, and records of travel and discovery. The translation of the Papal Bulls is by the Rev. Dr. Middleton, O. S. A.; but practically all the rest of the volume is the fruit of the painstaking labors of one of the editors, Mr. Robertson. Beyond a doubt, however, the noblest pages of this noble volume are those which form the Historical

Introduction by Dr. Bourne, Professor of History in Yale University. It must suffice to say that the writer's breadth and depth in estimating the work of the colonizers and missionaries of the Islands are beyond praise. For insight into the Catholic spirit, it is unsurpassed among the writings of American non-Catholic scholars; and its well-measured appreciation of the friars is completely satisfying. Vol. II. covers the period from 1522 to 1569, and includes the original reports of six voyages and expeditions, besides a half-dozen other important documents. The preface serves as a connecting thread skilfully woven.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture for the Use of those who Teach Bible History. By Frederick Justus Knecht, D. D. 2 vols. B. Herder.

This work is so well known and its excellence is so generally appreciated that it would suffice merely to announce a new edition. But we take occasion to say—what has often been said before—that it is the most complete and the most valuable book for its purpose in our language. The preface, by the Rev. Michael J. Glancey, of the diocese of Birmingham, England, greatly enhances the usefulness of this commentary, on account of the excellent hints which it affords on the teaching of Holy Scripture in connection with the catechism. The translation, which has been revised according to the sixteenth German edition, is exceedingly well done. Besides the new illustrations, we notice various other improvements. The volumes are well printed, and substantially and tastefully bound; they should be in the hands of catechists everywhere.

We do not, of course, recommend this Commentary as an antidote to the poison of "Higher Criticism." It is a work for families and schools, and, though well calculated to confirm the faith of Catholics, offers no solution of many difficulties which perplex the minds of those outside the Church.

The Art of Disappearing. By John Talbot Smith. W. H. Young & Co.

Merely as a story, Father Smith's latest novel deserves to rank well forward among the best sellers. It is brimful of incident, it moves briskly, the interest is skilfully suspended at the right points, and poetic justice is fully satisfied without doing violence to the probabilities. But every good story is also a bit of laboratory work in the study of life; and the author of "The Art of Disappearing" not only supplies this critical dissection, but he has chosen a particularly interesting phase of American life for his subject. It is so unfamiliar and surprising—the character of Anne Dillon, for instance,—that it would almost certainly be set down as unreal and fantastic did we not have the author's assurance that it is true to life. The practised

hand of Father Smith shows to best advantage in the portraiture; the characters are distinctly differentiated, the plot easily realizable, and the whole book is characterized by a well-bred and man-of-the-world air that is very attractive. The episode of the many-*aliased* ex-nun is decidedly unpleasant, however true it may be as a human document. The dialect is not above suspicion in places. Of the externals of the book and the proof-reading we will say nothing.

Around the World via Siberia. By Nicholas Senn, M. D., etc. W. B. Conkey Co.

Readers of this book will have pleasant and grateful memories of their trip round the world with Dr. Senn. He proves himself one of the most agreeable of travellers, and few are better informed as to current events and objects of greatest interest in foreign lands. Although an ardent American, he is not blind to any commendable quality in other peoples; and, though keen, his comments are invariably kindly. The book is not without touches of humor, and the unstudied simplicity of the style is another of its charms. Dr. Senn has evidently been a great reader, and quotations from authors famous and little known are scattered throughout his pages. His own observations, however, are generally more impressive and apropos. Two valuable chapters of the book deal with China past and present, and a glowing tribute is paid to the work of the Sisters of Charity. Though not of a superior kind, the illustrations add to the interest of the letter-press. A volume so serious and pleasing deserves to have a host of readers.

The Question Box. By the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P. Catholic Book Exchange.

Father Conway has rendered a great service by publishing his answers to the difficulties and objections most frequently proposed to him during his missions to non-Catholics. The questions, which cover every phase of religious inquiry, are given in the words of the questioner and are answered in a brief and popular manner. In order that the reader may be more fully instructed on each point, Father Conway gives references to a large number of books, most of which are easily accessible. This is an excellent feature of "The Question Box," which is also supplied with an index of authors as well as a general index. The book contains upward of 600 pages at every one of which the attention is attracted, there is so much that is fresh and forceful. We set a high value upon "The Question Box"; indeed we know of no popular treatise of the kind to equal it. It is as remarkable for clearness as for conciseness, and above all it is utterly free from the unpardonable fault of acrimoniousness, so common in works of controversy.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Time of Growth.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

OH, Our Lady's Month is a time of growing,
When the grass-blades sprout and the leaflets
swell,

When the warm wind coaxes the buds to blowing,
And the Mayflowers blossom in field and dell;
When a deepening green robes each woodland scene
As the gay Spring murmurs her magic spell.

Oh, Our Lady's Month is a time of growing
For seeds in the soil of our hearts as well;
And her love, like the radiant sunlight glowing,
Our growth in her virtues would fain compel,—
Would draw us more nigh as the May goes by
To that Sacred Heart where our hopes should dwell.

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.



NEXT morning Rosa felt very much better; still, Pasquale thought it might be desirable to rest for that day.

"We have time enough, dear," he said; "and you know there is money in our pockets. On the Fiesta of San Juan Bautista, at La Junta, Molina and Buena Vista, we made enough to last for three months, without doing anything further. There is no need for haste, Rosa. Let us rest here to-day. You can mend the costumes a little, and put the new gilt buttons on my velveteen jacket and trousers, and sew the ornaments around the bottom of your crimson skirt. We should have had to lay off for a day somewhere, and why not here?"

"As you wish, then, Pasquale," she replied, and at once set about her work.

In the meantime Riso and his master prepared to get the animals in order for their sojourn. The bear was given a longer tether by attaching some lengths of steel to the chain he already carried; the monkeys were released and fastened by the slight but strong chains they wore to a couple of young saplings; the cage was swept and scrubbed and filled with clean straw, and the refuse, having been gathered up into a pile, was burned in the open.

The bear was put through his paces by Pasquale; for constant practice is necessary among all performing animals, or they will soon forget what they have learned. The monkeys, too, were given little tin plates, which they whirled about on their bald heads, after they had taken off their tiny scarlet caps and placed them between their teeth. Then, to the tune of a peculiar Spanish pipe which Pasquale put to his lips, they went through a rhythmic performance of bowing and scraping and collecting money in the plates from an imaginary crowd of admiring bystanders.

After that was over Pasquale opened a box in the van and dragged it forth to the grass where his wife was sitting, sewing.

"I think the coats of Moino and Bella" (the monkeys were thus called) "are in some need of mending, Rosa," he said. "I will get my big needle and help you."

"No, Pasquale," she answered. "When I have finished these I will look at them and mend them."

"Here they are," he said, lifting from the box some costumes consisting of a scarlet jacket and trousers trimmed with tinsel, and a blue velvet cap for Moino;

a light blue silk petticoat and cloak ornamented with silver braid for Bella. This last costume was accompanied by a white satin bonnet decorated with a cheap ostrich feather.

"A dozen stitches will remedy them," said Rosa. "And I must shorten Bella's skirt. Last time it was too long. She tripped and tore it as she went about the plaza at Molina."

"Very well, then," said Pasquale. "I will go with Riso a little way down the valley for an armful of those pine branches. You like the smell of them under your head when you sleep, and I am going to get them for you."

She looked up at him gratefully.

"Where is Dellito?" she asked. "I have not seen him for some time."

"Here we are, mamma,—Griso and I!" answered a childish voice. "We have been following the pretty little stream till we almost got lost."

"You must never follow a stream a very long distance," said Rosa. "Before you know it you are far, far away, and sometimes you can not find your road back."

"Griso can *always* find the way," said the child. "I need never be afraid with him, mamma."

"Yes. But sometimes there are wicked men—Gitanos,*—who steal little boys. I have heard of such things."

The child looked as though about to ask a question, hesitated, cleared his throat, and then said timidly:

"Mamma, I thought we were Gitanos, and we are not wicked."

"Why did you think that, dearie? It is not true."

"Sometimes people have called us so. And more than once ugly boys have said to me, 'There goes the Gitanillo! † Have you never heard them?'"

"Yes, Dellito, I have; but we must not mind that. We lead a wandering life,—we go from place to place in our

caravan as the Gitanos do, but we are different from them. We are not of the same race at all. And you can see that we are not. Papa and I do not go about in ragged garments, with handkerchiefs on our heads; we do not travel with a crowd of scarecrows such as we often meet in our journeyings; we do not sleep under the open sky; we do not tell fortunes; we do not steal horses or chickens. We have not that thick dark brown skin the Gitanos have. Don't you see, Dellito?"

"Yes," replied the boy, apparently much relieved. "I have been wanting to ask you about it for a long time, mamma. I am glad we are not gypsies. But I wish the boys would not call me 'Gitanillo.' I don't like it."

"That is because we travel about, my son. They do not know any better."

"And because the gypsy men and women dance in the squares, mamma. That is why I like better to live in the woods. I do not want people to think my mamma and papa are Gitanos."

"You have good blood in your veins, Dellito," said Rosa, taking his chin in her hand and looking into his eyes. "You are a proud little boy."

"Is it bad to be proud?"

"In some ways, yes; though not always. But you are meant for some other life than this. I see it. We must hurry and make a little money, so that when our Dellito grows up he may choose something he will like. I see it is getting time to begin to think about all that."

The boy smiled.

"Mamma," he said, "do you and papa like better to go about from place to place, dancing and singing, than to do anything else?"

"I think so," she replied. "That is our life—now. My father was a music teacher in Seville; my mother, the daughter of a stroller, such as I am. When he died she was poor, and we went with a little troupe. I have never known any

* The Spanish for gypsy. † "Little gypsy boy."

other life. Your father came there. Fond of music and dancing, he joined us and was happy. You would not think it, but—despite his broad chest,—leaning over the upholsterer's bench had made him ill. He always longed for the free life of the open, and so he came with us. When my mother died we married, and here we are, *querido*."

"Mamma, tell me about the night I came to you. I like to hear about that."

"It was a very stormy night. For two days it had rained, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful. The roads were flooded; we were encamped under two large trees."

"And papa was afraid the lightning would strike, wasn't he?"

"Yes; and he was waiting for the rain to cease, to move away the caravan."

"And then suddenly it stopped, and the moon and the stars came out, and the wind was still; and God sent me to you that very night."

"That very night, Dellito."

"And Griso came in very much the same way; didn't he, mamma?"

"Yes, he did. You were about four years old. It was another rainy night. We were encamped not far from the same place. We were all asleep when a knock came to the door. '*Madre de Dios!*' said I, sitting up in bed. 'How dreadful that any poor soul should be abroad on such a night!' When papa opened the door, there stood a very old woman, shivering with cold, the rain dripping from her ragged clothes. She held a little dog in her arms. We brought her in and lighted the lamp; and then she told us that her grandson had been sent to prison that week for breaking into a house, and that she had been driven from her home. She looked like a very bad old woman; but still she was in great distress. So we took her in, and gave her a warm drink and a comfortable bed."

"And what did she tell you about the dog, mamma?"

"That her grandson had liked him very much, and had told her to take good care of him until he came out of prison. But she knew she was going to die, she said, and begged us to keep the dog."

"And the next morning you found her dead on the floor."

"Yes; and we were so glad that we had taken her in."

"And you kept the dog?"

"We kept the dog. Some time after we came to the village where she had told us she lived, and found her story was true. She must have travelled for days and days, poor creature! Whatever her sins, and I believe they were many, she loved her grandson and his dog."

"Mamma, do you think that if the robber were to get out of prison and see Griso, he would know him and try to take him away?"

"I hardly think so," said Rosa. "It is four years since then. Griso has grown and looks different; and, unless he stole him away, the robber could not take him from us, who have cared for him all this time. He would have a very ungrateful heart if he did. Probably he has forgotten all about the dog."

"I hope he has. Griso would not stay with him: he would run away and find us wherever we might be."

"Yes, I think he would."

Dellito was silent for a time. At length he said:

"Mamma, I am going to get my book and read to you."

Now, the boy could not read a word; but he prized books above all things. Once having found an old geography among a pile of rubbish behind the Church of Santa Maria, at Veraga, he had asked the *cura* if he might have it. The priest's little errand boy had explained the pictures to him after a fashion, and Dellito had never forgotten the explanation. It was then that the priest had offered to teach him to read in the winter, and Dellito now looking

forward to the time when they would be at the village once more.

He brought the book and sat down beside his mother. It had no cover when he found it; but Rosa had stitched some canvas on two pieces of pasteboard, and thus preserved it from further destruction. Dellito kept it wrapped up carefully in a piece of old newspaper. Rosa made room for him; and, leaning up against her, he began his usual formula.

"This," he said, pointing to a picture, "is the great city of London, where millions and millions of people are always walking about as thick as flies. It is in the foggy, dark climate of England where they have to burn lights all day, and run against each other in the fog. I wonder why they care to build such fine houses in such a place? I would not like to live there; would you, mamma?"

"No, I would not," said Rosa. "I should not care to live anywhere but in our own sunny Spain."

"Nor I, though I should like to see other places. Wouldn't you, mamma?"

"I should be afraid to cross the sea."

"But think of Cristóbal Colón, mamma! He discovered a new country, and had to travel very far. This is Genoa, the beautiful city where he was born. And here are Ferdinando and his wife Isabella, the King and Queen of Castile and Aragon, but for whom he would not have had the money to fit out ships to go to those far countries. Our good Spanish Queen sold her jewels to buy ships."

"God rest her soul! It is in heaven this day," piously ejaculated Rosa, reverently bending her head.

"And here now is Edimburgo. There is a castle. In it they put the Queen of Scotland for many years, and at last they cut off her head. That was very, very cruel."

"Indeed it was. It is not always safe to be a queen, Dellito."

"And here is Nueva York, a city in the Estados Unidos de América. There are pretty houses here; but the wild beasts run through the streets, and the people shoot them as they go to their work. There they lie; and when they want a piece of meat, they cut it off with their knives and take it home and cook it."

"How barbarous!" exclaimed Rosa.

"And here is Madrid, and there Barcelona, and this is Seville, and that is the palace of Boabdil,—the Alhambra they call it. I like best our own dear Spain, mamma; though I should be glad to visit all these places,—first reading about them to know what is best to see. Oh, I long for the winter, when I can begin to learn to read!"

Rosa patted the little curly head.

"It is very plain, my love, that you were made for something else than dancing and singing. God grant that we may be able to give you your heart's desire! Now put away your book, for here is Riso to say that dinner is ready. And I have finished my sewing. This afternoon you and Griso and I, and perhaps papa, will go for a little walk."

(To be continued.)

Ancient Flags of France.

The half of the blue cloak of St. Martin which remained after he had divided that garment with a beggar was preserved in France for hundreds of years; and the little oratory in which it was kept was called the *chapelle*, from the word *chape*, meaning cape, or mantle. Thence we also get our English words chapel and chaplain. In time of war the mantle of St. Martin was carried at the head of the army to inspire the soldiers.

In course of time the place of this sacred standard was taken by the Oriflamme of St. Denis. This was of bright red—the color suited to a

martyr,—and fringed with green—the beautiful hue of hope. At first there were bits of flame color dotting the red, and put there in memory of the fiery tongues of Pentecost; but these faded with the years. The edge of the banner had five points, in honor of the wounds of Our Lord. Whoever bore this standard in battle had first to partake of the Holy Eucharist and then swear to defend the banner with his life. When there was a war, the King himself repaired to the Cathedral of St. Denis, where the flag was kept, and reverently carried it away. After the declaration of peace it was his duty to restore it to its place with his own hands.

Strange stories concerning this famous old banner have come down to us. Some held it in such esteem that they declared it had been sent from heaven; and all believed that when the standard bearer raised it aloft the thickest fog or mist would scatter.

Authorities differ as to the fate of this precious relic; but we have good reason to believe that it has survived through much tumult and danger, and is kept in careful hands.

The next flag of France was the white banner, that in its spotlessness was a symbol of Our Lady. In time it was decorated with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, emblems of the Blessed Trinity.

Murillo and the Cook.

A famous picture by Murillo in the museum of Seville is called *La Virgen de la Servilleta*—The Virgin of the Napkin. A pretty story is connected with it. The cook of a Capuchin monastery for which the master painted many pictures grew very fond of him during his stay; and when the time came for them to be separated, the cook begged Murillo for a keepsake. The artist said he had no canvas left; the good Brother quickly gave him a napkin and asked him to

use that. With his usual good-nature, Murillo assented, and soon painted a picture, which is now one of the famous art-treasures of the world. It is not large, of course, and represents the Blessed Mother with the Child Jesus, who leans forward, almost out of the picture, as if to welcome any one who approaches it. The coloring of *La Virgen de la Servilleta* is brilliant, and the whole picture so affects one that it is not easy to turn away from it.

An Old Fashion for Young Girls.

A little maiden of twelve describes in a letter the manner of hair-dressing prevalent in 1771. She tells how her hair was dressed over a high roll, so heavy and hot that it made her head "itch and ache and burn like anything." She says of the roll: "When it first came home, aunt put it on and my new cap on it; she then took up her apron and measured me; and from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions I measured above an inch longer than I did downward from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin." Another inch was added to her height by high heels.

Named for the Blessed Virgin.

"Above all," wrote Father Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate; promising that if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of the Conception." And so he called the Mississippi "Rivière de la Conception." The name by which it was known to the Indians and is now called means "great and long river."

THE sentence, A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog, contains all the letters of the alphabet.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. Hilaire Belloc, author, of "Danton" and "The Path to Rome," is putting the final touches to a translation of the Tristan and Iseult ballads of the twelfth century. They will be published in the autumn.

—The author of "Fortuna," the interesting story for young folk now appearing in our pages, desires us to state that it is in part a translation from the Spanish of Enrique Pérez Escrich, who is one of the most popular contemporary writers in Spain.

—Little is known about the life of Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, "protomartyr of the Seminaries"; but that little is of greatest interest and edification. It is set forth in an attractive booklet by W. Meyer-Griffith, just published by R. & T. Washbourne. A number of illustrations enhance the charm of this biography, which, though brief, affords a clear insight into a loyal and loving heart.

—Dr. Edward Elgar, whose "Dream of Gerontius" has aroused such general enthusiasm, has just finished another oratorio, "The Apostles." The words are from the Bible, and the theme covers the Calling of the Twelve, the Treachery of Judas, Calvary, Pentecost, and the Primacy of Peter. The *Athenæum* observes that Dr. Elgar "will be sure to treat the solemn subject worthily, and, we hope, with the mastery of which he has already given strong proofs."

—"A Voice that is Still" is the title of a dainty booklet just published by Burns & Oates, which contains words written or spoken by the late Father James Clare, S. J., with a short sketch of his edifying life by Father MacLeod, S. J. There is an inspiring thought, short maxim or pious ejaculation for every day of the year. Father Clare was a most zealous and efficient missionary and the author of an excellent work on "The Science of the Spiritual Life," a third edition of which lately appeared.

—The beautiful "forewords" with which Miss Emily Hickey's poem, "The Dream of the Holy Rood," is introduced, inform us that some seventy years ago Prof. Blume discovered at Vercelli an old manuscript of homilies and poems in the Wessex dialect of First English. Mr. Benjamin Thorpe published one of the poems under the title "The Holy Rood, a Dream"; and another English scholar identified a portion of it as the text written in runic characters on the old cross at Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire. The authorship of the poem is commonly assigned to Cynewulf, a poet of the eighth century, and the beauty and spirituality of the lines strike the reader with surprise. Miss Hickey has translated it from the Old English of Cynewulf into modern English couplets, the meter

being the strange and difficult iambic octameter. It is a valuable bit of work, which the general reader as well as the special student will enjoy, Catholic Truth Society, London.

—Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly is the author of a volume of poems which Lee & Shepard will publish next September. The young poet is the second daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, and is said to inherit something of her father's great talent.

—We are pleased to see in book form Father John MacLaughlin's interesting "Reminiscences of the Late Thomas Nevins," of whom a very readable notice, under the title "A Catholic Captain of Industry," lately appeared in these pages. The example of this eminently successful man of business, who was also a devout, practical Christian, deserves to be widely known. It is full of inspiration and edification—"a sermon in the life." The book is tastefully published and contains a good picture of Mr. Nevins. Burns & Oates.

—"Roderick Taliaferro," George Cram Cook's story of Maximilian's empire, calls for only the briefest notice from us. Having gone to the trouble of reading this book, it may be worth while to state that it is partly a tale of adventure and partly a bombastic undergraduate's inconsequent plea for Nature-worship. To the magnanimous pseudo-thinker, Roderick, God "is the grown-up folks' San Nicholas. Not He, but Mother Nature, brings and loads and lights our tree." There doesn't seem to be any good reason why Christians should encourage such authors as Mr. Cook by wasting \$1.50 in the purchase of his immature fancies and gratuitous slurs at Christian beliefs. His book is for infidels: let them be the patrons of it.

—Lovers of Charles Lamb will recall the essay in which he describes his aunt whom "single blessedness had soured to the world." She was a religious soul. "Her favorite volumes were Thomas à Kempis in Stanhope's translation, and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the matins and complines regularly set down. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to Church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do." Mr. Bertram Dobell, in the new "Sidelights on Charles Lamb," is at some pains to show that the gentle Elia was rather religious himself. He has disinterred from an obscure publication some forgotten words of Coleridge about Lamb. "The wild words which come from him sometimes on religious subjects would shock you from the mouth of any other man, but from him they seem mere flashes of fireworks. If an argument seems to his reason not fully true, he bursts

out in that odd desecrating way; yet his will, the inward man, is, I well know, profoundly religious. Watch him, when alone, and you will find him with either a Bible or an old divine or an old English poet; in such is his pleasure." Lovers of Charles Lamb know him to have been very lovable in spite of his eccentricities.

—Now that Newman is recognized by all discerning minds as a world-influence and as the chief voice of the Church in English-speaking countries during the last century, it is pathetic to have his own word—in a letter not hitherto published—that "I have been so bullied all my life for what I have written that I never publish without forebodings of evil." It is the old story: the people of God and other people stoning the prophets. It is known that when Newman was named cardinal he valued the honor chiefly as—seemingly at least—carrying with it Rome's approval of his life-work. In one of his letters referring to that event he says: "Of course I can't expect to live long—but it is a wonderful termination, in God's good Providence, of my life. I have lived long enough to see a great marvel." How very great a marvel the biographer of Newman will explain.

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.

Vetera et Nova (Old and New). *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* \$2, net.

The Philippine Islands. *Emma Helen Blair-James Alexander Robinson.* Vols. I. and II. \$4, ea.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. *Fredrick Justus Knecht, D. D.* \$4, net.

The Question Box. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P.* \$1.

The Art of Disappearing. *John Talbot Smith.* \$1.50.

Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. *W. Meyer-Griffith.* 30 cts.

The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe.* 50 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan.* \$1.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremeaux.* \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson.* \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.60.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster.* \$1.50.

Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana. \$1.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell.* \$3.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William Morrin, of the diocese of Denver; Rev. L. N. Lynch, diocese of Hamilton; Rev. Joseph Brandt, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Charles De Monti, Klerksdorp, South Africa; and Rev. Charles Staেকে, O. S. B.

Sister M. Evangelist, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Joseph Buso and Mr. Bernard Hempleman, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Julia Mahoney, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Peter Mitchell, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. M. P. Bonifey, Pensacola, Fla.; Mrs. Mary Powers, S. Boston, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth Mulhern, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Charles Landers, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Eliza Bergin, Red Wing, Minn.; Mrs. Bridget Shea, Atlantic, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Lynch, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mr. W. W. Sherman, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. Joseph Motsch, Erie, Pa.; Mr. Edward Dougherty, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. Mary O'Keefe, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr. John Te Pas, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. James Forsyth, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Jerome McCarthy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Henneberry, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland; Mr. Joseph Greusel and Mrs. Catherine Locke, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Ellen Moloy, Mr. Peter Nodles, and Mr. Thomas Cook, Newport, Ky.; Mr. George Scherperd, Mrs. Mary Hohnhorst, and Mrs. M. C. Prieshoff, Covington, Ky.

Requiescant in pace!



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

To the Queen of the Maytime.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

A SONG to-night for the Queen of my heart and of others the wide world o'er,
For the rarest of maids ever troubadour hymned or plumed knight bowed before;
A song that love shall waft above to the land of each leal heart's quest,
And lay at her feet, Our Lady sweet, the Queen of the Maytime blest.

Not a breath of Spring blows soft o'er the lea but murmurs her gracious name,
Not an opening bud peeps shyly forth but avows her sovereign claim;
And his liquid notes as the song-bird floats full blithe through the ether attest
That with joy all greet Our Lady sweet, the Queen of the Maytime blest.
But softer by far than balmiest breeze, more grateful than flowers of May,
To our Mother fair are the sighs of love we breathe at her shrine each day;
Are the pledges we give that while we live, through trouble and all unrest,
Our hearts will yet beat for Our Lady sweet, the Queen of the Maytime blest.

A song to-night that I fain would sing all nights and days of the year,
A hymn of praise and of glowing love to my Heavenly Mother dear;
A song and a prayer for her shielding care till my life hath reached its crest,
And I go to meet Our Lady sweet, the Queen of the Maytime blest.

The Title "Mother of God."

HERE are few subjects in religious controversy on which it is more a duty to avoid all kinds of bitterness toward our adversaries than the honor paid to our Blessed Lady. "If I believed as you believe," says an atheist to careless and indifferent Christians, "I would go barefoot through the world to proclaim the folly of living as you live." And if our adversaries knew what we know and believed what we believe, and are bound by our very faith to believe, regarding

the ever-glorious Virgin, they might not—and many of them assuredly would not—yield to us in devotion toward her. But, unfortunately, there is between us a radical difference of opinion, a divergence of belief, on a fundamental point.

The truth is that non-Catholics, generally speaking—for, doubtless, there is a large class of exceptions—do not know, and, still more generally, do not recognize, the doctrine of the Divine Maternity. The idea essentially involved in the truth of the Incarnation is hidden from them. They do not believe Mary to be the Mother of God. They do not

believe we hold it; and when we profess it, they conceive that we must be speaking the language of metaphor,—it is only by some figure of speech; some playing on a double sense; some poetical, but unreal, conception of the mind; some devotional sentiment, not supposed to be severely and dogmatically true. That Mary was in very deed God's Mother, that the Eternal became her Child in all the plenitude of truth, that with all that inherent realism with which each of us is a mother's child He was hers, they neither believe themselves nor conceive that we believe.

Any one who has had much to do with intelligent converts will at once recognize the truth of what we say. When you introduce to them the subject of Mary, they will speak of her with profound reverence, and even love. She is the "Virgin of Isaias," the Woman of the Protogospel, of whom the promised One was born; the noblest and fairest of God's creatures; she is the Mother of Christ and the Mother of the Redeemer—the one whose Seed crushed the serpent's head. But when, with the light of faith in your eyes and the lamp of faith to guide your steps, you advance and call her, as you have been taught from very childhood to call her, Mother of God, they draw back. Stopped by an incredulity, as the Israelites were stopped when just within sight of the Promised Land, they draw back from the one great truth that constitutes all the prerogatives, all the dignity, of Mary.

And, bad as this is, there is something worse still. If, turning from the Blessed Mother, you speak of her Divine Child, there is a correlative but far more serious error. One can not fail to be struck by the profound and personal love with which they speak of Him. He is their *Alpha* and *Omega*,—the One on whom they cast the burden of their sorrow, rest all their hope, and lean for comfort and consolation. He is the "Messiah," "the Redeemer," "the

Saviour," "the Son of the Most High," "the Son of God." But if, in the full light of Catholic faith, you ask them, "Is He who was born of Mary—that Child in the Crib,—is He God? Is He your God?" very often you have the unutterable pain of hearing them, unconsciously indeed, but none the less really, "dissolve the Lord Jesus Christ." In very reverence they hesitate,—they put up their hands to save the ark from falling. You are going too far for them. Much as they love Jesus of Nazareth, they would not like precisely to say *that*; and if forced to give an answer at all on a subject on which they would prefer to keep silence, they would say, "No."

Though we have said it before, it would be wrong not to say it again: there are many exceptions to this; but, then, they are *exceptions*. What we have described is, as a rule, the feeling and belief of by far the greater number outside the pale of the Catholic Church. They have a fundamentally erroneous idea of the nature of the Incarnation. They have lost the key to its understanding. They ignore the Divine Maternity, or they explain it away. There was no room for her in the inns of Bethlehem; and, with Mary, Jesus too retired into the grotto. They have some vague belief that of her a most holy and perfect but purely human child was born, to whom the Godhead was afterward united, and in whom the Divinity afterward personally dwelt; whereas no purely human child—no mere man—was ever born of Mary. The only person born of her was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. He was man indeed, but only by being the God-Man,—God, in that He was born of the Father from all eternity; man, in that He, the same, and not another, was born of Mary in time.

There is, of course, no proportion, much less any equality, between these two generations of the Child; but, then,

the Word in the Beginning, that was with God, before all things were made, the same it was who was made flesh and was born of the Virgin Mary. Without further comparison than that of simple truth, as truly as God was His Father, because He communicated to Him from all eternity His divine nature, so truly is Mary His Mother, because she gave Him, and He took from her, that human nature in which He dwelt amongst us, and in which we have seen the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Most High.

These things are comparatively easy to us, because the teachings of faith, as well as its instincts, have long made them familiar. There is no need to explain to the simplest Catholic that Mary was not the Mother of the divinity of Our Lord. In that divinity He was from unbeginning eternity God of God, Light of Light, before Mary herself was created. He was always God, because He was always born of the Father. From Him He had His divinity—His divine nature. But He was not always man. He was not man till He was born of the Virgin. She gave Him His human nature, and from the moment of His Incarnation He had for evermore two natures; and in one as well as in the other it was the same God who subsisted. It was the Person of the Word that constituted the bond of the hypostatic union between them, and both natures belonged alike to the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity.

In every other instance where mere man is born, his soul and body subsist in themselves and give him an individuality of his own. His human nature finds its completion in itself, and gives him that human personality by which he is one as distinguished from another. But in our Divine Lord there was no human personality: the Person of God took its place. There was human nature complete and entire. But His human nature—His body and soul—never for

a moment subsisted in themselves apart and alone, but were, in the instant of creation, assumed by, and united with, and fitted unto, the Person of God Himself. It was the Word that was made flesh. It was God that was made man. It was He who was born, and He alone to whom the Virgin gave birth; and as different mothers give birth, this to one, and that to another, the One to whom the Virgin of Israel gave birth was her Creator and her God. The greatest of all her titles, the foundation of all her dignity, the reason of all her privileges, the explanation of all the honor we pay her, is found here—that we can hail her as we do, “Mother of God.”

Such is the faith of the Catholic Church,—the great doctrine for which she fought so strenuously in the Council of Ephesus. Not a doctrine merely, but a dogma as well; for in it is involved the true nature of the Incarnation, with its manifold consequences. Without it there is no real Christianity; without its belief, no real Christian. Without it, the whole series of fundamental truths that make up revealed religion would fall to the ground. For if Mary were not the Mother of God, then *God* was not born of her; *He* did not become man; He did not live amongst us here, and die for our redemption on the cross. Without the truth of the Divine Maternity the keystone of the arch were gone.

And in proportion as we have reason to be grateful to the Church, for her wisdom in keeping it prominently and incessantly before us, have we reason to be gentle with those who do not think as we think, only because they do not know as we know. In our religious training our minds have been, with purpose aforethought, fixed on this as a great central truth till there is nothing so familiar to us in sacred history as the scene and the surroundings in which it was accomplished. Millions of times we have repeated the words which Gabriel,

descending from the heavens—when the fulness of time had come—greeted Mary: “Hail, full of grace: the Lord is with thee.” We know that when she said, “Be it done unto me according to thy word,” swift-winged angel as he was, he had not reached the throne before the Mystery of mysteries was accomplished. In a moment—in as little time as it took to create the light, when God said, “Let it be, and it was,”—that Virgin was Virgin-Mother of a Child Divine. And not that alone do we know, but, through the mercy of God revealing it to us, we know still more—even the marvellous manner of its accomplishment. We know that the Power of the Most High—the Spirit of God proceeding eternally from the Father and the Son—the Holy Ghost—overshadowed her, and from out her purest veins formed the body, and vivified it with the soul,—the adorable body and the adorable soul of Christ; for in that instant they were both fitted unto the Eternal Word, and assumed as His own.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, what mightier thing could He who is mighty have done unto thee? “Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!” May we be, each of us and all of us, yet part fulfilment of thy prophecy, and with every generation of the elect call thee blessed, love thee more and know thee better: that we may the better know Him whom to know is eternal life; and the better love Him whom if any one loveth not he is anathema! Continue to be a Mother to us, and be a Mother to them who yet know thee not; that so thy only and Divine Child may be unto us all “the First-Born of many brethren.”

J. A. N.

As there is no devotion to Our Lord’s sacred humanity which is not mindful of His divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son which disjoins Him from His Mother.—*Faber.*

The Turn of the Tide.

BY MARY CROSS.

DONALD EASTON, successful author, whose books shared with A’s soap and B’s hair-restorer the honor of testimonials from many distinguished persons, had advertised for a typewriter; and he considered that the long arm of coincidence had extended itself disagreeably when a reply came in the person of a former schoolfellow, who had embarked on the sea of literature also, but had too evidently failed to reach the haven of big editions. Donald had the art of losing sight of those who were not likely to be useful to him; and he was not pleased at the intrusion of this pallid, thin, shabby young man, who probably desired to make capital out of the intimacy of *auld lang syne*.

“Why, Kerr, I scarcely knew you,” he said, patronizingly. “Where have you been incognito all these years? Still writing? I never see your name anywhere. How are you getting on?”

“I am living in hope of having time to write some day,” answered Ninian Kerr. (He did not explain that he had had to pay the penalty of possessing a ne’er-do-well of a father, nor that the burden of paternal debt and extravagance had compelled him to leave literature for work which produced more rapid and less precarious returns.) “As to getting on—well, Hope steps in there also. At the same time I confess that your advertisement was like a plank flung to a drowning man.”

Donald surveyed him with the half-contemptuous pity of those whose creed is that no man need fail; he, one of the easily successful, attributed Ninian’s condition to inherent vice or weakness,—at best to want of “push” and “go.” He could not possibly associate himself with a failure, nor tolerate a threadbare hanger-on.

"Sorry you have had the trouble of coming, as the vacancy is filled," he said, casting truth aside. "Would a couple of shillings or so be of any use to you?"

"No, no, thank you! I desire only employment," replied Ninian, hurriedly, and flushing deeply. "I had no other intention in coming here. As you had known me, I thought I had at least as good a chance as any one of getting the post,—that's all."

"Well, keep on trying: there's plenty of room at the top," said Donald; and Ninian faintly smiled.

"There is plenty at the bottom, at any rate," he answered.

He went away, feeling weak and ill and depressed, every spark of hope smothered in the smoke of disappointment. He was miserably conscious of inability even to think clearly, and of acute physical discomfort. He had not tasted food since yesterday, and he was literally penniless. The weary, fruitless search for employment had worn him out, and he knew not where to turn next, nor where to seek rest and shelter. He came to a standstill before a shop window with brilliant display of "Evening Dress Requisites," and stared into it half blindly.

"Lord, I have believed in Thy mercy: help me, that I may never doubt!" he prayed, and unconsciously he spoke aloud.

A minute or two afterward a hand touched his, leaving in it a tiny parcel, and he caught a transient glimpse of a face "that then was as an angel's," and of a slender figure that was swiftly swallowed up in the surging stream of traffic. His chill fingers held a scrap of paper in which was folded a coin; and the mysterious, unexpected kindness filled his heart to overflowing. His prayer had been directly answered. What a coward he would be if he did not still fight on, trusting in the goodness of God and His Immaculate Mother!

The larger part of the not too liberal salary which Agnes Forbes enjoyed as companion to the rich and cranky Miss Wyse of Kelvinside inevitably found its way to her home, where every shilling of income had its destination marked out beforehand. Consequently her impulsive charity to the stranger, whose necessities she had recognized as greater than her own, had crippled her resources and rendered impossible that purchase of a new hat which she had sallied forth to achieve. As she had had no change nor any time to procure it, she had bestowed upon him her little all. But she could not have resisted the appeal, made not only by the pathetic words, but by the thin clothing, and emaciated features that yet were gentle and refined. The thought was in her mind that if man's extremity is God's opportunity, it is man's also, heaven-sent that he may relieve and sustain a less fortunate brother. To her the possession of the long-desired headgear would have been a poor thing indeed compared with the knowledge that she had relieved the necessities of a hapless fellow-mortal.

Miss Wyse had gone on a visit to acquaintances in the country. A couple of days after Agnes had emptied her purse in the manner described, the old lady returned unexpectedly and very much out of humor. What had cut short her visit she did not explain; but, as a matter of fact, she had overheard her host and hostess discussing the probability of her not living much longer, and of her leaving her money to them; encouraging each other to "put up with her" in the meantime. She realized all at once the loveless solitude of her declining years, and told herself that no one wanted her, that she was regarded merely as an obstacle between others and a fortune. Well, she was tired enough of life; and her money had brought her very little happiness,—perhaps because she spent it chiefly on herself; a fact she failed to

recognize. Nevertheless, she was not anxious to die before the appointed time in order to enrich false friends and fortune-hunters.

She roused herself from a meditation on the duplicity and selfishness of humankind to discern signs of distress in her usually cheerful dependent.

"You have been crying, Agnes. What have you broken or lost?" she asked, unable to conceive greater calamity than that involved in loss or destruction of property. "You would have something to cry for if you were me, alone in the world and everyone wishing you dead. What is the matter with you?"

Agnes wondered if it would be possible to enlist Miss Wyse's sympathies for "the shipwrecked stranger" to whom her own had gone fully forth. As a rule, the old lady's generosity was of a thoroughly domesticated order: it began at home and it stayed there; but that she could be kind on occasion the girl knew. She repeated her question imperatively, and not without an anxious glance at her bric-a-brac, as Agnes debated certain matters in her own mind.

"To begin at the very beginning, then," said the girl. "I was in town on Tuesday, shopping; and whilst I was looking into a window, I saw a young man who seemed nearly dying. Oh, he was so white and thin and starved-looking! I couldn't help giving him—er—a trifle. And yet he was so certainly a fallen gentleman that I could not do it openly; and I didn't want him to know, either, what I was giving him until I was out of sight. So I wrapped the coin in an old envelope—quite forgetting what was written on it,—and I slipped it into his hand, and then went away as quickly as I could."

"And I daresay he made haste, too, to spend your alms in whisky. It's wicked to encourage such persons."

"O Miss Wyse! In crossing the street the poor fellow fainted from exhaustion, and was hurt by an electric car. He

was taken to the Infirmary in an unconscious state, and there they found the envelope with my name and this address on it clutched in his hand. They sent for me, naturally thinking that I was a friend or relative."

"And you went?"

"Oh, yes, I went! I was afraid that father or one of my brothers had met with an accident, and I did not know whom I was going to see. He—Mr. Kerr—regained consciousness whilst I was there, and I was allowed to speak to him. He is homeless, friendless, and destitute; yet so anxious to recover that he may 'try again,' and—"

"Is that what you were crying for?" asked Miss Wyse, with vague envy of the tender-heartedness that could weep for a stranger's woes.

"That and the sight of so many others whose suffering and anxiety I could not relieve," said the girl, simply.

"What is the young man's name?"

"Ninian Kerr."

Miss Wyse started. Out of the mists of time a fair and gentle face smiled upon her once again,—the face of a younger sister who had forsaken home and friends for love of a handsome, plausible scamp named Ninian Kerr. Could this forlorn youth possibly be her son? Years had flown since Miss Wyse had heard anything of her; she had made a feeble attempt to find her, but had soon abandoned it, saying that Flora had disgraced the family and must lie on her bed as she had made it; hardening her heart against the offender, who truly had been sufficiently punished in her choice of a husband. But to-day Miss Wyse was in milder mood.

"After all," thought she, "there may be some one in the world to whom my heart may cling, on whom my age may lean." Then aloud: "Are you going to the Infirmary again?"

"Yes. I said that I would," replied Agnes. "He has no one else to read

to him or speak to him, except dear, overworked Father O'Hara."

"I will go with you," said Miss Wyse.

Thus, on a day when the indefinable but wholly unmistakable spirit of spring was in the air, the carriage swept by the green slopes whereon the last battle for Queen Mary's crown was fought, where daffodils took "the winds of March with beauty," and sparrows revelled in the sunshine, to the Infirmary raising grey walls and many windows to the clear blue sky. Within was a gleam of mauve and yellow flowers, a vision of kindly-faced, spotlessly-neat nurses gliding to and fro. At the door of the ward in which Ninian lay, Miss Wyse, trembling with excitement, caught Agnes' arm.

"Leave me to speak with him," she breathed. "I hope, I pray, that he is my sister's son."

And indeed as she stood at the bedside she seemed to gaze into the eyes of Flora herself,—“homes of silent prayer,” soft, pathetic and guileless. Round the thin wrist a rosary was twined, bright with constant usage.

The two women drove home in silence.

"Is he what you hoped?" Agnes asked, as they crossed the threshold; and Miss Wyse bowed her head.

"I believe so. Investigations have yet to be made; but if what he says is true, he really is my nephew. My sister and her husband are dead. If he is their son, the two last living members of an old family have been strangely brought together. We shall not part again if my hopes are fulfilled. To think that it was your charity, your kind-heartedness that gave me those hopes!"

In her tone and expression there was a new softness. But she had been brought face to face with a side of life hitherto unknown, which caused her to blush at her own lamentations over trivial annoyances; which reminded her of lost opportunities of kindness and

of lightening many a burden. In those wards, how many lessons of self-denial and fortitude and noble courage were silently taught; how much unselfishness, that neared the sublime, was shown! Here was a wife less concerned about her own pains than the discomfort "father" must endure in her absence; there a husband less anxious as to the pain of a serious operation than how wife and children would get on whilst he, the sole breadwinner, was laid aside. The lad who had worked to breaking-down point rather than beg; the consumptive girl, a widow's sole support; the weak and ailing mother who still must struggle on for sake of the little ones; the steady, hard-working head of a family suddenly struck down by disease or accident; and others of the great army of toilers who, when they fall out of the ranks, neither whine nor advertise, and thus have all the stronger claim on our sympathy and compassion, were as so many revelations to a heart that only outwardly was hard. Its worldliness, its love of the pomps and vanities, had received a shock, and by those beds of patient suffering it had taken to itself the truth that life is too short for anything save love and kindness and pity. For both aunt and nephew had come, in different ways, "the turn of the tide."

Ninian Kerr's identity was established, and Miss Wyse took him to her home, henceforth to be his. Through him she could and would atone to Flora for the resentment and subsequent indifference that had kept them apart.

With health and strength restored, with intellect no longer starved, with mind free from grinding anxiety, Ninian was able to do justice to the talent he undoubtedly possessed; and he strove with new energy to win the long-sought laurels, until the deferred success was his. His "Songs of Sunrise" took the world by storm. Among the messages of congratulation showered on him was a

characteristic note from Donald Easton.

"Come and see me, old fellow," it ran. "Didn't I tell you, when you were so down on your luck, that there was room at the top? You have got there. Remember it was your old chum who cheered you when you were in the Slough of Despond. I take pleasure in remembering that it was my advice that spurred you into fighting on."

Ninian handed the note to his wife.

"At all events," he said, with a smile, "I shall not forget who was my ministering angel in the darkest hour I have ever known. The brightness of life began with you, my Agnes!"

A Heroine of Italy.

THE name of the Marchesa di Barolo is one that will never be forgotten in Italy so long as the virtue of Christian charity exists in the souls of her adopted countrymen. A philanthropist and reformer in the truest sense of the word—one, moreover, who did not blazon her charitable deeds to the world, but went quietly about from day to day, visiting the imprisoned, succoring their wants, soothing their anguish and enlightening their souls,—religion and charity was the very breath of her nostrils.

If Silvio Pellico had lived long enough he would have been her biographer; and none knew better than he the number and extent of her virtues; for she had been his friend and benefactress: he had lived in her household and eaten her bread. But he had already drawn up a few notes which were to form the material of a future history, and it is from these that the chronicle here appended has been gleaned.

The Marchesa di Barolo, *née* Julia Victoria Frances Colbert, was a lineal descendant of the great Colbert, and was born in 1785, in the ancestral castle of her family, Maulévrier, in La Vendée.

Several of her near relatives were victims of the French Revolution, dying on the scaffold during the early reign of Republican tyranny in their native land. Her father was charitable in the extreme, a firm Royalist and a fervent Catholic. His daughter grew up amidst these heart-stirring associations. For her father she always cherished a deep veneration, which he merited in every respect. He took great pains with the education of his children, bestowing on his daughters a more cultivated training than was at that day usually bestowed upon women. The eldest was married to the Count Pelletier d'Aunay, the youngest to the Marchese Tancredi Falletti di Barolo.

Piedmont was at that time united to the French Empire, and the young Marchesa and her husband spent some months of every year in Paris. But their home was in Turin. She soon became greatly attached to the country of her adoption. Graceful and beautiful in person, she was equally so in mind and character. Gay and sprightly in society—of which she was at one period very fond, and for which in the height of her charitable undertakings she never lost her taste,—she was at all times distinguished by the solicitude she manifested for the pleasure and comfort of others. It had pleased God to withhold from her the blessing of children, a deprivation keenly felt by herself and her husband; but they both acquiesced in this dispensation of Providence with Christian resignation; and after a time resolved to apply their great wealth to the alleviation of poverty and suffering.

They were, however, discriminating in their charities: seeking out, in many instances, that class of persons who have seen better days, and who are as solicitous to hide their misfortunes as others less deserving are eager to make them public. In this manner they rescued many families from poverty, and placed them in a way permanently to

benefit their condition; educated a number of young men in a manner which allowed them to pursue chosen lucrative professions; and also enabled others to enter upon the ecclesiastical state, which had been the desire of their hearts, but from which their means had previously debarred them.

From the beginning of her residence in Turin, the Marchesa di Barolo had always felt a particular solicitude for prisoners. Although she had had no experience with that class of persons, she found herself drawn toward them with an extraordinary commiseration. One day in Easter Week she happened to be passing when a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was leaving the Church of St. Augustine. She knelt down, and was suddenly horrified to hear a voice above her crying out: "It is not the Viaticum but soup I want!" Turning around, she discovered that it came from one of the barred windows of the Senatorial Prison, and at once requested the servant who was with her to accompany her to the place. Thinking hunger had prompted the blasphemous exclamation, she desired to give some money to the poor unfortunate to buy food. The Marchesa soon learned, however, that it was not starvation but irreligion which had instigated the prisoner to cry out in that irreverent manner.

She requested to be taken through the various departments, and was wounded to the heart by what she saw and heard. She was then led to a higher story, where the women were confined; having no light in their abode but what came through very narrow apertures above their heads. Clothed in rags, lost to all sense of respect or decency, they crowded around her with clamorous cries. When she gave them the alms they solicited, instead of thanking her they threw themselves on the ground, fighting with one another like animals for the money she had bestowed.

Horrified and disgusted as she was at the dreadful things she had heard and witnessed—things which until then she had not even imagined could exist,—she left the prison with the firm determination to return and do all in her power for the alleviation of the misery of soul and body which had there displayed itself in its worst form. But her husband would not consent to this; her friends told her that it was a thankless and hopeless enterprise upon which she wished to engage; her confessor was of the same opinion. With her usual sweetness of disposition she quietly submitted for a time, but resolved in her heart to make another attempt whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself. She made inquiries as to the best mode of obtaining access to the prisoners, and was told she could do so freely by becoming a member of the Confraternity of Mercy, originally founded for their relief. The Marchesa joined this Confraternity and announced her intention of visiting the prisons in her turn.

She began by serving out the soup; and after a time requested the jailers to leave her alone with the prisoners, with whom she could not converse freely in the presence of their guardians. This was refused; but later the hearts of the keepers were softened by her piety and amiability, and they allowed her to see the prisoners alone. Instead of talking to them through the grating, she was now locked up in the midst of them, and at once began her crusade by sitting down among them. They surrounded her, cursing, screaming, singing, and vociferating that they were all innocent of the crimes for which they had been incarcerated.

She underwent this ordeal several times without showing either fear or disgust, and soon they looked forward with pleasure to her coming. She began to advise them and to pray; but at this many took alarm and refused to remain in the room. Quietly dismissing them,

she continued her devotions with the more tractable prisoners. This stimulated the curiosity of the others, and they requested to be readmitted at the next visit. The desired permission was readily given. Soon the Marchesa had them all under her sway.

After some weeks she began to teach them the catechism, dividing them into classes in proportion to their intelligence. At the end of a few months she resolved to teach them to read. Some of them learned very quickly. These she employed in assisting her to teach their companions. "My children," she would say to them, "I try to do you good that you may also do good to others. You can not give your companions everything they want: give them at least what you can. Let us help one another, and ask God to help us all. I am grateful to you for the trouble you take in order to lighten my task." It seemed to give them great pleasure to think they had spared her fatigue and lightened her charitable labors.

Well knowing that in order to reach the soul of the outcast it is necessary first to appeal to the body, the Marchesa, besides giving alms from her private purse, had recourse to higher powers in order to improve the physical condition of the prisoners. She obtained generous gifts of money from the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, the Queen Maria Teresa, and the Prince and Princess of Carignano. With this fund she bought clothing, some of which she took weekly to the prison and distributed among the women. She also obtained permission to have Mass said in the corridor, and arranged an altar there for the purpose. Having used every means to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors into the prison, she was at last successful, and thereafter her task was lightened.

But so great was the opposition she met with from some of the prisoners because of this that several of them went so far as to push her, strike her,

and even spit in her face. But the Marchesa quietly endured these insults, seeing in them only a stronger reason for using every available means in the cause of temperance, the absence of which had rendered such abuse possible. She considered the prison as a moral hospital, in which we must expect to find incurable cases; and she felt that nothing done through a motive of charity is ever thrown away. "Let us give without reckoning," she said: "God will reckon for us."

After she had worked five months in the Prison of the Senate, the women in the House of Correction sent to the Marchesa to ask her to visit them also. In this place they had abundance of air and light. She found great consolation in the results of her efforts with these unfortunates, with whom she pursued the same course as in the Senatorial Prison. There were times, however, when this noble woman suffered great discouragement. Continual association with these abandoned persons was very trying on her health and nerves; the multiplicity of the crimes with which they were charged distressed her beyond measure. It was only prayer and the knowledge that her labors were productive of great good that enabled her to persevere.

She had not been long engaged in her good work before she saw that, in order to accomplish any lasting results, the prisoners must be separated: those convicted of lesser offences, or whose criminal record was comparatively recent, being worthy of a different atmosphere from that which surrounded them in the company of lifelong felons and incorrigible sinners. She made many appeals for a suitable building, to which she begged leave to transport those whom she thought proper subjects for segregation; and at length the house of the Sforzate was made over to her, with permission to put in it whomsoever she pleased. This house was spacious and cleanly; it had a garden where

the prisoners could walk, and a chapel where Mass was said and catechetical instructions given.

The prisoners at the head of each ward said morning and evening prayers aloud, and the Rosary was recited daily. Manual labor was insisted upon. The women did all the work of the place, besides spinning flax and hemp; each receiving a small proportion of the fruit of her labor, so that when her time had expired she would not leave the prison penniless, and thus be more exposed to every kind of temptation.

Although she had several reliable and efficient helpers, the Marchesa gave daily supervision to all that went on,—a duty which occupied three or four hours every morning. But her principal care was to soften those turbulent spirits which had never been trained or guided. And in this she was eminently successful; as the meekness and sweetness of her own disposition, the gentleness of her manner, the beauty of goodness which shone in her eyes and made musical her voice, was an ever-present example, operating upon them far more than any other method could have done to encourage them in the practise of virtue.

At last the time had come when, the success of her mission assured, and her work well established, the Marchesa felt that she might profitably seek the assistance of religious who would undertake the care of the prison and the office of teachers. With this view she applied to the excellent Sisters of St. Joseph, whom she herself had introduced into Piedmont. They readily complied with her request, agreeing to take charge of the prisoners under her direction.

As time went on, experience taught her that many of the women who are discharged from prison again go astray, because circumstances seemed almost to force them back into the paths they had previously followed; and she became possessed of the desire to establish a Refuge for such as would profit by it.

But, although her heart was constantly urging her to execute this charitable project, the consciousness of her inexperience, joined to her great humility, and the certainty that her desire would be opposed by her husband and friends who thought her already overburdened with good works, made her hesitate long before taking the preliminary steps.

The constant prayer of faith was not unheard. When the time came, everything ran smoothly; those most dear to her gave up their objections, and a sum was accordingly devoted to the purchase of a house in one of the suburbs of Turin. It was placed under the special protection of Mary Refuge of Sinners, and was capable of accommodating two hundred penitents. The Sisters of St. Joseph also presided over this institution. Some time afterward the Marchesa established in the same suburb St. Philomena's Hospital for infirm and crippled children; and at a short distance from it the School of St. Ann for girls belonging to poor and respectable families.

The results of this work of the Refuge were incalculable. Some of the women wished never to leave the asylum, but desired to consecrate themselves to God by religious vows. So often and so earnestly did they speak of this to the Marchesa, that she consulted with the Archbishop, who gave his consent. She at once proceeded to build a convent on a piece of land adjoining the Refuge. These Magdalens led a penitential, laborious and severely mortified life and besides they devoted themselves to the training and education of a numerous class of children under twelve years of age, who, through evil association, had fallen into vice. These were called Little Magdalens. The Oblates of St. Mary Magdalen were another offshoot of these foundations,—a congregation devoted to every office of charity, especially that of nursing.

Although these various institutions occupied much of the Marchesa's time,

she found leisure to look after a great many poor families. And, while her chief solicitude was directed to the poor, she was not blind to the spiritual necessities of the rich. She had long felt how great an advantage it would be to the noble families of the Kingdom to possess a conventual school where their daughters could receive a religious education and be at the same time trained in all the duties of their social position. As a result the Ladies of the Sacred Heart were invited to Turin, the King having given his consent. The Marchese di Barolo, at his wife's request, completed the beneficent work by placing at the disposal of the nuns his own large and beautiful villa. Until such time as it was ready for their occupation, the religious were hospitably entertained at the Di Barolo palace in Turin.

(Conclusion next week.)

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XVIII.—CONFIDENCES AND PROSPECTS.

PADDY CASEY, having been taken out of durance vile, appeared at an early hour at the *datcha* at Kresstoffsky, and was received by the veteran with the liveliest tokens of regard and approval.

"Tell us all about it, Paddy. How did you come to leather the 'peeler,'—as we used to call them long ago in Grattan Street?"

"Well, yer honor, he didn't know that I understood Roosian, and he was coddin' me, sir, on me new clothes. I didn't pretend to understand him till I gave him line enough, and then I axed him if his mother knew he was out."

"I'll put ye in jail, me bould man," sez he.

"No, ye won't," sez I. "It would take ten like ye to do it, and Peter the Great

at yer big back; so no more of yer lip, ye spalpeen!"

"I had him there, sir!" And Paddy, slapping his thighs, indulged in a choking paroxysm of laughter.

"Well, Misther O'Byrne, one little playful word led up to another, when he was for ketchin' hould of me—for I called him a Bashi Buzouk, which is the worst ye can call a Roosian. Then he laid his hand on me new goold lace collar, when I gave him a sudden blow, sir,—kindly slippin' me right foot behind him, so as to let him fall soft and airy; and fall he did, givin' the asphalt a double knock with his head. Then, sir, three or four came up on a run, roarin' *meelyea murder*. And—savin' yer presence—havin' a sup in, I gave them all they wanted, till I was overcome meself and locked up. That's the whole honest truth, sir, or may I never see glory!"

The veteran enjoyed this narrative immensely, and cross-examined Paddy upon the subject of the "trip up."

"Paddy, you did well. There's a taste of vodka for you—hold on!" as Casey was for filling a large goblet. "A glass is enough, as you ought to know."

"Here's to yer honor's health! Long life to ye, sir; and may ye never die till the skin of a gooseberry is large enough to make yer coffin! And how's the young Masther? Begob, *he's* the boy! He bangs Banagher! Stoppin' wild horses one day, and savin' a beautiful young lady, as good as goold, God love her—Miss Eileen!—and the next day murderin' a couple of convicts. Musha, but how I wish I was with him with a lump of a *kippeen* in me fist! Everyone loves the ground he walks on; and"—here Paddy's voice sank into a thin whisper, after he had opened and shut the door, as is the fashion in Russia,— "it's meself that heerd that Masther Myles has one of the richest young widdies in all Roosia mad as a March hare after him."

The veteran laughed.

"There's no houldin' a widdy woman that's lonesome, sir. Sure there's a daycint little one over beyant Fontauka that has an eye on meself, sir, no less. She has, they tell me, over a thousand roubles in a hole in the chimbley, for banks aren't safe in Roosia or in Asia aither. Sorra a gang of prisoners goin' to Siberia that hasn't a banker with them. So the widdy's roubles are safer in the chimbley nor in the biggest bank in St. Petersburg. She has three *boneens*, and Miss Eileen gave her one about a month ago; and she has—"

"Well, has she got *you*, Paddy?"

"Not yet, Misther O'Byrne; but I'm on the ragged edge, sir. But tell me about Masther Myles. They have it in the Servants' Hall—they have servants' halls here, yer honor, as if they were at Mulnaveigh or Rathbald's Castle; and it's into the servants' hall that all the news comes. Sorra a lie in it, sir."

"Well, and what are they saying?"

"They're sayin'—and this is as true, sir, as if I was on oath—that Masther Myles is makin' the finest ketch in all Roosia; and that he don't care a *thraneen* for the widdy, but that she's fit for Bedlam she's so deep in love with him. He's takin' her so cool and aisy—not courtin' her or coaxin' her in any way—that it sets her as wild as a young colt; and she havin' five or six of the finest gentlemen in Roosia ready to bate one another for one of her smiles. You know Masther Myles has only to ax her, and he'd have her with her castles here and there, and goold in the bank, and the finest of atin' and drinkin'; for they tould me below that she lives like a queen, and has bacon and cabbage and boiled chicken every day of the week; and sherry wine and Madeira wine and champagne wine and the best porter,—musha, how I'd like to be blowin' the froth off a pint this blessed minute?"—and Paddy smacked his lips unctuously.

"All this, sir, Masther Myles can, have widout doin' a hand's turn. But sure it's what he ought to have. Why, the Tsar is only a small potato to him,—aye, and a *bodhaun* no less. But, sir, I was thinkin' that one little word from you would give Masther Myles the scent, and—"

At this moment the subject of their conversation entered.

"Hello, Paddy! So they let you out of jail?"

"Begorra they couldn't hould me when the General sent after me. Musha, what an elegant gentleman he is!"

"Are the family at home?"

"Every one of them, Masther Myles, only the General; and he's up at the Winter Palace just now, playin' Spoilfive with the Tsar."

"Miss Eileen?"

"I saw her sittin', all lonesome like, in the drawin'-room as I came out, sir. She's goin' to a weddin' or a funeral, or somethin' in regard to the court; for a big official rode up with a letter as large as a playbill for her this mornin'."

"Will you want me, uncle, to-day—say for a couple of hours?"

"No, Myles. But remember that Count O'Reilly is coming to lunch."

"I shall be here, sir. I'll take Paddy in the drosky, as he can direct the *ishvoshtik*."

"I can do that, Masther Myles, and give him the stick too. Didn't ye want to spake to Masther Myles, perhaps, yer honor?"—to the veteran.

"No."

"I was thinkin', sir, that what I said in regard to—"

"Whist, Paddy, and be off!"

"But, sir—"

"Be off! Do you want the stick, you *omadhaun*?" roared the old man.

"Faix but he's as cross as a bear with a sore ear this mornin'!" growled Paddy, in an undertone; adding quite blithely: "Begob, I'll spake the word meself, sure as Sunday!"

Paddy held on for dear life to the little rail at his left hand; for a drosky is exceedingly narrow, and turning corners is somewhat risky. Myles had decided upon driving, as the *ishvoshtik* had been sent to the stables.

Clearing his throat preparatory to the great effort of his life—for was it not a stupendous undertaking, the restoring of the “fine ould ancient O’Byrnes” to their stronghold and estates?—he plunged in *medias res*, taking to himself the privileges of an old retainer and one of the great clan.

“Masther Myles, sir, were ye ever ketched in love?”

Myles was rather startled at so unexpected a question, and, turning to Paddy, answered emphatically:

“Never!”

“Ye had elegant provocations, sir.”

Myles roared with laughter.

“Faix it’s no laughin’ matter, Masther Myles. There’s times when to fall in love is the finest thing that ever was done, and again it may be the very worst thing one could do.”

“You are caught yourself, Paddy, by all accounts. I heard of a certain widow up at Fontauka.”

“Begob that’s true for ye, Masther Myles. But it ain’t that sort of a widdy woman I’d expect you to fall in love with. I am alludin’ to an elegant lady with great lands and bogs, and goold in the bank, and castles all over the country; and one that all is mad for to talk with, and all the gentlemen batin’ each other for a look from her. *That’s* the sort of widdy woman I want the son of the representative of the ould ancient O’Byrnes to take to last Mass of a Sunday, with an elegant prayer-book and a lace handkerchief in one hand, and in the other a parasol with an ivory handle.”

Myles now perceived the drift of honest Paddy’s matchmaking, and enjoyed the idea hugely. He respected the good fellow’s zeal in the cause, and knew

that he was prepared to go through fire and water, if necessary, and to cry *Faugh-a-ballagh!*—“Clear the road!”—at every turn.

“Well, Paddy, where is the widow that I—for I suppose that you refer to me—am to take to last Mass at Lugnacullough?”

“Bedad, Masther Myles, she is snug and safe, and you, sir, have only to say the word—”

“Oh, come, come, now, Paddy, your admiration for the O’Byrnes is much keener than hers, and—”

“But sure, Masther Myles, I heerd them say in the Servants’ Hall that—”

“Paddy,” said Myles sternly, and pulling up the horses under the shadow of the spire of St. Paul’s Church, “not a word more! I do not listen to the gossip of the Servants’ Hall.”

“Faix they know everything there, Masther Myles.”

“That will do,—keep a tight hold. This wooden bridge is rather tricky.” And Myles sent his horses flying across the bridge until a vigilant policeman stopped him.

Paddy spoke in Russian to the man, who instantly let go of the horse’s head.

“I tould him we were goin’ to the Winter Palace, sir; and that the Tsar was waitin’ for you there.”

.
Sir Henry Shirley, Bart., magistrate for the county of Hampshire, appeared at the *datcha*, attired as though he were prepared for a stroll down Piccadilly—faultless frock coat, high silk hat, varnished boots, and a superb crimson camellia in his buttonhole.

“I should apologize for not calling sooner, but my boat banged into another; you know the tide runs so infernally strong down there. I have secured good anchorage now, though, alongside the Grand Duke Michael’s superb boat, just below the bridge; and I want you, Mr. O’Byrne,—if you will do me the favor—to dine on board

the *Corisande* to-night at eight o'clock. I am hunting up O'Reilly and that splendid nephew of yours. The General has promised to come. In fact, we're to have a little family party. By the way, permit me to congratulate you"—laughing—"on your escape from Siberia. I'll tell you, Mr. O'Byrne, there is, as the Yankees say, some 'coon in the fence' in this business, and we shall get at him, even if I have to use my power as a magistrate of the county of Hampshire." And Sir Henry lit a cigar.

"I know that coon, Sir Henry," said the veteran; "and I will deal with him. I'll give him another whacking, if I have to go to Siberia in earnest. Tell me how is the young fellow?"

"Percy Byng?"

"Yes."

"He's fine; fishing all night now,—aye, and catching fish."

"Do you know what he did for me?"

"Well, I suppose so; but *he* never could do half enough for your nephew,—never. Try one of these cigars, Mr. O'Byrne."

"Faith I prefer a pipe. But just for the luxury and novelty I'll take one."

"Permit me to select it. You see, I know these weeds, and some of them are too weedy."

Sir Henry stuck his glass on his eye and proceeded to select a cigar with the same care as one might select a diamond.

"That's the one, sir," he said, handing the cigar to O'Byrne and lighting a match.

"Ivan, set out glasses at once!" shouted the veteran. "There is some old Madeira that I got, strange to say, up at Tifler's of all places in the world."

"I have been trying to induce your nephew to live on my boat whilst he is here, and return to Cowes with me. I hope to have rather a jolly party, and it's so infernally hard to make up one."

"In my time, in Ireland, Sir Henry, if we had a good *cruiskeen lawn* and a deck of cards, day or night was too short for us. The bed was no object but the

fiddle was, and we'd dance all night to 'The Hare in the Corner.'"

At this juncture Percy Byng, rosy as an apple, burst in, and after shaking the old man boisterously by the hand, turned to Sir Henry and exclaimed:

"She's coming!"

"Who is *she*?"

"There is only one for me in this wide world," said the lad, very gravely. "I don't mind taking the uncle of Myles into my confidence. She is Eileen De Lacey, and I love her to distraction, sir. I can think of nothing else day or night. By the way, Sir Henry, I landed a thirty-two pound grayling this morning at three o'clock. Never had such a glorious time. Beresford and I go down to-night after you dine. I can think of nothing but that fish—"

"I thought that Eileen—"

"Oh, bother! Yes, there are sacred moments when love is *all—everything*; and I have hours of those moments. I can not live without her."

"What did you kill that grayling with?" asked Sir Henry, with a wink at the veteran.

"Here's the fly,"—after fumbling in his breast pocket for a fly book. "Yes, there it is. It was made expressly for me by that fellow at Flinters'. I asked to-day for a dozen."

"I know the fellow. He's good on trout flies, and his spoons are the best in London."

"Here's the wire!" said Percy, handing Sir Henry a telegram.

It was from O'Reilly and read:

"We come back with you to Cowes—the Baroness, Count Mero, and Eileen."

"Imagine days on the North Sea and nights in the Baltic,—moonlight nights with Eileen!" murmured the lovesick swain.

"When do you go to the fishing grounds again, Percy?" asked Sir Henry, with another wink at the veteran, who winked rapidly and copiously in return.

"To-night, after you dine, I told you.

The train leaves late, and two hours' ride puts you into Finland, where a thirty-pound grayling awaits you. But I must go and wire—"

"See here, young man," interposed the veteran, "you will not stir one step till I thank you for what you've done for me."

"Mr. O'Byrne, please don't mention it. I have done nothing. See what dear old Myles has done for me."

"Young man, you can't put *me* off that way,—not a bit of it. You knew that those people were sure to want what they call 'hand money,' and bedad you saw that it was on hand. Now, it was done nobly, and you are a fine young chap that will do credit to all that you undertake, and you must have Miss Eileen."

Percy darted at the old man.

"I thank you from my soul for these encouraging words! They are like balm to my wounded heart."

"What is the largest grayling taken on a hook in the Finland water, Percy?"

"Forty-eight pounds, sir," promptly responded the amorous fisherman.

(To be continued.)

In England's Arcady.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

BY Arcady I do not mean the red rock land of Devon or the hill country of the North. I mean rather Doctor Jessop's Arcadia—the wind-swept, level county of Norfolk, which in days of yore was one of the richest jewels of Mother Mary's Dower, also the first English home of the Franciscans, who, as we are told in "The Coming of the Friars," were well received, and had many houses there. Even now it is dotted all over with beautiful ancient churches,—those lighthouses of God. And the stranger who makes a tour through it is reminded of Catholic

England at nearly every step; and if only for this reason I would advise the visitor to England to make a point of so doing.

Of course he will meet cyclists, and motorists will find the gleaned women mostly gone. But he will pass through hamlets from whose cots and manors the faithful used to hie them to Mass when mariners talked with wonder of the great New World in the West, and pilgrims by the hundred—nay, the thousand—went to Walsingham and knelt barefoot in the Holy House modelled after Loreto. 'Twas a simple world, my masters, was that world of Catholic England, but not altogether an unhappy one.

In the summer there were great, green, pleasant places, sweet with hawthorn and sweetbriar rose; in the winter, white solitudes, wherein men founded great homes of charity in which angels unawares, in the shape of wandering Lazarus and stricken Rizpah, were entertained. What if that court in London in which the sword of the law severs those whom God hath joined together was not builded? Husband and wife *then* knelt with reverent homage when "Jesus of Nazareth" passed by; and the Rood in the beautiful temples spoke to unlettered Hodge of the Crucified who loved him unto death.

In this fertile land lived and died Wulstan the peasant-saint, of whom I love to think as of an Anglo-Saxon Knight of Labor, who by his own life taught "that nothing common is or mean," if sanctified by the love of God. He lived in one of the loveliest parts, if not *the* loveliest part, of the county—in the neighborhood of East Dereham, the small market-town so intimately associated with the closing scenes of him of whom it has been so beautifully said:

O poets, from a maniac's throat
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, to your Cross of Hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!

Here, in the hamlet of Bawburgh, labored Wulstan the hind; here he was foretold the time when he should see the King in His beauty, and the King's Mother, fairer than the rose, more radiant than the sun. Here, through Costessy's wild woods, the two white oxen (his sole earthly goods) drew him to his burial; and where they stopped, he was laid even as he had wished. "Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints!"

Some little time ago a non-Catholic author went to Bawburgh to try to discover St. Wulstan's Well. After clearing away leaves and brush, he found in an orchard a small pool, which the farmer said (if my memory serves me rightly) always bubbled up and never went quite dry. I am inclined to think that the Catholic Faith, as evidenced by the guilds of the Middle Ages, is the true solver of the Capital and Labor problem, the employer and employee riddle. The wealthy landowner or merchant said in effect to his tenant or craftsman: "Hearken, brother! We all make our shrift, all do penance, all pray the same prayers; thou art poor in one thing, I in another. Heaven pardon and help us both! Take thou of my substance for thy necessities, and pray for me."

These thoughts came to me in the streets of Norwich—"the city in a garden, or garden in a city," as Fuller quaintly terms it. For in Catholic days the town had both a name and a history; and the bells of thirty-seven churches sounded sweetly in the ears of Dame Gillian as she jogged along over Mouesehold Plain to market.

Nigh to Norwich is Earlham Hall, the early home of Elizabeth Fry; a green and pleasant place, this Earlham; an ancient home of peace and seat of courtesy. A visitor to Earlham during the lifetime of John Joseph Gurney, the philanthropist, has told me of its pleasant hospitality. All callers, whether gentle or simple, were regaled with

French coffee and Earlham biscuit—a sweet, light milk-cake; and strangers of all creeds who asked aid for a worthy object never went empty-handed away.

It would be a pity to leave East Anglia without seeing Castle-Rising the last home, or place of penance, of Isabel of France. There stands the ruined tower on the hillock, and the "rough roddes," or rough winds, blow upon it from the tumbling waves of the German ocean; the first fall of the snow whitens it; the tourist takes a snapshot of it; village children play round it. But she who suffered and, let us hope, repented in it has vanished like the snow of yester-year.

Go also to Lynn, the quiet seaport from which so many fugitives sailed in days of persecution. Hunted priests enduring all things for Christ, Catholic nobles knowing not where to lay their head,—all have said "Good-bye" to their native land from here. Yet, as we know:

Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future;
And within the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

Even in these latter times the Old World seaport has tragic associations; for the singular Eugene Aram once walked in gloomy meditation along its quays and streets. Was he guilty or the victim of circumstantial evidence? The Judge who holdeth the Great Assizes knoweth.

The husband of Pocahontas was a Norfolk man, born and bred here. I will, on excellent authority, contradict a somewhat common error. The famous Indian Princess did not die in London: she passed away on board the ship which was taking her to America, and was laid to rest in a country churchyard.

Those who have read that deeply interesting sketch "From a Castle to the Cloister" will remember that the subject of it, Mrs. Petre (in religion Sister

Mary of St. Francis), belonged to an ancient and honored Norfolk family, and spent her early life at Costessy, in St. Wulstan's country. Who can say that the Saxon saint did not love the child, and lead her by his blessed influence along the path of sanctification until she became a Sister of Notre Dame? Catholics can think of this sweet soul, this gentle bride of Christ, amidst the scenes of her girlhood in "Arcady, home of the happy." They can do more: they can pray for the return of the Arcadians to the One Fold.

All over the district, near broad and river and marsh, are Catholic churches,—missions which draw reedsman, fisherman, villager, with the net of Peter. Pray that the net may be filled; that the children who have lost their Immaculate Mother may in this the eventide of Time find her, may kneel at her feet and wait for her words of welcome, her maternal hand of blessing on their heads, her pitiful eyes bent on them; and may hear the voice of her Son saying, "Behold your Mother!"

An Uncrowned Queen.

BY E. BECK.

WHEN the Norman and Saxon dynasties were united by the marriage of Henry I. of England to Maud, daughter of Saint Margaret of Scotland, the joy of the common people was unbounded. Henry's coronation had preceded his marriage; but on the occasion of his nuptials a hundred copies of his charter, whereby the laws of Edward the Confessor were restored, were distributed among the great English abbeys which his brother, the Red King, had plundered. The virtues of Scotland's saintly Queen were inherited by her daughter, whose whole life was spent in doing good. Not only did she bestow large alms, but she insisted on washing the feet of the poor, and waited

on them. Each day in Lent she walked barefoot to Westminster Abbey; and of her Piers de Langloft wrote:

Through counsel of Dame Molde, a kind woman
and true,

Instead of hatred old, there was now love all new.

By the western doorway of the ancient Cathedral of Rochester two statues are yet to be seen. They represent King Henry and "the good Queen Maud," and are said to have been the work of Gundulf, an Anglo-Norman prelate of that time. Queen Maud died in 1118, and since then many women have been her successors on the throne of England; and of these only seven remained uncrowned. Four of them had the unenviable fate of being united to Henry VIII.; and Edward I., taken up with the conquest of Wales and Scotland, had neither time nor money for the coronation of his second wife, young Margaret of France. Centuries later Caroline of Brunswick was turned away by the soldiery from Westminster Abbey at the gorgeous coronation of her husband, George IV. The remaining uncrowned Queen was Henrietta Maria, the courageous consort of the unhappy Charles I.; as a good Catholic, Henrietta refused to take part in a function in which the chief parties were required to profess the Protestant faith.

The turbulent and bloody quarter of a century during which Charles and his Parliament wrangled and warred is an interesting period in English history. The pictures of Van Dyck have preserved for us the grave, sweet features of Mary Stuart's grandson; and historians allot him many virtues not possessed by his pedantic father nor by the later Tudor Kings. His domestic virtues endeared him to those who knew him intimately, and won and kept for him the romantic passion of such different types of men as Wentworth and Lovelace, the Puritan Noy and the merchant Crispe; though some say that it was the need of something to love

and venerate that inspired the devotion of the gallant Cavaliers rather than Charles' own personality, fascinating though it was. To him through the long years of strife and civil war the Catholics remained steadfastly loyal; and out of five hundred noblemen who lost their lives in the royal cause almost two hundred were Catholics. That such devotion was due to his wife's influence is not improbable. Protestant historians speak of Henrietta Maria as being "frivolous and meddling." To refuse to take a principal part in a coronation ceremony on account of a religious scruple was not the act of a frivolous woman; and if she were meddling it was through zeal for her husband's cause.

Henrietta Maria was married to Charles soon after his accession to the throne. She was the daughter of Henry IV. of France, and had been promised full toleration in the practice of her religious duties in the treaty signed previous to her marriage. This promised toleration earned for her, even before her arrival in England, the hatred of the Puritans, and the title of "Roman idolatress" was the one they bestowed on their future Queen. Even during the earlier years of Charles' reign Henrietta Maria did not escape insolence and abuse. The attack on the Queen by one of the Puritan leaders, a William Prynne, brought him to the notice of the Star Chamber, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, with the Church Service Book for company. It is pleasant to read that the French Princess made strenuous efforts to obtain his release.

When war at last broke out Henrietta was her husband's tireless helpmate. She passed over to Holland and pawned her jewels to obtain money and war stores. For this the Parliament judged her guilty of treason, and directed a fleet of ships to intercept her on her homeward journey. Notwithstanding the close pursuit of the enemy's vessel, the Queen

succeeded in landing her stores safely. The fleet pursued her into Burlington Bay, and turned their guns against the house that sheltered the royal lady. The man who had directed the attack was afterward captured by the Cavaliers, who resolved, after a hasty trial, that he should be executed. The Queen happened to hear of their decision, and at once ordered the man to be released. "I will not have a man sent to death on my account," she said; and the prisoner was set free, and at once placed himself under the royal banner.

Both in England and France the Queen tried to further her husband's cause. After the infamous bargain between the English Puritans and the Scotch army, by which Charles found himself a prisoner, she did not cease her efforts, and in December, 1647, she dispatched a ship to the Isle of Wight. Intimation of its arrival was given to the captive monarch, who immediately essayed to escape from Caresbrooke Castle, where he was confined. His attempt failed, and from henceforth till his removal from the island four warders guarded him night and day.

Somewhat more than a year later, on the 30th of January, 1649, Charles Stuart was executed outside the great banqueting room at Whitehall; meeting death with a tranquil courage, which the biased Lord Macaulay admits "has half redeemed his fame." He was buried at Windsor, and men forgot his faults and remembered only that he had died as a gallant gentleman and Christian should.

His wife survived him twenty years, during which she never ceased to mourn him. Of her six children, two, James and Henrietta, became Catholics. The former lost his throne on account of the faith he professed, and died in exile. Her eldest son Charles, after a long and ill-spent reign, had the grace of dying reconciled to the Church of his mother. Queen Henrietta herself died in 1669.

Charity with a Hook.

ONE phase of modern charity—charity with a hook the ancients would have called it—is cleverly hit off by Eveline K. Strong in some verses contributed to the *Living Church*. This is the season, it would seem, when church sociables are most popular, and pious people flock to the rectories to amuse themselves and eat cake and ice for sweet charity. The connection between duty and “some dainty thing to eat” is evidently not clear to the writer’s mind, though she is anything but obtuse. Cardinal Manning used to wonder at the connection between dancing and church debts. Sociables of this sort are not in vogue among Catholics, but there are numerous other ways of combining duty and self-indulgence:

Who are these so gaily tripping
To a house ablaze with light?
These are Christians: let us join them,—
'Tis a most improving sight.
These are Christians: they assemble
(As the Good Book says is right),
For a social at the rectory,
For the Indians to-night.

Give their quarters! Why, of course not!
Do you think them foolish quite?
It's amusement for their money
That has brought them out to-night.
For with Fun we spread the Gospel,
And with Fun reform the bad,
And with Fun we pay the preacher
(Or he wishes that we had).

Yet, whatever else is lacking,
Be it knowledge, interest, zeal,—
In the cause for which we gather
There must always be a meal.
For some esoteric reason,
Pure Religion's Holy Beam
Most effectually is fostered
By the aid of cake and cream.

And the rector stands and ponders:
He is old and very wise.
And he looks at matters shrewdly
With his penetrating eyes,
But he never has discovered
The connection so complete
That exists between one's duty
And some dainty thing to eat.

An Anglican Clergyman's Reasons for Not Joining the Church.

THE following open letter from Japan will be of interest to our readers. The writer explains that he had his reply to an article in these columns published on the spot, as he is not unnaturally attacked; and the printed letter to us, he says, saves a good deal of time:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AVE MARIA.

DEAR SIR:—In your issue of the 14th March you asked, in an article devoted to myself and my sayings in the *Lamp* and “Arai Brothers,” “What is it that can keep this good man from joining the One Church?” Will you allow me, as a clergyman of the Anglican Church who pays Peter's Pence, to give you my reasons? They may interest your readers.

Between the Anglican Communion and the Roman Catholic there is a great gulf fixed, so that the two communions are practically things apart. We may be compared to two paddocks separated from each other by a ditch. On one side of the paddock the grass is rich and juicy; on the other side it is rich and juicy too, for it grows out of the same soil; but there is not enough of it. What, in such a case, is the shepherd to do?

(1) He may jump over the ditch, and call to his sheep to jump too; and the strongest perhaps will do so, but how about the lambs and the weaklings? That, I take it, is the action of the 'vert.

Or (2) he may go into the larger meadow and cut some grass, bring it over to the ditch and set it before his sheep to eat. That is what the Ritualist does, who borrows from Rome here a rite and there a ceremony and sets it before his flock for their edification. But the cut grass has not the same juicy flavor as the grass cropped with the teeth.

Or (3) the shepherd on one side may say to the shepherd on the other side: “Look here, sir, these sheep all belong to the same Master, and so does the farm. Don't you think that, with the Master's permission, we might fill up the ditch and make one meadow of it, so that the sheep may freely come in and go out and find pasture?” It is the most troublesome of the alternatives, but in the end it is best.

Now, sir, I think you will understand my position. It would be very easy for me to jump over the ditch. The Roman Catholic Church, with the Archbishop's House, is just opposite,—the deed could be done in ten minutes. I am not dependent on the Anglican Mission for my support: nothing

would simplify my life so much as that step. But the ditch would remain; and how about the weaklings?

Or I might adopt at my own sweet will all sorts of Roman usages and practices, and say to my flock: "Now you have all that the Catholic Church can give you. I have brought it from Rome for you myself." You agree with me, I think, that ceremonialism is a poor substitute for Unity. And the ditch would still remain.

I want to get the ditch filled up. I want the shepherds of the Anglican flock to approach the shepherds of the Roman flock and say: "Look here, can't we fill up this ditch?"

It has never yet been done. Since the Reformation we have confronted each other as foes, never looked into each other's eyes as friends. The application to Rome which procured the condemnation of Anglican Orders was made by a few priests in their private capacity: there was nothing official in it on the Anglican side. I want our leaders to broach the subject; and, though I can see mountains of difficulty in the way, I also know that faith was given us for the purpose of removing mountains, and why not also of filling up ditches?

I know that there is another possibility. When the ditch is filled up and the whole is thrown into one meadow, it is more than possible that the Master will say: "Now there is no need for two shepherds,—one of you must give up."

Personally speaking, I am quite prepared for that. I trust I am Christ's servant now; I trust I shall be Christ's servant then; and my Master will find work for me to do, even though it may not be at the altar.

I hope I have interested you and your readers in my plan for "filling up the ditch." Possibly I shall fail; in that case I shall fail while trying to do my duty. And if I fail God will not. *Hoc Deus vult.*

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LLOYD,

Lecturer in Literature, Imperial University, Tokyo.

TOKYO, April 8, 1903.

We could wish that these reasons were as solid in reality as they doubtless seem to be weighty to the mind of the writer. And his comparisons, we are sorry to say, are as unhappy as his logic is shaky,—all except that of the ditch. We shall not ask him who dug the ditch, we are so glad to know that he finds it so easy to jump over it. This should lessen his solicitude about the lambs and weaklings. Jump over the ditch, Dr. Lloyd, and then prepare

a crossing for them. The ditch need not be filled up all at once; and evidently the best side to work on is where there is most land.

Ceremonialism is indeed a poor substitute for Unity. Submission to the successor of St. Peter, who was divinely appointed not only to confirm the faith of his brethren but to rule the flock of Christ, is the *sine qua non* of Christian reunion. It is the least likely thing in the world that the Papal decision regarding Anglican ordinations will ever be reversed. The supreme authority of the Church has spoken; and we are commanded to hear the Church, under what penalty the Rev. Arthur Lloyd knows as well as we do. Nor need we remind him of the sad words of saints and holy doctors—"sad indeed, and weighty with the wisdom of their spiritual discernment"—concerning the lot of those who are not members of Christ's Church. It is the lot of strayed sheep, exposed to dreadful danger and dismal death.

How strange is it that men like Dr. Lloyd can not see how impossible it is for the Church to repudiate its own starting point and yield any one of its own first principles! The uselessness of any effort to promote Christian reunion without submission to the authority of the Father of the Faithful was realized by Protestants in England as far back as 1640. When the House of Commons sent a message to the Lords on "the increase of Popery," the speaker of the House, recognizing the unchangeable character of Catholic truth, deprecated any movement to promote union with Rome, saying: "We can not meet unless we come wholly to him [the Pope]. A man standing in a boat tied to a rock, when he draws the rope doth not draw the rock to the boat, but the boat to the rock."

It is for men like Dr. Lloyd to fasten their ropes to the rock without delay and pull.

Notes and Remarks.

"This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States," said Napoleon when he ceded Louisiana to our Government in 1803. No one knew better than this man of genius that he was signing away a great empire, yet even he could not have foreseen the magic change which a century has wrought in that vast territory. Fourteen States have been carved out of it; it comprises one-third of the national area, and contains one-fifth of our total population. A century ago it contained fifty thousand people: now it contains fifteen millions, or three times the population of the whole country when the cession was made. The price paid for it was fifteen millions; last year's corn crop in Iowa alone was worth six times that amount.

Last week the St. Louis Exposition, which commemorates the centenary of the purchase, was dedicated with becoming splendor. President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland delivered addresses, after the divine blessing had been invoked by Cardinal Gibbons. It was appropriate that Catholics should bear a prominent part in the celebration; for Louisiana was a Catholic territory with a Catholic population in 1803, and until its cession to this country it had never owned allegiance to any but the Catholic powers of Spain and France. Four archdioceses and twenty dioceses, with a Catholic population of almost two millions, have since been erected in the territory.

A discovery of considerable importance is announced by Dr. Councilman, of Harvard, who affirms that the investigations carried on by himself and two confrères have demonstrated that small-pox is caused "by a micro-organism representative of the lowest form of animal life." This discovery relates small-pox to malaria and other disorders

of protozoan origin, and differentiates it from other infectious diseases caused by minute forms of vegetable life known as bacteria. Physicians will henceforth understand the disease better; and, as it will now be possible to diagnose cases with the microscope before their complete development, the chances of recovery are increased and the danger of an epidemic very much lessened. The world is slow to pay the gratitude it owes to the men who pass their lives in patient and perilous battle with disease. Dr. Councilman, for instance, tells us that one of his associates in these studies lived for several months in a hovel not fit for human habitation and exposed to contact with the most virulent cases of the disease, so that he might study it the better. A physician who has the spirit of his profession is a close approach to a priest who has the spirit of his vocation.

It is to be hoped that our leading "weekly newspaper and review" will not allow the discussion regarding the "Nine Fridays" to be prolonged in its columns. This correspondence has already given occasion to statements calculated to wound, perhaps scandalize, any but confirmed theologians. No good would result from such a discussion. In all matters of this sort it is the part of prudence to refer them to proper authority. If the famous "Twelfth Promise" savors of superstition, as one correspondent is of opinion, it is not rendered less objectionable by asserting, as another does, that similar language used in connection with the practice of other popular devotions is also liable to serious misconstruction. Let the Holy See be informed as to the propagation of the devotion of the "Nine Fridays" and regarding the sense in which the "Twelfth Promise" is generally understood. We feel certain that a decision on both points will be forthcoming. Meantime there should be abstinence from public discussion of them for

reasons that theologians ought to understand best. We are not aware that the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., has ever been accused of ultra-conservatism; still in one of his books there is a warning to deal gently with false deductions, mindful lest in pulling up the tares we pull up the wheat along with it; lest in snuffing the candle we extinguish it.

The only portion of any contribution to the discussion about the Nine Fridays that we should care to quote are these wise words of the Bishop of Aberdeen: "Far be it from a bishop to say anything to curb or check one's devotion. Far be it from us to say that it is not a good thing, for example, to go to Holy Communion on nine consecutive First Fridays in nine consecutive months. It is an excellent practice; but it would be better to go on ten, and better still on eleven or twelve. But this we will say, that it is not a good thing if these first consecutive Fridays will interfere with Communions on Sundays and holydays of obligation.... '*Let your charity more and more abound in knowledge and in all understanding.*'"

From the *Pilot's* summary of the excellent address delivered on the 18th ult. in Portland, Maine, by Dr. Thomas Dwight, of the Harvard Medical Faculty, we quote this paragraph:

Speaking in detail of the work of local unions, the Doctor strongly advised the formation of certain permanent committees whose members were to be chosen carefully; of libraries, the press and institutions. He enunciated the first and most necessary quality of these committees as energy and tact,—energy, that nothing detrimental to Catholic interests be allowed to go without action or protest; and tact, that unessential and accidental things be allowed to pass. It is useless to attempt to keep out of the libraries all books not of Catholic spirit; but it should be seen to that the Catholic side of questions is thoroughly represented, and that scurrilous books defaming any religion are excluded. It is useless to notice every squib which may in some manner touch the Church, or to protest against mere witticisms; for the protest will result only in continuing the difficulty. But it is the bounden duty of the

union through its committee to see that no falsehood be allowed to go uncontradicted and that the truth be told. It is unwise and useless to criticise every action of those in charge of institutions, if their every action be not in accord with Catholic spirit. Let us discern good work wherever it exists.

This is good advice, at once temperate and uncompromising. It counsels us to avoid supersensitiveness as well as supineness. There have undoubtedly been cases where want of tact has done harm, but it is only justice to say that habitually and as a body American Catholics have not been exacting. In view of the ostracism and the penalties to which they have been subjected within the memory of living men, they are remarkably reasonable.

An American priest in the Philippines assures us that unless strong measures are taken by the Catholics of the United States, "in less than five years half of the people of these Islands will be lost to the Church." There are parishes without priests; and "some priests, even in the immediate vicinity of Manila, have twenty thousand or more people to attend to." On the other hand, there are numbers of friars—of whom this American priest says, "You may have as good priests in the United States; you have no better,"—huddled together in Manila. These friars want to go to the people; and the people, we are assured, want the friars to come to them. But the difficulty lies in the fact that when the people apply for a padre, the anti-Catholic Federal party sends in a counter petition urging that the return of the friars would endanger the public peace. The American authorities thereupon refuse to permit the friars to go back to their people, thus indirectly playing into the hands of the anti-friar element.

This is the statement made by an American priest whose wisdom and character have won the confidence and esteem of all who know him. But at

present we do not see that, when the facts are published, anything further can be done. Mgr. Guidi is in the Philippines to look after the interests of the Church; Mgr. Montgomery or some other American will soon be Archbishop of Manila. If the Holy Father's Delegate is unable to formulate a policy for the Philippines, we have only to wait till the new Archbishop takes up the reins. The danger of precipitation in this case, it seems to us, is greater than the danger of delay.

It is surprising, but still more gratifying, to find that an Anglican layman like Lord Halifax understands the motives of the French persecutors better than some Catholic laymen—and shall we add ecclesiastics?—do in this country. In the introduction to a very remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Lord Halifax observes that the Low Churchman's dislike of the Ritualist is "due to the same cause as that which is largely responsible for the persecution of the religious Orders in France"; and he continues:

A church which is identified with the world excites no opposition. A church which makes no inconvenient claims, and which insists on an answer to no awkward questions; which is content to allow its members to ignore the supernatural, acquiesces in a standard of morals which is not too strict, and insists on just that amount of respectability and of religious observance which enables the conscience to close its eyes to its real condition, and to make the best of both worlds,—such a church excites little hostility. Why, indeed, should it? The day may come when, like any other institution, it is attacked; and when that occurs such a church falls like a house of cards, for no one cares to defend it; but meanwhile it is at peace. The world knows its own. No wondrous works are being performed within its borders, and it occurs to no one "to beseech" the clergy "to depart out of their coasts."

Reverse the picture. Let the church proclaim the Catholic Faith; let it declare, "This is the truth: you can accept it or reject it, but you reject it at your peril." Let it insist on the doctrine of the Cross and the crucifixion of self; on the grace conferred by the Sacraments; on the presence of the body and blood of Christ in the

Eucharist; on the power of the keys and the gift of absolution; on the fact that we are, here and now, brought into contact with God through the ministrations of His Church,—and the different forces which make up the world rise up at once in opposition. The charge is made of mediæval superstition, of clerical assumption, of an attempt to revive the domination of the clergy, of a desire to create an *imperium* in an *imperio*. Under the plea of anti-clericalism the clergy are attacked; while all the time it is the world, under the disguise of anti-clericalism, which is refusing to be brought face to face with the divine life of the Church.

Lord Halifax, whatever else he may be, is a spiritual-minded man; can it be that this is the quality which enables him to see through the disguises of sham statesmanship into the virulent heart of the policy of persecution? There are some things better understood spiritually than mathematically.

There are some passages of Gen. Miles' official report of his tour of inspection in the Philippines that will be read with consternation by one class of our citizens, and with disappointment and—let us hope—humiliation by another class. The head of the army makes it plain that if the avowed and righteous purpose of the Administration is to search out and punish every brute in uniform, this purpose has not been strenuously executed. Referring to atrocities on the part of officers and soldiers of which there was no general knowledge in this country, he says: "These facts came to my notice in a casual way and many others of similar character have been reported in different parts of the archipelago." The treatment of natives in the reconcentration camps is characterized as "unprecedented." In an order to the commanding general of the Philippines, under date of February 28, 1903, Gen. Miles directs that any orders or circulars of personal instruction calculated to inspire or encourage any act of cruelty be annulled. It has been repeatedly asserted by defenders of the army that the unusual conditions in the archipelago

justified the measures thus condemned; the head of the army, on the contrary, declares that the excuse is without foundation.

Gen. Miles found "a large proportion of the troops" occupying church property—monasteries, colleges and convents. "This," he adds, "I believe to be entirely wrong, and it should be discontinued without delay." But there is one passage of his report which we must quote in full; it will cause pain to every American Catholic citizen:

At Calbayog, Samar, it was reported that several men in that district had been subjected to water torture. I saw three men who had been subjected to this treatment. One was the *presidente* of the town, who showed me long, deep scars on his arm, which he said were caused by the cords with which he was bound cutting into his flesh. The second man was José Borja; and the third was Padre José Diaznes, who stated he was one of three priests who had been subjected to torture by the troops under the command of Lieut. Gaujot, Tenth Cavalry; that his front teeth had been knocked out, which was apparent; that he was otherwise maltreated and robbed of \$300. It was stated that these priests were taken out to be killed, and were saved only by the prompt action of Maj. Carrington, First Infantry, who sent out for them. Lieut. Gaujot was tried, pleaded guilty, and was given the trivial sentence of three months' suspension from command, forfeiting \$50 per month for the same period. His pleading guilty prevented all the facts and circumstances being developed.

Let us hope that the reports of many similar atrocities in different parts of the archipelago which came to Gen. Miles' notice are unfounded.

Los Angeles is fortunate in securing so zealous and capable a bishop as the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, late rector of the Catholic University. Mgr. Conaty was a distinguished pastor before he went to Washington, and he has a close practical knowledge of church organization and administration. He was also an enthusiastic worker for temperance and other phases of moral reform; and of his intense interest in education, from the kindergarten to the university, there

is no need to speak. The organization of the Catholic colleges into a compact association is among the good results of his labors at Washington. An experienced and energetic pastor, a reformer in the best meaning of the word, a patient but firm administrator, and a champion of Catholic education, form a combination not too common even in our superior American hierarchy; and Bishop Conaty will, we venture to predict, speedily establish himself in the confidence and affection of his far Western flock.

Bishop Conaty's successor in the rectorship of the Catholic University of America is Monsig. Denis O'Connell, for many years rector of the American College in Rome. Monsig. O'Connell is a man of broad scholarship, whose native talent has been carefully developed in the best schools and stimulated by contact with the most enlightened minds of Europe. His appointment has given general satisfaction to the friends of the institution at Washington.

Judging from the number of communications we have received calling attention to our blunder in regard to Monsig. Weedall, the sermon from which we quoted must be a favorite with many persons. One correspondent declares there is nothing finer in all Newman's writings. Another says: "I had thought everyone was familiar with it, it is so dear and familiar to me." And he adds: "That slip was a good one on you." Yes, so it was.

Two events of recent occurrence in different parts of the world have caused great rejoicing among the faithful—viz., the conversion of a chief and the whole of his people, numbering nearly 2000 souls, in Figi, in the South Sea Islands; and the submission *en masse* of more than 15,000 separated Greeks belonging to the districts of Ackar, Hosu, and Safita.



A Widespread Malady.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THERE'S a certain disease, and the king on his throne
And the beggar in rags are alike to it prone;
Disciples of Galen in all lands agree
That their nostrums are useless in this malady.
And no college of surgeons, though great be their fame,
Success for a method of treating it claim;
It wrought ruin and woe when this old world was young,
And 'tis still seen all nations and peoples among.
And all those who suffer from this dread disease,
In their lives and their callings find little to please;
Their vision's distorted, their mind ne'er at rest,
And with dark thoughts and gloomy their souls are oppressed.

Oh, many an evil it brings in its train!
It hardens the heart and it weakens the brain.
The name of this malady's right 'neath each eye,
'Tis spelt by four letters: they're E-N-V-Y.

How George Kept his Promise.

A STORY FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

MANY years ago, in a Catholic school at Rouen, France, a boy of ten years was among the First Communicants. He was handsome, studious, fond of play, yet pure and pious as an angel. He went to confession once a fortnight and was especially devout to the Blessed Virgin. As the great day approached he prepared for it in the most edifying manner. Finally, on the evening before he said to his teacher, who was also his confessor: "Father, I have thought of something. I want to keep my white cravat that I shall wear to-morrow, and put it on

always when I go to Holy Communion, so that I may be reminded never to commit a mortal sin. Do you think that would be a good plan?"

"Do you mean that you wish never to wear it except when you approach the Holy Sacrament, George?"

"Yes, Father, that is what I mean."

"I think it a very good plan. Have you said anything to your mother about it?"

"Not yet, Father; but I will."

The pious mother of the boy was pleased at the resolution he had taken, and readily gave her approval; and from that time forward George never approached the Holy Table without his white cravat. Some of his companions, especially after he began to grow older, joked him about it, thinking it an attachment to a little vanity which he could not renounce; and he did not contradict them. Whenever the boy went to the Sacraments—and that was frequently—his white cravat went also.

George had entered upon his last year of philosophy when the Franco-Prussian war threw two countries into grief and confusion. Seeing the Prussians advancing in triumph into the heart of France, the fiery soul of the Norman youth felt impelled to join the ranks of those who were fighting for their beloved country. He was then eighteen years of age. He asked and obtained permission of his father to enroll himself under the banner of the famous Charette and march to the deliverance of unhappy France.

In the army as at the college he was the same fervent young Christian, with this difference: whenever possible now he approached the Holy Table every week instead of every fortnight. At the same time he was one of the bravest and most cheerful of soldiers.

This was in January, 1871. Five hundred Zouaves were ordered to storm a height occupied by the enemy in the environs of Mans. Two hundred of these young men paid the penalty of their heroism. At the first onslaught George was mortally wounded.

The army chaplain soon made his appearance to administer the last holy rites to those who were able to receive them. George was among the number. As he lay on his hastily improvised pallet of loose straw, sinking fast, he replied to the inquiries of the priest as follows:

"No, Father, I have nothing to confess. Yesterday I went to Holy Communion. Nothing troubles me, nothing distresses me. I am ready to go. But I would like you to do me a little service, Father. In my haversack you will find a small package containing a rosary, a white satin armet, and a white cravat. They are the souvenirs of my first Holy Communion. I would like to see them, if you will be so good."

The priest brought them.

"Now, Father, will you put the white cravat on me, please?"

The priest performed the kindly office. George took the rosary in his hand, and then he said:

"I am ready, Father, to receive Holy Communion for the last time."

When the Viaticum had been administered, the young man turned once more to the priest.

"Father," he said—and now his voice grew fainter and fainter,—“I have one more request to make of you. As soon as I am dead, take off this white cravat and send it to my mother. Write her this: ‘George sends you his white cravat; it has never received a single mortal stain but the blood he shed for his beloved France.’”

He expired shortly after. The chaplain fulfilled his pious request, confident that with his last sigh another saint was added to the heavenly cohorts.

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.

As the party jogged along in the caravan next day—Rosa for the most part lying down, as her head ached a little and she did not feel like her usual self,—Dellito divided his time between his father and mother. Sometimes, tired of riding, Pasquale would descend from his perch and walk a while. Often he would place the boy on the back of one of the mules and trudge along beside him. Riso, in the rear, driving the van which contained the bear and the monkeys, was less expeditious than his master, but always managed to keep the other van in sight. When Rosa felt equal to it, she would occasionally take Dellito's hand and they would walk a long stretch of road together, the mother telling stories, of which she had a large fund. Griso ran continually in front of them, his sharp, wolf-like snout up in air, his tail always wagging, his bright eyes forever on the alert for something new in bush or fence row.

As the day grew warm, Dellito became tired of trotting along beside his father.

"I think I shall go in and talk to mamma," he said. "Perhaps she is lonely in there by herself. Come, Griso, we will try to amuse her."

The dog followed him at once; and Rosa was soon sitting up, watching the child put him through his tricks—jumping higher and higher over a stick held in the air. Every time Dellito would throw a ball the dog would catch it in his open mouth, toss it up two or three times with his paws and catch it again. Finally, after he had begun to show some signs of fatigue, the clever little animal suddenly espied Rosa's guitar in the corner; and, seizing it by the ribbon, he dragged it slowly

and carefully toward her, laying it at her feet. Rosa and her son laughed merrily.

"You see what he wants, Dellito?" said the mother. "He is tired now and wants to rest. He pretends he would like some music, and brings me the guitar so that he can get off."

"Oh, he is a rogue!" cried Dellito, hugging the ugly head to his knees. "But won't you sing a little, mamma darling? I haven't heard you for ever so long."

"For about a week, perhaps," replied Rosa, laughingly,—"since the last time I danced at La Prada. But I will sing for you, Dellito. What shall it be?"

"Anything you like," said the boy. "Sing 'Pajarito.' It is so pretty!"

"Yes, but it is very sad, Dellito," said the mother.

"You can sing something gay and lively afterward, mamma; 'Pajarito' is so sweet!"

Rosa tuned her guitar, a very good one, which she handled dexterously, and began:

"O little bird, that fliest
All through the world to the sky,
Tell me—oh, tell—as thou fliest,
Is there any one sadder than I,—
O little bird?"

"O little bird, as thou fleest
Up through the regions of air,
Tell me—oh, tell—if thou seest
A lonelier heart anywhere,—
O little bird?"

Rosa had a very sweet and pathetic voice. As the last soft notes died away there were tears in them, Dellito thought; and he said, quickly:

"Now you must sing something lively, mamma. It will make you feel cheerful. You are so pale to-day. Sing 'Lajartijo.'"

In a moment she was strumming the guitar to the gayest of airs, and both were singing:

"Lajartijo and Frascuelo
Swordsmen are of a high degree;
They are the bravest of matadores,
And both of them are in love with me.

"Frascuelo and Lajartijo

Cast their languishing eyes at me,
But I've given my heart to my Pasquale:
He is the bravest of all the three."

"We are singing about you, papa!" cried Dellito at this stage of the concert, peeping through the little grated opening beneath the driver's seat.

"I hear you, my little son."

And then Pasquale began in a rich baritone, to which Rosa played an accompaniment:

"Much I ask of San Francisco,
Loud San Tomas I implore,
But of thee, my little brown girl,—
But of thee I covet more.

"Gold I ask of San Francisco,
Health of San Tomas I crave,
But of thee, my little brown girl,
That thou wilt not be so grave.

"Tapers two for San Francisco,
Two to San Tomas I'll give
If thou'lt come, my little brown girl,
To my caravan to live."

"And she came, papa!" cried Dellito.

"Yes, she did."

"And I came, papa."

"Yes, Dellito came. But now," said Pasquale, "it's time to halt for something to eat. You and mamma may walk about, while Riso and I cook the hare he and Griso caught this morning before the sun rose. And there are wild strawberries. Oh, we shall have a feast!"

Rosa put away the guitar, left the caravan and went strolling along by the side of the stream, which they were still following, as it flowed through the valley. The distant hills looked beautifully blue in the background, always seeming to recede no matter how far one travelled in their direction.

"Mamma," said the boy, "are those the Hills of God?"

"All hills are God's," answered Rosa. "He made them all, and everything in the world."

"I know He did," said Dellito. "But don't you think that perhaps heaven is there, right on top of or above those very hills?"

"I can not say, my little son: I do not know."

"Do you think you could tell me that pretty story while we are walking here, with those beautiful mountains in front of our eyes?"

"What pretty story, dear?"

"The one you told me once when I was sick and could not run about and play."

"The Hills of God?"

"Yes, mamma."

"It is a sad story, Dellito."

"But not at the end, mamma."

"Very well. I will tell you, then, if I remember it."

And Dellito's eyes beamed; for he was never so happy as when listening to his mother's quaint and pretty narratives.

"Once there was a very little boy," she began; "and as he lay on the bed beside his dying mother, she told him that soon she would be going far away from him, never to return. His heart was very sad, and he asked: 'Mother, where shall I go to find you when you are gone so far away? Where shall I seek you?' She murmured in her dying voice: 'Upon the Hills of God.'

"When the mother was dead, the neighbors took her away, but no one thought of the child; for the people were very poor, and not very good, and had plenty of children of their own. So the child slept under a bush that night, and many nights after, with berries for his food, and sometimes a crust of bread that a kind householder would give him as he trudged along, barefooted and bareheaded, through the winter rain and the summer sun. And always when any one asked him where he was going he would answer: 'To the Hills of God.' And the people would smile at him and say that he was not a wise child; and they were, perhaps, more kind to him for that.

"Now, there were no hills in that country,—all was a broad, flat plain. And at last the child, discouraged at

not finding what he longed for, began to question people on the roadside as he travelled onward day by day. He was growing very tired and feeble; and a cruel cough had seized upon his lungs, from sleeping in all weathers under the open sky.

"To a little child he said one day:

"Can you tell me where are the Hills of God?"

"That is heaven,' said the child,—'so my mother tells me. But they are not here. We have no hills in this country. One must walk very far to find them. One must get out of this big, broad plain to reach the hills. I will ask my mother.'

"So the child waited under a tree for a very long time; but the other boy, heedless and thoughtless, or perhaps forbidden by his mother, did not return.

"The next day the wanderer met a wagoner, and asked him the same question. The man scratched his head, and, after reflecting a moment, said thoughtfully:

"Come up and drive with me, and we will talk about it.'

"The child, grateful for this kindness, did as he was told; and, after sharing the wagoner's bread and beef—the first good meal he had had for many a day,—again repeated the question:

"Can you tell me, kind sir, where I may find the Hills of God?"

"And what do you want to do there when you find them?" asked the man.

"My mother is there,' answered the child. 'I want to go to her.'

"The man looked at him with great compassion.

"My little fellow,' he said, 'by what I see, you are not now very far away from what you seek.'

"Where are the Hills? Oh, show them to me!' said the boy, reaching over to look out of the wagon.

"They are beyond,' said the man. 'You will see them after a while.'

"So they jogged onward till the

shades of evening fell and the stars came out, and then the boy got down.

"I am tired," he said; "I feel as though I must go and pray in yonder little church with the green spire peeping from among the trees. To-morrow perhaps I may come to the Hills of God."

"To-morrow — or very soon thereafter," said the man, as he bade the child 'good-evening.'

"The little fellow went bravely on, — the way seeming long to his tired feet. At length he came to the church, set in among the trees in the midst of the village graveyard.

"Those are the white stones of the dead," he said to himself. "My dear mother can not be so very far away from here. Soon I shall find the Hills of God."

"And now it was night, and all was darkness in the church, save only the red lamp that burned before the dwelling of our Saviour, and the soft light of a wax taper at the feet of our Blessed Mother. The child gently pushed open the great leathern door, and, creeping slowly to the altar steps, knelt there, praying with all the fervor of his innocent heart. Then he went over to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, lovingly murmured some 'Hail Marys,' and asked her to lead him soon to the Hills of God. Rising up, he felt comforted, and went back a little farther in the church. Stretching himself on the floor, he leaned upon one elbow so that he could see the two lights that softly glowed within the sanctuary.

"There presently the good pastor found him, and said:

"My child, what are you doing here at this hour? I do not know your face: whence do you come?"

"I come from very far," said the child. "I am praying Our Lord and His Holy Mother to show me the way to the Hills of God, where my dear mother has gone and is waiting for me. Good sir, can you tell me if they are near, and how I can reach them soon?"

"I think you are very near them now, my child," replied the kind old priest. "But it is cold here, and you must have some nourishment and rest, and in the morning we shall see."

"Tenderly lifting the child in his arms, the priest carried him to the presbytery, where he was bathed, fed and warmed, and put to bed.

"I feel that my dear mother is very near me," said the child.

"I think she is very near you," answered the priest. "She is watching for you, and waiting. You will see her soon. Sleep now and take your rest, that you may be ready for that last long journey that will take you to the garden of the Lord, where bloom the brightest flowers and flow the crystal waters of Paradise."

"The child smiled gratefully up into the face of the old priest, and closed his weary eyes. The next morning they found him with his thin hands clasped upon his bosom, a sweet, peaceful smile upon his lips, but he breathed no more. His long quest was over: he had found the Hills of God.

"Now I call that a very sad story," said Rosa, in conclusion. "Why do you like it, Dellito?"

"It is not sad at the end, mamma," replied the boy, cheerfully. "He was happy at the end, and he found his mother. Some day you must tell it to me again."

But Rosa sighed. It was only after they had retraced their steps, and the cheery voice of Pasquale greeted them with a hearty "Come! we are starved. The stew is waiting," that she could shake off the feeling of melancholy that possessed her soul.

(To be continued.)

AN ostrich is not full grown until it is four years old, and it may live eighty years. A good bird of this species produces a pound of feathers each year, and that pound is worth sixty dollars.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Man Overboard," a thrilling sea story and ghost story combined, by Marion Crawford, forms the second issue in the Macmillan series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors."

—A correspondent, writing from Omaha, Neb., calls our attention to the fact that the name of Mr. J. P. Yeatman, the author of "The Gentle Shakespeare," is included in the list of "Converts to Rome."

—It is a significant fact that the first four articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for April discuss phases of the controversy now progressing within the Anglican body, and three others are engaged with questions of moral reform. It would be hard to duplicate that table of contents in any secular American magazine.

—That superb work of erudition, the Oxford Dictionary, contributes a suggestion toward the solution of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy by pointing out that while Shakespeare was particularly fond of the use of *out* "as a prefix forming verbs with the force of surpassing or outdoing," Bacon was as notably shy of it. The tendency to form such compounds as *out-brag*, *outpray*, etc., began about 1600; and while Bacon can be cited for only two of these verbs, Shakespeare uses at least fifty-four of them, "for thirty-eight of which he is our first and for nine of them our only authority."

—Few public documents of recent publication are so interesting or so deserving of public attention as the "Report to the President on the Anthracite Coal Strike of May—October, 1902, by the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission." Every page of this report affords proof of the fitness of the commissioners for the important task entrusted to them, and of the conscientiousness with which it was performed. The President had reason to felicitate himself on this commission. It will be remembered that in a speech made last month in Dakota he paid a generous tribute to the members, declaring that their work had been exceptionally well done.

—We have followed with some attention the reviews of Zola's last book and have not been surprised to find that in this country, at least, most newspaper and magazine critics have treated it as the ravings of a diseased mind. "Whoever believes that the Roman Catholic priesthood is a sort of pirate's cave, the habitual abiding-place of greed and lust and falsehood, will count Zola's final novel, 'Truth,' well named. But I have never met a man who knew even one priest well who did believe it. The story seems to give proof, if any were needed, that the flavor of foulness was good in Zola's mouth for its own sake." This is

the judgment of the literary editor of *Out West*, and it is typical of reviews of the book generally. Instead of being an *exposé* of the priesthood, it has proved to be an *exposé* of the anti-Catholic spirit in contemporary France.

—Pustet & Co. has issued a very attractive First Communion certificate, rich in color without being gaudy, and symbolic in every feature of the design. It makes a beautiful souvenir of that most important event—a child's first Holy Communion.

—The Rev. St. George Kieran Hyland has arranged in dramatic form some interesting chapters from the life of St. Philip Neri, the keynote of which is his gentleness and love of souls. The play is written for boys and includes five speaking characters. It is published in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—The Rev. F. X. Lasance has compiled a new manual of devotions—"The Sacred Heart Book,"—which is published in attractive and convenient form by Benziger Brothers. It includes instructions on devotion to the Sacred Heart, general and special devotions. What is most to be commended in this compilation is the preference shown for prayers from the Roman Missal.

—Now that boycotting has become the popular weapon of both monopolies and trades-unions it may be worth saying that St. John seems to connect that device with the Evil One. In the Apocalypse (xiii, 17) he writes: "And he causeth . . . that no man shall be able to buy or to sell, save he that hath the mark, even the name of the beast or the number of his name." The trades-unions will at least be able to retort that they have the authority of the proverb for fighting the devil with his own weapons.

—As a bit of literary gossip we may note that the widow of Weymouth Thelwall, the water-color artist, has been received into the Church, to which her husband was a convert and of which her daughter is a devout member. John Thelwall, father of Weymouth Thelwall, was a poet of considerable distinction, the intimate friend of Coleridge, Lamb and Hazlitt; and, though not a Catholic himself, he was a man of lofty character and a tireless worker for Catholic Emancipation. On her side, Mrs. Thelwall is connected with the family of Sir Walter Scott.

—Dr. Brownson's view of so-called children's books—that old people may find pleasure in them but that they are unprofitable reading for children—is echoed by some of the leading English men of letters. Mr. Leo Strachey, editor of the

Spectator, deposes that he was brought up on the Bible, Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, and Bunyan. Mr. Louis Hind, editor of the *Academy and Literature*; Andrew Lang and Justin McCarthy, bear the same witness. It would be interesting to speculate how far the phenomenal success of such books as those of Marie Corelli is due to a popular taste formed not by the classics but by the mischievous juveniles.

—The latest addition to the Eclectic School Readings, published by the American Book Company, is "Stories of Old France," by L. W. Pitman. It includes sketches of some of the most important characters in French history, is written in an interesting style, and the compiler has shown a disposition to be fair. The illustrations are reproductions of masterpieces of French art and photographic views of many of the scenes of the stories. "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, first published in 1854, has been added to the same publisher's language series. The Modern Language Association, in placing this book on its recommended list, must have considered only the eulogistic criticisms passed on the work. M. Brunetière has something to say on the merits of Augier, which is also to be considered in judging the French writer in question.

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.

Vetera et Nova (Old and New). *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.*, \$2, net.

The Philippine Islands. *Emma Helen Blair-James Alexander Robinson*. Vols. I. and II. \$4, ea.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. *Fredrick Justus Knecht, D. D.* \$4, net.

The Question Box. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P.* \$1.

The Art of Disappearing. *John Talbot Smith*. \$1.50.

Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. *W. Meyer-Griffith*. 30 cts.

The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe*. 50 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan*. \$1.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert*. \$1.75, net.

Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola*. \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremieux*. \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson*. \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr*. \$1.60.

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry. *Henry Kitchell Webster*. \$1.50.

A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. *A. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.* \$1, net.

The Sons of St. Francis. *Anne MacDonell*. \$3.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Michael Coughlan, archdiocese of New Orleans; and Rev. Denis Kearney, diocese of Pittsburg.

Mother Elizabeth, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Mr. Charles Hoyt, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Henry Saller, Peru, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Kelly, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth Wehner and Mrs. Mary Kruger, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Stephen Lyons and Mr. Patrick Hoey, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Yoekel, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. P. N. Jacobson and Mrs. Mary Eble, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Agnes McGovern, Monroe, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Byrne, La Salle, Ill.; Mr. J. J. Ohmer, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Lintner, Canton, Ohio; Mr. John Malone, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. P. Connolly, Montgomery, Ala.; Mr. Thomas Beasley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Joseph Schults, Batavia, N. Y.; Mr. Peter O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. J. J. Healey, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Summers and Mrs. M. E. Ockel, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. E. J. Slattery, Mrs. Catherine Gillon, Mrs. Ellen McGrath, and Miss Rose Mack, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Samuel Miller, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Marie Chambley, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Mary Mulvehill, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Lavan, Northumberland, England; and Mr. Joseph Yost, Allegheny, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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The Rose of Hope.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

O ROSE of hope, the rose of hope in May;

O wild azalea, on the summer's brink,
Near the dark pines, you, glowing, fill the way,
And eagerly the last of April drink!

When you have come we feel no chill or frost,
We do not tremble for the apple trees;
The timid Spring old Winter's bridge has crost,
And lilac plumes, safe, beckon to the bees.

Color of love you are, O roseate flower!
Colored for love by the all-vital hand
That gives us blossoms for Our Lady's dower,
And in the May makes all our world her land.

O rose of hope, happy your happy part,
To show the blush of joy among your leaves,—
The blush of joy that comes from Mary's heart
When Easter tidings all the world receives!

O wild azalea, darling of the Spring,
Each year you raise your torches from the sod,
Symbol of hope and love, and honoring
In your own way the hidden plan of God!

The Holy Hand of a Martyr.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

LANCASHIRE is the most Catholic county in England, partly because the Irish have come over in considerable numbers to obtain employment in the large manufacturing towns; partly because in the days of persecution many Catholics sought refuge in the far North, where they were less exposed to be surprised by the

domiciliary visits of the pursuivants than in the vicinity of the metropolis. A number of the proscribed clergy were concealed—generally in disguise or under an alias—in the houses of the recusant nobles or gentlemen; although the crime of harboring a priest was punished with fines, imprisonment or even death.

One of the priests who ministered to the spiritual needs of the brave and sturdy inhabitants of Lancashire, his native county, was Father Edmund Arrowsmith, who is held in lasting remembrance not only by reason of his zeal and virtue, but because of a relic of himself which is preserved in the scene of his labors. This is his right hand, formerly kept at Garswood Hall, the family seat of the Gerards, but now preserved in a silver casket upon the altar of St. Oswald's Chapel at Ashton-in-Mackerfield. Before speaking of the marvellous power possessed by this precious relic, we will briefly relate the principal incidents attendant on Father Arrowsmith's martyrdom.

Born in 1585, he was educated for the priesthood at the seminary of Douai; and after his ordination, at the age of twenty-seven, he worked zealously for about ten years amongst his fellow-countrymen in Lancashire. Then he was arrested and confined for some time in Lancaster jail. On his release he resumed his apostolic labors, but not until he had become a member of the Society of Jesus. About six years later he was treacherously denounced to the magis-

trate by a professing Catholic, and the officers of the Crown were sent to apprehend him. He escaped their hands; but, being encumbered in his flight by a heavy bag containing his books and vestments, he was overtaken, subjected to every sort of infamy and ignominy, and again lodged in Lancaster jail.

The judge before whom he was arraigned was Sir Henry Yelverton, a staunch and bitter Puritan, who asked him if he was a priest. This the prisoner would not affirm, knowing that to own his sacred character was to bring ruin on all those who had afforded him hospitality; he would not, however, deny it, and he offered before the whole court to defend his faith against all comers. "I will not only defend it by words, but will gladly seal it with my blood," he said.—"You shall seal it with your blood," the judge exclaimed in a fury; and he swore by all that was holy that he would see the prisoner hanged. "You shall die," he said again and again.—"And you too, my lord, must die," was Father Arrowsmith's calm retort.

No evidence against him could be produced; but Sir Henry, dispensing with this, charged the jury, using his eloquence to crush out any lingering idea of justice that hatred of "Popery" left in their minds. The verdict was, "Guilty of high treason"; and the judge pronounced sentence on the prisoner, adding: "Know thou shalt shortly die aloft between heaven and earth, as unworthy of either; and may thy soul go to hell with thy followers! I would that all priests in England might share the same fate." Father Arrowsmith fell on his knees, bowed his head, while the words "*Deo gratias!*" burst from his lips.

Loaded with the heaviest fetters—"the widow's mite," as those shackles were called,—he was conducted to a dark cell, so narrow that he could not lie down at full length in it. Unable to stand, he remained seated upon a bolster that

was thrown in to him, from two o'clock on Tuesday until midday on Thursday; hardly any food or drink being given him, with nothing but the hope of a martyr's crown to sustain him.

So much was Father Arrowsmith beloved that no one could be found to serve as his executioner. A promise of pardon was offered to any felon who would undertake the office, but all refused the bribe, till a renegade, whom Father Arrowsmith had saved from starvation, consented for the sum of forty shillings to do the barbarous deed. He had to be protected from his fellows lest they should handle him roughly.

Tied on to a hurdle, the martyr was dragged over the ill-paved road to the place where the gallows was erected; the javelin-men walking beside him to keep the Catholics from approaching him. At the foot of the gibbet he knelt down and offered his life to the King of Martyrs in satisfaction for his sins and as a sacrifice for the people. "God's will be done!" he said as he mounted the ladder, with the rope round his neck. To the last the Protestant minister harassed him with invitations to apostatize. "Accept the King's mercy!" he cried. "Your life is granted you if you will conform to the Protestant religion." But Father Arrowsmith exhorted him and all present to embrace the true faith. "*Bone Jesu, miserere!*" were his last words. His body was quartered, after the revolting fashion of the time; the severed head being placed on the tower of the castle, and the quarters, after being taken from the caldron, were hung up there also.

The following day when Sir Henry Yelverton, the inhuman judge, was riding away from the town, he turned to take a last look at the head. He thought it was not sufficiently conspicuous, and gave orders that it should be raised about twelve feet higher on the battlements. A few months later, it is recorded, when sitting at table in his house in

Aldersgate Street, London, Sir Henry felt as if a heavy blow had been struck him on the head. He turned angrily to the servant standing behind his chair; and while the man was protesting that neither he nor any one else had touched him, the judge felt a second and still more violent stroke. He was carried to his bed, and expired in agony the next morning. Remembering the illegality of the trial at Lancaster, and Father Arrowsmith's gentle retort that he too must die, with his last breath he exclaimed: "That dog Arrowsmith has killed me!"

Rumors soon began to spread abroad in Lancashire that God was pleased to proclaim in a supernatural and miraculous manner the sanctity of the martyr. A Catholic gentleman, imprisoned in Lancaster jail, beheld at the moment of Father Arrowsmith's death "a most resplendent brightness shining from the gallows unto the prison," although the sky was at that time overcast with clouds.

Several relics of Edmund Arrowsmith were obtained; but the only one that is known still to exist is his right hand, which, as we have already said, is reverently preserved in Lancashire. Various stories are current as to the manner in which this relic was procured, by far the most probable being the one given by Father Goldie, S. J., in his short biography of the martyr—namely, that it was severed from his arm while the quarters were hanging from the battlements of the castle. It is now dry, but in perfect preservation, except where portions have been surreptitiously carried off by those who were permitted to touch it.

The miraculous effects of this relic soon became widely known. It was said to heal, by touch, the most hopeless cases of sickness. Such indeed was its fame that not only did hundreds flock to its resting-place to seek for cure, but in urgent cases it was secretly sent

by a special messenger to more or less distant parts of the country. The miracles ascribed to it have not as yet undergone the strict inquiry made by the Church before endorsing their authenticity; however, we will lay before the reader one or two which are related by Father Goldie, whose narrative is taken for the most part from Challoner's "Missionary Priests."

In 1735 a boy named Thomas Hawarden, who had been strong and healthy until his tenth year, when about twelve was stricken with a slow fever, accompanied by acute pains in all his joints, which reduced him to such a state that he could not even walk with crutches, and nearly lost the use of his senses. The fame of the cures wrought by Father Arrowsmith's hand made the boy's mother anxious to try its efficacy on her child. The holy relic was accordingly sent for, and in the presence of several people was twice applied to the sick boy. The second time he rose to his feet without assistance and began to walk about the room. Protestants and Catholics alike were astonished to see the boy who had been ill so long using his limbs quite freely. Soon all trace of his illness disappeared; his eyesight and memory, both of which were enfeebled, recovered their natural power. A document drawn up on the spot, signed by a number of witnesses, attests the completeness of the cure.

The account of the miraculous restoration to health of this boy awakened the hope of cure in the heart of a woman named Mary Fletcher, of Prescott, in Lancashire. Paralyzed in her right side at the age of fifteen, and treated by the medical practitioners of the time in an unskilful manner which only aggravated her condition, at the age of forty-five she was unable to move or stand without help, and was subject to fits of alarming severity. When the relic was applied to her, she prayed earnestly that, if it were God's holy will and pleasure, she might

receive the use of her limbs through Father Arrowsmith's intercession. "In less than six minutes after the holy hand touched me," she says, "my pains left me; my strength gradually returned, and before night I walked easily. The next morning I rose early and helped my sister in her domestic work—washing, baking, and so forth,—to the amazement of those who had known me for years as a helpless cripple."

This statement was attested by Bishop Petre, his vicar-general, the Rev. Philip Butler, and Father Joseph Beaumont, who himself in the following year (1770) experienced in his own person the efficacy of the holy hand. His throat and mouth had mortified, and death was hourly expected, when by the touch of the venerated relic this good priest was instantaneously cured, to the great surprise of the doctor attending him.

Several other cases of miraculous healing are recorded. In the year 1832 one of the children in the school of St. Mary's Convent, York, whose arm, in consequence of constitutional disease, had contracted and become useless, felt the utmost confidence that the application of linen which had been wrapped round Father Arrowsmith's hand would effect a cure where human skill proved helpless. At the close of a novena which she and all in the house made to the saintly martyr, the withered arm, when touched by the linen, was immediately restored to strength and flexibility, and became in all respects like the other.

Such instances might be multiplied. When the process for the canonization of the English Martyrs was begun in 1874, about twenty different miracles wrought by Father Arrowsmith's intercession were forwarded to the postulator. Unhappily, when they were officially examined, the witnesses were in most cases not forthcoming; however, the process of his canonization reached the stage which gives him the right to the title of Venerable.

The late Bishop Grant declared that he had seen the last surviving witness to a miraculous cure—an old man who had taken his son in a cart to Ashton. The priest was not at home on his arrival, but the housekeeper carried the holy hand to the boy, who lay helpless in the cart. On being touched by it he got up and walked home.

The cures effected by the holy hand have not ceased in this unbelieving age. Every week, Father Goldie informs us, from twenty to sixty supplicants for bodily relief wend their way to Ashton-in-Mackerfield. If no record of the cures is kept, it is because the majority of those who come belong to the lower orders, and rarely make a statement of their case beforehand or relate the result of their visit. It is therefore difficult to obtain the proper attestation, supported by the authority of credible witnesses. It is much to be desired that the pilgrims would, out of gratitude to their unseen benefactor, procure a medical certificate as to the state of the sufferers before visiting the shrine of the relic, and another after their petition for healing has been granted, to be sent to the priest in charge.

In conclusion we would remind the reader—as Father Goldie does at the end of his biographical sketch—of the Old Testament miracle, when on touching the bones of the Prophet Eliseus a dead man returned to life.* And even in this unbelieving age "the hand of the Lord is not shortened, that it can not save; neither is His ear heavy, that it can not hear."†

* IV Kings, xiii, 21.

† Isaias, lix, 1.

FATHER FABER declares that we know more of God's mercy, of His condescension, of His intimacy with His creatures, of His characteristic ways, because of the light which He has made to shine on Mary than we should else have known.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XIX.—ABOARD THE CORISANDE.

THE yacht *Corisande* was worthy of a royal sovereign. Over three hundred feet long, fitted with the latest, up-to-date machinery, a crew of thirty, and flying the white pennant of the Royal Yacht Squadron,—she was indeed ruler of the seas.

Sir Henry Shirley all in white, his crew all in white, welcomed Dan O'Byrne with the highest honor, sending a boat ashore for him; while Sir Henry himself received him at the gangway with a bugle blow, as though an admiral were coming aboard.

"Bedad," thought the veteran, "it was the lucky day I sent for Myles! Why, I might as well be the Grand Duke Michael himself; and there's his ship beside us. Faith Myles is as easy and as much at home with those thundering big swells as if he was at the bank, no less."

"On the *Corisande* we always wet our whistles," laughed Sir Henry, as a steward, in snow-white jacket and gilt buttons, advanced with a silver tray. "I got this at our Embassy. I told them I had a true *Faugh-a-ballagh* to dine with us."

"Begob there's meat, drink, clothing, and an umbrella in every *gollioque*, Sir Henry," said the veteran, smacking his lips. "That's John Jameson of sixteen years, I'll go bail. How opening to the lips it is! May I look over your splendid boat, sir?"

"With great pleasure. There is not much to see, but I flatter myself that the *Corisande* is rather perfect in her way. Kindly follow."

And, leading, Sir Henry took Dan O'Byrne to the saloon, a sumptuously

fitted apartment, where dinner was laid. Such glass, such silver, such flowers! Even from the skylights hung festoons of clinging orchids of rare and splendid color; while on the panels were paintings, especially seapieces, by the best modern artists.

"Here are some of our bedrooms,—I detest that American word 'state-room,'" said Sir Henry. "You see you have lots of electric lights; and one over your head, in case you wish to read. I have rather a good library, and we shall try the 'smoker' later on. This is the breakfast room. I must have plenty of morning light and a canary bird,—you see I am a bit of a Russian. This is the barber shop; and here is something of which I am rather proud—the gymnasium. I won't detain you now to go through it, but when you come back with me—"

"I—go back with *you*! Who said so, Sir Henry Shirley?"

"I said so. Surely, Mr. O'Byrne, you are not going to remain at Kresstoffsky all the rest of your days?"

The old man lowered his shaggy brow and cast a searching glance at the Baronet.

"Who put you up to this, Sir Henry?"

"I am not in the habit of having ideas banged into my head, Mr. O'Byrne. Nobody. It came to me as a natural thought that you might be returning to old Ireland. I rather imagine that the *Corisande* is about as comfortable a conveyance as you could have. We could take you across with a most desirable party, one of them a warm personal friend of your nephew Myles. We should be delighted to have you."

The old man's voice faltered as he replied:

"Good God, Sir Henry, permit me to withdraw what I said! Would I like to see old Ireland and the Wicklow Hills and Auchavana, and my old sister and Myles' mother?" And, walking aside, the old man burst into tears.

"Lower a boat! We are signalled from shore," exclaimed the Baronet.

"The boat is at the quay, Sir Henry."

"Good! I shall come on deck in five minutes." Shouting to Dan O'Byrne: "You will find me in the saloon, Mr. O'Byrne. And I think a drop of John Jameson is due to us to celebrate your intention of returning to the greenest spot on the face of the earth—old Ireland."

"How the idea has raised the cockles off my heart!" said the veteran. "Why shouldn't I go back to old Auchavana and to the friends of my youth? Why have I stopped here at all, at all? I am eighty-two, and my father lived to ninety-two and my mother to ninety-seven,—God rest their souls! I could live like a lord in poor old Ireland; for I have what would give me nigh upon a thousand a year. And there's my sister and Myles' mother, always like downy, soft, womanly Irishwomen." Here he began to walk rapidly up and down the deck. "Why shouldn't I—"

"Shouldn't you do what, uncle?" exclaimed Myles, who had arrived on the yacht.

"I'll tell you, then. This Sir Henry Shirley, if he is a bit of a cad, has a gentleman's heart. He has just offered to take me—the like of *me*, Myles,—home on board this Lord Mayor's barge of his."

"And you are coming, uncle?" asked Myles, in great anxiety.

"I am."

"Oh, thank God for this! Only think of what happiness you will have by being with your own instead of with those—"

"Bloody Tartars," interposed his uncle. "Let me know when you are going to start, and my carpetbag will be aboard. God love the decent man!"

O'Reilly manifested his intense pleasure on learning the joyous intelligence by dancing a jig, in which Dan stood up before him and astonished everybody by his agility and the wild flourishing of

his legs; and when at length he gave up he uttered so wild a screech as to bring one of the mariners on the Grand Duke's steam yacht to the rail, in a state of considerable excitement, imagining that murder was being done on the eccentric Englishman's boat.

Sir Henry, with his usual thoughtfulness, now appeared with a *golligogue* of Jameson, which the veteran dashed off, with a health to the noble skipper of the splendid *Corisande*.

The dinner, which was one flash of glass and silver, and viands worthy of Cubat's, passed off with great *éclat*, and everybody was in the height of good humor and joviality. Sir Henry gave his guests two or three illustrations of certain happenings on the Hampshire Bench, of no possible interest to any one save himself, but which appeared to give him the highest intellectual satisfaction. O'Reilly sang "The Cruiskeen Lawn"; while the veteran, not to be outdone, warbled in a fine voice, interspersed with an occasional resounding note that resembled the blast of a fog-horn.

As the song was concluded, the entire party adjourned to the deck to meet Count Mero, who was duly received with all the honors. The eminent Privy Councillor was arrayed in full uniform, literally encrusted with stars and orders, notably the English Red Ribbon of the Bath, reposing on a bronze effigy of St. Andrew. The veteran was presented to him, and saluted in military fashion.

The Count before seating himself—they were now all on deck in wicker chairs, a great snowy awning above them—came up to Myles and spoke as though addressing the august Privy Council:

"Mr. O'Byrne, I have to convey to you the wishes of the Emperor that you attend at the Winter Palace to-morrow (Thursday) at high noon, when you will be received by the Emperor."

A murmur of great satisfaction ran round the party, while "Be the mortal frost!" came from the old man.

"You are to come in frock dress, and I am to have the very great pleasure of presenting you."

Myles received the heartiest congratulations from all sides.

"Why the blazes does the Tsar want to see you, Myles *avic*?" demanded his uncle, in what is facetiously known as a pig's whisper.

"I don't know."

"He can't make you a Knight of St. Patrick,—*that's* beyond him. Maybe it's to give you an order, or perhaps a teetotaler's medal. I have one that Father Mathew gave me in my trunk. No: that couldn't be. Besides, he takes a sup himself, by all accounts. Can't you find out, you *omadhaun*!"

"Hush, uncle! Count Mero is going to speak."

"Sir Henry Shirley and gentlemen," the Count continued, "I am also the channel of a sweet and gracious message from his Imperial Majesty the Tsar to this effect: Mr. Myles O'Byrne is invited to Peterhof for dinner to-morrow night, when all are expected to be in full uniform."

"Why, Myles," cried the old man, beside himself with rapture, "this is the biggest thing ever happened the House of O'Byrne since the Battle of Clontarf! Gentlemen,"—addressing the company at large—"we are as old a family as the Ruricks—aye, or the Romanoffs, or far away to the Tartars. We were O'Briens in those days, and were always whacking the O'Tooles, for they came from Wexford. Not a foot would the O'Briens let them put on the passes into Wicklow. It's dead bodies you'd see all round. So *that's* the fighting blood that this fine boy comes from, good luck to him!"

Here the health of Myles was thrown up by O'Reilly and flung right royally round.

"I landed in these shoes below at Balashev, a bit of a gosssoon, with the Queen's shilling in my pocket and a red coat on my back; a poor private,—

only a poor private, like one of those wooden-faced *sobrakons* that shoulder your rifles; good soldiers, though,—good soldiers."

"Bravo, Mr. O'Byrne!" cried O'Reilly. "Go on!"

"Well," continued the old man, considerably encouraged by this observation, "I was marched and countermarched, and starved, and threadbare—not as much on me as would nail up a currant bush,—till we came to Inkerman, where we camped. It was a dark morning that I heard the tread of marching men—for I always had the hearing of Father Fogarty's cat,—and I roused our captain. But he couldn't find his eyeglass; and before you could say Jack Robinson the Roosians were upon us, fighting like Turks. One fellow came at me, and his bayonet meant business; but I laid him *hors de combat*. Then two more came upon me, and O'Byrne had to say, 'Enough!' though indeed he felt sore and sorry to say it. I was marched off prisoner of war no less. And I must tell you here, where there's lashin's and lavin's, that I was well treated, and didn't have it so hard at all."

"Thanks, Mr. O'Byrne," said Count Mero, "for such honest appreciation! On the part of every Russian present, sir, I beg to thank you."

"I only tell the truth," said Dan. "After the peace I went into business—bad cess to it!—and married as fine a little girl as you'd meet in a day's walk. We had a snug and happy home for many a year. But God took her from me, and then I was alone. I retired from business, and then bought a little *datcha* hard by Kresstoffsky. Now, my lords and gentlemen, that's my life and history."

"Here's long life and happiness to you, Mr. O'Byrne! Your health, sir!" cried Sir Henry in a glass of port. "I may remark that this port has a history. My great-grandfather was Lord Mayor of London—"

"More power to him!" burst in Dan.
 "A greater man than the King."

"Each Lord Mayor upon entering the Mansion House lays down a pipe of port, and as a rule another is laid into the private cellar. I always keep a few bottles on hand for my friends. Once more, Mr. O'Byrne, long life, health and happiness!"

The toast was drunk by all present. "My lords," responded the veteran, "it seems so funny for the like of me to be addressing lords and nobles. I made my speech already, but it's for that fine young O'Byrne who stands foreinst us that I thank you all. I am deeply grateful for all you have done for him; and maybe you're not done yet"—bestowing a facetious wink on the portly and important Mero, who fairly roared with laughter. "God bless you all! You are the finest set of men I ever saw outside of the Wicklow hills; and I can not say other words, but I'll take another *golligue* of the port."

"Mr. O'Byrne," observed Count Mero to Myles, "perhaps you could make it consistent with your convenience to take luncheon with me at my apartment in the Winter Palace—say about eleven? Anybody will lead you to me. I am pretty well known in that enormous building."

Myles having expressed his readiness and thanks, the party broke up,—O'Reilly accompanying the diplomat, while it was decided that the veteran should turn in on board.

"That villainous Ivan will think I'm lost, and will be telling the town!" exclaimed the old man.

"I'll take care of that,"—said Sir Henry, as he gave instructions that word should be sent to the *datcha* as to the whereabouts of its lord and master.

(To be continued.)

ST. PAUL says that piety is useful for all things, but he did not add that it suffices for all things.

My Castle of Dreams.

FAR in the west my castle gleams—
 Gleams with its turrets of gold,
 That rise through the clouds o'er the amber walls
 That my home of dreams enfold.
 And the day may be full of the mist of tears,
 And dark with the shadow of care:
 I have only to turn to the far-off west,
 And my castle of dreams is there.

Far in the west my castle gleams—
 Gleams with its turrets of gold,
 Pale 'neath the moon and the evening star,
 When the shades of night enfold.
 And the darkness is stirred by the wings of song
 As sweet as the incense of prayer,
 And I hear the dear voices of loved and lost
 In my castle of dreamland fair.

In joy or in grief my castle gleams—
 Gleams with its turrets of gold;
 And I, when the long, long day is o'er,
 Shall my home of dreams behold.
 For it rests on the pillars of faith and hope,
 And love is the guardian fair
 That lures me on to the far-off west;
 For my castle of dreams is there.

A Heroine of Italy.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN the year 1832 the Di Barolos first made the acquaintance of Silvio Pellico. After a long captivity he had returned to his native land. The heart of the Marchesa, touched by the reading of that pathetic book, "My Prisons," prompted her to write him a note of appreciation. Later he was presented to herself and the Marchese at their palace, and they subsequently engaged him as a kind of nominal secretary, though his duties were of the lightest. They probably gave him this position in order not to wound his feelings by presenting him without some equivalent the yearly stipend of twelve hundred francs. From that moment he was one of the family, being lodged in their palace and seated at their own table.

In 1835 the cholera invaded Piedmont.

Instead of leaving the neighborhood, as the majority of their friends had done, the Marchesa and her husband hastened to Turin as soon as they heard it had broken out in that city. With several other charitable persons they opened hospitals and infirmaries in various parts of the city, and soon the Marchesa might be seen visiting persons attacked by the epidemic either in their homes or at the hospitals. It was vain to remonstrate with her: she continued her mission of charity, and God protected her. But after the scourge had departed, the reaction came,—she fell into a low state of health and was ill for some time.

She was not spared the anguish of bereavement. She had always believed that she would die before her husband, and when the summons came for him it found her unprepared. But after the first shock she presented an admirable example of resignation. After his death her charities became, if possible, more extensive. He had left her all his possessions to use as she pleased; and in following the dictates of her own pious soul she knew herself to be complying with what would have been his wish.

Her various institutions had been flourishing for some years; and it was her desire, before she died, to see them working on a firm basis—namely, that they should have the formal approval of the Holy Father. In no way discouraged by the difficulties which always present themselves in such cases, she repaired to Rome, and there applied herself most indefatigably to the work she had in hand. Finally, between interviews with the Holy Father and the Cardinals, and aided by what she deemed her most powerful instrument, fervent and constant prayer, she obtained—if not to her own surprise, certainly to that of others familiar with such affairs—a full and complete approval of her institutions, with the blessing of Christ's Vicar on herself and her household, as well as on all her charitable undertakings.

Toward the close of her life zeal for the salvation of souls and affection for her patron, St. Julia, led her to the erection of a church in honor of the youthful martyr in the suburb of Vaughiglia, at Turin. But she did not live to witness its consecration.

Silvio Pellico, who had intended to write the biography of his friend and benefactress, was called first to his reward. Both these lives were spent in doing good; both left behind them many touching memorials of charity. Sympathy more than similarity of character united them. Hers was the more energetic, his the more patient and uncomplaining. He went into the prison of Spielberg an ardent and devoted Italian but a doubtful Christian: he left it a deeply religious man but none the less patriotic Italian. His sorrows were his salvation. No enmity, no jealousy, no hatred could affect his beautiful forbearance. Firm in his faith and opinions, he respected those of others. Like his friend the Marchesa, he believed love to be the ruling principle of religion. Every man was to him a brother, as every woman was to her a sister; the more despised and unfortunate, the closer to her heart. He died on the 31st of January, 1854, and was buried in the Campo Santo at Turin.

Ten years later the Marchesa gave up her pure soul to God. Her death was in harmony with her life. Three days before, knowing that it was near, she bade farewell to her intimate friends, wishing to occupy herself solely with God. In the next room crowds were praying and weeping; the dying woman alone was calm. She lay quietly clasping the crucifix with one hand, and in the other held a little image of the Blessed Virgin which had been sent to her by the Curé of Ars. The last words she uttered were these: "May the will of God be done in me and by me in time and for eternity!"

We can not close this sketch without

making a few extracts from the Journal of the Marchesa di Barolo, which show how solidly common-sense and prudence were united in her soul with generous charity and tenderness of heart:

"I am not advancing a new opinion when I assert that it is impossible to do good except in the name and by the help of God. Let no one try to achieve by force what must be brought about by religion. Otherwise the only result will be to add another torment to the loss of liberty. Order prevails exteriorly, but tumult reigns in the soul, in the heart, and in the mind. To *force* it upon a depraved, degraded being, accustomed to vice and all the agitations vice produces, is to inflict upon him the bitterest penance. But to *lead* him to love order, to make him understand its necessities and advantages,—this is to convert him. Let charity, then, influence all our acts. Let us speak, counsel, punish and reward with charity. It is charity alone which softens those poor hardened hearts....

"I used sometimes not to eat any breakfast before going to the prison, in order by dint of hunger to be able to partake of the prisoners' food. When they saw me eat with appetite a piece of their black bread, they said it gave them a better relish for it. I never attempted to pay for any portion of this hard fare. They all offered to share their bread with me; yet I knew very well that in some instances it entailed quite a privation. But it also did real good to their souls to have the opportunity of doing an act of gratitude and kindness.

"I did not always attain my object, however; and one great fear continually oppressed me—that of my own utter unworthiness. I often said to Our Lord: 'O my God, I am a poor weak creature, but I do believe in Thee and love Thee with all my heart and all my strength; and I wish nothing so much as to make others also know and love

Thee. I hope everything and can attempt everything in Him who strengthens me.' These words, which I kept constantly repeating, used to tranquillize me, and I went on with my work.

"I find it difficult not to fall into the error of showing too much kindness to the bad ones in order to soften them. I must confess that I do employ these means very frequently, especially toward those who have threatened or insulted me.... I often admit, in conversing with them, that there are persons far guiltier than themselves whom human justice has never overtaken; and I maintain that, as the life of a Christian must be one of innocence or of penance, their condition is preferable. I remind them that God is a good and tender Father: *He will not punish twice*; and that if they accept with submission their sufferings in this life, they may cherish a firm hope of happiness in the life to come. I seldom represent God to them as a severe Judge. It seems cruel to sadden with gloomy anticipations creatures already so unhappy....

"I have seen several of them die in prison, and always in a calm and holy manner. Their trust in the divine mercy has not, I feel convinced, been misplaced. Not a single one, even of those who had at first appeared most irreligious, made an impious end. Good example and advice invariably bring them round. I have met with much ignorance in these poor people, but never with want of faith. It has happened to me to hear some of them exclaim: 'Thanks to you, Signora, I am glad to have been put in prison. I have learned here to know right from wrong, and to find consolations in religion.' Oh, let our horror for sin never induce us to treat the sinner with contempt! So long as an instant remains in which he can repent, his destiny may still be a glorious one....

"It is impossible to devote one's self to doing good without witnessing much suffering and much sin. The wish to

remedy evils and the frequent impossibility of doing so causes a kind of constant anxiety and labor. But what of that? Are we not sent into this world to labor? And if we do not labor to do good, we shall have to labor to satisfy self-love,—a much more exacting and imperious master than God. Let us, then, work while we live. As was said by a holy man, 'We shall have time enough to rest in eternity.'...

"It seems to be the fashion with certain persons to say that religion is an obstacle to liberty. In one sense this is true; for religion recommends submission to authority, and authority stands in the way of the exercise of liberty—as those persons understand liberty: freedom to seize on the possessions and to usurp the rights of others. The thirst for money is becoming insatiable, and God knows how money is squandered. The Deputies have voted two millions to be spent on the obsequies of Charles Albert. His widow, the queen-mother, asked me the other day if I should witness the pageant. I answered with perfect frankness. She burst into tears and said: 'One prayer, one alms, would be better than all this display.' Good, holy Queen, my heart aches for her!"

The influence of such a character as that of the Marchesa di Barolo, not only on her own time but in the far-reaching results it produces, can not be over-estimated. Without withdrawing herself from her family, her friends, or society in general, she became a model of faith and self-devotion; giving to the eyes of the world the long course of her holy life and edifying example. Her friend, the Marquise de Chenailleilles, wrote of her as follows:

"Her lot was a blessed one. She was admired without exciting envy, intensely loved, and venerated almost as a saint. What woman could have inspired a happier destiny? Yet she was well acquainted with grief and pain; for her virtue would not have been of the highest

kind if it had not been perfected by suffering.... She bore all trials cheerfully, was penetrated with the sense of the goodness of God in preserving her fragile existence, and on each trying occasion applied herself to His service with renewed zeal. She used to say that rich people should not think it sufficient to give their money to the poor, but ought to devote to them time and trouble also."

What was most peculiar in Madame di Barolo was the ease and rapidity with which her mind embraced a variety of subjects. One could not but feel that in whatever position she had been placed, she must always have been a remarkable person. Everything in nature and art she appreciated and spoke of with unaffected enthusiasm. She took an intense delight in music, poetry, painting, and eloquence; and when she found herself mistress of a fortune, she encouraged the arts and befriended persons of talent. She wrote rapidly and well, and especially excelled in letter-writing. Her thoughts flowed from her pen with all their natural liveliness and charm, and the earnestness of her soul revealed itself in her intimate correspondence with her many friends.

Nobody would have been better fitted to hold a *salon* of the olden time than the Marchesa. Her powers of conversation placed her on a level with the most distinguished persons in that line. She met one year at the baths of Aix the Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador, who took the greatest pleasure in her society. Nobody could be a better judge of wit than this distinguished man, whose own conversational gifts were proverbial. The Comte Joseph de Maistre, M. de Lamartine, and other famous men, paid a high tribute of praise to the Marchesa's remarkable abilities. But the warmth of her heart was, after all, her greatest charm. "I delight in being loved," she sometimes said. Then she would apologize, as it

were, for this burst of feeling, which was very characteristic, but which she felt might be misinterpreted.

She could not understand anybody's causing pain to another, or refusing to give pleasure even to a child, if there was no real objection to it. On one occasion she laughed and remarked: "It is lucky I have no children. It would have been hard work for me to punish them, or even to deny them innocent pleasures in order to accustom them to self-restraint; and yet it would have been right."

If any one wished for something that belonged to her, unless it was quite impossible, she would instantly give it away. She was once heard to say, with a deep sigh: "I should like to be an absolute sovereign, because then I could give away all I have without anybody's finding fault with me." She had a higher claim to sovereignty—the giving of herself to the service of others. And far more elevated than any other title that could be named or thought of is that which belongs to the soul moved by the love of God to dedicate itself to the service of His most desolate creatures; a title which belonged in its highest degree to her who was the friend of the outcast and oppressed—the consoler of the afflicted.

THE Wise Men found the Child of whom they were in search in Mary's virginal arms, and their joy was thereby increased—nay, doubled. Now, if it happens that for a long time you strive to find Our Lord in prayer, in meditation—that is, to find His grace and His consolations—and do not experience the happiness you desire, you know to whom you must have recourse in your need in order to find Him, and to experience a twofold joy in finding Him. It is to Mary that you must turn; she is the Gate of Heaven, and she will give you access to the King.—*Ilg's Meditations.*

Benito's Vow.*

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

AT the age of seventeen Benito Morro left his native village and embarked for Buenos Ayres, carrying in his pocket about twenty dollars in American money,—the gift of an uncle who had once crossed the Atlantic, and returned with vivid accounts of the vast wealth to be accumulated there, if one were lucky. Apparently he himself had not been very lucky; for he brought back with him only sufficient to keep body and soul together until he died. But his highly-colored descriptions of the beautiful things he had seen made an ineffaceable impression on the heart of Benito, and as soon as his uncle had been laid to rest he shouldered his bundle and started for the nearest seaport.

Arrived at the capital of the Argentine Republic, Benito entered the first warehouse he came to, and was at once engaged as porter. Being active, strong, tireless and obliging, he soon made himself very useful to his employers. Not many months later he was promoted over the heads of several of his fellows, and from that time forward was chief of the working gang who loaded and unloaded the immense wagons which conveyed goods to and from the ships.

Honest, temperate, economical and trustworthy, Benito kept steadily adding dollar to dollar, till at last, when he had been ten years in Buenos Ayres, he felt that he had acquired enough to buy a little plantation and live at ease for the remainder of his life in his native land. This had been his aim and ambition from the first: nothing could have dissuaded him from it.

One bright May morning saw Benito on the deck of a homeward-bound

* Adapted from the Spanish.

vessel,—a likely young fellow of twenty-seven, well clad, and happy in the thought of the life free from care and anxiety which awaited him at the other side of the water. He had a vision, too, of a little home in the future, and a pretty wife who would help him to spend judiciously the money he had saved. But the vista was still obscure.

Everything went well for some days; but one night a storm arose, and Benito became very much alarmed. Although assured there was no danger, he was convinced that unless a propitiatory offering were made everybody would go to the bottom. Benito was very superstitious,—more superstitious than pious, though he never omitted his morning and evening prayers. Throwing himself on his knees beside his berth, he vowed that if the Almighty would spare the ship from destruction he would marry the ugliest woman he could find on his return. It may seem strange to you and me, dear reader, but it did not to Benito, that the waves grew calm very soon after; the storm subsided, and the remainder of the voyage was all that could be desired.

Benito was not in the least vain-glorious. Although he felt himself to be, under Providence, the savior of the vessel, he made no boast of this knowledge to his fellow-passengers. And if now and then, as he reflected on the vow he had made, a sigh escaped his bosom, it would not be in human nature to expect otherwise. But he meant to keep it to the letter; consoling himself at the same time with the reflection that an ugly woman was apt to be domestic and a good housekeeper. No thought of evading the vow ever crossed his mind; his first visit on reaching his native place was to the church, where he solemnly repeated it.

Benito had no living relatives, but he supposed he might be able to find some old acquaintances among the villagers. As he left the church and crossed the

plaza to the fountain where the water plashed and rippled as of yore, a girl came tripping along, and a more beautiful girl Benito had never seen. Upon her shoulder she bore a large water-jar which she had come to fill at the fountain. Blushing slightly, she made an inclination to the stranger, who gallantly lifted the jar from her hands and placed it under the spout. In a few moments it was filled and running over. Benito then put it once more into the outstretched arms of the girl, and, speaking for the first time, said:

“I beg a drink from thy hands, fair maiden.”

She placed the mouth of the jug to his lips.

“Drink, Señor,” she replied; “and may God grant thee good health!”

Benito took a long draught, thanked her, and, assisting her to replace the jar on her shoulder, followed her with his eyes until she had passed out of sight. No, he had never seen a prettier girl. But suddenly the thought of his future bride loomed up before him,—his vow stared him in the face. What had he to do with pretty girls? Slowly and somewhat sadly he made his way to the inn.

That night Benito lay long awake, thinking. It behooved him to be about his business quickly, he decided; and to that end he repaired early to Mass, where he knew he should be likely to meet all, or nearly all, the women of the village.

As he stood near the church door, receiving a friendly greeting from all who came—those who remembered him and those who did not,—his heart rose at the sight of so many presentable girls, many well clad, some beautiful, and all passable. Truly, he might choose any of these and not be ashamed of his wife; he had reason to be proud of his village.

At that moment he saw a couple advancing by a field path—two women: one lame, round-shouldered, pockmarked

and cross-eyed; the other the nymph of the fountain. The young girl cast down her eyes; the older woman looked him full in the face, revealing all her ugliness in that one sharp glance. The perspiration burst forth in streams on the young man's forehead. Wiping his brow on his silk handkerchief, he almost tottered into the church. Why wait longer? There could not possibly be any woman more ill-favored than the one he had just encountered.

"If she be not already married—and it is not likely,—I have just seen my future spouse," thought the unfortunate Benito, as he sank into a bench near the door.

After Mass he sought the pastor—not the one he had known, but an entire stranger to him. Benito explained his condition—his vow, his purpose to abide by it,—ending by saying that he was ready to fulfil it at the earliest possible moment.

The priest looked at him quizzically.

"It is a pity," he remarked, "you did not make some other promise. But one must not break a vow."

"No, Father, I do not wish to break it," answered Benito promptly.

"Have you seen any person whom you think unprepossessing enough?"

"Yes, yes, Father. Coming to church this morning I saw a woman who is, I think, about as ugly as the Almighty would require."

"Was there a young girl with her?" asked the priest, gravely stroking his finely-cut chin.

Benito's face flushed; he looked down.

"Yes, Father," he answered: "her I saw yesterday at the fountain. She gave me a drink from her pitcher and wished me good health."

"Ah!" said the priest. "She is better-looking than her aunt."

"Is the ugly one the aunt of the pretty girl?" exclaimed Benito, incredulously.

"How can it be possible?"

"Well, not really her aunt: the step-

sister of her father, who has taken care of her from infancy. She is a good woman, a very good woman, and will make you a splendid wife,—that is, if she will accept you. She has never shown any inclination to marry."

Respect for her who was possibly to be mistress of his heart and home checked the reply which hovered on Benito's lips.

"I am glad to hear that, Father," he said, meekly.

"She is called Maria Pala; the niece is Pepita Alora. They are from the Asturias. There is not a more modest, well-conducted girl in this village of well-behaved girls than good little Pepita. She is seventeen."

Benito did not answer. What could he say?

"She has been sought in marriage by no less a person than our *alcalde*," continued the priest. "Strangely enough, she objected to him because of his age. Many girls would have taken that offer without giving a thought to such a drawback. True, he is bald and a grandfather; but he is well endowed with the goods of this world."

"And so am I, Father," blurted out Benito. "I could—" then he paused, his face crimson, his eyes glued to the floor. What had he been about to say?

"I understand," said the priest, dryly; "I understand. You mean that you can make some provision for Pepita should she not marry. But," he added, in a tone of conviction, "she will marry. However, that is very kind of you—very kind."

There was a silence. Benito did not know what to say. The priest came to his assistance.

"When do you intend to ask the hand of Maria in marriage? To-day? Yourself—or I might perhaps act for you? It would be less embarrassing in case of a refusal."

"O Father, if you would!"

"I will, then—this very afternoon," said the priest.

"Thank you, Father,—thank you very

much!" said the young man. "When shall I come again?"

"This evening, about eight. When Benediction is over."

"If she will not have me, I can go somewhere else. I will not stay here."

"There are other ugly women in this parish,—good women all."

"I could not ask twice," said Benito. "Twice in the same place would be too much. Good-day, Father! Your humble servant!"

Dinner over, his half-hour *siesta* enjoyed, the priest tucked up his cassock and hastened across the fields to the neat little house of Maria Pala. Pepita was absent with some of her young companions. The priest spent a good hour at the cottage. When he emerged his face wore a look of satisfaction, which did not leave it for the rest of the day.

With evening came Benito. The priest greeted him cheerfully.

"Well, she consents," he said. "You have everything clear before you. But she would like a month for preparation."

"It is a long time," murmured Benito; "a very long time,"—with head bent and hands clasped before him, as though about to undergo some dreadful ordeal.

"The words are those of a lover, but not the voice nor the attitude," said the pastor. "Still, I can understand that you are in a hurry to get through with it. Maria will be an excellent wife. To-morrow she will be ready to receive you. I will take you to her."

Nothing could be more formal than the intercourse established from that time forward between the future husband and wife. True, Benito soon came to recognize the womanly nature and kindly feeling beneath the unprepossessing exterior of his *fiancée*, and he really made the best of his disagreeable bargain.

Pepita was seldom in evidence. From her averted looks and persistent avoidance of him, Benito guessed that she held him in contempt; yet he thought

himself entitled to great indulgence on her part because of his readiness to keep his vow, the story of which had by this time spread all through the village. Public opinion was divided on the subject; though nearly all the villagers agreed that he ought not to break a promise made to God, and that, after all, beauty is but skin-deep and it would not matter much after a few years.

At length only three days remained before the wedding. It was about six in the evening. Benito loitered near the fountain, deserted now at the supper hour. He was seated on one of the stone steps, smoking a cigar, when he saw Pepita approaching, a water-jar on her hip, one hand idly swinging as she walked, her small, beautiful head erect, her sandalled feet tripping lightly along the stone walk. Benito rose as she approached. He had been thinking of her; and as she came nearer, her pure cheek growing pinker as she saw him, her red lip curving—he fancied in scorn,—all the love he had been striving to conquer since the day they had met first at the fountain rose up in his breast, to vanquish and condemn him. With a slight salutation, he was about to pass her, when, laying down her pitcher, she said:

"Do not disturb yourself, Señor: I shall not be long. When my jar is filled I go."

"But I go first!" cried Benito, almost beside himself. "I go to the priest to tell him that, whatever happens, I can not marry one woman while I love another—Pepita!"

Their glances met. That one word told her all. He was out of sight when she lifted her head from her folded arms, resting on the stone step of the fountain, where she had thrown herself as he passed her.

The priest met him at the door, smiling and affable as ever. He held an open letter in his hand.

"I was about to send for you, Benito,"

he said. "Come in. But what is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"Father, I am a bad man," answered Benito. "I can not marry Maria Pala. I will have to go elsewhere to marry an ugly woman. I must go quickly away from here. And yet I am not so wicked as to marry the hideous aunt when I love the most beautiful girl in Andalusia—her niece Pepita, who has had my heart in her keeping from the first moment I met her. Let me go, Father,—let me go!"

"Come in," said the priest, taking him gently by the shoulder. "Be seated, and be calmed. I have here in my hand a dispensation from the Archbishop, absolving you from your silly vow. The morning I saw you outside the church door I thought: 'Ah, that is the Indiano from Buenos Ayres!' (You know news travels fast in our village.) 'What a likely husband for our Pepita!' That is what I said to myself, Benito."

The young man would have spoken, but the priest silenced him with a wave of the hand.

"And when you came to me with your very foolish vow, I thought it best to let things move naturally, in their proper order; so I fell in with your plan. In the afternoon I went to our good Maria Pala—no better soul ever breathed—and she fell in with mine. She had already heard of you from Pepita, who had told her of the meeting the day before. And that Sunday morning she assured me the girl spent more time at her toilet than ever before. Then I wrote to the Archbishop. You are now dispensed from your vow, Benito, and recommended instead to set aside a reasonable sum for some charitable purpose. I have long wanted a statue of Our Lady of Sorrows for my little church here. A word to the wise is sufficient. Eh, Benito? Go now to the fountain. Pepita is likely to be there—or returning at this hour. Go now, and tell her that she need not

marry the *alcalde* unless she finds no one she prefers to him. Tell her you will never be her uncle. Ah, there she is crossing the plantation! Go now, Benito,—go quickly, and relieve her of her heavy pitcher."

Without permitting the astonished and grateful Benito to utter a single word, the priest gently pushed him out of the house, and a few moments later saw him pause in front of Pepita, take the jar from her shoulder and lift it to his own. Then the good priest went in and shut the door.

Concerning Thomas Arnold.

THAT Thomas Arnold was the brother of Matthew Arnold, that he was the son of the famous Arnold of Rugby, that he was the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward; that he became a Catholic, underwent a period of inner struggle, was harassed with doubts and scruples, alienated himself from the Church for a period, and afterward returned to devote himself unsparingly to the spread of the Faith,—these things are common knowledge. But there is another side of his life which is less known, and which furnishes the key to certain episodes that have hitherto required explanation. One understands the waverings, the doubts and vacillations of an idealist like Arnold from some words of his written in 1847, when he took up his residence in London "almost with the feeling of a Sister of Mercy," and began to visit the poor. It was in those days that he wrote in this way of the world as he saw it:

Take but one step in submission, and all the rest is easy: persuade yourself that your reluctance to subscribe to Articles which you do not believe is a foolish scruple, and then you may take orders and marry and be happy; satisfy yourself that you may honestly defend an unrighteous cause, and then you may go to the Bar and become distinguished, and perhaps in the end sway the counsels of the State; prove to yourself, by the

soundest arguments which political economy can furnish, that you may lawfully keep several hundred men, women and children at work for twelve hours a day in your unwholesome factory, and then you may become wealthy and influential, and erect public baths and patronize artists. All this is then open to you; while if you refuse to tamper in a single point with the integrity of your conscience, isolation awaits you, and unhappy love and the contempt of men; and amidst the general bustle of the world you will be stricken with a kind of impotence, and your arm will seem to be paralyzed, and there will be moments when you will almost doubt whether truth indeed exists; or, at least, whether it is fitted for man. Yet in your loneliness you will be visited by consolations which the world knows not of; and you will feel that, if renunciation has separated you from the men of your own generation, it has united you to the great company of just men throughout all past time; nay, that even now there is a little band of Renunciants scattered over the world, of whom you are one, whose you are, and who are yours forever.

These words we find cited in an article on Thomas Arnold, contributed by his son to the current issue of the *Century Magazine*. They reveal the heroic temperament, the repugnance to compromise, that makes men saints and martyrs when their cause is good; but precisely because such men are idealists and lack what their easy-going neighbors call poise and elasticity, they are offended by imperfections in the human side of things,—imperfections whether of thought or conduct. The heroic temperament is often uncomfortable to deal with, but the inconvenience it causes others is as nothing compared to the almost divine pain it causes its possessor.

Hardly less interesting is the letter which Arnold addressed to Newman when, a few years afterward, he felt that he had already been borne irresistibly to the threshold of the Church. His son must be allowed to tell the rest of the story:

“He was devoted to wife and children; but none the less the claims of the spirit were inexorable, and drove him and them again into the wilderness. Newman’s books reached him—the ‘Essay

on Development’ and the ‘Lectures on the Idea of a University.’ They sank deep into his mind. One day he was on his inspecting rounds in a rural district of Tasmania. In a little wayside inn he found a stray volume of Alban Butler’s ‘Lives’ containing the life of St. Bridget of Sweden. As he read it the long ‘subliminal’ process burst its way to the light; the great change accomplished itself within him. ‘Philip’* the Radical, who had left England a disciple of George Sand, declaiming against kings and priests, who had lived side by side with Newman at Oxford and felt none of the great Tractarian’s compelling power, was now reached at the other side of the globe by the same force which had laid hands on Newman. Then and there he resolved to write to Newman, to lay open his heart and ask advice.

“Here is his letter. Newman must have received many such, but few can have been more interesting to him:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—I entreat you to forgive the freedom which I take in addressing you, though an utter stranger to you. The name I bear is doubtless familiar to you; were it necessary that you should know any particulars about myself personally, there are several Oxford men to whom I could refer you. Ward and Faber I know among others,—the latter rather well. My excuse for writing to you and seeking counsel from you is that your writings have exercised the greatest influence over my mind. I will try to make this intelligible in as few words as possible.

My Protestantism, which was always of the Liberal sort and disavowed the principle of authority, developed itself during my residence at Oxford into a state of absolute doubt and uncertainty about the very facts of Christianity. After leaving Oxford I went up to London; and there, to my deep shame be it spoken, finding a state of doubt intolerable, I plunged into the abyss of unbelief. You know the nature of the illusions which lead a man on to this fearful state far better than I can tell you; there is a page in your lectures on the University system where you describe the fancied illumination and enlargement of mind which a man experiences after abandoning himself to unbelief; which when I read, it seemed as if you had looked into my very heart and given in clear outline feelings and thoughts which I had had in

* Thomas Arnold was the original of Philip Hewson in Arthur Clough’s “Bothie.”—Ed. A. M.

my mind but never thoroughly mastered. . . . At last, by God's mercy, a meditation into which I fell on my unhappy and degenerate state was made the means (a text from St. Peter suddenly suggesting itself to my memory, through the violent contrast which I found to exist between the teaching of the Apostle and the state of my own soul) of leading me to inquire again, to pray again, and to receive again, most unworthy as I was, the precious gift of faith in Christ.

This, however, is not all. You, who have said that a man who has once comprehended and admitted the theological definition of God can not logically rest until he has admitted the whole system of Catholicism, will not wonder if, after having admitted Christianity to be an assemblage of real indubitable historical facts, I gradually came to see that the foundation of the One Catholic Church was one of those facts, and that she is the only safe and sufficient witness, across time and space, to the reality of those facts and to the mode of their occurrence. These convictions the meditations of each day only tend to strengthen, and I ardently long for the hour for making my formal submission to the Catholic Church. It is here, however, that my perplexities begin; and it is to you, who can understand and enter into all such, and to whose writings I feel most deeply indebted, that I venture to write for a resolution of them. . . .

Sincerely yours,

T. ARNOLD.

"The perplexities of which he speaks were indeed many. His conversion to Catholicism meant the giving up of his appointment in the colony, and the plunging of himself, his wife and young children into an utterly uncertain future. It meant also the bitter pain and disapproval of all those who loved him.

"Newman's answer, of which I give the essential parts only, seems to me extremely creditable to his heart, the quality of which has been sometimes doubted by those who were most ready to pay compliments to his head. Anything like ungenerous exultation over his old opponent, whose son was thus submitting to him, is of course wholly absent from it:

DUBLIN, October 25, 1856.

MY DEAR ARNOLD:—Will you allow me to call you so? How strange it seems! What a world this is! I knew your father a little, and I really think I never had an unkind feeling toward him. I saw him at Oriel on the Purification before (I

think) his death, and was glad to meet him. If I said ever a harsh thing against him, I am very sorry for it. In seeing you, I shall have a sort of pledge that he at the moment of his death made it all up with me. Excuse me,—I came here last night, and it is so marvellous to have your letter this morning. . . .

I write in great haste, as I have much to do to-day. May all blessings come upon you! . . .

Yours most sincerely in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"I do not follow my father's story further. Those who care to do so will find material in the 'Passages from a Wandering Life,' which he published shortly before his death. After his return to England, he wrestled much with poverty and untoward circumstances, with depressions within and without, of which there is much touching record in his journals. But in hard work for history and letters, in family affection, above all in religion, he found his consolation."

The concluding words of his son are as follows:

"It troubled my father much that wife and children could not conscientiously follow him in the ways he chose; nor was his own mind wholly at peace for many years. But his later life was given unreservedly to the Catholicism which had captured his brilliant and rebellious youth. In the last weeks of his life, when he felt his strength failing him, he began to write a 'Life of St. Bridget' as a last labor of love and gratitude. The thought of Newman was with him on his deathbed; and in the beautiful little Dublin church which Newman built in the troublous days of the first Catholic University, his medallion and Newman's bust, alone together, will speak to a coming generation of the sufferings and heroisms and self-surrenders of an older and sterner day."

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life but a day repeated.

—Dennis J. Scannell-O'Neill.

Bigotry Rebuked by an Anglican.

IT was with no less surprise than regret that we read in the current number of the *Angelus* (an Anglican journal published in Chicago) a long communication from Mr. Frederick Townsend, of Portland, Oregon, reproducing certain of the outrageous falsehoods, fallacies, and calumnies against the Church contained in a work by the Rev. Dr. Littledale which we had supposed to be relegated to the inferno of dead and disreputable books. A more unfair opponent than this Anglican minister the Church has not had in recent times. So unscrupulous were his methods, so intense his prejudice, and so violent his hatred of the Popes that many fair-minded Anglicans felt obliged to oppose him; and one result of his "Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome" was to influence many to submit to it. A single paragraph of this work (p. 100) will suffice as a specimen of the spirit of the author:

No statement whatever, however precise and circumstantial, no reference to authorities however seemingly frank and clear, to be found in a Roman controversial book, or to be heard from the lips of a living controversialist, can be taken on trust, without a rigorous search and verification. The thing *may* be true, but there is not so much as a presumption of its proving so when tested. The degree of guilt varies, no doubt, from deliberate and conscious falsehood with fraudulent intent, down through reckless disregard as to whether the thing be true or false, to mere overpowering bias causing misrepresentation; but truth, pure and simple, is almost never to be found, and the whole truth in no case whatever.

And this book was issued under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—save the mark!

Our regret, however, was turned into gratification on finding in the *Angelus* a long editorial in reply to Mr. Townsend's letter, which is called "a thoroughly typical High Church Anglican utterance." The editor prefaces his remarks with the explanation that

"the logic of events seems to be separating Catholic-minded churchmen somewhat into two opposing camps: one pro-Roman, the other anti-Roman. The *Angelus* refuses to be driven into either camp. It follows neither the Rev. Spencer Jones and Father Paul and their numerous though secret supporters on the one hand, nor Bishop Grafton and his cohorts of bitterly anti-Roman Ritualists on the other. But the *Angelus* believes that the anti-Roman contingent is even more tainted with ignorance, prejudice, bigotry and fanaticism than the pro-Roman faction, and that is saying a great deal." A great deal indeed. The editor of the *Angelus* is as outspoken as he is well-informed.

He assures Mr. Townsend, and any who may have been carried along with the drift of his letter, that Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons" is a "thoroughly discredited work"; and he makes two suggestions to these persons:

(a) Procure and read "Catholic Controversy. A Reply to Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons,'" by the Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory. It is published by Burns & Oates of London, and may be had in this country of Benziger Brothers. The cost is \$1. Father Ryder does not, in our opinion, make good the Vatican claims, but his book is generally acknowledged to be a crushing and unanswerable rejoinder to four-fifths of Dr. Littledale's arguments and charges. It is positively the duty of every person whose mind has been poisoned and befogged by Dr. Littledale's unfortunate work to read Father Ryder's reply.

Suggestion *b* is to write to a number of Anglican theologians whose names and addresses are given, and ask them what they think of the spirit and theological value of Dr. Littledale's "most disingenuous book." "All of them, we are sure, would caution an inquirer against relying on Dr. Littledale's untrustworthy book to any considerable extent."

We have not space to follow the editor of the *Angelus* throughout the details of his most interesting argument, but we must make room for a few extracts. In

answer to the alleged opposition of St. Gregory the Great to the Petrine Claims, he remarks: "Anglican controversialists who isolate the 'Universal Bishop' incident, and try to represent St. Gregory as all unconscious and innocent of Papalism, simply bring discredit upon themselves and upon their cause."

To the utterly stupid contention that the Church by the devotion of the Rosary sanctions ten times as much honor being given to the Blessed Virgin as to God Himself, the *Angelus* says:

Think of it! A kind man, a good man, as Mr. Townsend surely is, is so possessed by this demon of Romophobia, who before now has wrecked the Catholicity and tarnished the moral reputation of men like Dr. Littledale,—is so bereft of common-sense and all saving grace of humor as to imagine that the trend of a theology may be determined by applying the formulas of mathematics to the practices of popular devotion, and as to bring, upon such a basis, what amounts to a charge of apostasy against a communion which constitutes three-fourths of the Catholic Church Militant, and which is the largest body of professing Christians in the world!

Yet another of Mr. Townsend's contentions, which need not be specified, is dismissed as "a characteristic manifestation of that mean and pettifogging spirit which nearly always dominates even the best of High Church Anglicans when they are infested with the disease of Romophobia."

Referring to St. Alphonsus Liguori, whom Dr. Littledale charged with teaching immoral doctrine, and whom Mr. Frederick Townsend considers blasphemous, the editor of the *Angelus* declares that he "venerates and invokes that most holy man of blessed memory as one of the most glorious saints now reigning in Paradise."

The false accusation, so often made by non-Catholics, that the Church accords to the Blessed Virgin the worship which belongs to Almighty God, is repeated by Mr. Townsend. Never was this charge more vigorously resented than by the editor of the *Angelus*, who characterizes it as "a most calumnious and damnable

falsehood." Admitting that the statement was made in ignorance, he adds: "But such ignorance on the part of a person who can read and write and who takes the interest in these matters which Mr. Townsend does is culpable and almost criminal."

But to come to a conclusion. Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons," besides being attractively written, is a masterpiece of condensation. Into the brief space of two hundred pages he somehow manages to pack most of the hardest things that have been said against Catholics, and especially against Popes. There is hardly an objection to the teaching and practice of the Church that this work does not set forth. Until Father Ryder's reply was published, we considered it the most mischievous anti-Catholic book in the language. We had never hoped to see the day when the editor of an Anglican journal would denounce "Plain Reasons," and, more than that, urge those whose minds have been poisoned and befogged by it to read Father Ryder's reply. A small thing in one way, but it indicates a great change. The number of men like the editor of the *Angelus* whose only desire is to see truth prevail is ever increasing. There are still a great many bigots, but the day of bigotry, thank God! is now far spent.

Less creditable in several ways to our Anglican contemporary than the editorial which we have considered is the shorter one in the same number, entitled "R. C. Journalistic Methods." It refers to an article lately published in these pages, the object of which was not to belittle the position and influence of the *Living Church*, but to rebuke it for its arrogance in referring to the Church which, according to the *Angelus* itself, is the largest body of professing Christians in the world, as "the *Romish* Dissenting body," and to its Sunday service as "the schismatical *Romish* worship." We purposely softened the Rev. Mr.

Osborne's characterization of the *Living Church*. It was well known to us that many prominent clergymen and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church consider it a journal of high excellence; but we are also well aware that not a few other clergymen and laymen—the “numerous supporters” of the Rev. Spencer Jones and the editor of the *Lamp*, for instance,—would be quite willing to have the *Living Church* suspend publication until its tone becomes less bitter and its manner more urbane. We should have more to say if we were disposed to find fault with the *Angelus*, which has now an added claim on our sincere respect.

A Sensible Admonition.

WE gladly comply with the request of a non-Catholic reader to reprint the following extract. The author is unknown, and it is hoped that the publication of the paragraph may lead to his identification. Many would be glad, we feel sure, to know who he is and to become familiar with his writings:

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I should rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I should rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

Notes and Remarks.

The approach of the end of the school year reminds us of a suggestion emanating from the venerable Bishop McQuaid which the heads of Catholic schools would do well to consider at this time. In an address at the annual banquet of the alumni of the Cathedral schools of Rochester—an association now so large that no dining-room in the city can hold all the members—the Bishop advocated the formation and union of Catholic school alumni associations. He declared that this would constitute a mighty federation, of which glorious results might be expected everywhere. In no other way, he said, could Catholic sentiment be so effectively roused and strengthened. The Bishop of Rochester is nothing if not optimistic; however, the results of the movement in his own city fully warrant his prediction. He believes, with Cardinal Vaughan—we quote from a recent letter of his Eminence addressed to ourselves,—that “religion must come backed and commended by a Catholic opinion making itself felt upon every side.”

The mysterious “Madonna of the Sea” in the Uffizi Gallery is the subject of a most interesting study by Herr Gustav Ludwig in the new volume of the “Prussian Art Year-Book.” He transfers the credit of this work, long attributed to Marco Bassaiti, to Giovanni Bellini. The principal group of this famous religious allegory apparently depicts Our Lady enthroned at the side of a vast marble-paved court, in the centre of which are children at play, shaking down from a tree the apples which it bears; at her left stands a crowned saint, on her right is a handmaiden, and numerous incidents on a small scale are suggested in the sea and landscape background. According to Herr Ludwig, the whole picture

is an illustration of Purgatory. The symbolic tree in the centre before the open door, which gives access to the court, is the tree of eternal life. The children who handle the fruit are the souls in communion with Christ, by whose death the mystic apple was restored to the tree of life. By the light of this interpretation, the crowned saint becomes Justice, who has demanded the sacrifice of the Atonement; but, that accomplished, she here joins the Blessed Virgin and her handmaiden in the act of reverent prayer.

In view of the trend of events in France, one is tempted to see something more than a coincidence between present occurrences and this plan of Freemasonry, published in 1883, by the Freemason, Dr. Friedbecque:

Our purpose is to wrest from the Church her power over the people. Freedom of action being given, we are powerless against the Church (*Sur le terrain de la liberté, on ne peut rien contre l'Eglise*); therefore we must tie up her veins one by one, so that, all the blood remaining in the body of the State, the amputation may not be perceived. The first vein to attend to is the Congregations; the second, religious instruction.

Such is the plan drawn up two decades ago. Is it at all strange that in the developments of the past two years, French Catholics clearly perceive the execution of this plan? Not nearly so strange as that sapient publicists on this side of the Atlantic fail to discover in the actual policy of ministerial France any patent signs of Masonic action. None so blind as those who will not see.

Writing from Hong Hoa, in French Indo-China, to the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, Mgr. Ramond mixes the grave and the gay in the following happy manner:

I recently read in the *Missions*, at the close of a letter from one of my elder brethren in the episcopate, a remark which I thought very just. "When my mail comes," he wrote, "I look first of all at the last page of your bulletin—which contains the list of alms. And I presume

I'm not the only one who does so." Your venerable correspondent is right. I am one of those who habitually read your excellent paper backward, beginning at the end. Although it was more than three years since I had seen my name there, I continued with a perseverance well worthy of reward to glance first at the last page, when not long ago I was agreeably surprised to find my name figuring again among the alms-receivers. A good soul in Bretagne had forwarded me a hundred francs. I pray God to repay him for it a hundredfold in blessings!

My mission is enjoying comparative tranquillity. I have profited thereby to establish six new stations in regions where heretofore our holy religion has never been preached. Our priests are well received by the gentle and simple inhabitants.

As I do not wish to appear eccentric by omitting the interested little appeal that regularly concludes the letters of all your correspondents, permit me to request for my different works the aid of your prayers and your alms.

It was a timely and a much needed warning that Dr. Mattison, of Brooklyn, in a late issue of the *Medical News*, sounded against a multitude of proprietary, or patent, medicines. That harmful, and in some cases deadly, drugs enter largely into the composition of such medicines is as incontestable as unfortunately it is by ordinary people disregarded. "It goes without saying," observes Dr. Mattison, "that by far the larger number of the many nostrums—nervines, anti-neuralgic pills, powders, tablets, and liquids—so much heralded and lauded for relief of pain and nervous unrest, have morphine as their active part. And this 'part' in some is not small." Habitual use of such remedies may easily create the disease of morphinism, a far greater curse than chronic alcoholic drunkenness. Still worse than morphine is cocaine, which also enters altogether too largely into so many of these "sure cures." The logical outcome of the cocaine habit, readily acquired from using nostrums which contain the poisonous drug, is out-and-out insanity. The efficacy of a remedy in relieving pain is not, or at least should not be, the sole consideration determin-

ing the sufferer who is tempted to use it. The temporary relief is often secured at the cost of subsequent pain, compared with which the original ailment is as naught. Many an excellent person who would be horrified at the thought of becoming intoxicated very often gets drunk — purely and simply drunk — on the morphine and similar drugs that make his favorite patent medicines so “effective.”

The Prime Minister of Canada is evidently proud of the fact that the Dominion has the splendid distinction of being almost the only civilized country in the world that has no divorce court. In a recent speech he said that he belonged to a Church which is opposed to divorce; and he declared that it was matter for rejoicing that Canadians are so free from causes which generally lead to divorce. We share Sir Wilfrid Laurier's hope that public opinion in Canada will never demand the establishment of a divorce court. In connection with this subject it may be noted that official statistics show the Dominion of Canada to be one of the most prosperous countries in Christendom.

Among the local items in a recent issue of the *Journal* of Lourdes we find this interesting bit of information: “The number of pilgrims at the Grotto was increased this morning by H. R. H. the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of Emperor Nicholas II., of Russia, accompanied by her husband, Prince Peter of Oldenbourg, and a numerous retinue. After praying with great fervor at the Grotto, the Princess placed a number of candles at the foot of the statue of the Immaculate Conception.”

The newspapers announce that the Catholics of England are about to renew their efforts to have the blasphemous Oath of Accession removed from the statute books. The time is undoubtedly

more propitious for such action than the unsettled period of an interregnum would be; and King Edward himself would probably be quite willing to assist at the obsequies of an absurd and offensive requirement which he was evidently loath to fulfil at his own accession. The King has more than once evinced a sympathetic interest in the Church and her activities, and has sometimes in the past attended Catholic services. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* tells this story in connection with a course of sermons which Father Bernard Vaughan preached in London and which the King, then Prince of Wales, attended faithfully: “He seems to have taken a great interest in them; for being unable to be present at the last lecture, as he had to leave London early in the day, he wrote Father Vaughan, pointing out the fact and expressing his disappointment. Father Vaughan, however, got out of the difficulty by delivering his lecture twice that day,—once early in the day, at which the King was present; and again later on, at the usual time.”

The first priest martyred within the present territory of the United States was Fray Juan de Padilla, a member of the famous Coronado Expedition. The story of his martyrdom was told in this magazine by Dr. John Gilmary Shea a few years ago. The Quivara Historical Society, which has already commemorated the Coronado Expedition with a monument, is about to erect a marble shaft over the spot where Fray de Padilla was murdered by the Indians.

It is only now that the general public, which does not keep abreast of the newest books, are beginning to profit by the labors of those dusty scholars who are rewriting the history of the Reformation. Before the specialist's work can become familiar to the man in the street car, it must be taken up and popularized by the literary

middlemen who write for the reviews, the magazines, and especially the Sunday newspapers. A good specimen of this sort of work is Prof. Goldwin Smith's analysis of Pollard's "Henry VIII." in the *North American Review*. The divorce of the King he characterizes as "about as dirty an episode as can be found in history"; and of Henry himself he says: "There have been bloodier tyrants, no doubt, than Henry VIII.,—Nero, Domitian, Commodus, Eccelino were among the number; but was there ever a greater brute?" Of Catharine of Aragon, on the contrary, we are told that her conduct was as proper and dignified as her husband's was brutal. A lower depth of ignominy is discovered in the apostate's character: "It seems there is reason to believe that Henry even thought of putting his daughter to death for her resolute refusal to betray her mother's cause."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Padre Angelo Secchi, S. J., was made the occasion of an international tribute to his memory. Prof. Crew, of the Northwestern University (Methodist), acclaimed him as "one of the founders of the science of astrophysics"; and Prof. Ames, of Johns Hopkins, declared that he did more than almost any other man to put the subject on a scientific basis. The *Messenger's* statement that he "observed and minutely described 6,000 stars and composed 803 works on various scientific subjects" by no means exhausts the capabilities of eulogy in the case of Father Secchi, who was permitted to remain in Italy after the Piedmontese invaders had expelled his fellow-religious.

In several of our French exchanges we have found of late appeals in behalf of the inhabitants of the islands Miquelon and St. Pierre, to the south of Newfoundland. The last fishing season, it appears, was disastrous; and, moreover, a violent conflagration at the beginning

of the winter destroyed a large number of buildings, including the church of St. Pierre. The population of the archipelago is about nine thousand, all Catholics save some two hundred English Protestants. During the summer the population is increased by ten or eleven thousand additional residents, as these islands form the centre of the French fisheries in America. Mgr. Legasse, Prefect Apostolic, has been in Paris recently, detailing the actual misery of his flock and collecting funds for their relief.

"One of the noblest institutions for good in the West," is the description which a daily paper gives of the new orphan asylum erected at Pueblo, Col., as a memorial to his wife by Captain J. J. Lambert of that city. It is a handsome, spacious building of pressed brick and stone, capable of accommodating two hundred children. Every need is provided for. Besides class-rooms, play-halls, an infirmary, drug room, etc., there is a beautiful little chapel, where all the inmates can attend Mass together. The institution is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and is in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis. Any homeless child without parents will be welcomed and cared for there. A beautiful situation was chosen for this most fitting memorial of a noble woman. It stands on the slope of a hill in the southern part of Pueblo, near Lake Minnequa, tall mountain peaks looming up to west and south. Captain Lambert, who was for thirty years the owner and editor of the *Pueblo Chieftain*, one of the leading journals of the West, is a man of whom his coreligionists and fellow-citizens may well feel proud. We congratulate him on the completion of a work which will be a lasting benefaction to the diocese of Denver.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are prone to attach undue importance to paragraphs labelled "Roman

correspondence" in any paper they chance to pick up, we quote the following from one of the most conservative of our French exchanges:

We have time and again denounced... the Protean writer who is poisoning a portion of the Catholic press with his pretended Roman correspondence, written in Paris. He has a number of pseudonyms: "Richeville," in the successive journals of Abbé Dabry; "Lucens," in the *Univers-Monde*; "Pennavera," in the *Justice Sociale*; "Tiber," in the *Journal de Roubaix*; "Fidelis," in the *Patriote de Bruxelles*; "Courtely," in the *Liberté de Fribourg*; to say nothing of other signatures in English and American papers. In this multiform guise, the former editor of the *Moniteur de Rome* flatters himself that he is forming Catholic opinion in two worlds.

Not all the correspondence actually penned in Rome is to be taken seriously; and probably not one letter in a hundred published by the American press and dated as from Rome is written any nearer the Eternal City than New York or Washington. Fortunately, the lucubrations of even the most plausible publicists need not be accepted as being charged with the inherent importance of Papal declarations; the authority of the Pope is not delegated to even the most erudite of the "able editors" whom Carlyle used to score.

Speaking specifically of the Italian immigrants in New York, the *Sun* of that city sanely remarks:

Practically, when they give up fidelity to Catholicism they abandon religious observances altogether, and the chance of Protestantism among them is inconsiderable. Leaving to the Catholic Church the duty of taking care of the spiritual concerns of Catholics is not desertion: it is a wise recognition of a necessity.

Do not the *Sun's* words admit of the most general application? Such perverts as do leave the Church are most unlikely to remain for any length of time members "in good standing" of any Protestant sect: they necessarily gravitate to the ranks of the nothingarians, eliminating the religious element from their lives entirely. Missions for the conversion of Catholics is about the

most futile and unremunerative enterprise in which Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, or other religionists can possibly interest themselves.

When the question of admitting New Mexico as a State was debated in the Senate recently, an attempt was made to create the impression that polygamy prevailed in some parts of Old Mexico. Senator Kean (New Jersey) read what purported to an account of a Mormon settlement in the heart of the country, whereupon Senator Teller (Colorado) replied:

I do not believe that there is any polygamy there, notwithstanding what has been read by the Senator from New Jersey. I base that opinion upon the fact that the Mormons are not in a sparsely settled, but in the heart of one of the old settled States of that country, where probably ninety-five per cent of the people are Catholics. I do not believe it is possible for anybody to practise polygamy in a country that is Catholic. If the plain people did not interfere, I am sure the Catholic priesthood would.

The comment of the Washington correspondent of the *Standard and Times*, who reports the incident, is an expression of surprise that divorce-loving Americans should be so eager to charge other countries with low moral views. But we are familiar enough with the tactics of the critics of Mexico. Senator Teller evidently understands Catholics better than the New Jersey Senator with the Irish name.

A Catholic lady who as a child was called John until she received Confirmation, when the name was softened into Joan, thus explains the singular circumstance. The priest who baptized her was a foreigner, and when he asked what name had been chosen for the infant, the godfather answered, "Lucy, sir."—"Lucifer? Lucifer?" exclaimed the priest in horror, with his long-drawn intonation of the last syllable. "Never! That is the name of the Evil One. I call him John." And John it had to be for a time.



The Mill that Would Not Turn.

BY RENÉ BAZIN.*

I.

MASTER HAMEAU'S mill turned so fast and so well, day and night, in all sorts of weather, that everybody wondered, and the miller himself grew very rich. It stood high up on a hill and was solidly built on a foundation of masonry. And what a fine structure it was, to be sure! Resting on the firm foundation was a single upright beam, turning on a pivot. To this were fastened heavy timbers, curving upward and serving as a framework for the mill, the roof and the wings.

The timber had been cleared away for miles around; and, as the country was level, this mill could be seen at a great distance. The least breath of wind, strong enough to bend the growing grain, would make its white wings move around; and during a gale they fairly flew. In winter, when the north winds howled, the miller had to take off all the canvas, leaving only the bare sticks of chestnut-wood; and these were sufficient to make the stones turn.

Master Hameau had already earned enough to make him the most important personage in the country around. All the week he was only a miller, white from head to foot; but on Sundays and holidays one would take him for a gentleman of leisure, so fine were his clothes and so easy his bearing.

No one bore him any ill-will for his good fortune. He was honest; but, unfortunately, as he grew older he became a trifle miserly. Riches seemed

to harden his heart; he showed himself more exacting toward creditors who did not pay promptly, and less cordial to the poor who had neither horses, carts nor mules, and who brought their bags of grain on their backs.

One day, when a fresh breeze blowing over the fields of yellow stubble made the four canvas wings fly around merrily, the miller and his daughter stood leaning on the windowsill, chatting about the future; and, as always happens, they pictured it more beautiful than the present. The girl was very pretty; and, being spoiled by her parents, she had acquired the habit of judging the world from the height of her mill,—that is to say, from a trifle too lofty a standpoint.

"Jeannette, business is good now," remarked the miller.

"So much the better for you," was the reply.

"And for you; for in two years, if I know myself, your dowry will be set aside, and the mill sold."

The girl smiled at the pleasing thought.

"Yes," continued the miller, "I am right in refusing the small lots of grain, which are as much trouble to grind as the large ones, and which bring in so little. I don't want the patronage of the poor any more. Let them go somewhere else. Isn't that so, my daughter?"

Instead of replying, the girl looked down a grass-grown road which ran along the valley until it met a stream, whose course it followed like a green furrow as far as the eye could reach. As she looked she saw a black spot in the distance which gradually moved nearer. Finally she exclaimed:

"There's the Guenfol widow coming now! She has her son with her, and they are carrying bags of grain on their backs. She's a fine customer."

* Translated by H. Twitchell.

The girl laughed so merrily at the thought that the wings of the mill, which turned for less than that, began to whirl still faster.

"She's a beggarly gleaner. You shall see what a reception she will get!" answered the miller.

He still stood leaning on the sill, with his head thrust out of the window, when the old woman and her boy began to toil up the slope. They were bent under the weight of their bags of grain. The woman stopped to rest three times before she reached the top of the ascent, and when she at last threw down the bag she gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad our journey is at an end!" she said. Then, looking up and seeing the miller at the window, she called out: "How d'ye do, Master Hameau! I've brought you some fine wheat. There isn't much of it, but it's prime quality."

"Well, you may carry it right back again," replied the miller. "My mill doesn't turn for a bushel of grain. It needs larger mouthfuls."

"But you ground for me last year."

"Yes, but I won't do it again. Do you understand?"

The poor woman understood so well that she was already weeping, as she stood looking sadly down at her bag of grain. Could it be possible that they would have to carry it back again? The miller would not be so cruel. He surely must be jesting. She turned around as if to go, saying:

"Come, Jean: Master Hameau is going to take our wheat and give us back some nice white flour."

She took the boy's hand and started down the hill. She had not gone far, however, when the angry miller came out of the door, and, thrusting his hand into the bag, took out great handfuls of grain and threw them after the two.

"There's your wheat! Come back and get it,—unless you want it all thrown after you, you wretched beggars!"

He kept on throwing the wheat down the hill. He was so angry and used so much force that one handful went up as high as the mill, falling upon the roof and rattling down the sides like hail. A grating sound was heard and the wings stopped. The miller did not notice this at once, for he went inside; and the widow sorrowfully took up her partly empty sack.

Jeannette still stood at the window, laughing; and the poor old woman and her son were soon out of sight. The miller and his daughter then noticed that the mill no longer turned. The wings fluttered as if they were impatient to start on; but the pivot-beam, upon which all was suspended, resisted the wind.

"I'll put on the canvas," said the miller: "the breeze has died down."

He unrolled the sails which he used when the wind was feeble; then the entire foundation shook; the walls of the mill trembled, and one of the wings snapped off under the violent pressure of the breeze.

"The miserable beggars!" exclaimed Master Hameau. "This is what comes of listening to them! Something must have happened while I was sending them away."

(Conclusion next week.)

Fortuna.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

V.

At last the little troupe arrived at Veraga, where lived the good priest who had offered to teach Dellito to read. Rosa was very glad; for her health had been failing ever since the day when we first made the acquaintance of our friends. And she felt her strength gradually decreasing.

Pasquale refused to see any change in her appearance. Nevertheless, he had shortened their route, and arranged to arrive earlier at the village, in order that

his wife might rest there with the child for the winter; while, as it was still early autumn, he would push on to Seville, where he could obtain an engagement in one of the cheap concert halls for the indoor season. He was alarmed, but would hardly admit it even to himself, much less to Rosa, whom he now spared from active work as much as possible. In turn, she read his thoughts, and pitied the poor distressed man more than she did herself; for she knew perfectly her condition, and was resigned to the holy will of God; while she did not dare picture the future of her husband and child without her.

When they reached the village they found another and larger company of strollers in possession of the place. This did not dismay them; for these travelling folk are kind to one another, seldom clashing and often combining their forces, as they did on this occasion. The other players had a sick man with them, and welcomed Pasquale as one who would take his place in performing acrobatic tricks. One of their bears, too, had met with an accident and they had been obliged to shoot him. The larger troupe were encamped on the commons where Pasquale and Rosa had been accustomed to station their little caravan. But there was plenty of room for both, they said; and thus a friendly arrangement was quickly made.

The *fiesta* of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity would take place on the morrow. After Mass and Vespers, and on the succeeding day when the customary village fair was to be held, there would be plenty of work for the players. People began to come into the village from the neighboring farms, and everything wore a festal appearance.

The other strollers were kindly and disposed to be very friendly; and Pasquale, always sociable, returned their overtures in his own pleasant way. They were a little rough, it is true; and the women and children were not of the

same gentle, refined appearance that distinguished his wife and son. In spite of herself, Rosa shrank from intimacy with them. They went about in their stage toggery, with soiled chemisettes and tousled hair, their long brassy earrings almost touching their shoulders, their brown swarthy hands loaded with rings, often with cigarettes in their mouths; and their manners were very free. They had pitched their untidy tents not far from the caravan, and came to visit her there as she sat sewing on the top step, Dellito behind her, peeping out at the visitors.

"Rosa, but you have a jewel of a little house here," said one of the women, peeping inside. "It's like a doll's house. And do you always travel thus—just alone with your husband?"

"Yes, always," answered Rosa.

"And are you not lonely with only yourself and Pasquale and the child?" asked another woman, who wore a dirty scarlet skirt, with a white velvet cap perched on top of her black hair.

"No. Why should we be lonely? There is plenty to do; and it is pleasant to travel through the green lanes in summer; and the boy is good company."

"He is a fine little fellow, and his limbs are shapely. Very soon he will be learning his tricks, and will be of great assistance to you and your husband. Can he dance yet?"

"No," replied Rosa, evasively. "He is not a very strong child."

"Do not pamper him too much. He ought to be more sturdy than he is. My Tonio can jump the pole and turn somersaults and dance,—my, how that Tonio can dance!"

"How old is he?" inquired Rosa, feeling that she must say something.

"He is six—only six—and almost twice as big as this little one. How old are you, child?"

"I am seven," answered Dellito.

"Seven! Is it possible? Your parents are too tender of you. And you are so

pretty too! How beautiful he would appear dressed in a suit of sky-blue velvet with a crescent above his white forehead! I wonder you keep him so backward, neighbor."

"I do not want to learn to dance," said Dellito, now quite indignant at this woman who presumed to criticise his mother. "I am going to learn to read."

"Ah! So you will be a gentleman?" laughed the woman good-naturedly.

Rosa pressed the child's foot with her hand, in order that he might be silent. He understood and obeyed her.

"Well, well!" continued the talkative one. "I have heard that some very famous men have come from the Gitanos. You may be like them, little one."

"But I am not a Gitano," answered Dellito, who found this too much to endure.

"True, true," said the other woman: "not a real Gitano. But we are called Gitanos,—we who travel about the country earning our living. And we do not mind it, child,—we do not mind it in the least. They are pleasant folk. And I doubt not but all of us have a drop of the blood in our veins. But you are a bright little fellow, and I hope your father and mother may find great comfort in you."

The women passed on, one saying to the other:

"That Rosa will soon be in the churchyard. She is pale as a sheet and her hands are like marble."

"Then it will go hard with the pretty child," was the response.

"The father can always find room among the player-folk," said her companion. "And when the mother is gone the boy will have to take his chances."

Meanwhile the numerous children belonging to the band of strollers were making tours of investigation through the village and its outskirts. Dellito avoided them instinctively; taking Griso with him, he set out in an opposite direction, and was soon near the garden

at the back of the priest's residence. The good *cura* was walking between his raspberry bushes, stripped now of the luscious fruit which was celebrated in all the country round. He had his Breviary in his hand, and had neither thought nor care for anything at that moment but the recitation of his Office.

There was a large round knot-hole in the gate, through which Dellito peeped; and when at length the priest closed the book and came slowly toward it, the boy coughed discreetly two or three times to attract attention; while Griso, as though comprehending, indulged in sundry leaps and bounds, accompanied by short, sharp barks which could not fail to be observed by any one inside.

The *cura* opened the gate, and stood smiling before the pair.

"Ah!" he said. "This is little Dellito, is it not? And this is your dog,—your famous dog. You are growing, my child. I saw a caravan crossing the common last evening, and thought it must be your father's. And how are you all?"

"Mamma is not very well, Father," replied the boy. "But papa and I are always well. I wanted to see you, so I came."

The good old priest gathered up his cassock, and, sitting on the edge of the turfy bank outside of the gate, said:

"Come, sit here, Dellito, and tell me why you wanted to see me."

The boy sat down beside him, and, looking frankly into the beaming eyes and kindly face, replied:

"Because I like you better than any one except papa and mamma, and because I thought maybe you might remember that you had promised—"

"That I had promised—I had promised to teach you to swim?"

"No, Father, not that."

"To jump then, or dance?"

The boy laughed at the imaginary picture of the venerable figure beside him in the act of jumping or dancing.

"Oh, no, Father!" he replied.

"Yes, yes, I remember now," observed the priest. "I believe I said that in case you would stop at Veraga for the winter I would teach you to read."

"Yes, Father," answered Dellito, "that is what you said."

"And I will keep my promise. But it is early yet for your father to give over his travels."

"Mamma is not well," repeated the child; "and papa told me yesterday that he will leave us here, so that she may have a good rest during the winter. And he will go to Seville till the spring."

"Ah, that will be well," said the priest,— "that will be well! After the *fiesta* is past, and the rush of people is over, he can come and have a talk with me. And you still wish to learn to read?"

"Above all things, Father."

"That is good,—that is good! If I teach you, will you promise to learn Latin also, and to serve my Mass?"

"Yes, Father: most gladly."

"You see I have a great fancy for little boys. I seem always to have one on hand. The last one, who was very promising, was taken away some time ago by his father, who will lead him to no good, I fear. But I had no claim on him, so I could not keep him; could I, Dellito?"

"No, Father," answered the child.

"There have been several others. In my forty years of service at the altar there may have been ten. Two or three disappointed me, four have gone to be priests, and the others are in the army—but who are these?"

"They are Gitano children, Father," said Dellito, as a crowd of pretty, swarthy and very dirty boys and girls came out from the wood at the foot of the garden—a lively, jolly group,—leading a dog by a rope.

"What are you doing with the dog?" inquired the priest, making a trumpet of his hands in order that his voice might reach them.

"He is ours," they cried out. "He ran away, and we are bringing him back again."

"That may and may not be true," said the *cura* to himself as much as to Dellito. "Those little fellows are fond of stealing dogs. You had better watch yours closely while they are here; there is no telling but what they may try to steal him, he is so clever. They do not know any better, poor children! Wait a little till they have passed out of sight, and then go back to the caravan by the other road."

The priest could not help contrasting the appearance of Dellito with that of the others, and he thought:

"It is a pity that this child should not fall into something better. He is decidedly superior; something ought to be done for him. The parents, too, are quite different. I will speak to Pasquale about it. Dellito is a fine boy."

When the gypsies had passed over the brow of the hill, he said to Dellito:

"Now go, my child. God bless you! Run home to your mother; and after the *fiesta* is over we shall see."

Making a most profound reverence, as he had been taught to do, Dellito took his leave, the happiness in his heart sparkling from his beautiful eyes, and was soon out of sight; though the joyful yelps of Griso could be heard long after both had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

Our Motto.

The motto *E Pluribus Unum* ("Many in One") found on the great seal of the United States was adopted at the suggestion of Jefferson. He took it from a Latin poem called "*Moretum*," written by Virgil. The poem describes the meal eaten by the Italian peasants early in the morning, and *moretum* is a sort of salad made of herbs and other things which are ground together in a mortar.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Holy Father has directed that the Vatican Library be furnished with all the books necessary to the work of the Biblical Commission established by him last year. The Commission is also to publish a periodical devoted to Biblical research.

—The latest addition to the "Temple Classics" is "The Mirror of Perfection," newly translated from the Cotton MS. by Robert Steele. This volume, with the "Legend" and "Little Flowers," completes the Franciscan trilogy in this form.

—The story of the wrongs and glories of Poland is eloquently retold in a new work by Dr. George Brandes, the eminent Danish critic, a translation of which has just appeared in London. "Poland: A Study of the Land, People, and Literature." (Heinemann.) The most celebrated of Polish poets are Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasinski, the greatest being Mickiewicz. Dr. Brandes calls his "Pan Tadeusz" the only real modern epic.

—The *Pilot's* tribute to the late Paul du Chaillu is the best that we have seen. Born a Creole in New Orleans in 1835, he was educated in the Jesuit college "in the Gaboon country," where his father was U. S. Consul. In his seventeenth year he went, a solitary white man, into the unexplored regions of darkest Africa; and the account he gave of his discoveries—the gorilla, the land of dwarfs and the cannibal Fans—was received with incredulity. "They said I had never seen such an animal as the gorilla," he once observed about his early lectures; "but I had more specimens of it on the platform than there were people in the hall." The *Pilot* assures us that M. du Chaillu's character was of unusual charm. He was the author of more than a dozen books, and was engaged on an important work dealing with Russia when death overtook him. *R. I. P.*

—The story "Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy," by the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. (Cuthbert), is so fresh from the pages of this magazine as not to require more than a brief notice. Our readers are already familiar with its quality. It is, however, a pleasure to be able to express our satisfaction that other Catholic boys will now have a chance to get acquainted with the hero, who, in spite of some imperfections, is a very wholesome and pleasant young fellow. Besides, things are always happening to him. There is not a chapter of the book which has not its episode and its climax; the story fairly bristles with adventures and mysteries. Father Copus knows thoroughly the mental and moral processes of the American boy; and, while he never forgets that the primary function of a story is to interest the reader, he manages the fortunes of Harry Russell so adroitly

as to make them distinctly inspiring and improving to the young reader. Such a book is better for boys than a barrelful of sermons, Handsomely published by Benziger Brothers.

—The death in his ninety-first year is reported from Lyons of M. Aimé Vingtrinier, chief librarian of that city and the author of numerous works on history, archæology, travel, bibliography, novels, poetry, etc. He was the oldest of French librarians, and was a member of many learned societies.

—The reverend clergy will be interested in a pamphlet by the Rev. N. Casacca, O. S. A., just published by Mr. J. F. Wagner. The title will suffice for a notice—"De Carentia Ovariorum, Relate ad Matrimonium." But we may add that the presentation of the opinions of certain theologians opposed to the views of Father Casacca would have rendered this publication more valuable.

—French exchanges announce the death of Louis Prosper Roux, a celebrated artist who studied under Paul Delaroche. He decorated a large number of churches, notably the Sainte Madeleine of Rouen, where there are twenty-four of his paintings; the chapel of Pied-du-Terne, near La Capelle; the chapel of Fontaines-les-Nonnes, and that of Dourdan (Seine-et-Oise). His portraits and historical pieces are of high excellence.

—In a very readable sketch of Mrs. Hinkson, who, as Katharine Tynan, has contributed much exquisite prose and verse to this magazine, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., writes:

Within a small circle I chance to know no less than four trinities of sisters distinguished for their literary gifts. "M. E. Francis," Miss Eleanor Sweetman, and Mrs. Egerton Castle are three sisters of one household: the first of whom is the author of a long series of bright and beautiful stories, "In a North Country Village," "The Duenna of a Genius," etc.; the second has published two volumes of verse of remarkable merit; and the third shares her husband's responsibility for some brilliant novels like "Young April," "The Pride of Jenico," "A Bath Comedy," etc. A third of these triune sisterhoods consists of Lady Gilbert, Miss Clara Mulholland, and (I will dare to add) their eldest sister, who, displayed as a girl brilliant capabilities for literary work, which after her early marriage she left unexercised in order to be the nobly efficient and worthy helpmate of a great career.

We need hardly remind our readers that the great career of which this gifted eldest sister became the nobly efficient and worthy helpmate was Lord Russell of Killowen, late Chief Justice of England.

—A number of new text-books for schools and colleges published by the American Book Co. call for some notice from us. "Language Lessons and a School Grammar," compiled by W. M. Baskerville, is designed for elementary and preparatory work in mastering English. Hill's "Beginnings of

Rhetoric and Composition" is intended to succeed this text-book and serve as an introduction to college work along the same line. Franklin and Greene's "Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading" gives, in attractive form, carefully chosen passages from the best writers of Latin prose. This book will undoubtedly be of service to teachers who have experienced the difficulty of finding suitable selections to be read at sight. Next comes an eminently practical Laboratory Manual of Physics, made up of seventy-three experiments, intended as a college preparatory course. The exercises are arranged by H. C. Cheston, P. R. Dean and C. E. Timmerman. As all modern curriculums include "Nature Study," there is a demand for helps along that line. The supply is equal to the demand, and the following include some of the best works on the subject: "Stories of Humble Friends," by Jacob Abbott; "Some Useful Animals and what they do for Us," by John Monteith; "The Children's First Story Book," by M. H. Wood; and "Botany all the Year Round," by E. F. Andrews. This last work is especially to be recommended for its excellent 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.

- Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy. *Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.* 85 cts.
- Vetera et Nova (Old and New). *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* \$2, net.
- The Philippine Islands. *Emma Helen Blair-James Alexander Robinson.* Vols. I. and II. \$4, ea.
- A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. *Fredrick Justus Knecht, D. D.* \$4, net.
- The Question Box. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P.* \$1.
- The Art of Disappearing. *John Talbot Smith.* \$1.50.
- Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. *W. Meyer-Griffith.* 30 cts.
- The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.
- Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe.* 50 cts.

- Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert.* \$1.75, net.
- Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan.* \$1.
- Hail, Full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1.35.
- With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremaux.* \$1.50, net.
- History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.
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Obituary.

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

Sister Aimée, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Helena, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Assisium and Sister M. Agatha, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. John Harrison, of Dushore, Pa.; Mr. Aloise Garss, Corning, N. Y.; Mrs. Bridget O'Reilly, Portland, Oregon; Miss Rebecca McLaughlin, Huntington, Ind.; Mr. Eugene Reno and Dr. John Bryson, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Jeremiah Harrington, Aubrey, N. Y.; Mr. John and Mr. Timothy Lenahan, Birmingham, Ala.; Mr. William Forsyth, Miss Anna Bean, Mrs. Elizabeth Crellin, Mrs. Bridget Toohey, and Mr. J. F. Doran, Washington, D. C.; Mr. C. H. Wuellner, Mr. Anthony Moormann, Miss Mary Rossiter, Mr. Patrick Sullivan, Mr. Henry Meyer, Mr. Bernard Hempelmann, and Mrs. Mary Koehler,—all of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Daniel Lacey, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Sarah Kane, Mount Savage, Md.; Mr. Thomas Jensen, Cleveland, Ohio; and Mr. John Stapleton, Elmira, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Star of the Sea.

BY T. B. REILLY.

LO, comes the night!

Under a waste of darkness, far and wide,
Death sentinels the deep; and on the tide—
No light.

Soul at sea,

What counts the honor of an empty day,
Whose solace in the last hour slips away
From thee!

Tempest-blown,

Encompassed with the terrors of the tomb,
What canst thou do, verging the gloom,
Alone?

Star of the Wave,

Here in wind-swept hollows of the sea,
Give heed unto a servant crying thee,
And save!

Later On in France.

THE French Republic is likely, for some years to come, to furnish the religious world in general, and the Catholic world in particular, with a superabundance of sensational projects. Some of these will doubtless be stillborn; others will ripen and mature into overt acts of religious tyranny and persecution. M. Combes is not at all reticent concerning one project whose realization he evidently considers a mere question of time. He took the Chamber of Deputies and the world at large into his confidence about the matter very recently.

In the course of a somewhat acrimo-

nious speech in the Chamber, the French Premier characterized the clergy of France as indocile, insolent, and rebellious. It seems there are in that country some priests, and even bishops—oh, the hardihood!—who grow indignant at seeing the ruling powers making common cause with the heterogeneous sects that have undertaken the task of dechristianizing France, and denationalizing her as well. M. Combes waxed angry at such audacity, and complained of not being sufficiently armed against the delinquent clerics. "In that case," cried out his friends of the extreme Left, "denounce the Concordat."—"Not yet," replied the Premier: "we are not well enough prepared. It will be for later on."

Anent this declaration of M. Combes, a French publicist, M. Jules Delafosse, remarks: "It is manifest that a minister who speaks thus of the Concordat does not thoroughly understand it... He seems to believe that the Concordat was concluded in the interests of the Church. Bonaparte would never have signed it had that been the case. He signed it to secure religious peace to a country torn by schism and intolerance; and, in employing it for that purpose, he executed an act essentially political, which was at the same time an immense benefit. The Concordat has preserved that character as long as it was in the hands of governments that understood it. It is inevitable that it will lose its character when manipulated by a ministry that is ignorant, fatuous and sectarian."

The Concordat is bound to be much in evidence in French politics for some time to come; hence a word or two as to its nature and some of its provisions may prove useful, if not interesting. It is the work of two contracting sovereignties: the Papal sovereignty, which is spiritual and universal; and the French sovereignty, which is civil and national. In other words, the Concordat is an agreement between the head of the Catholic Church and the chief of the French State. These two powers are independent, each in its proper sphere. Consequently, all questions arising from the provisions of the Concordat are two-sided, as the instrument itself declares; and can be settled, not, as M. Combes seems to think, by the sentence of one of the contracting powers, but only by historical precedents, by equity, and the mutual agreement of both powers.

The right to create bishops, to institute them, and to confer upon them spiritual jurisdiction, has been regarded since the very origin of the Church as innately belonging to the primacy of St. Peter. The Popes, by reason of special circumstances of time and place, have conceded the right of *nomination* sometimes to the *élite* of the Catholic people in union with their clergy; sometimes to the whole body of the clergy; sometimes to select men among the clergy or to "chapters"; sometimes to "chapters" in union with the bishops of the ecclesiastical province; sometimes, finally, the heads of Catholic States.

The Concordat of 1516 between Leo X. and Francis I. transferred (by its seventh article) from the clerical chapters to the kings of France this right of nomination; and the Concordat of 1801 renewed this concession to the First Consul, who asked and obtained nothing more than the privilege enjoyed before him by the kings who were his predecessors.

Article IV., which deals with the nomination of bishops, runs thus: "Within the three months following the

publication of the bull of his Holiness, the First Consul will nominate [candidates] for the archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new circumscription. His Holiness will confer the canonical institution according to the forms established with regard to France under the old *régime* before the change of government."

Now, the "forms established" are clearly determined by Article VII. of the Concordat of 1516. And it is just therein that we find the formula, *nobis nominare* ("name to us"), which has been recognized by all countries enjoying Concordats — Bavaria, Austria, Spain, Portugal, — and which France, too, has hitherto respected under all her governments, but to which M. Combes does not wish to subscribe. He may or may not have reflected that his pretension leads directly to either the denunciation of the Concordat or to schism.

The right to create bishops is the exclusive privilege of the Church: she can neither abrogate it nor share it without minimizing her spiritual sovereignty. The State nominates the priest that it destines for this or that see; but the designated candidate becomes bishop only after having received the canonical institution of the head of the Church. Thus in France, on the one hand, the Pope can not create a bishop without the preliminary nomination of the government; on the other, the government's nomination does not become effective until the priest whom it names is canonically instituted by the Holy See.

Thus it necessarily follows that this co-operation of Church and State exacts from the two powers a preliminary understanding, and this is precisely the force of the expression, "name to us." It is not strange, then, that M. Combes' refusal to have such an understanding with Rome created somewhat of a sensation. With an insolence that would be merely ridiculous in a private member, but which is serious in a President of the Council, he stated his position. He pro-

poses that he himself, alone, shall choose and name, without any reference to the Church, those whom he destines for the episcopate. M. Combes says to the Holy See: "Here are the bishops I want. I have selected them for my own reasons and to suit myself. Give them canonical institution, and let's have no more talk about it!"

It is obvious, of course, that Rome will never consent to any such procedure as this. It is equally obvious that such procedure would be a flagrant violation of the provisions of the Concordat itself, for the "forms established" make the express reservation that "the person designated [the nominee of the State] shall be worthy and fit, according to the rules of the sacred canons." Now, who is a competent judge of the worthiness and fitness of the candidate, if not the Church herself? Before granting canonical institution, she informs herself as to the record, the character, reputation, manners—in a word, the aptitude of the candidate proposed; and then decides to accept or decline the State's nominee.

To act otherwise would be sheer folly on the part of the head of the Church. An unscrupulous or an infidel government could readily appoint to the episcopate priests destitute of the requisite qualities, and the Pope would have to bear the blame of their incapacity or their unworthiness.

What will be the outcome? Will the Concordat be done away with? Possibly, but not probably. The Concordat is a particularly convenient instrument of oppression in the hands of M. Combes and his ilk, and they will not hasten to deprive themselves of it. In any case, if it were done away with, the Church would most likely be far better off than at present. An outcome much more probable, and far more disastrous, is a schism, such as was one of the most grievous trials of the Revolution. If the Masonic and sectarian government of

M. Combes persists, as seems likely, in its attitude, it will name to the vacant sees in France priests of a character unacceptable to the Holy See. Some of these priests will be found willing to occupy the sees in virtue of the title conferred by the State alone, irrespective of Rome's refusal of canonical institution. It will be a return to the Constitutional bishops and the "sworn" priests of the Revolution, and, consequently, rupture with Rome—that is, schism. Turn the matter how it will, there is, as we have said, ample reason to expect sensational developments later on in France.

A. B.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XX.—A RUSSIAN WEDDING.

IT was a beautiful morning as Myles turned into the magnificent square in front of the Winter Palace of the Tsar of all the Russias. The building is simply imposing on account of its enormous size, and is constructed of red sandstone, now the color of gingerbread. The departments of the state officers stand on the South Square, facing the broad Neva and the needle-spiked Fort St. Paul, within whose shadow lie the remains of all the Romanoffs. In the centre towers the Column of Victory, its pedestal adorned in black and white—the colors of Muscovy. This column is guarded night and day by picked veterans, in the quaint old uniform worn by the Imperial Guards during the awful retreat from Moscow by the great Napoleon.

Having ordered his evening dress to be forwarded to Count O'Reilly's quarters, Myles found it and the royal fellow in a spacious apartment giving onto the

square, superbly furnished *à la mode*,—a dining room upon one side of the salon, a bed and bath-room upon the other.

"Come in, old chap!" cried the host, who was just engaged in taking his bath. "Help yourself to a nip of vodka. I'll be with you in two minutes."

Myles was gazing at a long row of exquisitely painted miniatures when the Count burst in.

"All O'Reillys—every one. And it is to fill up that gap"—pointing to a vacancy in the line—"that I am going to tax you for those duds. By the bye, I know where the beautiful rogue is hiding herself; and you must run round and steal in upon her."

"But I am going to Count Mero."

"Oh, try a slice of this sturgeon, the best fish that swims! But first a couple of these Caucasian melons. Americans say that they are nearly as good as a musk or a cantaloupe."

"I suppose old Mero will give me my instructions for this interview with the Tsar?"

"Mero, my dear, will drill you like a raw recruit in the Preobrazhensky Guard."

"I feel quite like a fish out of water."

"Tut, tut, man! You won't be two minutes in the presence of the Emperor until you will feel inclined to button-hole him. He is a splendid gentleman. Observe his eyes! So sweet, so tender, yet full of an expression all his own. By the way"—glancing at his watch,— "we must run over to the Imperial Chapel to the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"Our dear little friend Eileen's."

It was lucky that the Count was engaged in lighting a fresh cigarette, or he would have rushed round the table and borne Myles to a sofa, so deadly white and faint had become that stalwart son of Anak at this grim intelligence. For a second O'Byrne clutched the table, then fell into a chair as if shot stone-dead or electrocuted.

"Yes," continued the unobservant O'Reilly, "it is an old habit with noble families in Russia. When the faithful maid is to be married, it is known as Olga Dolgoruki's wedding or Selitzta Oldenburg's, as the case may be. This girl was born in the family and rose to be lady's-maid to Eileen, who will, according to custom, present her with a dower, give her away, hold the silver crown over her head, walk around her four times, kiss her, and hand her over to the bridegroom to be duly smacked. I tell you, Myles, one's work is cut out for one at a Russian wedding."

The relief that came to O'Byrne on learning that the maid and not the mistress was to act as bride found vent in a loud shout, followed by a wild dance round the room; then very silly laughter, then a shake of his immense fists up at the ceiling.

"What's the matter, man alive?" exclaimed the Count. "Do you often take on like that?"

"Never before and never again, dear old boy! But—never mind. I'll dress and go to the wedding."

As Myles and Count O'Reilly were leaving for the church, Percy Byng suddenly burst in upon them with a wild whoop of joy.

"She's here! Got in last night. Only learned it by eleven—whilst I was playing a ten-pound salmon trout. You can see how badly I am hit, dear boy, when I tell you I left the rod with old Sergius Moakief and ran to the train. Then I flew to the Fishing Club and had a capital supper. I just got in, and here's the fish,"—calling a *mujik* who waited outside. "What do you think of *that* for a speckled beauty?"—giving the magnificent fish a smack such as a drover administers to a fat heifer at the world-famous Fair of Mullingar. "But to talk of fish when *she* is here! Oh, how I long to—"

"How long were you playing that trout?" asked O'Reilly.

"Well, let me see! I hooked him at nine o'clock, and—"

"Suppose we start for the wedding?" said Myles, who was rather disgusted at the fish love of his young friend.

"By Jingo, yes—but I have to go to the yacht to dress!" And Percy was for dashing off.

"What am I to do with this infernal fish, Percy? Oh, I know! We are all to dine on the boat to-night—the General, Miss De Lacey, perhaps the Baroness, and one or two more. Take it with you and set the *chef* at work."

"Splendid!" cried Percy, flinging the trout at the abiding *mujik*. "Only to think of Eileen eating my fish!" And he disappeared, his shouts to his *ishvoshtik* to go faster making the palace square resound, and causing more than one official window to be thrown up, and about a dozen of the secret police to appear mysteriously as if from out of the earth.

"A delicious young ass!" laughed O'Reilly. "I'd lay the odds that if Miss De Lacey were put in the scales against a sixty-pound salmon, he'd take the fish. But, Lord love you, he is an honest lad, and ridiculously in love!"

They proceeded along richly carpeted corridors, hung with paintings, all representing episodes in the life of Peter the Great; servants encrusted in bullion thrusting aside *portières* and bowing to the earth as they passed onward.

A single electric light of imperial purple stood high in the sanctuary; and as Myles and O'Reilly took their places on the floor of the church, low but exquisite chanting by male voices came from a corner near the altar. Myles was for asking questions, as he was anxious to know in what part of the church she might be placed. Besides, he was next a lady whose furbelows he had trodden upon, and he wished to apologize. But the Count hushed him up in a low whisper, declaring that it was against etiquette to speak until the bridal party

entered. Wishing from the bottom of his heart that they would hurry up, as he felt a vague certainty that the girl he loved was actually at his elbow like a phantom, he held his soul in patience, mid a darkness and silence that became almost unendurable.

Clang! crash! clang! and the brazen entrance gates were flung wide open, ten thousand electric lights flashed out with the white radiance of eternity, and a burst of triumphant and joyous music set the heart throbbing and lifted the soul to God.

Instantly turning to his left, and fully expecting to meet the violet eyes of Eileen, to his shocking disappointment he encountered the black, snapping optics of Miss Abell, who beckoned him to a side oratory.

"I knew that it was you!" she laughed. "Oh, we can talk *now*! I never had my mouth shut so long before, and I was about to take off my hat to talk through it. Oh, yes, I thought it was you, because—"

"Because what?"

"I saw you frown when you trod upon Worth's latest and most beatific confection. *She's* over there."

"Where?"

"Oh, how blind lovers are! Why, *there*, close to the bride. I *do* wonder she let her maid get ahead of her. Doesn't she look heavenly?"

Eileen did look lovely. She wore a long white gauzy veil, held to the back of her shapely little head by a conical tiara of gold surmounted by flashing diamonds. She was very pale, and did not look toward where Miss Abell and Myles stood, albeit the American made signals enough to call attention to a ship in distress.

"She is such an earnest little one that she wants to get this thing done out of sight. It's a strange fashion, anyway. Just fancy my acting as mother, aunt, or godmother to Mamie Finn at home, as fine a girl as ever lived! Why, she'd think

I had lost my wits, and would soon bring me to my senses."

O'Byrne could hardly refrain from laughing outright.

An organ pealed forth in rich tones as the bridal procession filed in, headed by a venerable-looking "pope" with a long snowy beard and a cataract of hair down his back. His vestments were encrusted with jewels, and appeared to be very weighty, as was his flashing mitre. Three younger popes, wearing their hair long, followed; then the bride, a timid, putty-faced girl, simply scared to death and squeezed into garments three sizes too small for her. She, too, wore the conical headdress and white veil. The bridegroom, a fine specimen of physical manhood, in his showy uniform, seemed as though he had been worshipping at the shrine of Vodka. As sober as a judge, though rather nervous, he reeled against anybody and anything that could afford him support.

The choir ceased, and the venerable pope began to chaunt in a basso so deep and so loud as to fill the church. At this moment, at a signal from one of the younger popes, Eileen was summoned forward, bearing the silver bridal crown. Being solid, and attached to a solid silver handle, it took all Miss De Lacey's strength to hold it upright. Standing behind the bride, she held the crown over her head; while the pope continued his deep-toned chaunt, as if he were the possessor of lungs of leather.

"Will they never stop?" growled Myles. "Why, she is ready to faint!"

Luckily, the pope now began to walk around the bride, the dazed spouse having been called to her side. After the fourth turn the bridegroom received the cross; and, although six feet four, he was in a sorry plight. General Romansikoff now took hold; while long, lighted tapers were placed in the hands of bride and groom, and also in the hand of Miss De Lacey.

It is scarcely necessary to say that

Myles had eyes only for Eileen, watching her every movement, from the tip of her jewelled train to her tiny white shoes.

The weight of the bridal crown had been so irksome that Eileen held the candle after a somewhat careless fashion; in fact, her little hands and arms were fearfully tired—when suddenly, unmindful of her task, she allowed the candle to sway upon one side, and in a second the light caught her veil. With one bound Myles was by her side, snatched the candle out of her hand, and tearing the veil with no gentle clutch from her head and body, gathered the now flaming drapery into a ball and trampled it under foot. For a moment there was almost a panic, and the church resounded with the cries and shrieks of women and the hoarser shouts of men. Eileen, white as death, stood quite still until led away to the sacristy by anxious friends.

"Come and see her, Mr. O'Byrne," said Miss Abell. "She's waiting for you. Follow me, please!"

Myles, following the American, found Eileen seated in a sort of episcopal chair. The moment she saw him she advanced, took his hand in both of hers, leaned over and kissed it.

"God is good to me!" she murmured, as she returned to the church to assist at the conclusion of the ceremony.

"Now for old Mero and the knout!" cried O'Reilly, taking Myles by the arm and hurrying him along corridors and up stairways and down through secret passages, until they finally arrived at a portal guarded by a gigantic official in gorgeous uniform.

A word from O'Reilly and they were ushered in through double doors and four sets of *portières*; for in Russia there seems to exist a very wholesome dislike to eavesdropping,—a practice much in use by that mysterious body known as the secret police.

"Not a word of excuse, Mr. O'Byrne!" exclaimed Mero. "I have heard of your fine act of gallantry in saving the life of

Miss De Lacey, a lady *dans la maison de sa Majesté Impériale l'Impératrice*—

"Your Excellency," hastily interposed Myles, "it was nothing. I happened to be standing close to Miss De Lacey, who held a lighted candle in her hand. I observed that her arm was tired, as she had been holding up the bridal tiara for some time. Her candle swayed and the blaze caught the thin veil. I snatched the candle, and"—laughingly,—“I fear, destroyed the veil. That's all, your Excellency. A small boy in the church could have done it.”

"But see,—you are burned!"—pointing to Myles' hands.

"Am I? I really was not aware of it," was the prompt rejoinder.

Count Mero touched a button. In an instant a court surgeon entered, and, having placed the patient upon a couch, proceeded with considerable dexterity to manipulate the injured members,—making Myles wince, almost groan, under the pain; for, as a matter of fact, both his hands had been badly burned whilst bundling up the mass of flame in the still blazing veil. His excitement and horror were so predominant that pain did not assert itself until the surgeon summoned it forth with gentle but steel-moulded fingers.

He was leaning over his patient upon one knee, O'Reilly in the same attitude on the other side, and Count Mero standing near, watching the operation, when a draped panel was noiselessly pushed aside and a figure glided in after the alleged fashion of a ghost. This gentleman stepped as if walking on eggs, and took up his position behind Count Mero. He was rather tall, slim, well put together, with exquisitely small hands and feet. He wore an English-made frock coat, trousers with a crease that would cut like a knife, and a black satin scarf, with an ebony horseshoe studded with brilliants confining its folds. His hair was cut fairly close, and his light brown beard trimmed and pointed *à la Henri*

Trois of France. His brow was thoughtful, forceful; his mouth decision itself, mingled with an enchanting smile; and his eyes—I have purposely left them for the last: commanding, appealing, full of power, full of sweetness; searching with an inner glance that awed, compelling confession from a criminal, the hidden sentiments and opinions from a statesman or one opposed to him in public measures.

There stood Nicholas II., the Tsar of all the Russias, and absolute ruler over the destinies of one hundred and forty million of human beings.

(To be continued.)

A Great English Moralist.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

WHO that has read has not enjoyed the inimitable Biography of Dr. Johnson by his friend and admirer Boswell? If ever hero-worship was justified it was in the case of the Scotch lawyer who had so deep a veneration for his mentor.

Johnson was, indeed, a giant among men, at a time, too, when men of genius were by no means wanting. Some one, it is true, said that he was great only because his contemporaries were little; but the common voice of his own generation and of posterity gives the lie to this ill-natured assertion. He was, in reality, possessed of a number of qualities not often found in one man. His knowledge was vast; his power of using it unrivalled. He was admirable for his strong common-sense; for his instant perception of the true aspect of any question that came before him, and his instant detection of falsity in the arguments of his opponent. He penetrated to the depths of any subject that he took in hand. He was second to none in the gift of clear exposition. But we must commend him most of all

for his strong sense of justice,—for that exact perception of the line of division between right and wrong which enabled him almost invariably to take the correct view of questions of morality; and, last but not least, for his sincere and unaffected piety.

What an acquisition he would have been to the ranks of Catholic moral theologians! As it was, that native justice which we so greatly admire in him, guided by his truly religious instincts, often enabled him to decide questions of conscience upon the same principles as are used by our own moral writers. Take, for instance, his luminous treatment of the question of toleration in regard to the teaching of false or pernicious doctrine, political or religious. Going to the root of the matter, he lays down as a principle that every society has not only a right but a duty of restraining the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency. He then draws a just distinction between liberty of thinking and liberty of speaking or preaching,—a distinction which he complains is neglected. As to the right to think falsely—that is, to hold false opinions,—he allows that every man has what he terms a *physical* right to think as he pleases, “for it can not be discovered how he thinks”; and, therefore, no one can restrain him by force. “But,” he well adds, “he has not a *moral* right; for he ought to inform himself and think justly.”

Coming to the teaching of false doctrine, he denies any right, physical or moral, to propagate error. If any one does so, it is the duty of the magistrate acting for society to interfere. “This,” he concludes, “is the gradation of thinking, preaching, and acting: if a man *thinks* erroneously, he may keep his thoughts to himself, and the magistrate has no right to restrain him; for the evil (which the Doctor fully acknowledges and condemns) centres in the man’s self. If he *preaches* erroneous doctrine,

society may expel him; if he *acts* in consequence of it, the law takes its course, and he is hanged.”

What would Johnson have said of the universal license of thinking, teaching and preaching to which modern society has come? The evil had begun, indeed; in his own day, but it has now reached what would seem to be a limit beyond which it can not easily go. In the course of the conversation in which Johnson treated this question of free speech, he had an opportunity of exhibiting the great fairness with which, as a general rule, he discussed the Catholic religion. Goldsmith having made the assertion that the first “Reformers” had been burned for not believing in the Real Presence, he was quickly interrupted by Johnson, who declared that they were not burned for not believing this, but for insulting those who did believe it. “And, sir,” he adds, “when the first Reformers began, they did not intend to be martyred: as many of them ran away as could.”

Another instance of his fairness toward Catholics and their faith, and of his refusal to repeat the unreasonable calumnies commonly uttered against them, is contained in the well-known conversation on the subject of several Catholic doctrines to which Boswell, for the sake of drawing out his friend’s opinions, offered objections.

“What do you think, sir, of purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?” asked Boswell.

“Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine,” replied Johnson. “They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see there is nothing unreasonable in this.”

"But, then, sir," said Boswell, "their Masses for the dead?"

"Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them* as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life."

"The idolatry of the Mass?"

"Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass," answered Johnson. "They believe God to be there, and they adore Him."

"The worship of the saints?" said Boswell.

"Sir, they do not worship saints," was the reply: "they invoke them: they only ask their prayers...."

"Confession?" persisted Boswell.

"Why, I don't know but that it's a good thing," admitted Johnson. "The Scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another'; and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone."

It is true that sometimes the good Doctor was mistaken as to facts of Catholic history and practice, and was thus occasionally led to make misstatements which he honestly believed to be true; but the intention of his mind was to be just, and the foregoing extract shows how just he was. Even when he did not know the precise theological ground upon which Catholic doctrines rest, he was fully alive to what can be said for them on the side of reason. As Boswell has remarked, he had, like Melancthon, a respect for *the old religion*.

Our beautiful and consoling doctrine of prayer for the dead appealed so strongly to Johnson that he practised it himself, though he inserted the condition in his prayers "if it be lawful." He also, as will be seen from the following touching prayer written on the death of his wife, indulged the hope that our loved ones who have gone before can in some way

help us. The prayer is dated "April 26, 1752, being after 12 at night of the 25th," and runs thus:

"O Lord! Governor of heaven and earth, in whose hands are embodied and departed spirits, if Thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearances, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to Thy government. Forgive my presumption, enlighten my ignorance; and, however meaner agents are employed, grant me the blessed influences of Thy Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

In his diary for March 28, 1753, occurs this entry: "I kept this day as the anniversary of my Tetty's [his wife's] death, with prayers and tears in the morning. In the evening I prayed for her conditionally, if it were lawful." Most affecting, too, is a prayer in which he asks pardon of God for any negligence or unkindness of which he thought himself to have been guilty toward his wife during their married life.

He had grasped the true meaning of an article of the Creed seldom understood by ordinary Protestants: "I believe in the *Communion of Saints*." As to the invocation of saints, he said on one occasion: "Though I do not think it authorized [by the Established Church], it appears to me that the 'Communion of Saints' in the Creed means the communion with the saints in heaven, as connected with *the Holy Catholic Church*."

It is also remarkable that, while he looked with strong disfavor upon changes of religion in general—especially on defections to dissenting sects from the Established Church, of which he was so loyal a member,—he spoke very reasonably and kindly of conversions to the Catholic Church. "A man," he said, "who is converted from Protestantism

to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing: he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains, there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." A Mrs. Kennicot having spoken of her brother, a clergyman, who had given up great prospects in the Establishment to become a Catholic, the Doctor exclaimed, "God bless him!"

Johnson's habitual piety, of the most unaffected sort, showed itself constantly. Who does not recall that scene at Harwich when he was parting from Boswell? "We went and looked at the church," writes the latter; "and having gone into it, and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying: 'Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your Creator and Redeemer.'"

Of infidelity he had the greatest horror. An infidel, was to him a man to be avoided and distrusted, as being deficient in the only sound basis of right conduct and morality. A discussion being raised whether the character of an infidel were more detestable than that of a man notoriously guilty of an atrocious crime, he decided at once in the affirmative; "for the infidel would be guilty of any crime if he were inclined to it." Boswell having remarked that he feared there were many people with no religion at all, another of the company added, "And sensible people too." "Why, sir," said Johnson, "not sensible in that respect. There must be either a natural or a moral stupidity, if one lives in total neglect of so very important a concern."

His great reverence would not allow him to condone any unconsidered or untimely discussion of sacred things. "A gentleman," Boswell tells us, "ventured to ask whether there was not a material

difference as to toleration of opinions which lead to action and opinions merely speculative; for instance, would it be wrong in the magistrate to tolerate those who preach against the doctrine of the Trinity?" Johnson was highly offended and exclaimed: "I wonder, sir, how a gentleman of your piety can introduce the subject in a mixed company!"

His view of the sacredness and responsibility of the office of the clergy was such that he refused to become a candidate for orders himself, although the offer of preferment was made to him if he would do so. "The life of a clergyman," he once said, "is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have chancery suits upon my hands than the cure of souls. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."

To a young clergyman of his acquaintance he wrote a letter of wise and admirable counsel. Speaking of a certain Dr. Wheeler, he observes: "One woman he could not bring to the communion; and when he reproved or exhorted her, she only answered that she was no scholar. He was advised to set some good woman or man of the parish, a little wiser than herself, to talk to her in a language level to her mind. Such honest, I may call them holy, artifices must be practised by every clergyman; *for all means must be tried by which souls may be saved.* Talk to your people, however, as much as you can; and you will find that the more frequently you converse with them upon religious subjects, the more willingly they will attend, and the more submissively they will learn. A clergyman's diligence always makes him venerable. I think I have now only to say that in the momentous work you have undertaken I pray God to bless you."

Amongst the characteristics of Johnson, one of the most marked was his

scrupulous adherence to truth in all he said. He reprobated earnestly that loose habit of speech which causes many people frequently to say what is not strictly accurate. "Accustom your children to this," he told Boswell. "If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviation from truth will end." Mrs. Thrale objected to this strictness, remarking that "little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not continually watching."—"Well, Madam," Johnson replied, "and you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

Johnson himself, as his biographer says, was known to be so rigidly attentive to truth "that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision"; and "the knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of everything that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others."

Equal to his love of truth was his hatred of "cant," in the sense of pretending to sentiments not really felt. "My dear friend," he said to Boswell, "clear your *mind* of cant,"—that is, do not allow yourself to imagine that you have sentiments and emotions which do not exist in you. "You may *talk* as other people do," he continues. "You may say to a man: 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say: 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man: 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he is

wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner,—it is a mode of talking in society: but don't *think* foolishly."

With an extract which shows his knowledge of human nature, this sketch must draw to its conclusion. "Talking of a man's resolving to deny himself the use of wine from moral and religious considerations, he said: 'He must ~~not~~ doubt about it. When one doubts ~~as~~ to pleasure, we know what will be the conclusion.'" This great man was not, indeed, perfect; and his biographer, ardent admirer though he was, does not disguise that at certain periods his conduct was not strictly in accord with his lofty sentiments of religious and moral duty. But he was a man, and a very *human* man. His repentance was evidently sincere; his zeal for the better things was fervent, and his endeavors constant. Had he but had the advantage of a Catholic upbringing, he might have become a shining example not only of moral integrity (which in a great measure he was), but of true Christian perfection.

His last moments were most edifying, and full of contrition. He placed his greatest confidence in the propitiatory sacrifice of the Cross, and it was this consideration that enabled him to die in quietude and hope. God's judgments are inscrutable, and we do not know how long the time of purgation may last; and, though many years have passed since he went to his account, we Catholics, of whom he spoke so *fairly*, may well remember in our prayers *one* to whom all who speak the English tongue owe a debt.

Adveniat Regnum Tuum.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

O KING Christ, reign through all the vast To Be
Let mystic love th' embattled nations bind,
Till peace is poured from every alien wind.
And all the peoples own Thine empery.

The Return of Grandfather.

—
BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.
—

I.

“WE might manage it,” said Mr. Lawrence. “It would be easy enough getting them to Boston, and they could go up to Hilltop alone while I was bothering over that lawsuit.”

Mrs. Lawrence fell in with the plan, and said that if the laundry man kept his promise, and if she could find some ready-made knickerbockers that would fit John, and if he didn't come down with one of his colds, and if—

“Have done with your *ifs*, my dear,” interrupted her husband, “and let us call it settled. Next Monday I start for Boston, and father and John are going too. It will be a great ‘lark’ for the boys.”

They always called John and his grandfather “the boys”; and indeed of the two I think John was, at heart, the older.

They wanted Grandfather to give the pleasant news to the lad; so the old man crawled softly up the backstairs and turned the nursery door-knob with a trembling hand.

“Are you asleep?” he asked.

“Not very,” answered the boy, wondering where he was, and if Grandfather was the giant with seven eyes that he had been dreaming about.

“I've got some good news,” continued Grandfather. “We're going—you and I.”

John sat up.

“When?”

He did not ask *where*, for he knew. As if there was another place in the world but Hilltop!

“Next Monday.”

At the other boy's words he quickly jumped out of bed and seized an Apache war club.

“Now see here, Bub,” said the boy who was eighty years old, “I won't

tell you another single word unless you crawl into bed again.”

John safely back, he went on:

“Your father will be in Boston about a week, looking after evidences in the Edwards' lawsuit; and while he is there you and I—”

“Will take the stagecoach—”

“I'm afraid it will be a railway car,” said Grandfather, rather dubiously.

“The idea!” answered John. “Of course it will be a stagecoach. Haven't I heard you tell about it a hundred times? And there'll be four horses, and a little ladder up to the door; and the driver's name will be Jerry, and he'll say, ‘Get up there, Dobbin and Light-foot!’ and off we'll go.”

Grandfather, for reasons of his own, changed the subject.

“We'll go to the old farm,” he said; “and you shall have a red apple from the tree your grandmother planted when she was a little girl.”

“And the house'll be bigger than any in Chicago; and, then, there's the mountain, and it's miles and miles high; and we'll see Enoch Currier, and he'll wear knee-breeches and have big buckles on his shoes.”

“Maybe he's dead,” said Grandfather. “He was a very old man when I was just a little shaver—why, Bub, Enoch must be about a hundred and fifty years old! But I expect everything else is about as it was. Things don't change there as they do here. I guess they'll be surprised to see us. Your Great-aunt Jane has been dreadful set on my coming East. Gracious, won't she be surprised?”

John did not answer; for, being a tired little boy, he was asleep again, and Grandfather tiptoed very carefully and silently back to his own room.

II.

“Really, Grandfather,” said John, as their train flew swiftly over the beautiful tide lands north of Boston, “I'm glad this isn't a stagecoach. We'll get to Hilltop all the sooner. And I'm glad we

didn't let Great-aunt Jane know we are coming, for she'd think she'd have to send the carriage for us."

"Carriage!"

Poor Grandfather groaned inwardly. His kindly old mind and heart were in a sad turmoil. Ever since John had been old enough to listen, he had told him stories of the little New Hampshire town where his youth had been spent; and he had meant the stories to be true ones. At first they were true; but after a while had come the great temptation to color them, and he had yielded. His auditor had seemed to demand fresh facts; and, almost unconsciously, he had added height to the buildings and hills, while the human beings had been bedecked with extraordinary garments and endowed with impossible graces. As time went on he had, as is the fashion of the old, come to believe in his own romances; and it was not until he found himself actually approaching the scene where he had located them that he realized in what a difficulty he was likely to find himself. To have his little grandson lose faith in him,—how could he endure it? His joy at his own return after sixty years was all swallowed up in the thought that he was an impostor who was soon to be found out.

"Oh, why didn't I tell things just as they were?" he thought. "He'll never believe in me any more."

The train stopped at Hilltop with as much unconcern as if it had been any ordinary town; and John was surprised that the passengers did not seem excited, and that one old gentleman never looked up from his paper. Grandfather would not let any one help him off the car; but when the train had disappeared, and he and John, like two lost children, were looking about for the road to the town, he grew white and trembled.

"Bub," he remarked, "sixty years is a long while."

From that moment, strange as it may seem, John took the leadership.

"We'll just follow the crowd," he said. "Brace up, Grandfather!" And his tone and manner were so cheery and confident that Grandfather did "brace up," and walked along with lively steps, swinging his cane, and drinking in the salt air that came from the ocean, so near at hand.

"Say, Bub," he queried after a while, the look of distress coming back, "are you sure they put us off at the right place? The houses all look so small."

John said nothing, but Grandfather's cheerfulness soon returned as the old landmarks came in sight.

"Oh, there's Zeke Green's house!" he exclaimed. "The tavern's right 'round the corner. And the meeting-house hasn't changed a mite, only I did think it was bigger. It almost seems as if I'd been misleading you."

"Now, Grandfather," answered John bravely—for he, too, truth to tell, was somewhat disappointed at the size of the meeting-house,—"don't you worry. If I didn't get quite the right idea it was only because I was too little to understand; and we'll go and hunt up Aunt Jane without delay. Do you know the way?"

Did he know the way! He could have found it the darkest night that ever was. They struck out through the woods west of town.

"We'll see the old house just as soon as we get to the end of that stone-wall," he said; but once there, no building was in sight. "I don't understand," he murmured in a confused way; "and I'm a little dizzy."

John had been instructed by his father and was prepared for any emergency. A pleasant-faced old lady was driving along the road and he called to her.

"My grandfather isn't feeling very well," he said. "Maybe you know where I can get him a drink of water."

"For the land sakes!" said the kindly inmate of the "chaise," jumping out and tying her horse. "Let me get my bottle of salts. Here, grandpa, smell this.

There, you're all right. Now you and the little boy climb right into the chaise and come over to my house. It's just a little way."

Grandfather was only too glad to be taken possession of in such a friendly manner; and, not seeing very well, and slightly dizzy yet, he was soon lying on the stranger's best bed, while the scent from the old-fashioned roses floated in at the window.

Meanwhile John was explaining.

"We live out West," he said, "most as far as Chicago; and my father had to come to Boston, and he took us and let us come up here all alone to see Grandfather's home when he was a little fellow. He was twenty when he left and now he's eighty. We didn't let his sister—my great-aunt—know we were coming, for we wanted to surprise her; and she'd have bothered to send the carriage to the train. When Grandfather got out of the woods he didn't see the old house as he expected, and I guess that was what ailed him. He's always told me about Hilltop and the old house. It's a colonial house, with big elm trees, like the pictures of Longfellow's home, you know. I'm afraid it was burned down or something. As soon as he's a little better we must make our way back to the tavern."

"Now you needn't worry," said the good woman. "You and your grandpa are going to stay and take tea here. I'll start the fire and stir up some soda biscuit. I'm stronger than I look. I am seventy years old, but do my own work, and sometimes I do all the chores,—even the milking, when my husband's rheumatism is bad. He'll be in pretty soon. We're too poor to keep a hired man and he does his own farming."

"I'm sure everything looks very nice," answered John politely, gazing at the clean rag carpet and the old-fashioned dresser where the blue plates stood in a row. Well, if he could not have a big colonial mansion like that of his

ancestors, he would, he thought, choose an humble little home like this, where everything was so clean and sweet, and its mistress so kind.

The old lady bustled about, humming a pleasant tune, opening and shutting drawers, and getting out her small stock of china. All at once she heard an exclamation.

"That's my mother's picture!" said John, pointing to a photograph neatly framed with varnished pine cones.

"Then," replied his pleasant-faced hostess, "if that's your mother, I'm your Great-aunt Jane and you're my nephew's little boy all the way from Indiana!"

She laughed and cried as she hugged John, and got flour all over his jacket; but he did not mind, being so happy. And Grandfather appeared in the doorway, quite himself after his nap.

"I saw mother's old bureau when I woke up," he said; and there was flour on his best coat too, after he was through saluting the sister that he had left a little maid of ten, sixty years before. "But there are two things I don't understand," he went on, when quiet was restored again. "Why has the old house shrunk so?"

"It isn't changed a mite, brother. You had the wrong spectacles on the eyes of your heart,—that was all."

"But why couldn't I see it when I got through the woods?"

"Because you looked the wrong way,—you were turned 'round," said Great-aunt Jane, going to put on the teakettle. Her husband appeared by the time it boiled; and with him a neighbor, who proved to be Enoch Carrier's grandson, and nearly ninety years old!

John fell asleep in his white cot, to the sound of their old voices and the pleasant murmur of the wind among the pines. The next morning he went to the backdoor and looked out.

"Aunt Jane," he asked, "if I should get up on that hill could I see the mountain?"

"Bless you, dear," she answered, "*that* is the mountain!"

This was John's last disillusion: there was no more to find out. Hilltop, dear Hilltop, was his own now, fairer, lovelier than he had ever dreamed.

"Grandfather," he said at the first chance, "you didn't tell half the truth. It's twice as beautiful as I thought; and I'm glad the old house isn't any bigger. Maybe when I'm old I'll have the wrong spectacles on the eyes of my heart too, and will tell little boys that the sky-scrappers in Chicago reached to the stars."

And Grandfather was comforted.

The Curato of Piscille.

BY DANIEL PAUL.

THERE was a time when you could not go from Perugia the August to Assisi the Devout, or the other way, without passing the little *cura*—to the former city suburban—of Piscille. That was in the pre-railroad age, when locomotion was effected principally upon a rickety *vettura*, or upon that apostolic steed called by the Italians *il cavallo di San Francesco*,—prosaically, one's legs.

Piscille is not an unimportant spot on this the Lord's footstool. A little white church by the wayside, with its rectorage attached; on the other side of the road, a low *casuccia*, or hayrick; farther down, a villa—of the puissant Ansidei of Perugia,—whose garden is a thriving lemon and orange grove, the pleasant odor of which now haunts me and makes me fetch a sigh long and deep. Above the church, another cottage; farther up, a villa. This is Piscille; and if you marvel why two insignificant villas, a pair of sheds, and a hayrick should be dignified with a name, remember that the church and glebe attached—two acres exactly—are a dependence of the once famous Benedic-

tine monastery of San Pietro on the hill above, at the gate of Perugia. The church, a simple tile-roofed structure, runs lengthwise with the road, as it runs toward Assisi. It has the funniest little belfry you ever saw, rising not from the apex of the roof at the front gable, but from the outer eaves, back over the sacristy. It holds three bells, attuned in thirds, the music of which gladdens the Vale of the Tiber on Sundays and holidays.

Underneath the belfry, in the gable of the church, you notice a window. It is open, and the gentle breeze is playing with the sunny muslin curtain. There is a wee room within—a little eyrie under the bells—in which I lived through three summers and part of a very severe winter. I was a willing thrall there, because of the unaffected goodness and simplicity of those with whom I lived,—whereof in good time. The pastoral residence is incorporated with the church. The door for very distinguished visitors, such as the Bishop of Perugia or the Abbot of San Pietro, opens upon the church green. But you will receive as cordial a welcome to the hospitality of the house if you pass around behind the church to the backdoor. Besides, you can take in a view of the little glebe which helps to give the Father his daily bread—aye, some fruit, some wine, some oil.

To the left is the open garden gate, giving you a view of the shady grape-arbor. In the middle a well, fended from the sun by a tiled shed. Sweet and wondrously refreshing is the water that is drawn therefrom in an iron bucket. On either side of the grape-arbor garden truck flourishes amain. In the corner a peach-tree, adolescent, yet, like everything having life in Italy, precociously fruitful. To the right of the door—as you would knock upon it—an oven, of size goodly and order most ancient. Sloping down from the door and ending at a hedge, an acre and a

half of ground, through which runs a path. At this season of the year it is like a lake of gold—golden waving wheat,—with the delightful anomaly of fig-trees in the glory of their ripening fruit on one side of the path, which, for the sake of the figure, we may call the furrow of an imaginary skiff; while on the other, peaceful olive-trees biding patiently until the first blast of November pronounces the olive ready for the press. Away off in the distance Monte Lupo—church-crested, of course. Did you ever see a lovely mountain-top in Italy that is not crowned with either a monastery, a church, or a sanctuary of some kind—some token of recognition from the creature to the Creator?

Let the rustic knocker fall. A shuffling of slippered feet on the tiled floor within. The door opens, revealing a portly old lady, modestly habited in blue calico and a snowy sacque. The hand that holds the door agape is white, plump and soft. The face that smiles upon you is ruddy and unwrinkled, though she was born a good many decades since, if the telling is fair. The eyes are black and lightsome. The parting of the gray hair is wider than it was fifty years ago. This is Diamante—literally *Dio-amante* (God-loving). It means also Diamond. She is true to her name, for a God-loving and, by corollary, a neighbor-loving Diamond is she: cousin and house-keeper to mine host the Curato. Is the Curato at home? "*Si sa*" (Of course), says the Diamond. He is always at home, even when he is absent from the house on his ministrations, so thoroughly has he impressed upon this good woman what a sterling priest comprehends in the word "home."

And as he hears my voice he appears, biretta in one hand, Breviary in the other; and his arms are at once around my neck in the old pax-giving style, while he says, "*Figlio, ti do il benvenuto tra noi*" (Son, I give thee welcome among us). Then appears Annunziata

the handmaiden, albeit she is the wife of Giovanni Momo of the hill, and the mother of a son and daughter, both grown up. She rises at five o'clock every morning, trudges up the steep, two-mile hill to Perugia, makes the purchases for the day, and is back before coffee. She has never been ill. Another member of the family is the huge black cat, Lucifero by name, and a terror to the lizards and dogs. Every evening a tall, powerful *contadino* comes from a neighboring vineyard to draw water for the plants and do chores. He answers to the name of Giovanni Vigna when arraigned for keeping a shotgun without license. For all other purposes Giovanni is enough.

I have never seen the Curato outside of his cassock, so can not describe his figure. After all, the figure has not much to do with his character, and it is this I would give you a hint of. He is short, has a rubicund, gentle face, lit up by large gray eyes. He is quite bald—the effect, I presume, of constantly wearing a tight-fitting skullcap, even under his biretta, or three-cornered cap. He might be sixty. He came of an excellent family of Perugia. He entered the Order of the Capuchin Friars when quite young; did missionary work on the island of Sardinia, and was afterward sent to Assisi. During the great cholera which devastated that city some thirty years ago, he was one of the volunteers in the hospital service. He told me his experiences in the Lazarus with the simplicity of a hero. Yet he deprecated being thought heroic, being mild and meek as a dove. He showed surprise when I asked him once if he was afraid while imprisoned with the pestilent. "Of what?" he asked, innocently.—"Of becoming a victim of the contagion."—"Ah, *figlio*, I had no time to be afraid! And who ever heard of a man's being afraid to go to Paradise?"

The question was absolutely logical, and beseeemed the priest. When the Italians invaded Umbria in 1860, the

law for the suppression of religious Orders, then in vogue in Piedmont, was applied, and he was secularized, and appointed to the little *cura* of Piscille, his Bishop being Cardinal Pecci of Perugia, now Pope Leo XIII. He loves to tell how the Cardinal, after driving outside the city walls, would alight from his carriage (it is not *en règle* for a Cardinal to walk in the streets) and walk down the serpentine hill to Piscille; and, having visited the Blessed Sacrament in the church, would condescend to go into the garden, seat himself at the little round table under the arbor, and partake of a *rinfrasco*—a knuckle of Diamante's bread and a glass of water with a sprinkling of wine therein.

It was on one of these visits that the Cardinal saw Cornelio, a modest young man, with a powder-tattooed face—the evidence of an unfortunate “didn't-know-it-was-loaded,”—whom the priest took in for charity. He liked him, and asked the Curato's permission to engage him in his own service. Cornelio became the body-servant of his Eminence. I asked the Curato if it ever occurred to him that his relations with the former Cardinal might not be legitimately used to further his own advancement; such things are not without precedent. His honest eyes opened wide with amazement, and he said, with decisiveness: “*Figlio, si vive una sola volta*,—Son, we live but once; and the soul saved here in this poor little *cura* might wreak damnation in preferment. *Vade retro, Satanas!*”

He arose from the table at which we were seated at the noonday meal,—he, the Diamond, and myself, Lucifero occupying a chair on his left—and went out. I thought he was angry. Presently he returned with a large black bottle (fear not, reader!), the cork of which he drew with solemnity. He looked at me with jovial sweetness, and bade me reach him my glass. He nearly filled it with a famous old wine, the vintage of

the garden, called *Alleatico*, and said: “I did not mean you, son, but Satan.” We clinked glasses and drank,—I of that glorious, generous juice; he of the hard, white wine, most unmercifully diluted with water.

And this reminds me of a little incident, the which when I've told I will tell you of our domestic life in that sanctuary of peace. I received weekly from America a Catholic paper, of which a few columns on the last page were devoted to the reports of a temperance society. The top of the first column was ornamented with a temperance badge and motto. He requested me one day to “'splain and 'spound.” I did so. “A temperance society! O Madonna Santissima! Do people get *drunk* in America? And on spirits? I like rum in black coffee, but to drink it to intoxication! The bestial sin of it! The horror! And, then, it must make them sick.” Then I told him of the Prohibition Movement. He thought it was a good joke on the practical Americans. Then he summed up: “For this evil two remedies are necessary: the grace of God and firmness of character.” To explain matters, I ought to remark that drunkenness is unknown in Italy.

Reader, let me take you by the hand, as that simple, gentle-mannered priest took me, and show you around. From the room in which I first entered, where the Diamond is knitting and helping two little country maidens up and down the bothering stairs of the alphabet, we pass into the kitchen, smoke-begrimed but withal neat. The fireplace is enormous and deep. Two niches on either side look inviting, say to the statues of two patron saints. A plethoric pot hangs on the crane, suggesting a broth whenever needed. The walls are hung with copper utensils. A flour-bin; a solid table, upon which the agile Annunziata rolls out the macaroni paste and makes bread. Then through a doorway. To the right a

little room—the dining-room—lit up by an iron-barred window high up in the massive wall. A few shelves let into the wall, protected by a glass door: call it the sideboard. Up a flight of dark stairs to a landing, opening into the sacristy of the church on one side, and back into the little sitting-room, Diamante's and the priest's room, on the other side. Here an ancient clock ticks momentarily, and rings the hours and quarters thereof with a whirl of its venerable wheels that seems to presage a final dissolution.

Up another flight of steps of the primitive order of ladder. We are now over the church, and directly under its roof. One corner is partitioned off, making a room 10x12. We enter. The walls are papered in a simple fashion; the floor is brick-tiled; a snow-white bed; over it the picture of Our Lady; a rug at the bed; a chest of drawers; a deal table, at which I have frequently written to you, dear "AVE"; a rush-bottomed chair; an indenture in the wall, covered with a curtain, wherein to hang clothes. Behold my room and its furniture! I had forgotten a quaint Roman lamp, triple-spouted, in which the purest olive oil is burned.

And now look out of the little window at the beautiful Vale of the Tiber, stretching far and wide. And the river, too, journeying on, now straight, now tortuous, and withal suggesting repose. Yet I have seen that river rise in its wrath and inundate the valley until it looked like a muddy sea under the black sky of November. Historic Todi away out on the right; to the left, high up on Soracte's breast, Assisi. Such the scene that greeted me every morning when I drew back the shutters and looked out. I forbear reflections. The remaining space over the church is used as a store-room for grain, potatoes, dried grapes, onions, and what not.

Let us descend into the sacristy and out into the church. It is beautifully

decorated,—a work which has irretrievably impoverished the poor Curato. Over the main altar there is a life-size picture of St. Christopher—to whom the church is dedicated,—bearing the Child aloft on his sturdy shoulders. In the sacristy the priest shows you his treasures: a fine store—hundreds of pounds—of pure wax candles of every size. Of these he is justly proud, almost as much as he is of his church. He bought them with his own money, and is poor in consequence. But he satisfies his great love—his greatest after the love of God and his neighbor; and that love possessed the Royal Prophet too: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!"

And now, if you would look upon a pleasant picture, come into the kitchen after supper on one of the nights of the severe winter I spoke of above. A fire of oak logs is burning brightly. In one niche sits the Curato; *vis-à-vis*, sit I; before the fire, rattling her knitting needles, the Diamond. On a chair, near the Curato, Lucifero is purring and blinking. Chestnuts are crackling in a pan near the coals. A decanter of wine is on the hearth, to take the chill off, you know. I have just cracked a chestnut after propounding a theological difficulty to the Curato. The old man answers the difficulty, as he does all difficulties which baffle his erudition (he is not learned, save in godly ways), by backing up against the impregnable bulwarks of the authority of the Church, saying, "It is true because she teaches it, and she says:

Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius."

Then he rises, trims his lamp, lights it, and as he stands at the door says: "*Buon riposo, e buona notte.*"

—♦♦♦—

THE well-informed man nowadays is the man who can give us a number of more or less inaccurate statistics about most subjects.—*Bishop Creighton.*

To the Letter of the Law.

 AN EPISODE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

THE most onerous precept in the whole code of Christian morality is unquestionably: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." The general law of charity that bids us love our neighbor as ourselves does not impress us as being particularly difficult to fulfil, especially as it does not imply that our self-love and our fraternal love must be equal in degree; but when we are forced to apply the general precept to the specific case of an individual enemy, the natural man at once revolts, and grace has often enough an arduous struggle before the victory is won for the gentle code of our Saviour.

Of the many recorded instances of the genuine magnanimity which obedience to this precept implies, there are few perhaps more striking than the heroic exploit of a French *curé* in the wild days of the Reign of Terror. Abbé Aurain was parish priest of Fégréac, a little village of Bretagne. His parishioners had so far escaped the revolutionary spirit, had remained so law-abiding and religious, that the pastor had not been obliged to fly for his life, as had been so many of his clerical brethren. He remained in the village, preached the word of God and taught his people their duties as Christians just as he had done in the bygone days of peace and happiness.

Fégréac, thus refreshed with celestial dew, seemed a real oasis amid the desert aridity of the surrounding country. The faithful from neighboring parishes went thither secretly to attend Mass, frequent the sacraments, and hear the Gospel, which the demoniacal spirit at that time rampant had proscribed throughout France. Still, even in Fégréac precautions had to be taken. Whenever

Mass was to be celebrated, children were posted on the heights overlooking the different roads. Their ostensible business was to watch their flocks of sheep; but each child was provided with a dinner-horn, and whenever any soldiers appeared on the highway the horns sounded an alarm. Forthwith the *curé's* congregation dispersed, the church doors were closed, and the armed strangers who traversed the village saw no reason to believe that God was still worshiped therein.

Finally, however, Fégréac's Catholicity became known to the Terrorists. It was on a solemn festival, and the church was thronged. Abbé Aurain had just finished the consecration, God had descended from the glory of heaven into the village temple, the pious attendants adored in silence—when suddenly the alarm signal was heard. The women became frightened and restless; the men rose from their knees; the priest alone showed no fear. "The Holy Sacrifice must be concluded: God is with us, my brethren. Let us pray." Then, bending over the altar, he recited the *Domine, non sum dignus*, and consumed the Blessed Sacrament.

The noise outside increased, and the villagers were leaving the church, when a boy rushed in and cried out breathlessly: "Save the priest! The Blues have entered the village; they're close behind me!" Father Aurain had just finished removing his vestments when he caught sight of two dragoons of the Republic stationing themselves at the main door. His capture meant death, and duty bade him live. With a bound he reached the sacristy, ran through it, and gained the graveyard. Here he encountered two other soldiers who attempted to seize him; but, evading them, he jumped over the graveyard wall and made for the open fields beyond. The Republicans followed. Active and vigorous, the Abbé ran well, and, without any lessening of his speed, cleared every fence and hedge he came

to. Some rods behind him, his enemies kept up a determined pursuit, and one in particular appeared fully as active as the fugitive.

The race was continued across three or four fields, and now the priest was confronted with a little river. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged in, and, swimming as vigorously as he had been running and jumping, soon reached its farther bank. Looking back, he saw that while he had distanced one of the soldiers, the other had just come to the river, into which he, too, plunged at once. Father Aurain resumed his race. He bounded up a hillside, crossed its summit, and knew that he was safe. Out of sight of his pursuers, he could in a minute or two take shelter in the dense wood; and once there, he would be secure from further pursuit.

He was safe, yes,—but what was that? A cry of distress. It was repeated, and the priest turned back. Looking down from the top of the hill, he saw the dragoon who had pressed him closest struggling in the water and apparently about to sink.

The pastor, who had taught from the altar the law of charity, who had so often preached the forgiveness of injuries and recommended the return of good for evil, was not deaf to the voice of his enemy shrieking for help. Swiftly as he had acted in saving himself, he flew still more rapidly to the rescue of the Republican. Jumping into the river again, he struck out for the drowning soldier. The latter sank before the priest reached him, and not until he had dived again and again did the Abbé succeed in bringing up the limp and helpless body. Ten minutes later, under the vigorous rubbing of Father Aurain, the dragoon opened his eyes to find himself stretched on the greensward, and felt the *curé* working hard to restore his dilatory respiration.

"Hello!" he ejaculated, as he rose to his feet. "Was it you who saved me?

Was it *you*, whose death I had sworn to bring about?"

"Well," said the Abbé, "here I am. I'm your prisoner, if you like; for I'm exhausted now and can't even try to escape you. Are you going to lead me to my death?"

"May I be everlastingly cursed if I do!" cried the soldier. "You needn't fear that I'll lay my hands on you. But say, what's all this they've been telling us about you priests, anyway? I've had it dinned into my ears every day for months that the *curés* are our worst enemies."

"My friend, you see for yourself what sort of enemies we are," remarked Father Aurain. "In rescuing you I have done nothing but my duty. Any priest, any Christian, should do as much. I've been fortunate enough to succeed, thank Heaven! Do you thank Heaven also, and give up persecuting those who believe in God and serve Him."

"Come, get away,—get away quick!" rejoined the dragoon. "I see my comrades coming toward us. We soldiers know nothing but obedience. Hide yourself. I'll meet them and tell them you are not in sight. Good-bye, good bye! I'll never forget you. Hurry,—save yourself!"

They separated. The *curé*, overcome with fatigue, hid himself; while the dragoon went down the riverside and soon rejoined his comrades.

No more graphic commentary on the spirit that animated the soldiery of that frenetic period need be made than the statement that the rescued one dared not tell his companions how his life had been saved and by whom. The gratitude that really warmed his heart was made dumb by fear; and only in later years, when the horrors of the Reign of Terror were but a memory, did he recount the heroic deed of the village priest who obeyed to the very letter the law of Christ: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you."

Notes and Remarks.

It is not so long since the defenders of revealed religion were disposed to be grateful if scientific men did not positively antagonize revelation: now the men of science themselves—at least a very respectable majority of them—are not satisfied unless their *confères* go much further. In a recent lecture before an audience of University men in London, Prof. Henslow declared that science neither affirmed nor denied that life was of creative origin. But, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, Lord Kelvin, one of the most distinguished spokesmen of modern science, took occasion to enter a demurrer. Science, he said, positively affirmed the creative origin of life. Modern biologists were once more coming to the firm acceptance of an eternal vital Principle. They had been absolutely forced by science to admit and believe in a directive Power. "Is there anything so absurd," he asked, "as to believe that a number of atoms falling together of their own accord could make a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, or a living animal? Let us be free in thought and criticism; but with freedom we are bound to come to the conclusion that science is not antagonistic but friendly to religion." Perhaps even Andrew D. White will now declare the war ended and help to draw up a treaty of peace between Science and Religion.

Those dreadful scientific journals seem determined to dethrone all our popular idols. A few weeks ago we learned that chronometers are not half so reliable as we had all our life religiously supposed them to be; and now comes the *Medical News* with the heartless statement that even our thermometers may possibly be astray. The variations among a dozen ordinary thermometers, we are coolly informed, will often amount to five or six degrees. So there's another horror

to be added to the coming summer heat. When the canicular days are upon us, and we glance at our old friend the thermometer to discover just how high the mercury has risen, there will always henceforth remain a doubt whether its 97° in the shade should not really be 102° or 103°. Extreme heat is bad enough, but uncertainty as to its real intensity will be wellnigh insupportable. Our paternal government will simply be obliged to place a standard, certified, "all-right" thermometer in every post-office in the country. The American citizen has an imprescriptible right to know exactly how uncomfortable he is at all times.

The truth of Tennyson's familiar saying, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," is substantiated a thousand times to one that it is proclaimed. Yet "it is honorable to reveal and confess the works of God." Through the kindness of a correspondent in Boston, we are informed of a marvel recently wrought through the intercession of St. Philomena in India, which, being well authenticated, is worthy of record.

A swarm of locusts—millions of them—had settled on a field belonging to an orphan asylum and threatened to ruin the entire crop—a kind of maize upon which the children are largely dependent for sustenance. When this misfortune became known there was great distress, not only among the devoted Sisters who care for these innocent victims of the famine, but among the orphans themselves, who understand from past sad experience the difficulty of providing for the needs of so large a number. Realizing their powerlessness and the extent of the threatened loss, the Sisters had recourse to prayer. Recalling some recent favors obtained through the intercession of St. Philomena, they took a little picture of the martyr and fastened it to a cross made of a long

bamboo; and all the inmates of the asylum started in procession for the field, praying as they went with all their hearts. The chaplain planted the cross where the maize grew thickest, imploring St. Philomena to have it in charge and drive the locusts away. Everyone knows how complete is the destruction wrought by these insects, and how rarely they ever leave a spot where they have settled until everything green has disappeared. But, strange to say, the field was spared, and next day not a locust was to be seen. The joy and gratitude of the petitioners may be imagined.

St. Philomena, it will be remembered, was the beloved patron saint of the Venerable Curé of Ars; and to the intercession of that "dear little martyr," as he affectionately called her, he attributed many of the wonders recorded in his life. Her power in heaven is evidently undiminished; and "the hand of the Lord," we know, "is not shortened, that it can not save; neither is His ear heavy, that it can not hear."

When a divorced Vanderbilt goes through the form of a second marriage, the affair has at least the merit of drawing out condemnations of divorce from other than Catholic quarters. Thus the *Evening Post* (N. Y.) makes the following observations:

It is not necessary to hold the sacramental view of marriage in order to sympathize with those English prelates and clergymen who are so scandalized by the Vanderbilt wedding in church. Let the canonical position be what it may, even those who regard marriage as a civil contract may well be disgusted by the tendency to make higger-mugger of the family relation, and to give divorce the air of being simply an easy means, for the rich, of changing partners in marriage as you would at a ball. This is the shocking thing. It affronts not merely sacerdotalism but ordinary decency. There is no surer sign of the insidious invasion of luxury, ever seeking a new sensation for its jaded nerves, than the growing laxity about marriage. Let any man of middle life recall the social penalty visited upon divorced persons a generation ago, and compare

it with the cynical indifference which prevails as regards even the most flagrant cases of off with the old wife or husband and on with the new, in those circles where wealth is the sufficient passport. The difference is as notable as it is painful.

Is it not a curious system of ethics, though, which holds that while men can recognize the immoral character of divorce it may yet be approved of God? We are reminded of the abstemious parson who dryly remarked that if Our Lord *had foreseen* the evil wrought by alcohol He would not have made wine an element of consecration.

Apropos of the interminable discussion as to the most suitable name for the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, the *Grace Emmanuel Church Chronicle* commends Bishop Burgess of Long Island for declaring that "the Episcopal Church has more important business to attend to than agitating about a change of its official name." Its own view of the whole subject the same paper expresses with a freedom that might seem discourteous in one not of the P. E. communion; although its view is no doubt shared by a good many thousands of Protestants of all denominations, to say nothing of Catholics. "It would be more to the point," says the *Chronicle*, "if some way could be suggested by which the Protestant Episcopal Church of America could be saved from its threatened title of American Fashionable Church, never mind American Catholic Church."

The celebration last week of the episcopal Silver Jubilee of the Bishop of Indianapolis was one of the most notable events of its kind that has ever occurred in the United States. The high esteem and sincere affection in which Mgr. Chatard is held were evidenced by the large number of prelates and priests in attendance, many of whom came from a great distance to offer their congratulations and to take part in the celebration. The presence of an immense concourse of

the laity, including many non-Catholics, among them two United States senators, testified to the high regard felt for the Bishop, not only by his own flock but by the citizens of Indianapolis generally. The celebration had many interesting features, but we feel sure the most gratifying of all to the venerable jubilarian was the procession of children of the parochial schools, waving the American flag. Mgr. Chatard can not be called an old man, but he has witnessed wondrous triumphs of the Church during the last quarter of a century; and as he watched that little army of Catholic children filing past he must have thought of still greater victories of faith in the years that are to come. We hope he may be spared to witness many of these conquests and to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his consecration.

It would be a wholesome enactment if the faithful laity, and those ecclesiastics whose duties are not strictly of a missionary character, were required to acquaint themselves with conditions in pagan lands and even in some of the dioceses of the United States. The *Missionary* would afford the information. Here, for instance, is an account of a morning's work done by Bishop Northrop in the mountainous section of South Carolina: "He preached at the Gospel and he preached before the administration of the Sacrament [of Confirmation],—thus filling up two hours and a half. And then he preached to each one of the Catholics separately before he left the hall. The people, naturally, did not want to let him go; but it was near three o'clock, and he had not broken his fast; so I had to insist on his leaving." And of the people: "One family started at two o'clock in the morning, and I found them at nine o'clock just taking out their mule at the village pump; delighted, in spite of their fatigue, that they had got there on time. And the old folks had come fasting that

they might go to Holy Communion! What a sermon for those who have every advantage and who too often lack appreciation!"

But the Bishop and Father Gwynne, the chronicler of the journey, had experiences of a less austere character, too:

We stopped at a mountain cabin for dinner. Our host—a tall, lean man, with skin like dried apples, and eyes that could pierce the autumn foliage and pick out the squirrel over a hundred yards distant,—gave us the little best he had; and he liked us so well, or rather the Bishop so completely won his heart by exhibiting such good common-sense about guns and dogs, that the woodsman gave us the supreme mark of confidence; he let us know "by many a wink and blink and whispered word" that there was a spring of "mountain dew" in which he was interested, "Six miles down the road," he said, "there's a great rock overhanging the road [I shall spare the reader the dialect]; about ten feet to the left you'll find a tree with a squirrel hole in it a few feet from the ground. If you are thirsty, mister, when you get to this place, just put your bottle and ten cents in that hole, yell three times, and go on 'bout your business down the road a piece. Give the charm time to work, and when you come back you'll find as good corn liquor in that bottle as ever tickled your windpipe. Yes, sir," he ended with a wink, "'tis the fairies that does it." We did not avail ourselves of our host's confidence; but when we neared the enchanted spot the shades of evening were turning the shadows into moonshiners with glittering eyes, and bears, catamounts and other such animals. And then the stories of how innocent travellers had received the leaden messages intended for the troublesome revenue officers sent little electric thrills down our spine which urged us that 'twere best not to linger.

The Rev. James Forbes is the latest publicist to essay the task of explaining how it happens that twenty-five thousand Freemasons and atheists can tyrannize over thirty-seven millions of nominal Catholics without eliciting so much as an energetic protest. Father Forbes, whose pamphlet is declared by so high an authority as Mr. J. E. C. Bodley to be "one of the most important documents that I have met with on the state of the Church in France," notes among other circumstances that in certain outlying parishes of Paris

sixty-five per cent of the children are unbaptized. What the percentage of baptized children will be a few years hence it is not pleasant to consider. The conversion of such men as Brunetière, Coppée and Bourget is a signal encouragement; but the baptism of the children of Paris and their careful training in the religious schools would be still more hopeful signs for the future.

Archbishop Quigley has thought it worth while to repudiate some bombastic and sensational statements attributed to him by a scribbler for one of the Chicago newspapers in the report of an address delivered to a sodality of ladies. His Grace characterizes the statements as "outrageously false," and wonders how or why they were ever concocted. The report appeared in only one of the Chicago papers, but we notice that it has been reproduced in several Catholic journals. Which will, perhaps, increase the Archbishop's wonderment—that is, if he is unaware of the fact that certain Catholic journals make it a practice to reproduce anything they find in a daily paper relating to the Church, often without scrutiny and always without acknowledgment. A double offence in many instances—"provoke" as well as petit larceny.

The *Congregationalist* is responsible for a statement which, if strictly true, ought to serve as a warning to those who look to Socialism (elastic term!) as the road by which the millennium is to come. It says: "One of the most prominent of the Socialists of Boston for many years has been Mrs. Martha Moore Avery. She has just been suspended from the organization for two years for daring to protest against the atheism rampant in the organization." Our sectarian contemporary adds: "This shows why the Roman Catholic Church, here and abroad, is so opposed to Socialism."

Notable New Books.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. By the Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D. The John C. Winston Co.

This popular life of Pope Leo is among the most widely circulated Catholic biographies published in English during the present generation. The author, as is well known, enjoyed special facilities for the work by direction of the Holy Father himself; and the fervor and enthusiasm of Monsig. O'Reilly has fused his material into what would seem almost a rhapsody, were it not tempered by the gravity, the wisdom, the learning and the other solidities that mark the volume. As we have already noted, this is not merely a reprint of a work that has been long before the public: the author has added valuable chapters that complete the record of Pope Leo's life thus far; the closing pages being devoted to the great Papal Jubilee. Other chapters deal with the later Encyclicals, the public utterances, the pastoral activities, and the international policies of the Holy Father.

Father Tom of Connemara. By Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville. Rand McNally & Co.

There is a considerable body of good literary work in these sketches. The field is a fresh one, the incident abundant and stirring, the characterization is powerful, and the writing often graphic. But we find a want of whole-hearted sympathy between the author and her subject; and very often there is more condescension toward the rural Irish clergy than beseems a writer with such a resounding patronymic as Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville. We can not imagine a Catholic writing such a travesty of the Sacrament of Matrimony as "Beezy of Galilee." But perhaps the author is not a Catholic. In the really beautiful sketch "Ordained for Connemara" she confounds *surplice* with *alb* and *chalice* with *ciborium*; and people are everywhere making sudden marriages without bothering about the banns. We should like to see a review of this production by Father Tom himself.

Border Memories. By Marion Muir Richardson. Published by the Author.

We do not know of any American woman who is writing more vital poems than are to be found in this volume. They are fresh, because the author has found her inspiration and her themes not in books but in the life about her; they are vigorous through the very want of over-elaboration; concrete and imaginative, as all real poetry must be; they are organic in form, because they are spontaneous. There is little of the lyrical quality in them, chiefly because they are so heavily thought-laden; and this, we think, also accounts for Mrs. Richardson's preference for the pentameter measure. Many of these poems

first appeared in this magazine, and doubtless our readers will be grateful to the author for gathering them into a volume.

A Daughter of the Sierra. By Christian Reid. B. Herder.

Readers of this magazine who followed the fortunes of "A Daughter of the Sierra" when the story ran as a serial will be glad to know that this excellent novel is now published in book form. Christian Reid's style is most attractive, and her character portrayals are always clear-cut and strong. This writer never preaches, but she always teaches nobility and high-mindedness, and her characters are always consistent. The story of the Santa Cruz Mine is admirably told, and the *dénouement* is just what one would wish; but it is brought about in a strikingly effective way, which, while in a sense surprising, is yet thoroughly artistic.

The Light Behind. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. John Lane.

This is a well-written, well-poised society novel, the setting of the action being in London's social circle. But it is more than that: it is psychologic, inasmuch as it reveals the heart of a good woman. Her dream of happiness shattered soon after her marriage, she takes a stand and maintains it. She will not pose as a neglected wife; and, what with social interests and plans for the betterment of the working classes, she rises to a place of real importance in her husband's career. Circumstances combine to show her what the world's esteem is worth, but she wins in the end. The tragedy of all life is summed up in the line of Mrs. Browning's, which gives Mrs. Ward's book its title:

Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind.

Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. By Isabel Lowell. The Macmillan Company.

This is a very delightful work, the stories about the Rome of ancient times being told in a way to invite rereading. The Roman Forum, that centre of national life; the Comitium, with its legends of the Horatii and Curiatii; an interesting account of the Temple of Vesta, and a host of stories relating to Cæsar and his days, make up a book for the student's desk and the general reader's library. The illustrations are in photogravure, and the work of the bookmaker is noticeably excellent as well as attractive.

George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Company.

To the English Men of Letters series, edited by Mr. John Morley, has been added "George Eliot"; and while the life of so prominent a figure in English literature was no doubt necessary to an important series, there is hardly any other reason

for its publication. There has been an undeniable waning of interest in this gifted writer, who, however lauded some decades ago, has lost her hold on the critics. Even her staunch admirers grant this, and they are at a loss to account for it. Too much psychology, too serious a view of life, are among the reasons advanced; but, whatever it is, the results are apparent in the world of letters.

Mr. Stephen tries conscientiously to give full value to George Eliot's literary efforts, but without marked success. He devotes one-third of his small book to biographical matter, in which he tells us nothing new. The rest of the volume is taken up with the novelist's works, which are handled analytically, and with a shade warmer degree of sympathy than that bestowed upon them by Mr. George Saintsbury in "Corrected Impressions"; and with less feeling than Mr. Howells showed for George Eliot's heroines in his latest dicta on the feminine creations of the world's novelists.

The Girlhood of Our Lady. By Marion F. Brunowe. Cathedral Library Association.

With such a flower-sweet theme, the book could not be anything but an idyl in biography. When this story of Mary's young life appeared in THE AVE MARIA, it attracted favorable comment; and now that it is published in book form—it is truly artistic in make-up,—we feel sure that it will be warmly welcomed by Children of Mary, and, indeed, by all who love and honor the Queen of Heaven. Ittenbach's "Mary in the Temple" adorns the cover and serves as frontispiece; the other illustrations are by Giotto, Murillo, etc.

A Story within a Story. By Dawn Graye. The Neale Publishing Co.

The optimism of charity is the keynote of these chapters, that read as if they were transcripts from real life. The characters are varied and include types ranging from the selfish mother to the "doctor of the old school." Miss Milly is a delightful character, and one loves her for her sweet sunniness that sheds brightness on the lives of so many. Alice Goldweight, too, wins the reader's sympathy. The pathos of the story is that of the life around us.

The Pilkington Heir. By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Brothers.

The young people are coming in for their share of historical stories; and, like those written for the "grown-ups," there are all kinds—good, bad and indifferent. "The Pilkington Heir" has many elements that will please the young imagination. There is, first of all, the war-setting, and that is a charm in itself; added to this we have kidnapping, plottings to defraud the rightful heir, narrow escapes, examples of bravery, and a happy ending.



To Our Lady.

THE winter long of Advent
Knew first the joys of Spring
When thou, the earth's expected,
Bade birds of hope to sing.

Thy gentle footsteps kindled
The waiting earth to flowers;
The Root of Jesse blossomed,
Forgot were winter hours.

Thy coming was the springtime
That touched to life the Tree
With pledge that in the harvest
Salvation men might see.

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.

THE plaza was thronged with the country-people and villagers. The games had been going on steadily since noon—amateur wrestlings, throwings, running for prizes, leaping over poles,—and now it was the turn of the players.

Rosa sat in the caravan awaiting her turn among the dancers. Pasquale and one of the other women had performed several intricate *danzas*, with castanets and bells,—the latter tiny silver trinkets attached to the tops of their shoes and tinkling at every step. The applause had been loud and long, and the *encores* so many that the dancers were obliged to pause from sheer exhaustion.

Dellito could not help contrasting his mother's attire with that of the other women players. They all wore gaudy, nondescript clothing, made in any odd fashion that had suggested itself to

their very limited minds. Everything was tawdry, brassy and cheap. But Rosa wore a pretty wine-colored skirt made of satin, and trimmed down each breadth with beads of real jet,—an inheritance from her mother, who had been a woman of exquisite taste. A white satin jacket braided with gold, chemisette and sleeves of cream-colored lace dotted with pearl beads, and a string of similar beads about her throat, completed the upper portion of her attire. Her beautiful hair, worn as usual in two thick plaits, woven by the deft hands of Pasquale into many strands, hung far below her waist—almost to her knees. A single white flower above her ear formed a pleasing contrast to the red-gold of her abundant tresses. Her dress was long, reaching almost to the ground; and when her feet were not in motion, one could barely catch a glimpse of the wine-colored satin slippers trimmed with jet and pearl. Her whole demeanor was modest, gracious and refined.

Dellito sat beside her on the step of the van, waiting till she should be called. Finally the applause subsided; and after a few moments Pasquale appeared, wiping his brow with a bright handkerchief of scarlet silk. His face was flushed by the prolonged exercise he had been taking, but he looked very handsome, clad in black velveteen jacket and short trousers, with scarlet stockings, and shining, pointed shoes.

"Come, *querida!* They are waiting," he said, offering his hand to his wife. "I have never seen you look so lovely as to-day," he added, as she rose to accompany him. In his heart he thought: "My Rosa is better,—she is well. All my fears have been groundless. She is quite her own dear self again."

When they reached the square the people began to applaud loudly. Rosa was a general favorite; her dancing was unique, and to-day she was looking particularly sweet and beautiful. Very graciously she bowed from side to side, a smile upon her lips, her hands, covered with sparkling rings, clasped loosely in front of her. Pasquale now took his place with three others who were twanging their guitars in a half-weird, half-melancholy strain.

"*Ole, ole!*" cried the audience,—which may be translated "Bravo," and is used as an expression of encouragement before the dancer begins.

Slowly Rosa swayed from side to side in rhythm with the music, her arms still hanging loosely in front of her. The guitars now changed their tune, the music becoming more animated. She threw her arms above her head, clasping her hands, and then as suddenly letting them fall again. This was repeated several times, her body moving slowly forward, then backward, in measured, rhythmical motion. Then the guitars began to go faster and yet faster, she keeping time with every note. Now the clicking of her high, pointed heels could be heard beating upon the boards; and yet there was perfect dignity and decorum through the whole performance. Only the tips of her shoes could be seen, while, with arms now extended, now thrown above her head, she went backward and forward in the dance, apparently without the slightest fatigue. Gradually the music became slower, the click-clack of the pointed heels was no longer heard; once more the original strain gave time to the first movement, and she finished the dance as she had begun it—slowly, solemnly,—till at length she stood quite motionless before her audience, her cheeks very pale, her eyes half closed.

"*Ole, ole!*" they shouted.

And Pasquale turned and looked at his wife, expecting that she would give

the signal for an *encore*. But with a single uplifting of a finger she called him to her. And when he reached her side she whispered:

"I can not, Pasquale. I am ill. Take me away."

If her husband had not thrown his arms around her she would have fallen. But with one swift motion he gathered her to his bosom and bore her to the caravan. He laid her on the couch, and her color somewhat revived.

"Call no one," she said. "Dellito is here. I want only a drink of water."

"But I can not leave you," said Pasquale.

"You must," she rejoined. "It is your last act. Afterward you can come back and stay with me. Go, Pasquale, or the people will come crowding in, and I could not stand it."

The man pleaded, but she would not let him stay with her. Before leaving, however, he brought her a glass of wine and water.

"Go now," she said. "Dellito will wait on me."

He hurried away, and her eyes followed him. If he had seen their despairing expression, he would have remained at any cost. When she could see him no longer she turned her white face to the wall and put her handkerchief to her lips. When she removed it there was a small crimson spot hidden in its folds.

On returning to the square, Pasquale was met by many anxious inquiries; but, in obedience to Rosa's request, he made light of her sudden illness. She had not been well, he said, and the dance had fatigued her,—that was all. She would be better and around again in an hour or so.

Then Pedro, the strong man, came forward and reminded him that their trick was next in order.

"The people will begin to go away if we do not hurry," he said; "and then there will not be much in the plates for us. Are you ready, Pasquale?"

"Yes, whenever you are," rejoined Pasquale, and they went forward.

They had practised this performance in the morning; it had promised to be the drawing card of the day. A heavy flag pole about twenty feet high stood in the centre of the square. Several spikes had been driven into either side, by means of which the two men were to climb to the top. Arrived there, Pedro, who was a giant in strength and stature, was to stretch out his immense hand, and Pasquale, with a balancing stick in one hand, was to poise thereon for about six seconds. It was a dangerous undertaking, but both men were brave; and it was certainly an attractive card.

The people, agape at the wonderful feat, gathered in a solid mass on the square. Pedro went first, on one side; Pasquale followed on the other. They reached the top, and Pedro seated himself. Then, balancing his steps with the pole, Pasquale slowly crept over to the outstretched hand of the giant, waiting to receive him. Suddenly a sharp, cracking sound was heard—the rotten pole, weakened by the insertion of the iron spikes, had split in twain. Pedro, clutching the top, was on the safe side. The half on which Pasquale leaned lurched forward: vainly grasping the air, the poor acrobat was hurled fiercely to the ground. A murmur of horror went up from the spectators. They gathered round him where he lay on the stones of the plaza, with arms outstretched. His back was broken. He never moved again.

Two days later Rosa lay dying in the caravan. The body of her husband had already been committed to the grave. Everybody had been very kind. Her removal had been suggested, but she preferred to remain where she was. The priest's sister and his old servant Adella had taken the sick woman under their care, one of them always remaining with her. The priest had tried to prevail

on Dellito to accompany him to the presbytery, but no persuasion could tear the boy from his mother.

"Let him stay, Father!" pleaded Rosa. "He will be alone soon enough."

On the last afternoon she had talked for a long time with the priest, making her preparation for death, and arranging, so far as she might, for the future of Dellito. She was very calm and very practical. The other company of strollers had arranged to take the little caravan and all its belongings, including Riso. Everything went with the caravan—Rosa's dancing costumes and those of Pasquale. The gypsy folk would have been glad to number the boy among the rest, but the dying mother and the pastor had made other arrangements.

After the priest had gone, Rosa asked to be alone with the child.

"My Dellito," she said, very quietly, "come sit beside me on the bed. I have something to say to you."

The boy hastened to obey his mother.

"My dear, sweet child," she continued, clasping his cold little hands, chilled with apprehension of what was about to befall him, "God has afflicted us greatly within the last few days. At least so it looks to us; though I felt long ago that I must soon leave you and papa, and I could not bear to think what would become of you both. But now papa has gone first, and I am longing to be with him in heaven."

"But you do not want to go away from me, mamma?" sobbed the child.

The poor woman looked at him strangely. It would have broken his little heart to know that now, at the final hour, her own heart was reaching out to the husband who had come so suddenly to his tragic end.

"Oh, no, my pet!" she replied. "But we shall all meet again. Be a good man, my Dellito, and you will find us one day on the Hills of God. The priest will take you to his home, and he will teach you everything it is necessary for you to

know. The Lord has provided well for my sweet one. But you will not go to him altogether poor. The good Father will have, when all is over, about one hundred dollars for my boy; and I am sure he will use it well. Now kiss me, my child. I feel very weak."

The voice died feebly away. The boy leaned over and kissed his mother. Confused and stunned, he could not utter a word. At last the priest's sister came and took him away. In an hour he was an orphan. The kind woman and her old servant did all they could to comfort him in his sorrow.

When the funeral was over, Dellito returned no more to the little home where he had been so happy with his parents. There was nothing there that interested him now. That night the gypsies moved off with the caravan; but Riso, refusing to accompany them, presented himself at the presbytery, and would not go away. As a chore-boy was needed, the good priest kept the silent but willing servitor, and had no reason to regret it.

But what of poor little Griso? He had followed Pasquale to the grave, and three days later had done the same in regard to Rosa. Some instinct led him to return to the caravan instead of going with Dellito to the priest's house. The boy did not mind, as his heart was full of his great grief. But when night came and the dog did not see Dellito return, he retraced his steps to the cemetery and lay down between the two newly-made graves, howling and whining. At early dawn he went back, to find the caravan ready to start. He probably thought Dellito was inside; for he trotted along for some miles, making several ineffectual efforts to enter the familiar little van. But as the gypsies had already more dogs than they wanted, they drove Griso away. Nothing daunted, he always returned to the door, howling and scratching. He wanted his friend Dellito, who must

be, he thought, imprisoned in the van.

This went on for days. The dogs that already belonged to the troupe fought with him and bit him; while their masters starved, beat and kicked him. Finally he obtained ingress to the van, and soon found that Dellito was not there. After this he deserted the caravan and endeavored to go back by the way he had come. But the route had been so irregular, so different from that generally followed by Pasquale, that the poor dog seemed to lose his wits, usually so ready to serve him. Roaming hither and thither, hungry, forlorn, discouraged and miserable, poor Griso, fallen from his happy estate, became the butt of the thoughtless and the target of the cruel—a wanderer on the face of the earth.

(To be continued.)

The Mill that Would Not Turn.

BY RENÉ BAZIN.

II.—(Conclusion.)

The next day workmen set about repairing the mill. Master Hameau paid them, spread his canvas as usual, then listened from the interior for the creaking of the timbers which told that the wings were beginning to turn. But he had to gather in his canvas in haste for fear of accident. The long arms bent like bows, but nothing turned.

"These village workmen are clumsy botchers," grumbled the miller. "I'll get some from the city, and then we shall see."

He sent for skilled workmen, who tore down the roof and replaced the four wings, at a great expense to the owner; but still nothing would move.

Meanwhile patrons went elsewhere, and Master Hameau began to have lawsuits on account of failure to keep his promises. Jeannette's dowry did not increase,—quite the contrary. Both the

millers and his daughter began to lament.

"I can't understand what has happened," said the girl; "but I believe those Guenfols have something to do with it. We offended them and perhaps they know the reason why the mill doesn't turn."

"If a fine present would make them remove the ill-luck hanging over us, I would willingly give it," replied the miller.

"Go to see them, father, and be very gentle with them; for perhaps our fortune may depend upon them."

Master Hameau always obeyed his daughter even when she was not right, but in this case he did well to listen to her. He started off for the Guenfol cottage, walking along the grassy road which bordered the stream. When he reached the low ground, the air was heavy with dampness; frogs croaked in the marsh, and the odor of the rank vegetation oppressed the miller, who was accustomed to the pure air of the heights.

He soon came in sight of the moss-grown hut, standing under some trees on the river-bank. Tall weeds grew around it, reaching up to the very roof. The miller saw Jean Guenfol spading in a little garden not much larger than a flower-bed.

"So that is all the ground they have to keep them alive!" thought he; then he called out: "Halloo, Jean!"

The boy turned around, recognized the miller, and replied without stopping his work:

"What do you want, Master Hameau?"

"My mill has not turned since the day you and your mother came to get your wheat ground, my boy."

"I can't help that."

"Perhaps you can and perhaps you can't. My daughter has taken it into her head that the wings which stopped on seeing your back might start again on seeing your face."

"My mother is dead and there is no one to make the garden except me, as

my grandmother is too old; so I can't go with you."

"If you will come and find out what the trouble is, I will give you enough flour to last all winter," said the miller.

"I haven't time; besides, I am sure that I couldn't find out."

"If you will come and try to do so, I will build you a new house at the foot of my hill, and I will give you one of my fields which is three times as large as yours."

This last promise decided the boy: he threw down his spade and followed the miller. When the two came in sight of the mill, the wings did not turn, as Jeannette had expected. The boy went up the ladder, followed by Master Hameau and his daughter, who, having no other hope, called out entreatingly:

"Look closely, Jean: examine every corner and try to find out the trouble."

The boy peered into every nook and cranny, but saw nothing. He wanted to climb up to the pivot, so the miller bent over and let him stand on his shoulders.

"I can't see anything," said the boy at last; "but I can smell wheat."

At these words the miller was so disturbed that he nearly fell backward. He leaned against the wall, and said:

"Jean, I promise—"

Before he could finish his remark the boy had already thrust his hand into the opening where the beam had once turned so freely upon its pivot. He ran his little finger around the edge of the circle and found a grain of wheat, which had fallen there when the miller threw the widow's grist after her with such force. Jean picked it up and immediately the wings flew around, making the whole foundation tremble.

There was no more trouble after that. A new house now stands at the foot of the hill; it is surrounded by a field of waving grain, and its only shade in summer is furnished by the four wings of Master Hameau's mill.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We notice among the book announcements "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by Murat Halstead. This seems like hustling immortality a little. No doubt the life of our strenuous President contains lessons that are profitable, but we can not help reflecting that Newman's Life has not yet been attempted.

—Choir-masters and organists will find in Charles F. Feast's New Mass, in E, melody and religious thought. The spirit of prayer in it moves with the great action at the altar, and there is nothing in the composition that distracts. The music is, as it should be, an incentive to devotion. Published by George Willig & Co., Baltimore.

—The *Critic's* "Lounger" makes this suggestive observation: "I heard a well-known and successful editor once say that there were two things that the world at large craved—humor and religion. Believing this, the magazine of which he was editor has always had a humorous department and has made a specialty of discussing subjects of a more or less religious nature."

—Our best thanks are due to Mgr. Chapelle for a privately printed volume which is of much historical value and interest. It contains the Papal Brief (*Actum Præclare*) creating the two new dioceses of Pinar del Rio and Cienfuegos, together with letters of promulgation by his Grace and some important decrees. There is also an excellent map of the island of Cuba, with a list of all the parishes in the four dioceses of the province of Santiago.

—Wordsworth's words in appreciation of his friend Faber have so often been misquoted of late that it may be well to repeat them accurately. When the future convert informed the great poet that he was about to assume the duties of an Anglican rector, Wordsworth replied: "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet." Later when he visited Faber at Elton Rectory he said: "If it were not for Frederick Faber's devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of the age." An Anglican clergyman has just published a history of Elton which gives fuller information regarding the "mysterious noises" heard in the rectory during Faber's incumbency and rather obscurely referred to in Father Bowden's *Life of the great Oratorian*. Thomas Godwin, who was Faber's servant during all the time he was rector of Elton, says: "I occupied the bedroom adjoining my master's in the Rectory—the north room over the study,—and Father Faber when he required my services habitually tapped upon the wall. On one particular night I heard the customary taps, and on going

into my master's room, he said: 'Sit down, Tom—there—you hear that!' I answered: 'There can be no doubt about it.' The noise was like the moving and rolling about of furniture. After listening for some time and hearing the unmistakable commotion, we both went down into the study together, and there we found all in order and as quiet as the grave."

—It is hardly possible to take up any important catalogue of old books without finding some example of "*Le Pèlerinage de l'Âme*," an allegorical poem written in the earlier half of the fourteenth century by the Cistercian monk Guillaume de Deguileville. This poem, as the *Athenæum* remarks, has a particular interest for English readers; for portions of it were translated by Chaucer. And, as was pointed out by the late M. Gaston Paris, the "*Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine*," by which it was preceded, furnished more than the groundwork of John Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*."

—The International Catholic Truth Society, of New York, is rapidly becoming a depot for the publications of similar associations in other countries. The need of such a distributing point in the United States has often been expressed, and a glance at the new catalogue of pamphlets and booklets supplied by the I. C. T. S. warrants the hope that the need will soon be adequately supplied. A suggestion offered by Monsig. Lynch, of Utica, N. Y., in connection with the work of distributing missionary literature deserves the consideration of pastors and Catholic societies everywhere:

I noticed recently, in travelling through Europe, especially in Rome, London and Dublin, a practice which I thought very commendable. A number of booklets, pamphlets, tracts, etc., comprising short explanations of Christian dogmas and disputed points of history, published by various Catholic Truth Societies of the English-speaking world, were placed upon a stand in a conspicuous place in the vestibule of the church. A sign was posted up announcing that visitors were at liberty to take any of these publications, but were requested to drop a small coin for each one taken, in a box provided for the purpose. It strikes me that this method of circulating Catholic literature is quite feasible.

—Our readers will be interested to know the character of the intellectual feast with which the Anglican community at Westminster, Md., are regaled while bodily nourishment is being taken. Here is the list—published in the *Holy Cross Magazine*—of the books read at dinner and supper in the past few years:

"Lives of the British Saints," "The Story of Dr. Pusey's Life"; the lives of St. Charles Borromeo, Bossuet, Fenelon, Charles de Condren, Lacordaire, Dom Bosco, Nicholas Ferrer, Mother Duchesne, John Kettlewell, Fr. Goreh, Bishop Maples, Bishop Smythies, Fr. Lowder, Fr. George Chapman; "Monks of the West," "The Black Monks of St. Benedict," Wakeman's "Introduction to the History of the Church of England,"

"The Jesuits in North America," "The Black Republic," "The History of the Universities' Mission in Central Africa," "The History of the Melanesian Mission," "A Day in the Cloister," "A Martyr from the Quarter-deck"; sermons by Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, Dr. Neale and Canon Scott-Holland; Canon Carter's "Divine Revelations" and "Lent Lectures," St. Augustine's "Confessions," "Revelations of Divine Love to Mother Juliana," "Scale of Perfection," by Walter Hilton; "Sancta Sophia," by Fr. Augustine Baker; "Manual for Interior Souls," by Père Grou; "The Dolorous Passion," by Sister Katharine Emmerich; "Hard Sayings," by Fr. Tyrrell.

This is a feast indeed, though the dishes are not all equally appetizing. We are glad to know that special care is taken that food for the body be thoroughly cooked, and be served hot and in a palatable fashion. "The waiting on the table is prompt and quiet, the younger Fathers often taking part in it. The dishes are kept hot for the reader, and for any who have been engaged in serving. When the meal is ended, the superior raps on the table, to indicate to the reader that he is to stop at the end of the next paragraph. After a moment's pause, all rise and the superior says, 'All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord!' and the rest answer, 'And Thy Saints give thanks unto Thee,'" etc.

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.

George Eliot. *Leslie Stephen*. 75 cts., net.

The Girlhood of Our Lady. *Marion F. Brunowe*. \$1.25.

The Light Behind. *Mrs. Wilfrid Ward*. \$1.50.

The Pilkington Heir. *Anna T. Sadlier*. \$1.25.

Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. *Isabel Lowell*. \$1.50, net.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D.* \$2.

Father Tom of Connemara. *Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville*. \$1.50.

A Daughter of the Sierra. *Christian Reid*. \$1.50.

Border Memories. *Marion Muir Richardson*. \$1.

Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy. *Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.* 85 cts.

Vetera et Nova (Old and New). *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* \$2, net.

The Philippine Islands. *Emma Helen Blair-James Alexander Robinson*. Vols. I. and II. \$4, ea.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. *Fredrick Justus Knecht, D. D.* \$4, net.

The Question Box. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P.* \$1.

The Art of Disappearing. *John Talbot Smith*. \$1.50.

Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. *W. Meyer-Griffith*. 30 cts.

The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe*. 50 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan*. \$1.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert*. \$1.75, net.

Hail, full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola*. \$1.35.

With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremeaux*. \$1.50, net.

History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.

Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

Reverend Mother M. Xavier Warde. \$1.25.

New England and its Neighbors. *Clifton Johnson*. \$2, net.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. *Rev. John J. Nash, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. *Matthew Power, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Whole Difference. *Lady Amabel Kerr*. \$1.60.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Peter Fischer, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Eugene Phelan, O. S. B.; and Rev. M. J. Corduke, C. S. S. R.

Sister Julia (Voorvoart), of the Sisters of Charity.

Dr. John Perrier, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Edward Brunton, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Martin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. David MacBride, W. Newton, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Conlon, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Dorothea Keeper, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Catherine Carbery, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Byrne, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary McCusker, Lewiston, Me.; Mr. Charles Vizina and Mrs. Mary Gzella, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Joanna McGrath, Erie, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Molloy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Endres and Mrs. Mary Weldon, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Peter Meagher and Mrs. Mary Barnett, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Thomas Foster, Middletown, Conn.; and Miss Catherine Dulard, Hartford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

Motives for Honoring Mary.

SPIRIT DIVINE! as meek as dove,
 Thou comest from Thy throne above,
 To fill with hope and holy fear
 The chosen souls that serve Thee here
 Comfort Thou art, and peace and rest,
 To hearts o'erburdened and oppressed;
 Our troubled souls, then, soothe and calm
 With kindly voice and healing balm.
 Sevenfold Thou in mystic grace,
 The Father's Promise to our race;
 Transforming us, with wondrous love,
 From slaves to sons of God above.
 Our senses quicken with Thy fires,
 In flame our hearts with Thy desires,
 The weakness of our fallen flesh
 Do Thou with heavenly dew refresh.
 Drive far the demon foe away,
 And Peace, Thy Angel, with us stay;
 That thus our steps each day in life
 Be saved by Thee from sin and strife.
 May we the Father's power confess,
 The Saviour's mercy humbly bless,
 And all the glories of Thy name
 Ever with grateful hearts proclaim!

R. O'K.

THERE is reciprocal action between the intensity of moral feeling and the power of imagination; for, on the one hand, those who have the keenest sympathy are those who look closest and pierce deepest and hold securest; and, on the other, those who have so pierced and seen the melancholy deeps of things are filled with the most intense passion and gentleness of sympathy.

—Ruskin.

MANY are the titles by which the ever-blessed Mother of God claims our homage and veneration. As the holy martyr Methodius says, her very name is worthy of all honor, as it is a means of all graces and blessings. We know that the room chosen by Our Lord for His last banquet was so much honored by the early Christians as to be made the first church of the world. So too the Blessed Virgin deserves honor; for she is, as St. Ambrose justly calls her, the animated cenacle—*aula cœlestium sacramentorum*,—in which were effected the most ineffable mysteries of our salvation. And St. Fulgentius* tells us to revere her as the cenacle whence the Redeemer, clothed in our humanity, proceeded to combat the world and hell.

If in olden times God showed Himself so jealous of the honor of the Ark of the Covenant that He punished with death those who were guilty merely of the fault of looking at it with curiosity, and the want of respect that was shown thereby, what may He not do in regard to the living ark of the New Testament, which is destined, says St. Ildelfonsus, to contain the majesty of God, not in figure but in reality? If Mount Sinai of old was so revered that it was forbidden under penalty of death to approach it,

* *Trabea carnis indutus de aula uteri virginalis egressus est.*

what shall we say of the holy mountain whereon God has prepared to build His royal palace, as St. Andrew of Crete remarks, applying to the august Queen of Heaven the words of the Psalmist, "This is the mountain where the Lord is pleased to dwell; and where He will continue to reside forever"? If pagans prized so highly the ship that had borne the valiant leader of the Argonauts, with his victorious followers, as to preserve it with the greatest care, even though worm-eaten and falling to pieces, what honor does not she deserve whom the Church calls the holy vessel of the divine Merchant, laden with heavenly provisions for the nourishment of souls? "She is like the merchant's ship: she bringeth her bread from afar."*

If Esther, for having caused the edict of death pronounced against the Jews to be revoked, was received with such rejoicings that it seemed as if the people were celebrating a national festival, what celebration should be held in honor of her who, according to the eulogy which the Church again bestows upon her, changed into a blessing the first malediction pronounced by God, not on a few individuals but on the entire human race? If Judith was so highly extolled for having humbled the haughty enemy of the Hebrews, and by this means delivered them from war, what triumphant honors does not our Heavenly Queen deserve, who crushed forever the most terrible enemy of mankind, and brought him down so as to leave him no hope of ever rising again?

Where can we find a tongue sufficiently eloquent, asks St. Basil of Seleucia, to exalt duly the greatness of the Mother of God? Where can we find flowers of which to make a crown for her who bore the Flower of Jesse, which perfumed the whole world? Where find presents suited to the excellence of her whose blessings to us surpass all that exists in

the universe? For if St. Paul, in speaking of the saints, did not hesitate to say that the world was not worthy of them,* in what words can we extol the merit of her who surpasses them all in greatness and sanctity, as the sun surpasses the stars in splendor?

We must also honor her because she has been honored more than the human mind can understand. St. Anselm, in his book "On the Excellence of the Virgin" (ch. 9), speaks thus: "If we have the honor of having a Father and Brother such as the Redeemer of the world, let us unhesitatingly proclaim that we owe this favor to the Most Holy Virgin and her blessed fruitfulness, to whom this dignity was in such a manner accorded that without her fruitful virginity our nature would never have been thus elevated. If, amidst the abasements of this life, our nature was so ennobled that it was admitted to an alliance with God, and if we acknowledge, as we must, that all this is infinitely beyond our comprehension, how shall we be able to contain ourselves when we behold our Brother crowned with glory and seated on the throne of honor? With what joy will our hearts be filled when we know the affection that He entertains for us, and the means that He has to render us happy, having received absolute power over all in heaven, on earth, and in hell!"

Contemplate the numbers that hasten from all parts to pay Mary homage, says St. John Damascene; bear in mind that the most distinguished and most honorable of the Christian people are also the first to offer her their services. Do you not behold following them a great number of strangers, even of the princes of the enemy, who are loaded down with presents, and are eager to be numbered amongst her vassals? In the midst of this public rejoicing can we not imagine what must be the conduct of the blessed spirits, who are nearest

* Prov., xxxi, 14.

* Heb., xi, 38.

to the person of the King, her Son, and who know her merits far better than we do?

We must honor her far more when we consider how God honors her. Could He go further than to choose her as the one by whom He should be drawn down from heaven to earth, and to have her for His Mother, His nurse, the advocate of His beloved children, His governess, the co-operatrix in the work of our restoration, our mediatrix, the protectress of His Church, the partaker of His greatness, the sovereign mistress who with Him should rule over all that is beneath Him? O blessed intelligences of heaven! try to imagine something greater or more august; and if you can not, acknowledge with us that God has taken an infinite pleasure in honoring her, and that the Blessed Trinity has, as it were, studied to exalt the unparalleled Daughter, Virgin, Spouse and Mother.

Finally, we must honor her, says Leontius, Bishop of Neapolis, because God considers as done to Himself the honor that is rendered to the Queen of Heaven. For, if rightly considered, heaven is only a concert of praises, all of which have their echo,—praises which are sometimes addressed to the saints, but which always revert to God as to their last end; and the more excellent those praises are, the more honor and glory does He draw from them. But amongst all the rest, those addressed to the Blessed Virgin return more directly to Him, and are more agreeable than what He derives from all His other creatures. Heaven is a cabinet of wonderful things, furnished with the rarest objects, which must be admired and praised; the honor redounds to Him who is not only the owner and master, but who is also their maker. Heaven is a series of living mirrors, which are admirable reflectors, and which send direct to God whatever they receive. Heaven is a concert of praises, where all voices join in blessing God with all the intensity of their

burning hearts, and in giving Him all the honor of holy Sion.

It is true that amongst all who are there assembled, the Blessed Virgin receives a very large tribute of glory; but she uses it in constantly paying the tribute which she owes to God. With one hand she receives our acknowledgments, and with the other she presents them to Him to whom she is indebted for all. Hence we need never fear to honor, praise, love Mary too much, since all reverts finally to the Divine Majesty, which must be recognized, glorified, and adored without limit and without end. "Now to the King of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever."*

In reality, all honor and glory belong to God alone; and whatever of real honor belongs to creatures is but a reflection of the glorious Face of God, from whom proceeds all the honor that there is in creatures. As from the material and visible sun proceed all the rays of light, so from His Divine Majesty the eternal, invisible and intellectual Sun, issue all the rays of glory. This makes each creature more or less worthy of honor in proportion as the rays of the glorious Face of God fall in more or less abundance on it. Thus kings and princes are worthy of honor, because the ray of God's power falls upon them; judges and magistrates, because they are enlightened by His justice; wise men, because they receive of His wisdom; the virtuous, on account of the brilliancy of the divine virtues that shines in their countenance; old men, because their age is a reflection of the eternity of God; fathers and mothers, by their connection with the goodness of God, who is the first principle of all communication. Hence it follows that the nearer a creature approaches this divine Sun of glory, the greater is its share in the glory that proceeds from Him.

* Tim., i, 17.

Now, this applies most forcibly to the Queen of Heaven, our Mother, who by her merits, as the devout St. Bernard says, is clothed with the sun, because she has penetrated beyond all others into the depths of the greatness of God; so that she has been, as it were, absorbed by this inaccessible light as far as a creature can be without personal union.

Who can explain how, in consequence of this proximity, she has been permeated by the rays of glory that emanate from the Father of Light? This greatness of excellence, power, and goodness affords us motives without number to render her all the honor of which we are capable, since there is nothing that such a Mother does not deserve. Her children ought to study and seek out all imaginable ways of honoring her; should constantly reduce them to practice; should daily find new inventions to manifest the respect they bear her; should not fear going too far so long as they do not infringe upon the worship due to God alone: the more so that all will be still due to His bounty.

For if the honor which we owe to our earthly mothers, who bore us in their womb and who had compassion on the weakness of our infancy, be such that we shall always continue to be indebted to them, however great may be our zeal in serving them in all imaginable ways, what respect must not the Mother of our spiritual nature deserve? The former are sometimes the cause of our misfortune: the latter is the source of our bliss, of our eternal happiness. The former are foolishly fond: she is the Mother of fair love. They sometimes bring humiliation on their children: she is the glory of hers. They sometimes give themselves very little trouble; or if they take any pains, it is in such an indifferent way that it would have been better if they did not interfere: her vigilance and solicitude are wonderful, but it is a solicitude which

is anxious only to make them all great in the eyes of God. The former are sometimes so unnatural as to deprive their children of what belongs to them: the latter thinks only of enriching those whom God has given her, and to secure for them true riches which never perish. Amongst the former, some are so unreasonable that nothing will please them: the latter is touched by the slightest services that are rendered her, and always repays them a hundredfold. They are sometimes cruel, heartless, and unmerciful: she is ever the Mother of gentleness and of mercy. They sometimes abandon their children at death, or frequently have more regard for their temporal than for their spiritual health: she defends hers in that last passage, and does not abandon them till she has brought them to the eternal dwelling-place.

Let the human mind exhaust itself in the attempt to conceive a happiness commensurate with such rare, such great, such incomparable merits: it will necessarily have to bend down beneath the weight of their obligations. This we should do cheerfully, offering our weakness as a homage to the Mother of God, and as an authentic confession that her goodness goes immeasurably beyond all the honors that we can offer her. This is the truth, and we confess it, O Queen of surpassing greatness! Therefore we most humbly pray the blessed spirits to make up for our shortcomings; and we pray and entreat Him also to supply for our deficiency who alone can honor thee as thou deservest, and to whom alone are due all honor and glory for ever and ever.

SOCIETY, always sensitive to generosity, is equally sensitive to selfishness. He who treats his fellows as so many clusters to be squeezed into his cup, who spoils the world for self-aggrandizement, finds at last that he has burglarized his own soul.—*N. D. Hillis.*

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXI.—IN THE TSAR'S PALACE.

COUNT MERO turned and beheld the newcomer. In an instant everybody—including the doctor, who still held on to a roll of lint—stood at attention. Myles was about to leap to his feet.

The young man with the wondrously concentrated expression and the still more wondrous eyes quietly exclaimed:

"Go ahead, Doctor Remsken! I do not wish to disturb anybody. I know," he added, in a sweet and gracious voice, "that your patient is Mr. O'Byrne, and for one moment only shall I break in upon your work. Mr. O'Byrne, on more than one occasion you have given evidence of great coolness and splendid courage in the saving of life,—the life of a lady very dear to the Empress and myself. You have acted with conspicuous bravery in rescuing your comrade, Mr. Percy Byng, from cruel and violent death at the hands of bloodthirsty miscreants. This Order"—unfastening a jewelled golden cross from his breast—"is that of St. Kremlin, established to reward civilians who have highly distinguished themselves in the saving of life, whether on sea or land; and it now affords me the most marked pleasure to buckle it upon the breast of a very brave man. Please do not stir. I see that you are suffering much physical pain from your burned hands; and I will express the hope that this recognition of your bravery may add a slight stimulus to your recovery."

And, bowing low, the Tsar of all the Russias disappeared through the arras.

All this seemed so like a dream that Myles could hardly realize it save for

the cross decorating his breast,—a cross of diamonds on a back of gold, flashing like electric light.

"Faith you're in luck!" cried O'Reilly in intense delight. "You are a notable now. Every sentry will have to salute you or retire to Cronstadt. What a shot that was! And it was only a chance. Are you suffering much, old chap?"

"Gentlemen," said Doctor Remsken, "Mr. O'Byrne is suffering considerable pain; and his condition will be that of high fever until I relieve the hands. So I must order him absolute quiet."

"He shall stop here," said Count Mero.

"Nothing could be better, Count. May I order a bed?"

"Half a dozen, if you like, Doctor. We can put him up in the adjoining apartment, which commands the Neva and that bridge which will never be finished. You shall have the password, Doctor, and can come in and out as you please. You will, I suppose, require nurses. Order everything. That cross he won so honorably carries every necessary expense. So signal a mark of his Imperial Majesty's favor brings much with it that does not meet the eye. I shall give the order as regards room, and so forth, while you minister to your patient."

A gorgeous functionary spoke in low tones to O'Reilly.

"By all means let him in. This is young Percy Byng, who has just learned of the accident. Only for a moment, Doctor, if you please."

Percy rushed in, and was for flinging himself upon Myles; but the Doctor and O'Reilly vigorously intervened.

"My dear, dear Myles, you are a brick of the most adhesive quality! How can I ever be grateful enough to you for saving *her* for me!"

"Confound it!" thought O'Byrne. "I should far prefer saving her for myself."

"I can never—no, never—repay you. It was nobly done. Oh, why wasn't I lucky enough to be there, and to have

saved her and earned that splendid cross? But she is saved, and by you, and for me. You are my good genius. I am longing to see her; but I hear that she is prostrated from the shock, poor darling!"

"Your friend must, I fear, withdraw," said the Doctor to Myles.

"Be off!" cried Myles. "I am shut out till to-morrow. Come to-morrow—and let me know how Miss De Lacey is. Don't forget!"

"Forget any commission of yours when in connection with her! Not much!" Then suddenly: "Why don't you let Mr. O'Byrne stop in the yacht, Doctor; and come yourself?"

"For two days I'll keep him here, young gentleman. After that the yacht by all means."

"And you will come?"

"To place my patient on board, of course."

"The boat belongs to my cousin, Sir Henry Shirley. A fine fellow. He will be delighted. No doubt he will write you a formal note, for he's chock-full of etiquette. Is there anything I could send, dear O'Byrne? I suppose not. Everything is up to the top notch. Splendid luck. But the poor boy deserves it all, and more. If you only knew, Doctor, the service he has just rendered me in saving Miss De Lacey's life—well, you would be pleased. Courage now, old man!" (to O'Byrne). "I shall see her if it cost a million, and report by the kindness of the Doctor. O'Reilly and I shall nurse you. Sir Henry would be only in our way. *Au revoir!*"

It is needless to say that the chamber allotted to Myles was one of the most elegant in the Palace, and that his couch was fit for the Tsar himself. He was at once compelled to retire to bed, where his burned hands were laid upon a cushion of wadding, after a cooling solution had been deftly applied to them. A very stylish nurse, decorated with a

medallion of Russian enamel, waited upon him. Her movements were noiseless, and she seemed to anticipate every want of her patient. She spoke almost perfect English, having served a year in the London Hospital; and was evidently the right woman in the right place.

"You are to have a great honor, sir," she remarked.

"What is that?"

"Doctor Demidorff, the Emperor's own physician, has been ordered in attendance, with Doctor Remsken; although the latter is one of the most skilful men in Europe. You are permitted to read, if you wish; your writing I can do for you, unless it should be particularly confidential."

"In which case," said Myles, gallantly, "it could not be in better hands than yours, Mademoiselle."

She looked at him with a peculiar searching gaze, muttering, "An Irish gentleman," and repaired to a repository behind the screen, whence she emerged a moment later with a magnificent bouquet. On the top of it, in the heart of a white rose, was a tiny note, to the contents of which Myles listened with an anxiety that amused his nurse:—

"God knows how I thank you! I am praying for your recovery to the ever-blessed Mother of God. Your lovely prayer of two words is ever on my lips—*Ave Maria!*"

How he prized that precious little epistle, so modest, so holy, so beautiful in its glorified simplicity! All the love-letters in the world never could say so much in so few words. And each word was radiant with the halo of the Divine Mother.

"Your uncle would like to see you," said the nurse; "but only for ten minutes,"—holding up her watch.

"Thanks so much! Would you kindly let him come to me?"

"For ten minutes,"—dangling the watch before his eyes.

"What's all this I hear?" bawled the

veteran, pushing past the apparition in red and gold. "My poor fellow, that's a bad burn! But I hear it was to save the life of the same girl, no less. Bad cess to her! Once was enough. Tell me all about it,"—seating himself on the bed. "I hear all sorts of lies. But, faith, you're as snug as a bug in a rug here. The Winter Palace no less! Sure it's in Dublin Castle you'll be sleeping when you go back. By the same token, here's a letter from the Bank for you; it came to the yacht and on to me. That is a boat! Imagine, I'm going back in her,—I that am fit to travel only in a troopship! Well, well, but the Holy Mother of God has been good to us—to you and to me, my son. Many a hard battle I've had to fight during my long life, but something has always saved me, somehow. I owe it to my blessed beads—but what's this I see?"—darting at the Cross of St. Kremlin, which the nurse had fastened at the head of the bed; the little silver cross given to Myles by his mother beside it.

"It's the Cross of St. Kremlin, pinned on my breast this morning by the Tsar himself."

"Arrah, you don't tell me! What are you stuffing the goose with, Myles?"

"The truth, uncle. They have made as much fuss over this affair as if I had put out the flames in the Hermitage."

"Well, God be good to us! To think that the few roubles I sent over to let me see you should come to this! Why, man, the value of this Cross, gold and diamonds and rubies, can't be less than—"

Here he was interrupted by a burst of laughter from his nephew, to whom, *sotto voce*, the nurse had just read the letter.

"Look at this, uncle, written to me from the Bank! A clerk on one hundred and fifty pounds a year a guest at the Winter Palace of the Tsar of all the Russias! What a whirl of the teetotum!"

The letter ran thus:

HIBERNIAN BANK,
College Green, Dublin.

MR. MYLES O'BYRNE.

DEAR SIR:—I am requested by our Board of Directors, in consequence of your having overstayed your leave and no application coming from you for an extension, to inform you, most reluctantly, that your office has been assigned to Mr. Peter Fogarty, while the other clerks have been moved up in rotation. However, so highly do the Board recognize your honesty, integrity and ability, they will be willing to place you in the office at one hundred pounds, should you desire to return.

I can not close this without adding a word of praise toward one whom I have ever found a faithful employee and a perfect gentleman.

Very truly yours,

J. B. McNAMARA,
Manager.

"Imagine, uncle, if poor old Mac and the boys were to see me now in a bedroom of the Winter Palace, with everything that an emperor could wish for, with the Cross of St. Kremlin—"

"Worth at least thirty thousand roubles," interposed the veteran.

"Offering me one hundred pounds a year and the lowest desk at the office, if I go back!" And Myles laughed again.

"It's a very civil letter, anyhow; and a splendid testimonial to your conduct and career. And let me tell you, my boy, that one hundred pounds a year in Ireland is not to be sneezed at—"

"Time is up!" said the nurse, advancing, and dangling the watch.

"Who's talking to *you*, Madam?" retorted the veteran, highly incensed.

"Uncle, you must leave me now."

"Who says *must*? Is it that hussy?"

"Hush! She understands English."

"Faith, I'll give her some of it in Roosian as well as English!" And he turned fiercely upon the nurse, who kept her eyes fixed upon Myles, a grim smile on her hard, thin lips.

"Uncle, dear uncle, you mistake. This lady has been told off to nurse me. She will do her duty in spite of everybody. She is—"

"Am I to be ordered about the place as if I was in Botany Bay? Not much! Who is this one at all, at all?"

"She is the special nurse appointed to look after me, uncle,—one of the best in the Palace."

"Let her know who she's talking to, then. Let her have manners. She's bobbing that watch at you as if you were a sick child. I've had to do with barrack nurses, rough and ready, who were as nimble with a saw as with a scissors." Then somewhat louder: "Understand me, ma'am! I'm the uncle of this gentleman, and I'll stay with him as long as it pleases me, and go when it pleases me. This may be the Winter Palace, but that makes no difference. You'll do your duty of course, but you'll draw the line at me."

Presently the attendant announced:

"His Highness the Prince Demidorff, physician in chief to his Majesty the Tsar. The court physician Remsken!"

"Come at eleven to-morrow, uncle," said Myles.

"Well, begob, this bangs Banagher!" muttered the old man, glaring at the physicians, both in resplendent uniform, who politely bowed him out.

The doctors declared that Myles was progressing admirably.

"When can I leave for my uncle's *datcha*?"

"We shall confer and let you know. Be as quiet as may be. And if Count O'Reilly or General Romansikoff calls, you can see them both, for about half an hour each. We must now speak to your nurse; and let me remark that you could not be in better hands. She received her decoration at the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna, and under fire."

Myles "lay a *thynkyng*" as he gazed over the rapid-flowing Neva, with its hundreds of picturesque dark blue ferry-

boats, and its Noah's-Ark-like timber barges from the Lakes Onega and Ladoga; also the rafts and small craft of every sort, shape, size and description. Myles, I repeat, "lay a *thynkyng*," especially over the wondrous color flung into his life by the strange and unaccountable accidents of chance—from the rescue at Kresstoffsky on the day of his landing, up to the last few hours. And as his eyes rested on the morning's beauteous bouquet, and as he recalled for the twentieth time the sweet lines that had accompanied it—lines sweeter than the flowers themselves,—he became sad and depressed; albeit he knew of the royal yachting trip in store, and his visit to Byng, the great banker in Lombard Street,—a visit he resolved to make, especially as his uncle seemed rather to lean on the miserable one hundred pounds a year offered by the Bank. It was evident that the sum meant very much to the veteran. Myles, however, was far from satisfied; and hoped to be able to do better, perhaps through the instrumentality of the great house of Byng.

He was half in reverie when his nurse entered the apartment, struggling with a quiet and well-suppressed excitement. She was snowy as to cap, her apron seemed to be especially frilled, she wore gloves, while the decoration on her breast was attached to a white ribbon and rosette.

"Do not stir, sir," she said. "A lady comes to visit you. Permit me one moment,"—leaning over Myles and adjusting the Cross of St. Kremlin on his breast.

As he was about to ask what all this meant, at a sign from the nurse there entered a tall, majestic lady, very plainly attired. She led by the hand a beautiful little girl, who dropped a sweet curtsy as she gazed half terror-stricken at the big man lying on the sofa.

"Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia," said the nurse.

"Mr. O'Byrne," observed the Empress, "you must not stir. I have come to thank you for saving our dear Eileen De Lacey. This is my little daughter Sachanaska (Eileen's godchild), who also wanted to see you in person."

The tiny princess pulled hard till she got her mother's ear close to her little rosebud mouth.

"She is astonished, Mr. O'Byrne, at the size of your hands," laughed the Empress.

Myles held them up. They seemed as though encased in boxing gloves. Sachanaska was for feeling the huge hands, when her mother gently chided her; and presently another nurse, in blue and white, drew the child away.

"Do you suffer much pain, Mr. O'Byrne?" inquired the Empress.

"None at all, your Imperial Majesty," answered Myles; adding gallantly: "This incomparable honor would have scattered pain to the four winds of heaven."

"Here is the cause of it all," said the Empress. "Come, dear!"

Eileen entered softly and shyly, and with so great a gratitude in her eyes that they shone as with the glory of the stars.

"I—I have no words to say! I thank God and His Immaculate Mother!"

"To-morrow we go to Gatchina, where we hope to see you soon. Count Mero will arrange everything. Probably Mademoiselle Eileen will recover her speech in that pretty place."

And, curtsying very low, the little princess imitating her, and Miss De Lacey bringing up the rear, her Imperial Majesty quitted the apartment.

(To be continued.)

Parting.

IT is Thy love that doth bereave,
 O Lord! Why, then, bare my soul or grieve?
 Let me the bleeding wound conceal,
 That only Thou canst heal!

Curious Beliefs of the Ancient Egyptians.

BY A. C. CLARKE.

RECENT research, as is well known, has to a great extent drawn aside the veil which for long ages has hidden the early culture and civilization of Egypt from our ken. The age of the Pyramids is no longer considered as the beginning of history: we now know that it was the bloom and climax of long periods of growth. The archæologist and philologist find themselves face to face with monuments inscribed with a strange script which, when deciphered, carries us back to the earliest days of civilization, and acquaints us with a history varied and romantic,—the history of unnumbered centuries. These annals of past ages record not only events of national importance—the achievements of kings, incidents in the career of exalted personages,—but they depict the domestic life of the people, their religious beliefs and the influence those beliefs had on their thoughts and actions.

In perusing the literature of the ancient Egyptians, one of the first things which forces itself on the mind of the reader is the frequency of allusions to the future life or to things pertaining thereto. The various writings on religious and other subjects which have been preserved, belonging to all periods of Egyptian history, tacitly assume that those who once have lived in this world have renewed their life beyond the grave; that they still live, and will live until time shall be no more.

From the earliest date, therefore, the Egyptian had a firm belief in a future life; and this great central idea of immortality formed the pivot upon which his religious and social life turned. Clear and definite, however fantastic some of its details may have been, it led him to provide himself with a tomb in the rock at the cost of a large

portion of his worldly goods; for the form this belief assumed made the preservation of the body a matter of the highest importance, since the belief was that a day would come, after the soul had passed through a certain cycle of experiences, when it should once more quicken its ancient habitation into a new and more perfect life.

On that account the Egyptians reared the Pyramids, excavated the secret chambers, depicted on their walls incidents of the present life, stored in them what the shade might need or desire, embalmed the corpse and enclosed the mummy in a costly coffin. The oldest human remains that have been found in Egypt bear upon them traces of the use of bitumen, which proves that from the very beginning of their settlement in the valley of the Nile they attempted to preserve their dead by the use of substances that would arrest decay. Thus the motto on every Egyptian tomb for many a century before the Exodus of the Hebrews might well have been: *Resurgam*,—"I shall rise again."

The chief source of our information concerning the doctrine of the Resurrection and of the future life as held by the Egyptians is the great collection of religious texts generally known by the name of "The Book of the Dead." The various copies of this extensive work, carefully transcribed over a period of more than five thousand years, and illustrated by skilful artists, reflect faithfully the sublime beliefs, the noble aspirations of the educated Egyptians, as well as the superstitions and reverence for charms and amulets inherited from their less enlightened ancestors.

The students of ancient Egyptian texts inform us that they express the belief of the people in one God, who was self-existent, invisible, immortal, eternal; the maker of the world and of all things therein. In fact, the monotheistic side of Egyptian religion strikingly resembles Christianity; it may, therefore, be a

cause of surprise to many that the nation should have become a byword on account of its alleged worship of a plurality of gods.

It is true that the Egyptian paid homage to a number of minor deities, which were, however, never placed on the same level as the Supreme Being, of whom Rā, the sun-god, was, as far back as 3700 B. C. at the least, the visible type and symbol. Only in degenerate times was too much prominence given to the lesser gods, many of whom were supposed to perform offices of a friendly nature for the dead; amongst others, they set up and held the ladder by which the deceased made his way from earth to heaven, and helped him to ascend it. Of all the gods, Osiris alone appears to possess the power to claim protection for his followers, and obtain for them the fulfilment of their greatest hope—that of becoming God, the son of God by adoption, after death.

In Osiris the idea of resurrection and of immortality were united in the mind of the Egyptian. He was believed to be of divine origin; to have suffered death at the hands of the powers of evil; and, after a great struggle with those powers to have risen again, that through his conquest of death the just might also conquer death. Thenceforth he became the hope and the judge of the dead, and was asserted to be the equal of Rā, the representative of the King of Heaven and of the divine beings and beatified dead that dwelt therein. It is a noticeable fact that in the vignettes in "The Book of the Dead," when the souls of Osiris and Rā meet (represented under the form of hawks), the soul of Osiris preserves the human face (the sign of his kinship with man), although the attributes of the Supreme Deity were ascribed to him. It was supposed that from the head of this god-man, when it was buried, came forth the scarabæus, or sacred beetle, which was the emblem of immortality.

Osiris held and kept the highest place in the minds of the Egyptians, from first to last, as the being who was both divine and human; no influence which any other peoples could bring to bear on them succeeded in making them regard him as anything less than the cause and symbol of the Resurrection and of the life everlasting. For about five thousand years, we are told by the Egyptologist, men were mummified and laid in the tomb, believing that their bodies would vanquish the powers of death and decay because Osiris had vanquished them. And because he had risen in a transformed, spiritual body, and had ascended into heaven, they had certain hope of the resurrection in an immortal, incorruptible body. This spiritual body was to spring into existence out of the physical body, preserved by the art of the embalmer, transformed by means of the prayers and ceremonies of interment.

Even after the Egyptians had embraced Christianity—and nowhere else was there a people whose minds were better prepared to receive its doctrines—they used to mummify their dead; partly, perhaps, from innate conservatism, partly from the love of having the remains of their beloved dead near them. St. Anthony the Great besought his followers to bury and not embalm his body after death. "For long past," he said, "I have entreated the bishops and preachers to exhort the people not to continue this useless custom."

Gradually the practice and the knowledge of the art died out, and with it the worship of Osiris. For the Christians of Egypt his place was filled by Christ, "the first-fruits of them that slept," whose resurrection from the dead and ascension into heaven were the main proofs of the truth of the faith then being preached throughout the known world. And as in Osiris the Christians found the prototype of Our Lord, so in Isis, the divine mother, represented in thousands

of pictures and statues as seated, giving suck to her son Horus (the Day, or Light), whom she holds on her knees, they perceived the prototype of the Blessed Virgin nursing her Divine Child.

There were, no doubt, many ignorant people in Egypt who believed that the corruptible body, which they took such pains to preserve, would rise again to a new life not unlike that which they led on earth; but the educated Egyptian knew that after death, to quote his own words:

Heaven hath thy soul, and earth thy body. He hoped, among other things, that he would sail over the sky in the boat of Rā, the sun-god; that he should live for millions of years. And experience told him that this was impossible if the body in which he had to live was that in which he lived on earth. Why, therefore, they took every precaution to preserve the physical body, though they did not expect it to rise again, it is difficult to say, unless its preservation was considered necessary for the development of a new, a spiritual body from it,—a body which should live with the beatified and the gods in heaven.

The position of the beatified dead was said to be decided by Rā; and many were the offerings made to him, the hymns composed in his honor. The following passages are taken from the Papyrus of Ani, the scribe, now in the British Museum, of which a translation has been published; it is a lengthy and wonderful composition, of great interest:

Hail, thou Disk, thou lord of rays, who risest on the horizon day by day! Shine thou with thy beams of light upon the face of Ani, who is true of voice.... May the soul of Ani come forth with thee into heaven! May he go forth in the Mātet* boat! May he come into port in the Sektet* boat, and may he cleave his path among the never-resting stars in the heavens!

I have come before thee that I may be with thee, to behold thy disk each day. May I not be turned back! May the limbs of my body be made

* The sun's morning and evening boats respectively—i. e., Sunrise and Sunset.

new when I view thy beauty! May I come into the land of eternity, the everlasting land; for behold, O my lord, this thou hast ordained for me!

Homage to thee, who art the self-created one! When thou risest on the horizon and sheddest thy beams of light on the lands of the north and the south, thou art beautiful, and all the gods rejoice when they see thee....Grant that I may come unto the mountain where dwell thy favored ones; that I may be joined to those shining beings, holy and perfect, who are in the underworld.

But before the hope of the Egyptian for the possession of eternal felicity could be realized, a strict judgment had to be undergone. The belief that the deeds done in the body would be subjected to an analysis and scrutiny by the divine powers after the death of a man, belongs to the earliest period of Egyptian civilization, and is apparent in the earliest religious texts. It was as deeply rooted as the belief in immortality. There seems to have been no idea of a general judgment, when all those who had lived in the world should receive their reward or their punishment; on the contrary, all the evidence available goes to show that each soul was dealt with individually, in the particular judgment; and was either permitted to pass into the kingdom of Osiris and the blessed, or was destroyed straightway. For the souls of the wicked, it appears, were not permitted to live after they had been condemned and become the enemies of those who were pure and blessed. Whether the soul of the Egyptian was supposed to pass into the judgment hall immediately after the death of the body is not known.

In the inscription on a coffin of about 2500 B. C. the following petition occurs: "May naught stand up to oppose me in judgment in the presence of the lords of the trial! Let it not be said of me: 'He hath done deeds against that which is right and true.'" From this and similar passages it may be assumed that the idea of being weighed in a balance after death was familiar to the Egyptian; that the religious schools had assigned

to a god the duty of watching the balance when cases were being tried; that this weighing took place in the presence of the great God, and that it was thought that evidence unfavorable to the deceased might be produced by his foes at his judgment. In some of the illustrated papyri is seen a figure of the deceased being himself weighed in the balance against his own heart in the presence of the god Osiris. It seems probable that at one time a belief prevailed in ancient Egypt concerning the body being weighed against the heart, with a view of discovering whether the former had obeyed the dictates of the latter.

In the great illustrated papyri in which the judgment scene is depicted in full, the soul of the deceased, after reciting some words of prayer and adoration to Rā, the symbol of Almighty God, and to his son Osiris, comes into the hall of judgment and recites a negative confession, which consists in declaring that he has not committed such and such a sin. From this confession, in which forty-two sins are enumerated, it is possible to gather with tolerable precision what the ancient Egyptian believed to constitute his duty toward God and toward his neighbor.

In the underworld, in that portion of it which is called the Hall of Maāti, is set a balance wherein the heart of the deceased is to be weighed. The beam is suspended by a ring upon a projection from the standard of the balance, made in the form of the feather which is the symbol of Maāt, or what is right and true. The tongue of the balance is fixed to the beam, and when this is exactly level the tongue is as straight as the standard; if either end inclines downward, the tongue can not remain in a perpendicular position. All that was required was that the heart of the deceased should exactly balance the symbol of the law. If this proves the case on examination by a demigod, the

result is written down, and the following words are addressed to the gods who are present: "Here ye this judgment. The heart of Osiris [with whom the deceased is identified] hath been weighed, and his soul hath stood as a witness for him; it hath been found true by trial in the Great Balance. There hath not been found any wickedness in him; he hath not done harm by his deeds; he spread abroad no evil reports while he was upon earth." He is then pronounced "triumphant," or "true of voice."

The man who had safely passed through the ordeal of the judgment then had to make his way through a series of regions in the underworld, and to pass through a number of halls, the doors of which were guarded by beings who were prepared, unless properly addressed, to be hostile to the newcomer. The scribes, therefore, provided him with hymns and prayers to facilitate his passage into the place where he would be. "The Book of the Dead" furnishes the speech which he is to make, declaring that he has done the will of God, performed charitable actions, and has been truthful and upright. Permission was finally accorded to him to enter into every part of the underworld, and to partake of all the delights which the beatified enjoyed under the rule of Rā and Osiris.

Frequent references are found in the religious texts of all periods to the meat and drink on which those beings fed who existed in the world beyond the grave. In tombs belonging to prehistoric times in Egypt, offerings in vessels of various kinds are met with; proving that the dead man's friends placed food in his grave, on the supposition that he would require it on his journey to the next world. The implements and weapons buried with him also indicate a belief that he would live again a life not unlike that of earth; that he would have a body like to that which he left behind him,—one needing food and

drink. At a later period, about 3400 B. C., the Egyptians believed that the blessed dead lived upon celestial food; that they suffered neither hunger nor thirst, but were the counterparts of the gods. In another passage we read that they are apparelled in white linen; that they go to the great lake which is in the midst of the Field of Peace where the gods sit, and are given to eat of the Tree of Life.

Such was the more popular conception of a future life: a material existence under agreeable circumstances. The creed of the cultured, educated Egyptian promised him, as we have seen, something nobler and higher; he looked forward to a spiritual, ethereal existence, in which he should attain likeness to the Deity in whose presence eternity would be passed. This he was to merit by his own good works, the uprightness of his life, and the prayers of those who performed his funeral ceremonies.

Remarkable as the resemblance undoubtedly is between the beliefs of the ancient Egyptian and those of the Christian on certain points, it is yet impossible not to remark the striking differences that are apparent. Osiris, the author of immortality, is in his divine capacity the judge, not the saviour, of mankind. By his resurrection he does, it is true, open the gates of the unseen world; but it is through his own merits, in virtue of the integrity of his life, that the just man will be permitted to pass the portals of eternal bliss.

The sublime mystery of Redemption is not foreshadowed in the theological system of the Egyptian; the idea of the necessity of a mediator, of a sacrifice in atonement for sin, holds no place in it; no mention is made of the repentant sinner. The attitude of the soul is throughout that of the self-righteous Pharisee: he has done no wrong; the sins he enumerates he has not committed. There is an utter absence of the Christian virtue of humility; there is no

self-abasement of the soul on account of transgressions which need expiation, which call for forgiveness.

It is, however, a notable fact that even in the earliest ages the thought of a future, a spiritual existence, was present to the mind of the Egyptian from the beginning to the end of his life. The resurrection was the object for which every prayer was said, every ceremony performed, every amulet worn. By these means and by the uprightness of his conduct the mortal hoped to put on immortality—to live eternally in a transformed, glorified body.*

A Little Brother in Black.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON JONES was suffering from *ennui*: he was bored, he was horribly, painfully lonely. He felt he really could not stand it much longer: that he must go out in spite of his aunt's injunction that he remain at home till she returned.

"Thomas Jefferson Jones!" she said.

"Yaas'm," he replied.

"I'm gwine to the stoah; doan' you stir out o' yere. You heahs me?" She spoke sternly, and Thomas Jefferson repeated his formula:

"Yaas'm."

"Then you min' me, or shuah's my name's Nannabell Judson—" she finished the sentence by giving him a shake.

Thomas Jefferson Jones had neither father nor mother. The aunt—his mother's sister—who cared for him in a perfunctory sort of way, was not very dear to him; although he was told day in and day out that he should love her very much. He tried hard to obey this commandment; the more particularly as he had been told that if he did not love the good woman who housed him,

fed him, and corrected his faults—or, as she tersely expressed it, "walloped him,"—he could never be baptized; no, not if he grew to be as big as Goliath.

This threat kept him straight; for the one desire, the one ambition of his life, was to be baptized. Not that he had been taught the nature of the sacrament. It was an instinct with him,—some such instinct as leads the sheep to choose nutritious herbage and to reject what is poisonous. For the boy had piety of a quiet kind, entirely unsuspected by his aunt, who had a piety also,—a piety that was somewhat boisterous.

It was the thought of his baptism more than fear of his aunt that kept him quietly indoors all these long hours. She had gone out at noon; it was nearing sundown, and he was arriving at the conclusion that he must at least go out on the porch, when the door opened and not his aunt but her lately acquired husband entered. Thomas Jefferson was not afraid of him, and to him he poured out his petition to be allowed to go out for a while.

"Why suttenly, chile; tha's nothin' to hender,—not's I kin see," said the good-natured uncle-in-law; and, fearing reconsideration of this unqualified permission, Thomas Jefferson made haste to put himself out of the house.

It was a beautifully clear evening in May; and the street of the little Southern town, with its rows of oak trees, looked enticingly fresh and green to the eyes of this small Negro boy, tired of the gloom of Mrs. Judson's kitchen. There were many children in the street he might have played with, had not such pastime been forbidden by his aunt. It may not be known to all, but it is a fact, that among colored people there are classes and circles and inner circles, as there are among white folks; and the reasons for such a state of affairs are as excellent in one case as in the other: servants in "big families" not associating with their like in lesser

* Cf. "Egyptian Religion." By E. A. Wallis Budge, L. D.

families, and so on. Thomas Jefferson was of an inner circle. His grandmother had nursed the old, his mother the younger Nesbitts, and his aunt had married an elder of the African Baptist denomination; his mother had been the widow of the Nesbitts' butler. Therefore, as enjoined by his aunt, it behooved him to hold his head high.

Holding his head high—that is, looking up at the tall trees and smiling at the birds flitting among their branches, and at the patches of blue sky to be seen between the green leaves shimmering in the declining sunlight,—he marched down the street, and into another, at the end of which could be seen the verdant hills and pastures of the country. Arrived there, Thomas Jefferson stood still, took off his cap, and, scratching his head, gazed meditatively before him.

A small Gothic structure of brick and gray stone, surmounted by a glittering cross which the child believed to be of "sure-enough" gold, stood back from the street in a grove of trees. He admired the exterior of the building, and of its interior he had heard wonderful stories: that it was all white and gold, and jewels and lights, and pictures and statues "just like life."

Replacing his cap on his head, he moved slowly in the direction of the church. The doors were wide open: a man and woman were entering. He still advanced, but now with doubtful steps. A question had presented itself that appalled him. "Will the white folks let me in?" He would have turned away had he not at that moment seen an old colored man go in quite as if he were at home in the church.

"Laws!" exclaimed Thomas Jefferson to himself. "If they let a no-account Niggah what wucks foh white trash go in, I reckon I kin too."

In spite of this bold statement, he hesitated when he stood before the inner swinging door, that barred him from the charmed interior.

"You wish to go in to the May devotions?" asked a kind voice at his side; and, looking up, he saw a tall man in a black robe smiling down on him. He was not afraid now.

"Yaas, suh," he replied confidently.

"Come with me," said the priest; and he led the boy down a side aisle to a seat "way up front," where he could see everything.

"I's much obleeged, suh!" said Thomas Jefferson, and seated himself on the bench beside a colored lady who was saying her beads; while the priest made a genuflection before the altar and disappeared through a side door.

Thomas Jefferson had been taught manners, and to be proud of being polite. He saw some one before entering a pew do as the priest had done. Slipping down to the floor, he entered the aisle, made his best bow and returned to his seat, satisfied with himself, and wishing the tall gentleman had witnessed his atonement.

Gently nudging the lady who was saying her beads, he asked:

"Who is he?"

"Doan' talk so loud," whispered the lady irately. "Tha's Father Brooke. Say your pra'ars!"

Thomas Jefferson knelt down. All the prayers he knew were the "Our Father" and "There are four corners to my bed." Instinct told him the last was not appropriate, so he said the "Our Father," and quietly took in the glories before him: a great white altar with golden candlesticks and flowers of every hue; a red light in a lamp that was of gold and jewels to his eyes; before him a multitude of lights and flowers; and throned above, a Lady, in her arms a Child; and the beauty of the twain held his breath and made him happy, though he knew not why.

The notes of an organ pealed out; then came a long line of boys in crimson and white, and the tall gentleman in what Thomas Jefferson described to

himself as a coat of white lace. The saying of the Litany entranced him; he repeated the "Our Father" with the people, and the quick imitativeness of his race made it easy for him to assimilate the words of the "Hail Mary." He caught this much of the instruction that followed: the "beautiful Lady" is the Mother of us all; in baptism we become children of God and of the Mother, who leads us like sheep to her Divine Son, the Good Shepherd. Afterward, when the altar was alight, and the incense floated, and a solemn bell rang, and the Good Shepherd blessed His flock, it seemed to the child as if he were in heaven, and in some dim way he understood the mystic rite.

When Thomas Jefferson finally left the church, he was tumbled down from what was a high state of contemplation for a little boy by the realization of three facts: he was hungry, the moon was rising, and he was in danger of a "walloping" for being out after sundown. These thoughts quickened his steps into a run; and, turning a corner, he started across to the other side of the street, unmindful of an approaching carriage drawn by a pair of restless horses. In a moment he was down, and the horses' hoofs and the wheels of the carriage passed over him.

In the carriage were seated Nellie Nesbitt and Arthur Pagnall, the latter holding the reins. As soon as the horses could be cared for, Arthur and Nellie ran back to see what harm had been done.

"Arthur," cried Nellie, bending over the unconscious boy, "it is Thomas Jefferson!"

"Who?" exclaimed Arthur.

"My 'mammy's' little boy. The poor child, the poor child!"

A crowd had collected. Water was brought; they bathed his forehead and the cut in his head; still Thomas Jefferson did not open his eyes. A doctor had been called, but before he could get there Arthur and Nellie had the boy in

the carriage and were on their way to the hospital.

He would have been treated well at the hospital under any circumstances; but extraordinary kindness was shown Thomas Jefferson when Nellie and Arthur had engaged a room for him, and given orders that nothing was to be left undone that might tend to his comfort or hasten his recovery.

It was a long while before the surgeons brought something like life into the face of the child. He was a doubly pathetic object, because of his helplessness and because of his color,—black so often spelling friendless. But, though his aunt deserted him—she refused to go to the hospital, averring that she had done enough for the child who was none of her own,—Nellie and Arthur stood by him, remaining late at the hospital, and leaving with a promise to return on the morrow.

By no care on their part could the accident have been averted; yet the feeling that in some way they were to blame cast a gloom over these young people, who but a short week before had pledged their troth to each other.

"If I had walked home, it would not have happened," said Nellie.

"But it was I who insisted on having out the horses," declared Arthur.

"Well, God can bring good out of it," replied Nellie, not in cant, but simply expressing her inmost feelings.

The next morning when they came to the hospital—Nellie bearing an armful of flowers,—and were admitted to Thomas Jefferson's room, the nurse met them with a serious countenance. He had passed a bad night, wandering in his mind, she told them.

"But he will recover?" asked Nellie.

The nurse shook her head.

"The doctor says he may linger on for days, or he may die at any moment."

Thomas Jefferson up to this had lain like one asleep on his bed, and they had spoken in whispers so as not to

disturb him. Now his eyes unclosed and he turned an anxious look on Nellie, who stood nearest to him. He recognized her, and a pitiful smile flickered and died out on his face.

"Miss Nellie, please'm!" he said.

"What is it, Thomas Jefferson? I am so sorry!" said Nellie, bending over him.

"Yaas'm," he answered, thankfully; adding with a pained interrogation: "Please'm, the lady says I'm gwine ter die?"

"Oh!" cried Nellie, shocked that he should have overheard the nurse. "We hope to get you well."

"Yaas'm; an' Miss Nellie, please'm, I mus' get well. I mus' grow up ter be baptize'," he said with an energy that surprised them all.

"Don't worry about growing up," answered Nellie. "You can be baptized at any time. But see the flowers I have brought you!" And she held the geraniums and lilies of the valley for him to inhale their perfume.

His face lit up.

"Give 'em to the beautiful Lady," he said. "She am our mother."

"What does he mean by the 'beautiful Lady'?" asked Nellie.

"I think he must have been to the Church of the Assumption," said Arthur.

Nellie drew herself up stiffly.

"The Catholic church where you are so fond of going?" she said, reproachfully.

His reply was interrupted by Thomas.

"I's got his name now—Fatha Brooke!" he cried. And then, half sobbing: "Miss Nellie, is you gone?"

"I am here," said Nellie, softly.

"Fatha Brooke gave me a seat jus' like white folks, an' I didn't cutsy like them. I did after he done gone an' lef' me. Tell him, please'm."

She had not the faintest idea what the boy meant, and what she did she always declares her good angel counselled her to do.

"Would you like to see him and tell him yourself?" she inquired.

"Yaas'm, please'm," said Thomas Jefferson eagerly.

On their way to Father Brooke's Nellie told Arthur her fears that the priest would not thank her for troubling him; but Arthur thought otherwise. After events proved he was right. Father Brooke was much interested, and said he would go to Thomas Jefferson at once.

When they again called at the hospital, they met the priest, who was about to leave. After thanking Nellie and Arthur for bringing him to one who so desired his services, he said:

"I am going to see if I can find some one who will read to the boy."

"I can do that," said Nellie.

"Catholic prayers and short instructions?" asked Father Brooke, with some hesitation.

Nellie's color deepened perceptibly.

"I don't mind," she said.

Thomas Jefferson received her with joy.

"I gwine ter be baptize', Miss Nellie," he said.

She could not enter into his joyful feelings; in fact, she felt a revulsion from the task she had taken on herself.

"Suppose *you* read to him, Arthur?" she said.

He took the book from her hand and read some plain instructions on the Sacrament of Baptism, written for children. She became interested in spite of herself.

Though not suffering constantly, the boy had moments of severe pain. In one of these paroxysms he begged Arthur not to stop reading.

"I's only a Niggah," he cried in an outburst of abject humility not unusual in his race at times; "but now I's unnerstanin',—I is!"

"You poor soul!" said Nellie, her voice broken—and was it her good angel again? "You know more than I know."

After that she herself read, and Thomas Jefferson seemed pleased to see her hold the book. The prayer he had her read

again and again was the Litany he heard at the May devotions.

"You have not come too soon, Father," said the nurse to the priest when he returned. "He can not live much longer."

The baptism of Thomas was performed in the simplest manner, he becoming one of our Father's children with a happiness that shone wondrously in his eyes. To Nellie and Arthur it was a ceremony impressive beyond words.

The doctor, making his rounds, came in and spoke cheerfully to the boy; but Thomas answered seriously:

"I ain' gwine ter get well, please suh."

The doctor glanced at Father Brooke, who signified by a gesture that Thomas knew he would not recover. The boy had been watching them, and now said:

"I ain' keerin': I's baptize'."

He lay still on his pillow like one asleep. When the pain again seized him he said:

"Miss Nellie, please'm!"

"Yes, Thomas," she replied.

"Read the pra'ar for me, please'm,—the same one."

There was not a dry eye in the room while Nellie recited the Litany. The boy lingered on till after midday, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. Once he spoke, saying in a voice little above a whisper:

"Our Father and Hail Mary."

Nellie and Arthur knelt by the bed. As one o'clock struck the nurse said: "It is all over!" Thomas Jefferson had gone to the kingdom where all are brethren equally before their Father's throne.

Soon after their baptism, and just before their wedding which was to take place in the Church of the Assumption, a friend asked Nellie and Arthur, with impatience:

"What ever possessed you to become Catholics?"

"Good example and the unmerited grace of God," was their response.

Justifiable Confidence.

WHETHER or not the following narrative of the celebrated Mgr. Dupanloup has ever appeared in English, the present writer does not know; but, as an excellent bit of reading for Our Lady's month, it is well worth borrowing from a very interesting French compilation.*

Of the efficacy of the *Ave Maria*, said the famous prelate, I remember seeing once an example that I shall never forget. There are occasions in the life of a priest when a ray of special grace penetrates his soul and diffuses therein with infinite sweetness a luminousness and splendid radiance absolutely unforgettable. And so one day I had a revelation of the wondrous power of the *Ave Maria*. It came to me at a deathbed, while I was blessing the last sighs of a child who was very dear to me,—quite a young woman whom only a few years back I had prepared for First Communion.

It was my custom always to recommend to my children, when preparing them for that great event in their lives, the greatest fidelity in reciting that simple and powerful prayer, the "Hail Mary"; and this young woman—she was scarcely twenty, and hardly a year before, I had blessed her marriage—had been very faithful in following my advice. She had even practised another of my counsels—reciting every day some decades of her beads; and during the past four years had daily said all five of the decades.

Daughter of one of the old marshals of the Empire, and one of the most justly celebrated, too; the idol of father, mother, and husband; brilliant, wealthy, and at last overjoyed at having given birth to a son,—well, in the midst of all this happy present and dreams of a still brighter future, she was suddenly called upon to die. Scarcely had she

* "Histoires et Historiettes de Curés."

become a mother when she was stricken with one of those incurable diseases from which there is no escaping.

I entered the house. The young husband was in despair, her mother desolate, the father quite overcome,—more so even than the mother, as, indeed, is frequently the case. For I have more than once remarked that, in great sorrows, Christian women, despite their deep sensibility, bear their griefs more courageously than do the members of the sterner sex.

I passed, then, through the midst of these sorrows, and I knew not how to open the matter to the patient. To my utter astonishment, on reaching her bedside I found her with a smile on her lips. Yes, this young wife who was about to be snatched so suddenly from the most brilliant hopes, from the liveliest, purest and most tender affections,—she smiled upon me. Death was advancing with hurried step: she knew it, she felt it; on her countenance was a look that told of death's coming; and she smiled with a certain sweet sadness that yet could not engulf her peaceful joy. I could not help exclaiming:

“O my child, what a blow!”

But she, with an ineffable accent—I am still overcome in recalling it, the sound of that “voice that is still,”—she asked me:

“Don't you believe, then, that I will go to heaven?”

“My child,” I replied, “I have every hope of it.”

“And I—I'm sure of it.”

“What is it,” I asked, “that gives you this certitude?”

“A piece of advice that you yourself once gave me. When I made my First Communion, you urged us to say the ‘Hail Mary,’ and say it well, every day. Now, I have said it every day; and, more than that, for the past four years I have let no day pass without reciting my beads in their entirety. It is this that makes me sure of going to heaven.”

“How so?” I inquired.

“I can not believe,” she continued gravely—“and it is a thought that has not left me since I have been stricken,—I can not believe that, after having prayed every day for four years, fifty times a day, to the Blessed Virgin, ‘Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death,’ she will not, now that I am going to die, be near me.”

Thus she spoke to me. And I saw then a spectacle that nothing can ever blot from my memory—a truly heavenly death. I saw a tender and fragile creature torn in the very flower of her youth from all that constitutes happiness here below, from all that makes life lovable; quitting here on earth a father, a mother, a husband who adored her and whom she adored, a dear little child so longed for and so precious,—quitting all this, not without tears, but with a radiant serenity; consoling her aged parents, blessing her little babe, encouraging her afflicted husband; and in the midst of all these sundering ties seeing only God, speaking only of heaven.

The Flower of the Holy Ghost.

ALONG the line of the Panama Railroad, in the vicinity of Lion Hill Station, is found that rare variety of the orchid family, the *peristeria elata*, known as the Espiritu Santo. Its blossom, of alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a strong perfume not unlike that of the magnolia. Resting within the cup of the flower lies the prone image of a dove. Its exquisitely moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides; the head bends gently forward; the tiny bill, tipped with a delicate carmine, almost touches its snow-white breast; and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see an expression of meekness and ethereal innocence.

It is an annual, and found most frequently in low and marshy grounds, springing from decayed logs and crevices in the rocks. Some of the most vigorous plants attain a height of five or six feet. The leaf-stalks are jointed, and throw out broad lanceolate leaves by pairs. The flower-stalks spring from the bulb, and are wholly destitute of leaves, sometimes bearing a cluster of as many as twelve or fifteen flowers. It blooms in July, August, and September, and has often been cultivated in the conservatories of foreign lands. If the plant is procured in May or June, after the flower-stalk has started, it can be transplanted, and will flourish under the treatment adapted to the bulbous plants of colder climates.

One of Many.

TIME was when even the visible work of Catholic Sisterhoods was little appreciated by those outside of the Church,—ministering in hospitals, serving in asylums, toiling in schools, succoring the pest-stricken, sheltering the homeless, caring for the outcast, the friendless and the forsaken. But now there is some recognition of the spiritual influence exercised by this host of holy women. We find a non-Catholic writer of eminence referring to our Sisterhoods as “the Christian witnesses in every age to ideal womanhood.” It is realized that in some mysterious way they mend the world that sin has done so much to mar. They who know our Sisterhoods most thoroughly know best how indispensable to the welfare and progress of the Church is the work they do. There was no exaggeration in the declaration of Bishop Spalding that “in thousands of parishes the light of Catholic truth and practice shines from the convent with a more persuasive and unremitting glow than from the pulpit.” And this also is the simple truth:

“The lives of these unselfish, pure, and gentle-hearted women bear witness to the divinity and power of Christ with a force which words can not express.” By their principles and by their actions they are an eloquent and ever-effective protest against the false doctrines and the wrongful ways of a fallen world.

On the simple cross that marks the grave of a Sister of that Sacred Sign who passed to her reward last week there is no word to tell of generous sacrifices and golden deeds,—of a life that was eminently holy and a death such as the saints die. Mother M. Lucretia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, was one of many whose lives are hidden with Jesus Christ in God. But that name and those dates below it, 1845—1903, represent a sacrifice so great, a life-work so noble, a death so beautiful as to demand a brief record.

The idol of a home where she was lapped in luxury and surrounded by love, gifted with all that makes life dear, and seeing only what renders this world beautiful, she was yet conscious of a call to sacrifice. Soon after finishing her studies with the Sisters to whose care she was providentially entrusted on the death of her holy mother, she had embraced the Catholic Faith. Shortly afterward, to the glad surprise of her teachers, she announced her resolution to devote her life to the service of religion. Joining the Catholic Church and becoming a Sister were regarded very differently by non-Catholics at that time from what they are now; and it was only natural that in the case of Miss Fuller there should have been a storm of opposition, though it must be said that it raged most fiercely outside of the family circle. Judge Fuller was wise as well as gentle, and he finally yielded to the pleadings of his beloved daughter, persuaded that no separation could rob him of her love, and consoled to think that the call might be from Heaven. Long years afterward he was heard to

declare that the good effected by the Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church was incalculable; and that, though a Protestant, he was proud and happy to be the father of a nun.

The life of Mother Lucretia was that of Sisters the world over—unwearied labor, unceasing prayer, unending sacrifice. For several years she was an efficient and devoted teacher in St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., and later on the head of that institution. Afterward she presided over academies in Washington, Woodland, Cal., Ogden, and Salt Lake. Her remarkable personality was shown in the influence she had over all who came in contact with her. Wherever she went she left behind her something of God and of heaven. She labored as if all depended upon human effort, and prayed as if all depended upon prayer. The trials of her last illness were borne in the same spirit: she was content to live but not less resigned to die. A more peaceful death could not be imagined: the summons to depart had no terrors. Perfect love had cast out fear. That saying was fulfilled: "Death is swallowed up in victory." "God loves the cheerful giver." Never once had she looked back upon what she left behind; and, dying, there was only one regret—that she had not served with greater devotion the Master whom she loved and whose sacred name was her last breath.

The world is immeasurably brighter and better for a life like this, more beautiful in the sight of angels for such a death; and, though hallowed for the Sepulchre of the Man-God, our earth is hallowed still by the lowly grave of this noble woman, who, leaving all things, followed in His footsteps.

SELF-LOVE is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a mere nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

We sometimes have the great gratification to hear of high honors won at State universities by young men and women whose preparatory studies were made in parochial schools or academies, and of Catholic schools so superior to the public schools as to win the highest commendation of non-Catholics. But we submit that there isn't glory enough to go round. There are many of our schools, it must be admitted, that are distinctly inferior, having nothing to recommend them save their religious atmosphere. For those who are in any way responsible to rest content with this status, satisfied because a certain number of parochial schools are of acknowledged excellence, is the worst kind of folly. At a time when many Catholics failed to realize the importance of religious education we had only praise for our schools and encouragement for their supporters and conductors. Now we are free to say that more thorough qualification for their work on the part of teachers, improvement in methods, and better equipments are in demand. Resources for educational purposes can not be better employed than in raising the standard of our parochial schools; and the quickest and surest way of settling the school question is to render them so superior that non-Catholics would prefer to have their children attend them rather than public schools, with which there is a growing dissatisfaction.

In his farewell letter to the expelled religious of France, Cardinal Richard resents the transparent fallacy that the departure of the Orders will advantage the secular clergy; "and in writing to you now I know that I express the views of the priests of Paris," he adds. If it were otherwise—if the diocesan clergy alone could adequately carry on the work of preaching, catechising and

administering the sacraments to the people of France,—it would argue that the religious were a superfluity; and a superfluity of priests or religious is no advantage in any country. If that could be shown, M. Combes would be a real benefactor of religion in dispersing them. The aged Cardinal, however, struck the taproot of the Government's policy in these trenchant words:

“What charge can be made against the schools of the different Congregations? Those schools were opened under the existing laws and regulations. The teachers repeatedly announced their willingness to comply with the law in regard to education, and they complied with it. The Congregations devoted exclusively to the care of the poor and of the sick asked only to be permitted to perform acts of charity. What is their crime? We find it only in the fact that in their work they are inspired by faith and by Christian charity. Let them renounce their faith, let them abandon their charity, let them promise never again to pronounce the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and their works will be sanctioned by the government.”

In proof of our frequent contention that if insults to our faith are sometimes offered on the stage Catholics have themselves to blame, we want to quote from a letter addressed to Mr. Peter R. Fahey, of Cleveland, by the manager of a theatre in that city. Mr. Fahey had entered a manly protest, expressing the indignation which any sincere Catholic might be expected to feel against the caricature of the monastic life in a so-called opera which is sufficiently well known not to need naming. His correspondent replies:

That “silence gives consent” is an accepted maxim. Those who wish to exercise censorship upon comic opera should do so at the first productions. . . . No protest has been heard, though this opera has been played here and elsewhere many seasons. . . . The public and the Catholic Church [sic] have by silence given consent and

praise to its productions. . . . We protest in turn at the neglect of those who notice this now, thereby making us innocent victims of their neglect of duty at the proper time in regard to this work.

These points, it seems to us, are well made. Either one of two things: Catholics who patronize the theatre do not know when they are insulted; or if they do, have not spirit enough to manifest resentment. During Lent, it will be remembered, there were indignant, even disorderly protests against a play in which the Irish were ridiculed, but not a word of censure during “many seasons” of an opera which is characterized as “scurrilous, irreligious or sacrilegious”!

The *Catholic Universe*, which always has wise and earnest words to speak on all questions of interest to its readers, has done well to publish the correspondence between Mr. Fahey and the theatre manager, and to emphasize the lesson of it. The courts have decided that persons present at public entertainments have a right to express disapproval if they are so disposed. “Just talk out or walk out, or both, when you are insulted by the misrepresentation of your religion,” says the *Universe*. If all Catholics were to act in this way, there would be an end at once and forever to plays and operas which insult or travesty our holy religion. We can not help wishing that there were more Catholic papers like the *Universe* and more Catholic laymen like Mr. Peter R. Fahey.

Time works for truth, and is lighting up the darkness with which the ignorant fanaticism of the anti-Catholic force in America has enveloped Philippine affairs. A portion of the press has reiterated the falsehood that the Philippines, under the influence of the Church, had advanced but little from barbarism. Now the truth comes to light,—at least we see a glimmer in a meeting held in Washington a few days ago by several of the most

modern societies of the capital, to protest against the destruction of some of the evidences of a civilization in the Philippines which antedates that of New England or the Carolinas. The meeting declares, through the Washington press, that—

America has inherited in the Philippines the only walled city outside the Orient; walls on which teams may drive abreast; walls replete with strange architecture; picturesque buildings, well preserved; forts, with dungeons and torture chambers; churches and sixteenth-century monasteries; stone bridges which have stood for years; buildings finer than the Castle of Edinburgh; wonders surpassing those at Nuremberg; possibilities to excel the Ringstrasse; fortifications better than at Carcassone; drives prettier than Chicago Lake Shore; parks as convenient as New York Battery; the combined charms of cities mentioned.

It is to be regretted that Mr. William McLeod Raines, who in the June number of *Pearsons* adds a succinct history of Oregon to the serial "Story of the States" now being published in that magazine, omits all notice of the extensive and beneficent work done in that commonwealth by the Catholic clergy. Mention is made of the Protestant missionaries Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman, but none of Bishops Blanchet and Demers and Father De Smet, who built their lives into the civilization of Oregon. This hiatus detracts greatly from the merit of Mr. Raines' narrative. It is to be hoped that it was not bigotry which led to his singular omission.

There recently passed away in Holland a priest, the Rev. Lambert Young, who figured in a curious case of law in the State of Kentucky, where he labored for many years as a pastor. In 1868 an infuriated mob took possession of the Frankfort jail for the purpose of lynching an unfortunate Negro charged with a heinous crime. The local officials, feeling themselves powerless to save the prisoner, invoked the influence of Father Young, who immediately went to the

jail at great risk. On calling out his name he was admitted by the mob, but all his eloquence and authority were unavailing to save the wretched prisoner. Later the priest was cited before the U. S. District Court to identify the members of the lynching party; but he declined to do so on the ground that although his knowledge was not sacramental, it came to him through an act of deference to his priestly character and ought therefore to be held confidential and privileged. The court declined to accept Father Young's plea, and he was imprisoned in the Jefferson County jail; but the contracted quarters so preyed upon his health that he was released shortly afterward, under bail of two thousand dollars. It was an unusual form of gratitude for the service he attempted to render the local officials, and they probably came to recognize the fact themselves; for the case was never called again, and in due time lapsed from the docket.

Recent French exchanges give considerable space to the replies sent by a number of French prelates to the two circular letters addressed to them last month by M. Combes. The nature of these circulars, and the spirit with which they have been received by many (we trust *most*) of the ordinaries of France, are admirably expressed in Cardinal Langenieux's letter to the President of the Council. He writes:

The first circular asks me as hierarchical chief, responsible for all that relates to worship in my diocese, to stop forthwith the celebration of every religious service in such places of worship as have not the warrant of a decree of authorization. My conscience, and my honor as bishop, impose upon me the duty of informing you that I shall never close, to the prayers of the faithful, edifices consecrated to God. Among the places of worship aimed at by your circular, there are in my diocese one hundred and eleven churches or chapel annexes which have not the warrant of a decree of authorization. Many of them have existed from time immemorial, others antedate the first Revolution. All of them have been

rebuilt, kept up, or restored by the faithful, often enough by the communes themselves; and they have always been publicly attended to by the priests of my diocese. I can not, even momentarily, deprive these rural congregations, distant from the parochial centre, of the possibility of fulfilling their religious duties.

The second circular informs me that preachers from the Congregations must be absolutely excluded from the number of those to whom I may have recourse. I can not, M. President of the Council, recognize in any civil power whatever the right to approve or condemn my choice of the preachers who will give, in the churches of my jurisdiction, and on my responsibility, religious instruction to the faithful confided to me. In the present circumstances particularly, I must fully vindicate my liberty and the rights of my episcopal jurisdiction as to the exercise of the ministry of preaching by priests whom recent governmental decisions have torn from the religious life, and whose trials render them all the more worthy of my sympathy.

If the great majority of the bishops of France adopt these views, and act upon them, we wonder what M. Combes will decide to do? Close the "unauthorized" churches and chapels? We doubt it.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of naval fame, made some very shrewd remarks before the Church Club of New York recently. Here is one of them:

In my judgment, the church of to-day, laity and clergy, have made the capital mistake in generalship of reversing the two great commandments of the law—the two fundamental principles of her war, established by Christ Himself. Practically, as I observe, the laity hold, and the clergy teach, that the first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Incidentally thereto, it is admitted, 'Thou shouldst love the Lord thy God.' It is, of course, too egregious an absurdity openly to call that the second commandment. It is simply quietly relegated to a secondary place.

Captain Mahan enlarged this thought in a later paragraph, wherein he protests against the confounding of the external activities of the Christian life with the Christian life itself:

Is not the judgment of the world expressed, and is it not a true judgment, in the words of indifferent contempt for a man who is trying to save his own soul—his miserable soul, as I have sometimes read? And yet what is a man's soul?

It is the one thing inexpressibly dear to God, for which, if there had been but one, He was content to give His Son; and this He has intrusted to the man as his own particular charge. I do not say his *only* charge, but the one clearly and solely committed to him to make the most of. It is the talent which he is to multiply by diligent care; not that he may delight in it himself, but that he may present it to God through Jesus Christ. . . . Because care of one's own soul, by internal effort and discipline, seemed selfish, men have rushed to the extreme of finding in external action, in organized benevolence, in philanthropic effort, in the love of the neighbor—and particularly of the neighbor's body, for the neighbor's soul was naturally of not more account than one's own,—not merely the fruit of Christian life, but the Christian life itself. That the kingdom of God is within you, an individual matter primarily and in essence, and only in consequence, and incidentally external, as all activity is but a manifestation of life, and not life itself,—all this was forgotten. This I conceive to be the state of the church now.

Our Protestant friends may be interested in knowing that this is also the diagnosis which Catholics, as a rule, make of the malady of the sects. Certainly it accounts for the disregard of "dogmatic Christianity" and "religious observance" of which we have so much evidence. It is pleasant to know that Captain Mahan's sea-studies have brought him so near to the Bark of Peter at one point at least.

The new inebriate act in England was a manifest necessity, if the statistics published in one of the London dailies can be relied upon. The death rate from alcohol in Great Britain during the last fifteen years is said to have increased by 42 per cent in men and 100 per cent in women. In 1892 the drink bill for the United Kingdom amounted to the colossal sum of £140,800,000, or £3 13s. 11d. for each head of the population. The charges of drunkenness heard in the police courts of England and Wales numbered 173,929. There are in the refuges for the insane 10,900 males and 5,800 females who owe their mental decay to the effects of alcohol.



A May Offering.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

LILY OF THE VALLEY! pure, transparent,
white,
Peeping from your dark green sheath, beautiful and
bright;
Swaying in the light spring breeze like an ivory
bell,—
Lily of the Valley, O I love you well!

Smiling little Pansy, purple, brown and gold,
All the glory of the May in your gown you hold;
Naught in daintiest garden lovelier could be,—
Smiling little Pansy, you are dear to me!

Darling, modest Violet, daughter of the woods,
Nurtured under gnarled old trees in forest solitudes,
Breathing sweetest perfume through the woodland
air,—
Darling, modest Violet, there is no flower more fair.

Lily, Pansy, Violet, fragrant, beautiful three!
Woven in a garland fair soon you all shall be;
Woven in a precious wreath, you shall crown to-day
The gentle Queen of all the flowers—Our Lady of
the May!

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VII.

THE poor animal seemed to be very tired from his long journey over a solitary and burning road. He was a dog of doubtful lineage, with a red back, wolf's ears, and long, pointed snout; pursuing his lonely way with hanging tail, sorrowful eyes, open mouth and lolling tongue.

Suddenly he came to a pause. He had arrived at the top of a hill; and a hundred yards distant, in the bottom of a valley, he beheld a village. The dog

appeared to hesitate, evidently realizing what would be his fate in that village, which the white line of the highway divided in two. Finally, being devoured by thirst, he resolved to continue his way to a place where it might be possible to find water.

He arrived at the village, whose deserted streets lay under the full rays of the burning July sun, just as the clock in the tower was striking twelve. The gate of a corral, or stable-yard, stood wide open. In the middle of the enclosure was a well; beside it a stone trough overflowing with water. Not seeing any one, the dog decided to enter—but at that moment a man came out of the stable with a stick in his hand. Divining that this meeting might work him ill, the poor animal stood looking at him with sad, supplicating eyes, wagging his tail as a signal of friendly alliance.

The man, whose organ of compassion had evidently been imperfectly developed, advanced toward the dog with uplifted club; while the dog, indignant at such an inhospitable reception, uttered a low growl, showing as he did so his strong teeth and fiery mouth.

"Can he be mad?" said the man to himself; at the same time answering his own question affirmatively by throwing the stick violently from him and rushing into the house, crying out: "A mad dog! My gun, my gun!"

This signal of alarm speedily threw the whole neighborhood into commotion. Unhappy indeed is the strange dog that enters a village in the hottest hours of the day, and of whom it occurs to some one to say that he is mad; for from that moment his death is decreed.

When the man who had given the alarm returned to the street, the dog had progressed the length of four or

five houses down the row; but his pursuer put his gun to his shoulder and fired. Fortunately for the animal, the shot went wild, flattening itself upon a huge stone.

The villagers now hurried to their doors; and, comprehending what had happened, began to shout and throw whatever missile they could lay their hands upon at the poor animal that had done no one any harm.

Confused and frightened, the dog ran on, confiding his safety merely to the fleetness of his limbs. He had almost accomplished his object when he found the way blocked by a man on horseback.

"Kill him, Bernardo,—kill him! He is mad!" exclaimed one in the crowd.

The situation of the poor dog was truly pitiable. Many of the stones which had been thrown at him had hit their mark, and the animal looked right and left, seeking an avenue of escape from his sorrowful plight.

Among the persecutors of the dog were three or four men armed with guns, capable of inflicting death of their enemy from a distance. But none of them dared to fire, lest they should wound one another. From time to time the voice of Bernardo could be heard crying out:

"Be careful with your guns! Look out! I am here!"

At this critical moment a small wicket opened in the stone-wall of a garden, and the dog threw himself precipitately toward it. Bernardo jumped from his horse, and, running in the direction of the spot where the dog had disappeared, called out at the top of his lungs:

"Comrades, let us save him, let us save him!"

Don Salvador Bueno was the most respectable, most charitable, wisest and wealthiest citizen of the village. His sixty years, his snow-white hair, his pleasant smile and serene glance seemed to proclaim to all the world that there

was an honest and just man. He had read and travelled much and profitably, and was possessed of so much general knowledge that his conversation was always instructive and entertaining. He lived among the heroes of antiquity as actually as in his own times; and when he spoke of the famous men of Greece and Rome one would imagine he was talking of intimate friends who had departed this life but a few years previously.

This venerable man was an encyclopedia always at the disposition of any among his fellow-citizens who wished to consult him. He was, moreover, a perfect mine of anecdotes, which he invariably applied with great tact and discretion; knowing the why and wherefore of everything, and the etymology of every word. He also possessed a multitude of homemade recipes, which he distributed gratis to the sick poor, at the same time furnishing the medicines.

Sorrow had not passed the Señor Bueno by: he had seen a son die at the outset of a brilliant career; also a daughter, who had left him a beautiful boy, at this time about nine years of age, the only relative Don Salvador had in the world. The grandfather proposed to make a perfect man of his grandson. "I shall teach him," he said to himself, "all that he could learn at college. I shall at once educate his mind in the soundest principles of morality; and, by developing his physical strength, educate his body. I should like him to be distinguished by every perfection possible, that I might be able to say, if such should be the case: 'This is my work. In him I have sown all the good seed I have gathered during my long and eventful life.'" Juanito, as the boy was called, was as handsome in body as in soul, with a remarkably clear mind and a charitable and affectionate heart.

We will now enter the house of Don Salvador, situated at the extremity of the village, in the middle of a

spacious garden comprising six acres of land. In the centre of a group of immense trees he had built a pavilion, in which, during the warm hours of the day, the old man and his grandson spent considerable time in gymnastic exercises, fencing, and sometimes reading. At the moment when they are introduced to our readers Don Salvador and Juanito were indulging in these gymnastic exercises.

"Enough, Juanito dear,—enough for to-day!" said the grandfather, wiping away the perspiration which covered the forehead of the boy.

"I am not tired, grandpapa," replied Juanito. "If you like, we will go on till Polonia calls us to dinner."

Polonia was the housekeeper, and had been Juanito's nurse. Her husband exercised the functions of major-domo in the household.

"No, no: your face is as red as a poppy," continued the old man, caressing the child's hair. "And before we go to dinner it is better to rest a while. Come, lie down on the sofa with your hands crossed under your head; this posture is very healthful. I am going to do the same in this rocking-chair. If you do not fall asleep, we can talk a little about Plutarch, that pleasant historian who has no rival."

Juanito, who had stretched himself on the sofa, lifted his head slightly and inquired:

"Did you not hear something? It seems as though a shot had been fired down the street."

"Probably some hunter returning from the mountains emptying his gun before coming into the village."

Apparently the boy was not satisfied with this explanation.

"No, no, grandpapa," he rejoined. "I hear voices and shouts. Something is the matter."

Don Salvador listened attentively a moment, and then remarked:

"Really, they *are* making a great row in the street."

The noise and tumult, instead of quieting down, began to increase as it neared the neighborhood of this retired spot.

The old gentleman lifted the blind on one of the windows, and, peeping out, called in a loud voice:

"Atanasio!"

"What do you wish, Señor?" asked a man who was digging near the pavilion.

"Go to the door in the wall and see what is happening in the street."

Atanasio ran at once to the spot and opened the little door which gave passage to the street. As he did so, a dog rushed in like a flash, and, urged by fear, took refuge in the pavilion, hiding himself under the sofa on which Juanito was reclining.

Before Don Salvador and his grandson could realize what had happened, Bernardo, with twenty or thirty others, had invaded the garden.

"He is mad, he is mad! Kill him!"

Don Salvador, who had not seen the dog enter, thinking Bernardo was the one designated as mad, because of his agitated countenance and disordered hair, hurried from the window to protect his grandson; and on turning became so frightened that at first he remained motionless, unable to recede or advance; then, covered with a cold sweat, the old gentleman breathlessly contemplated the pathetic scene.

There on the sofa knelt Juanito caressing the dusty, filthy head of a strange dog. The poor animal, covered with blood and mud, gazed at the boy with eyes as brilliant as red-hot coals, with open mouth and hanging tongue. From time to time he paused in his labored breathing to lick Juanito's hand; at the same time wagging his tail contentedly, as though he would have said: "Do not be afraid, pretty boy. I am an inoffensive being, belonging to a race which counts neither traitors nor ingrates. Unswerving loyalty is our motto."

By this time Bernardo had entered the pavilion, followed by a crowd of men, women and children. The dog, however, true to the instincts of his species, kept close to Juanito, stretching himself at the feet of the boy, certain that he had at last found a real defender who would deliver him from the horde of vandals that desired his death.

"Señorito, do not touch that dog! He is mad!" exclaimed Bernardo. "Be careful,—get out of the way: I am going to kill him."

"Mad!" echoed Juanito, laughing as he encircled the neck of the dog with his arm. "Mad, while he is licking my hands and lying at my feet for protection! Nonsense! It is *you* who are mad, my good man. If you would only look in the mirror at this moment, I am sure you would be afraid of yourself. We won't let you touch that poor dog; and I am going to ask grandpapa to let me keep him. We'll take good care of him and treat him well. He's almost dead. See the blood!"

"Come now, Bernardo," said the grandfather, observing the peaceful manifestations of the dog, "this animal is not mad. His symptoms are not at all like those of madness. You shall soon see what is the matter with him."

And taking a dish full of water, Don Salvador placed it on the floor beside the dog, who began to drink with avidity, wagging his tail the while.

Bernardo opened his eyes very wide as he replied:

"That is so! He drinks the water." And, turning indignantly to his followers, he continued: "Brutes! why did you tell me this dog was mad? Don Salvador, we beg your pardon for the fright we have given you. But the intention was certainly good."

"I know it, man,—I know it. I thank you with all my heart! Go now and tell Polonia to give you some bottles of new wine from the cellar: it is very cooling to the blood."

The crowd respectfully left the pavilion, admiring the courage and the kindness of Juanito and his grandfather, and above all the good luck which had caused the poor wanderer to throw himself upon the hospitality of the house held sacred by everyone in the village.

"Poor little fellow!" said the boy. "How thirsty he was! And perhaps he is hungry also."

"That is very likely," rejoined his grandfather. "His appearance does not indicate that he has been fed abundantly."

"He must be wounded, too: he is covered with blood. We will cure him pretty soon. And what can his name be, grandpapa?"

"I do not know, my son," laughingly answered the old man. "And as I am very sure he would not tell me were I to ask him, I shall not take the trouble. But as everything must have a name, we shall give him one, and from to-day this little dog will be called *Fortuna*, because it was good fortune that led him to this house, where he has found refuge from the mob."

Four days later *Fortuna* would not have been recognized for the same dog. Juanito had cured his wounds—which did not amount to much—by the application of arnica; and afterward, with the assistance of Atanasio, had given him a good bath with soap and sponge. Then it could be seen that *Fortuna* was not so ugly as he had appeared to be; and that, with a smart collar and good nourishment, he could be presented anywhere without shaming his master. But the finest thing about *Fortuna* was his eyes, which beamed with intelligence; especially when, standing on his hind paws, he looked intently at Juanito, as if endeavoring to divine his thoughts before the boy could utter them.

One day Don Salvador and his grandson went to visit an almond orchard, which the old gentleman had had planted the week Juanito was born, and which

in the village was known by the name of La Juanita. On these country walks Don Salvador always carried a book. They threw themselves under the shade of an almond tree, and read and talked until the afternoon began to wane, when they wended their way homeward. On nearing the house, Don Salvador found he had forgotten his book.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I have left my precious copy of 'The Book of Job' under that tree! We shall have to go back and get it, lest it be lost."

Fortuna, trotting behind, in two steps bounded in front of his master, and, lifting his head, stood looking at his friends, holding the book in his mouth so daintily that it was not even damp.

"Many thanks, Fortuna!" said Don Salvador, caressing the intelligent head of the animal. "This book I value highly. I should have been very sorry if it were lost, because it is a souvenir of my good mother. To-night you shall have some extra dainty by way of showing my gratitude."

The dog began to jump and bark joyfully,—not for the offered sweet morsel, but because he was beginning to be useful to his friends.

At the end of a week Juanito and Fortuna were inseparable friends. The dog slept on a piece of carpet at the foot of the boy's bed, and in the morning acted the part of valet to his little master, fetching his shoes and stockings just when they were needed.

One day when Don Salvador and Juanito went into the garden, the dog followed them as usual. Don Salvador extended his stick horizontally in order to point out a plant; and as he did so Fortuna made a clean bound across it with the greatest agility, falling on his hind feet, on which he remained standing, looking up into the old gentleman's face with an air of supreme gravity. Once more Don Salvador stretched out the stick, and again Fortuna performed the same feat, with this difference: he came

down on his front paws, while his hind feet were poised in air:

On another occasion Juanito sneezed violently; and Fortuna putting his head into the pocket of the old gentleman drew forth a handkerchief, which he presented to Juanito. This incident caused much amusement to the grandfather and the boy.

From day to day thereafter Fortuna developed new tricks, which entitled him to distinction as a dog of great sagacity, and from which his masters decided that he must at one time have belonged to a travelling showman. They were both quite anxious to learn the origin of their little friend whom good luck had brought to their door.

(To be continued.)

Parmentier and the Potato.

Who would imagine that there could be an interesting story connected with so plain and humble a vegetable as the potato? Sir Walter Raleigh, as we all know, introduced the potato into England, but his French neighbors across the Channel would have none of it. There was an idea among them that he who ate this strange root would at once be seized with leprosy. So widespread was this absurd idea that it was considered a treasonable offence to plant the tuber in French soil.

There was, however, in the service of the King some hundred years ago a distinguished chemist, named Augustin Parmentier, who believed in the potato, and went so far as to keep a plant growing in his private room, from which he often plucked a flower to adorn his coat. One day the King said:

"Parmentier, what is that peculiar-looking flower that you wear in your button hole?"

"A potato blossom, sire."

"Why are you so fond of it?"

This was Parmentier's chance, and

he became so eloquent concerning the claims of the despised potato that the King said: "We will have a banquet and try this new food."

So all the scientific people of Paris were invited to eat potatoes; and the result was that the vegetable at once became fashionable, for no one dared to dispute with the King.

But still the common people would not eat it. "You can lead a horse to water but you can not make him drink." They refused to have anything to do with the poisonous and mysterious root. Parmentier had failed, and, in spite of his potato diet, became thin and ill from disappointment. At last he thought, "It is a law of nature that people want what they can not have, just like children." So he bought a large tract of land, which he planted with potatoes, and then he set a body of soldiers to guard it. Signs were everywhere which read, "It is forbidden to enter this field or take these potatoes."

All day long the pointed bayonets of the soldiers kept the peasantry at a distance, but at night they stole in and dug up all the potatoes in the field! And they not only dug them, but they ate them; and they not only ate them, but they liked them. The battle was won, and France had a new and valuable food on which to depend.

The King was so delighted that he bestowed a title on Parmentier, and gave him for crest a little bunch of potato blossoms.

A Kind-Hearted Bishop.

Mgr. Miollis, a French Bishop of the First Empire, was famed for kind-heartedness. He was always doing kind acts. On one of his pastoral journeys through an Alpine district he met with a little swineherd who was crying as if to break his heart because all his little pigs, quitting their fat mother, had run away, he didn't know where.

"Don't cry," said the Bishop. "Let me have your knife for a moment."

The boy obeyed; but, seeing the prelate approaching the sow with the knife opened, he cried:

"O Father, don't kill the mother,—please don't, I beg you! That would finish me altogether."

"Don't be afraid. You'll see what I do, and another time you can act in the same way."

With that the Bishop gave the sow a little jab in the lobe of the ear with the knife. The animal forthwith made so tremendous an outcry that the little pigs, hearing their mother, came running from all their hiding-places, much to the wonder and joy of their youthful guardian, who couldn't better express his gratitude to the Bishop than by saying:

"My, Father! but you're a sight better at tending pigs than I am."

Anagrams.

Anagrams, which means "backward letters," have always been interesting studies, and in the reign of Louis XIII. the office of Anagrammatist to the King had a yearly salary of twelve hundred livres attached to it. We here append a few of the more famous historical anagrams, in which the rearrangement of the letters is singularly suggestive:

Astronomers—Moonstarers.

Penitentiary—M(nn)ay I repent it.

Revolution—To love ruin.

Telegraph—Great help.

James Watt—Wai(j)t, Steam.

Florence Nightingale—Flit on, cheering angel.

The Key of Christendom.

Buda, the capital of ancient Hungary, was, from its location on the Danube river and its nearness to Turkey, called the Key of Christendom.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. will soon publish an important Franciscan work: "The Friars, and How they Came to England." It is from the very competent pen of Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.

—The publishers of Mr. George Moore's latest story have done us the honor of submitting it for review. We have labored conscientiously through a hundred pages of it—quite enough to assure our readers that they will be none the poorer either in intellect or morals if they never read a line from the pen of Mr. George Moore.

—"May Readings from Father Faber" is the title of a little book published by R. & T. Washbourne, which we are sorry not to have received earlier in the month. One can not but rejoice at any effort made to popularize the writings of the learned and saintly Oratorian; still not everyone is competent to make selections from books like "Bethlehem," "The Foot of the Cross," and "The Blessed Sacrament." We are glad that this task was undertaken by Father John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., who is reverent and painstaking as well as judicious.

—"A man of some experience" tells young writers, through the *Critic*, that the most foolish sort of foolishness is to think that because a few editors have declined a manuscript the case is hopeless. The needs of an editor at one time, he says, may be totally different from his needs at another—which is true of some editors,—and the needs of one publication are likely to be quite different from the needs of another. That the writer is really "a man of some experience" must be fully conceded after one reads that one of his manuscripts was rejected nine and another twelve times before it was finally accepted.

—The late Richard Henry Stoddard, who is commonly conceded to have held the first place among the poets and critics of America at the time of his death, was born of poor parents and worked for several years in an iron foundry. Even after he had attained to fame the sale of his four volumes of verse and his critical work as literary editor of the *Mail and Express* (N. Y.) did little more than support the modest but extremely interesting home to which nearly all American men of letters have made pilgrimages. Mrs. Stoddard, who preceded her husband to the grave by a few months, was also a writer of note, and their son, whose premature death is still lamented, was a playwright of unusual promise. Yet in spite of the combined earnings of this literary family, Mr. Stoddard died poor, while youths and maids all around him wrote artless and thoughtless romances or historical novels which brought them

fortune. Stoddard was a man of peculiar charm, a lover of whatever is beautiful in life or literature; and though he had finished his work some years before his death, he will still be missed and mourned.

—From the Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Michigan, we have received "A Lullaby," words by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, music by Mary Wood-Allen. The sentiment of the song is pretty, the melody taking, and the cover illustration attractive.

—The Rev. B. J. Raycroft, of the diocese of Erie, has published "A Little Chaplet for the Queen of Angels." There is a short meditation for every day in May, the subjects being the mysteries of the Holy Rosary. Those who admired Father Raycroft's sermons when they were published will find this May-manual to their liking. Pustet & Co.

—Regret is frequently expressed that Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey has found so little time of late years to continue the literary work she so brilliantly began with "Midshipman Bob." That she has not been idle, however, is shown by the number of good causes which have found in her an energetic advocate. In the *Indian Sentinel*—what a pity it is only an annual and not a monthly!—she publishes a plea for the Catholic Indian schools which ought to raise up many good friends for that needy apostolate. The cause of the Red Child has seldom been so ably pleaded, and it will be a misfortune if Miss Dorsey's article is not reprinted for general distribution by some efficient agency. Another article in the same number of the *Indian Sentinel* should have been credited to the magazine from which it was copied.

—It may be worth while to answer an objection sometimes made to the best of our Catholic newspapers—those most deserving of general support—viz., that they contain too much relating to the cities in which they are published and that they ignore interesting events occurring elsewhere. It need not be said that the leading daily papers all give large space to local news; and for this reason the interest of a paper published, for instance, in New York is necessarily lessened for persons residing in San Francisco. But if the metropolitan journal happens to be more desirable in every other respect than any home paper, it will be preferred by all who want the worth of their money. A large proportion of the local news in any daily paper is of little or no interest outside of its own district. The same is true of events occurring at Bugleville, Wayback Co., Ind., and faithfully recorded in the county newspaper. As in secular

papers, so in religious newspapers, it is the important features that count with intelligent readers: the general news, the leading articles and editorials, the correspondence, the special articles, the selected matter, etc. The best of our newspapers are conducted on precisely the same plan as well-managed secular weekly papers. Circumstances may prevent its being fully carried out, but the formulation is in evidence. Those who are disposed to find fault with the best Catholic newspapers would do well to compare them with periodicals issued by sectarians. We have a number of papers of which there is no reason to feel ashamed. They are a credit not only to their conductors, but to all who support them. The way to render them more generally interesting is to furnish the editors with an account of every event seemingly of more than local interest, leaving it to their judgment whether the information should be published and in what way. Of one thing correspondents may rest assured: nothing of real value or interest is likely to be consigned to the waste-baskets of the editors we have in 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.

- George Eliot. *Leslie Stephen*. 75 cts., net.
 The Girlhood of Our Lady. *Marion F. Brunowe*. \$1.25.
 The Light Behind. *Mrs. Wilfrid Ward*. \$1.50.
 The Pilkington Heir. *Anna T. Sadlier*. \$1.25.
 Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. *Isabel Lowell*. \$1.50, net.
 The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D.* \$2.
 Father Tom of Connemara. *Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville*. \$1.50.
 A Daughter of the Sierra. *Christian Reid*. \$1.50.
 Border Memories. *Marion Muir Richardson*. \$1.
 Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy. *Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.* 85 cts.
 Vetera et Nova (Old and New). *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* \$2, net.

- The Philippine Islands. *Emma Helen Blair-James Alexander Robinson*. Vols. I. and II. \$4, ea.
 A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. *Fredrick Justus Knecht, D. D.* \$4, net.
 The Question Box. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P.* \$1.
 The Art of Disappearing. *John Talbot Smith*. \$1.50.
 Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. *W. Meyer-Griffith*. 30 cts.
 The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.
 Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe*. 50 cts.
 Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan*. \$1.
 Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert*. \$1.75, net.
 Hail, full of Grace! *Mother Mary Loyola*. \$1.35.
 With Napoleon at St. Helena. *Paul Fremeaux*. \$1.50, net.
 History of the Great Irish Famine of 1847. *Rev. J. O'Rourke, M. R. I. A.* \$1.25, net.
 Instructions on Preaching. *Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M.* 85 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Louis Heidemann, of the diocese of Peoria; Rev. Joseph Knaepple, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Edmund Didier, archdiocese of Baltimore; Very Rev. Philip Huber, diocese of Natchez; Rev. B. Claus, diocese of Belleville; and Rev. P. J. Lotz, archdiocese of St. Louis.

Sister M. Annunciation and Mother M. Lucretia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Dominica, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Ambrose and Sister M. Paulina, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Charles Hull, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Francis Carney, W. Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Lilly, N. Adams, Mass.; Mr. George Covington, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Ryan, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. J. A. Cottingham, Jersey City, N. J.; Dr. George Cassidy and Mrs. Bridget Cassidy, Shawneetown, Ill.; Mrs. James Devereaux, Ferryland, Newfoundland; Mr. John Frein, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Gately, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Mary Baden, Hamilton, Ohio; Dr. James Larkin, S. Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Cecilia Valentino, Mrs. C. M. Sheridan, Sr., Mr. R. Waggenstein, Mr. Denis Gildea, and Mr. W. E. Doody,—all of Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Isabella Woulfe and Mr. Patrick Devenney, Glendale, Ohio; Miss R. A. Moeller, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Moran, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Joseph Keiser, Mansfield, Ohio; Mr. Patrick McKinzie, Burlington, Vt.; and Mrs. Margaret Marshall, Allegheny, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!





OUR LADY OF CONTEMPLATION.
(A. CASSIOLI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 43.

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Wasted Time.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHO waste their time? Not idle men alone,
Weak dawdlers who but lounge the hours away,
Inactive still through all the vacant day;
Nor only those to busy trifling prone,
The moment's duties who must fain postpone
The while their bootless industry has play:
Not merely these, but all whose lives betray
Forgetfulness that time is but a loan
From God. Each hour is His, and all our years
Are given us to do one task supreme—
To serve Him well. The busiest careers,
If God be not their underlying theme,
Are futile, vain, unprofitable still:
He only wastes no time who does God's will.

The Sacred Heart of the Saviour.*

BY PÈRE MONSABRÉ.

I.

LOVE in the Heart of Jesus Christ is essentially such as it is in our hearts: "A movement, an act directed to good—to possess it,—*actus in bonum*; the desire of good to those loved,—*velle bonum alicujus*." But what a difference in the genesis and perfection!

Our love awakens only after having passed slowly the shades of those first years in which instinct precedes reflection. It is necessary that creatures

reveal themselves little by little to our intelligence, and that we taste their charms in order to fix the choice of our hearts. Our first movement is to enjoy. The expansion—that is, the love which desires the good of another, the love that wishes to increase the beauty of the object loved; the love that invents, foresees the wants, anticipates the desires, torments itself, forgets itself, and lives less in itself than where it is bestowed; the love that is consummated by the perfect union of hearts,—this love is what sometimes must be long waited for.

How much more laborious and difficult is the movement of our heart toward God! He appears to us only veiled under the perfections with which He has adorned the weak children of His goodness. The senses, the first instruments of our knowledge, being unable to give us any account of His invisible presence, we are obliged to seek it by the labored method of reasoning, and to listen to what is said to us of Him. We learn at length that He is Supreme Beauty, but this beauty takes no hold on the impressionable appetites that play so great a part in our life. We come to love Him; but that love, fatally preceded by the love of creatures, with difficulty occupies the superior place and governs our affections. O heart of man, how small and poor and weak thou art beside the grand and rich and powerful Heart of Christ!

That Heart does not wait to fix its choice and dispense its love. At the very

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

moment it begins to exist it enters into full possession of its object, and feels itself endowed with all the force, all the tenderness, all the generosity necessary for great benefits and for sublime devotion. It is the inevitable consequence of that marvellous knowledge, of that incomparable rectitude, of that sovereign power which we have admired. Knowing at a single glance every good, and the harmony of each, the Heart of Christ can not be retarded in its natural movement; directed infallibly by the eternal rule of human actions, it can not be deceived in its preferences; absolute master of the inferior appetites that torment our nature and lead astray our affections, it can not be troubled in its effusions. To speak more correctly: personally united to the Supreme Good, it embraces it as soon as it is seized itself, and finds itself filled with the love with which God loves Himself and loves every creature.

It loves God! The chaste delights of His love have been sung by the Prophet in that mystic epithalamium in which the Spouse and her beloved lavish the sweetest names, the most tender caresses and the most magnificent praises. Still it is an imperfect and gross image of the affectionate interchanges between the Word and humanity, which He has espoused. To the Word, humanity is the all-fair one, beside which the immense world is nothing; for humanity, the Word is the only beloved, that the heart embraces eternally, and in whom it drinks in all love. They sing together, and their harmonious voices rejoice the Heavenly Father, who never heard, except within Himself, the like canticle.

But I abandon all thought of painting this mystery. The most beautiful of the Seraphim could but feebly render the ardent colloquies, the tender abandon, the amorous annihilation of the Heart of Jesus. Blessed solitude into which Christ retired to converse with His Father, thou hast guarded the secret of the prayers thou hast heard! Faithful

disciples of the Saviour, you have recounted for us His life without daring to penetrate the sanctuary in which were celebrated the mysteries of His love for God! What can I myself say, but that, in heaven or on earth, God never was or never will be loved in a manner worthy of Him by any created heart, if not by the Heart of Jesus?

I shall be more at ease in speaking to you of the love of Christ for us; for of this He has given the most imperishable proofs, which proclaim its immensity, its ineffable tenderness, its inexhaustible generosity.

However large and profound may be the heart of man, it can contain only affections measured by the limited knowledge which we have of beings and their perfections. Immense knowledge alone can beget immense love; and such is, you know, the knowledge of Our Lord. The glance of His intelligence penetrates all things; and His love accompanies it, as heat accompanies light whenever it illumines the fireside. We were loved at the very instant in which the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished; for then all human generations—past, present and future—were before the Infant Christ. I say more: inasmuch as the Heart of Jesus Christ, like His other human faculties, should be considered an instrument of His Divinity, the eternal love of which we were the object in the depths of the divine essence, took possession of that Heart, and the Saviour could say: *In charitate perpetua dilexi te,*—“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” The love of Christ embraces all times and all worlds.

No exclusion can be in that immense love. Weak hearts, incapable of resisting the shock of human imperfections, too sensible of the wounds we receive, we make our choice and our exceptions. Those whom we deign to call our friends receive, in the sanctuary of our affections, a generous hospitality; those to whom we are indifferent wait at the

door for the moment when it may please us to open; our enemies are outrageously and mercilessly banished. Not so with the grand Heart of Jesus. Though it has its preferences, it remains always open. We may retire thereinto; never is any one driven away. What do I say? Flight is impossible: we are always loved, even when we have made ourselves unworthy of love. An ungrateful people have forgotten His benefits and demand His death. He weeps over their misfortunes, as if the enemy, whom He perceives, had laid siege to His own Heart in attacking the walls of unfortunate Jerusalem. Judas betrays and delivers Him up with a kiss: He still calls him His friend—*Amice, ad quid venisti?* Peter cowardly denies Him, and He reproaches him for his crime only by a look of mercy. To his executioners who insult Him in His last moments, He replies with that touching prayer: "Father, forgive them!"—*Pater dimitte illis!* No, my Jesus, no: none are driven from Thy Heart. One day, to satisfy the justice of Thy Father, it will be necessary for Thee to pronounce an eternal malediction against those who have wilfully and obstinately avoided Thee; but even then, in the beautiful words of a great saint, there will be seen a ray of Thy love amid the frightful torments to which these unfortunates shall have condemned themselves.

The love of Jesus is immense. And what wonder! It is ineffably tender. It is not subject to that law of our weakness which reserves tenderness for concentrated affections, and which will have their intensity diminished when they are expanded. Our heart is so poor that soon its resources are exhausted: the Heart of Jesus is rich with an infinite tenderness. To express it, He uses the most artless and touching figures: He is a Shepherd—all souls are the sheep of His flock; He knows them all, and calls them all by name; He chooses their pasturage, He protects

them from the enemy; He is troubled for the missing and runs to seek them, takes them upon His shoulders to spare them the fatigue of the road, and restores them trembling to the midst of the flock. He is a Father—the human race is His family. He shares His bread with His faithful children, and for the prodigal He treasures up generous pardons and joyful welcomings. He is a Mother: He is always eager to press His children to His Heart as the timid hen its little chickens. He is a Spouse: He promises to watchful souls mysterious wedding feasts and eternal joys. Every weakness is amiable to Him. It is with the most delicate precautions He touches the bruised reed, that it may not be broken; the flax that still smoulders, that it may not be extinguished.

Children and the poor have a choice place in His affections. The poor whom we are willing to succor when we have a compassionate heart, but whom we keep at a distance not to compromise our dignity with their low condition, Jesus admits into His company, permits their sweet and holy familiarity, patiently explains the mysteries of His doctrine, humiliates Himself before them, serves them, lives their life, and assures them of the possession of the kingdom of heaven. Still more strange and ineffable! supreme misery, shameful misery, has the power of attracting His Heart and exciting it to tenderness, against which the pride of human hearts revolts. All we can do is, not to judge sinners too severely, and generously renounce the right they give us to despise them. Jesus loves them, seeks them, calls them near Him, besieges their guilty souls with His kind attention, fills them with His goodness; touches them, in order that He may be able to say to them: 'Be of good heart: your sins are forgiven.' The despised publican, the adulterous Samaritan, the dishonored Magdalen, all the sick and leprous in the moral order, are the objects of His charitable solicitude and

His earnest care. He is merciful, and yet more merciful,—*misericors et miserator*. Among all His works of love, compassion and tenderness for the great misery of sin holds the first place: *Misericordia ejus super omnia opera ejus*,—"His mercy is above all His works."

Never was the like seen. We are astonished; we almost make it a crime. Never will the like be seen, unless His merciful tenderness has passed from His Heart into the hearts of His children. And yet this merciful tenderness appears to contradict itself. When Jesus is found before His enemies, He unmasks their hypocrisy, reveals their hidden faults, and cries out: 'Woe to their culpable life!'—*Væ vobis, Phariseis!* This is what we call severity, anger, harshness. Yet, no. When pride resists love, love has but one weapon against it: to show its crimes, and warn it of the chastisements prepared for it. The heart that is silent in such cases is a heart that no longer loves. But Jesus loves always; His severity is the last proof of a tenderness which to the end wishes to establish its rights that it may grant its benefits.

This word *benefit* brings before us a third quality of the love of Jesus Christ: His inexhaustible generosity. It is the proper characteristic of love; that by which it is known not to be deceitful. The transports, the effusions of tenderness which are expressed only in words and ineffectual desires, may surprise for an instant innocent hearts, but at length they recognize that they are abused if love goes no further. To love, is not to please oneself with those whom we love, and to enjoy without return the sweetness of their affection: *Amare est velle bonum alicujus*. Love gives. The more it strips itself of what it has to enrich those whom it has chosen, the greater, the truer it is. On this account all human love languishes beside the love of the Saviour; for all His life He wished the good of those whom He loved. And

all the good that He wished, he accomplished. This mystery must be seen with the eyes of faith.

However, those who dispute the divine greatness and providential mission of Christ, can not refrain from doing homage to His admirable goodness. He forgets Himself; He is all to those He loves; He instructs with patience; He encourages, condoles, makes peace, and scatters blessings everywhere. Abandoned and betrayed, He pleads for His own; on the road of torture, He compassionates those who weep for Him; at the moment of death, to the culprit who prays to Him He makes a sweet promise, and asks of God pardon for His executioners. His love has this exceptional character, which is remarked in the human heart only after He gave the impetus to all hearts: it leaves the confined regions of intimacy, of the family, of patriotism, to extend itself to all humanity. Evidently, if Christ is the greatest of men by the elevation of His mind and His character, He is also the best by the goodness of His Heart. This is what reason thinks and says at those times when passion is calm, and prejudice prevents not the clear view of facts.

But faith reveals to us still other wonders. From the hidden life of our Saviour to His public life, from His public life to His suffering life, it shows us, as it were, a constant emulation of the same generosity, seeking always to surpass itself. The Apostle has resumed all in these few words: "Christ has loved us and delivered Himself up for us." The mere fact of the Word annihilated in human nature is a grand act of love. And we could say at once, in presence of a glorious incarnation which would present Him to our trembling admiration: "Christ has loved us." But He is not given: He 'delivers Himself.' He delivers Himself by the touching weakness of an infancy which invites confidence and familiarity. He delivers

Himself in the pious effusions of His hidden life wholly employed in prayer for us to His Heavenly Father. He delivers Himself in making Himself an humble and poor laborer, to raise in the esteem of men a despised condition, and to show that true nobility depends neither upon rank nor fortune nor human power. He delivers Himself in the patient and sublime teaching of His doctrine, in the revelation of the divine secrets of which He is, as the Word, the eternal witness. He delivers Himself in placing His omnipotence at the service of our reason, which wishes for signs; at the service of our infirmity and misery, which ask for aid. He delivers Himself in laboring, by His example as well as by His words, for the regeneration of our minds and hearts. *He delivers Himself.*

But all these great gifts do not satisfy His love: He goes as far as the supreme gift—the gift of His life: “Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.” In the trials, sufferings and death of Christ, the rationalist sees but fatal accidents, for which every extraordinary man must be prepared whose greatness and virtues offend jealous mediocrity and restless vice; but the Christian recognizes the literal accomplishment of these words: *Tradidit semetipsum*: “Christ delivered Himself.” Understand well this mystery of love, if you would understand the Heart of Jesus.

Stripped of our primitive perfection by the crime of him who carried about him the destiny of humanity, we were irremediably condemned to eternal misery. Nothing could satisfy the Sacred Majesty which we had offended: not the bloody sacrifices of goats and oxen; not the human holocausts invented by the religious despair of criminal people; not the hecatomb of all nature,—nothing. A divine victim was required for the reparation of the offence. But whence to take it? Jesus, true Son of man, enters into the world;

He delivers Himself. “Behold Me!” He says,—*Ecce venio!* “O Father, I love those whom Thou wouldst immolate to Thy holy anger; Thou shalt gain nothing by the sacrifice of these stained victims; take Me in their place.” Inconceivable prodigy! the loving substitution is accepted, and God strikes His own Son without pity.

He strikes, and there is heard through the darkness of a cold night, beneath the open walls of a stable, in the manger of animals, the cry of an Infant scarcely covered with poor clothes. He strikes, and a timid woman is seen bearing her Son stealthily along the road to exile, pursued by the anger of a jealous King. He strikes, and the Master of the world earns His daily bread by the sweat of His brow. He strikes, and the Ambassador of Heaven, in the fulfilment of His mission, lives on the bread of charity, and has not whereon to rest His head. He strikes, and during three years dark threats mingle with the benedictions that salute the Son of David. He strikes, and the Author of life, overwhelmed with sadness, prostrated through fear, presented with a bitter draught, agonizes in an obscure grotto, where there appear before Him, together with our sins, all the tortures of His dolorous Passion. He strikes, and, despite the revelation of the fact that His blood will be fruitless to millions of ungrateful souls, the loving Jesus still exclaims: “I deliver Myself,”—*Fiat! fiat!* He strikes, and the Just One is betrayed and abandoned by His own, delivered up to His enemies; condemned, contrary to every law; mangled with blows, crowned with thorns, covered with opprobrium, cursed by the people, nailed to the cross. He strikes, and while earth blasphemes, the Holy Victim complains of the abandonment of Heaven. He strikes—He has struck; *Consummatum est!*—“All is consummated!” Jesus is delivered for us; Jesus has died in our stead. The

human race is saved. O Golgotha, why dost thou tremble? A horrible crime has been committed on thy bloody top. But I hear issuing from the opened side of my Saviour a voice more powerful than the voice of crime,—a voice that cries: Love and Pardon!

Is this the last word of the Heart of Jesus? No. Human love can go no further than death: the love of Christ breaks down that dark barrier, beyond which we can reach only by memory those whom we love; the love of Christ finds the means of realizing those strange desires which for us are but reveries. We would wish never to inflict upon the hearts of our friends the cruel wound of separation and absence; we would immortalize, if it were possible, the most sublime testimonies of our devotion; we would wish to live in those we love, and make them live in us; but our weak and impotent nature replies to all those desires with the despairing word: "Impossible!" Avoid separation and absence, remain where your heart is attached, you may; but never to bid a last adieu to those you love—impossible. You may pass through all the forms and stages of devotion, but to give more than once your life for those you love—impossible. You may multiply infinitely the proofs of your tenderness, but to incorporate yourself with the loved ones, to make them live for you—impossible.

Yes, impossible to every love which is not the love of my Saviour. His love knows nothing impossible. He will go to the most extreme limits of the strongest desires. Must He, for this, brave all the laws of nature and impose upon Himself prodigies of annihilation? It is done. Behold the Eucharist! There Christ, really and substantially present, dwells unceasingly in the midst of us, at the same time that He receives in heaven the embrace of His Father and the adoration of the angels. Assist at Mass: there Christ renews, thousands and thousands of times a day, the loving

substitution of Calvary and immolates Himself to God for the salvation of a sinful world. Approach the Holy Table: take and eat; under the form of bread you will feel entering within you the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ; and you can say with the Apostle: "It is no longer I that live, but Christ lives in me." More powerfully than the voice of Golgotha and of the Cross—the voice of the sanctuary, the altar and the tabernacle, repeats this sweet cry to our hearts: *Christus dilexit nos et tradidit semetipsum pro nobis*,—"Christ loved us and delivered Himself up for us."

The time will come to study more deeply the Sacrament of Love and to show all its wonders; at present I can refer to it as only the superabundant expression of the generosity of Christ in our regard, and as the supreme revelation of His great Heart. All loves are surpassed. "God," says Bossuet, "in forming the heart of man, placed goodness therein." It resides there like a kind hostess, and to the honor of our race it manifests itself by splendid actions that cause us to forget the great gifts of mind. But there is a heart of man where goodness overflows. God has made it "to show to ages to come all the riches of grace in Him who is goodness itself, Christ Jesus." I admire Thy mind and Thy knowledge, O my Saviour, but Thy Heart astonishes me more, by its greatness, its length, its height, its depth! I can understand the words of the Apostle: "Brethren, would that you could know the immense love of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." *Ut possitis scire supereminentem scientiæ charitatem Christi.*

(Conclusion next week.)

MORALITY is the good taste of the spirit, and a lapse from it should disturb every sense as keenly as any most violent discord of sound or color jars the ear or eye of an artist.—*H. E. Hersey.*

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXII.—COUNT MERO EXPOUNDS.

COUNT MERO took advantage of O'Byrne's accident to deliver himself of essays upon the progress of his great country. And Myles proved a very willing listener; for, though the ideas belonged to others, Mero quietly appropriated them to himself; and, being excellent ideas, they came to Myles in their full freshness and full force.

Very ceremoniously a major-domo would crave an interview for the most noble and illustrious Count Mero with Mr. O'Byrne; and in a few minutes, the *portières* being flung aside with pomp and circumstance, the Count would enter with a low bow, clicking his spurs together; then came the shaking of hands, and the Count would express a desire to be made acquainted with the condition of the patient's health and of the nature of the physicians' reports. Mero would quietly seat himself in a chair, having first cast a furtive glance at his notes; after which he would plunge *in medias res*.

"You have—ahem!—heard much of our Trans-Siberian Railway, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Who has not?" said Myles.

"I should like to give you some information—I mean inside information—that might prove both useful and interesting."

"Both indeed, your Excellency, if you will be so good."

"Now, the Emperor who is a very keen man of business—I don't mean your cursed grocery details,—after a careful consideration, resolved upon ordering a city to be built at Dalny, the new and chief commercial terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway

system on the North China Pacific coast. This will give you an idea of Russia. In the United States they build wooden houses, house by house. Here the Emperor says: 'Let me see a fully equipped city, with a seaport, with all the essential modern appliances, including ample provision for future residence, trading and manufacturing facilities before the coming of an expected population. Let me see this on such and such a date.' And, like a mandate in the Arabian Nights, lo, it is done as the clapping of the hands. In other words, our modern yet peaceful Cæsar cries: '*Sic volo, sic jubeo!*'"

Here Count Mero lit a fresh cigarette.

"And has his Imperial Majesty clapped his hands?" asked Myles.

"He has, sir, and the town is ready. It is called Dalny, that being the Russian for 'far away.' It owes its existence to the will of the Emperor, and apropos of arrangements with the Emperor of China concerning an outlet for the Trans-Siberian connections on the Yellow Sea. And now, Mr. O'Byrne, we have a measurably adequate ocean terminal for the vast and magnificent creations of his Imperial Majesty's remoter Empire, known as the Trans-Siberian, Eastern, and Trans-Manchurian railways. I am happy to say that I—ahem!—supported the enterprise *ab ovo usque ad mala*. And my imperial master was gracious enough to approve of my action, especially at your red-taped Court of St. James. I trust that I do not tire you, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Tire me! Oh, no, dear Count! This is most interesting. Pray go on!"

"I am glad to find you so interested, sir. Will you take some *tchey*?"

Now, Myles could very easily perceive that Count Mero yearned for another peep at his notes; so, under pretext of *tchey*, or tea, he artfully succeeded in achieving his purpose.

"I am glad to see that you appreciate our tea. You young fellows in your

clubs calling for tea, with cream and sugar, and bread and butter, at five o'clock, makes me laugh. However, that is your funny English practice; and, *per Baccho*, you are a most amusing nation. But to return to the Trans-Siberian road. It was begun in 1891, when the then Tsarevitch (who is now our Emperor) laid the first stone of its construction at Vladivostock, on the Pacific coast. It is an unbroken rail connection, except at Lake Baikal, from its China coast terminals back to the older Russian system at Moscow, and covers more than twice the distance between New York and San Francisco. One of the four Far Eastern ends of this line taps Dalny's docks. The other Pacific coast terminals lie, respectively, some forty-five miles to the southwest, at Port Arthur; at Vladivostock, about six hundred miles up the Pacific coast to the northeastward; and at Inkon, near New-Chwang, some one hundred and fifty miles to the north and west, where the Gulf of Pechelee is conveniently tapped, on the inner side of the Leao-Tong peninsula. These constructions are sufficiently imposing in themselves; but their continuous rail and river connections back into the far spaces of Siberia and Europe stagger the imagination in reach and potentiality—yes, *stagger* is the word.

"I hope that I do not tire you, Mr. O'Byrne? You are still an invalid, you know. But the fact is, the future, the gigantic, colossal future, of my country fascinates me. Another *tchey*?"

Myles gladly took the tea, which was exceedingly good, though very weak. It would never have satisfied his mother or aunt, whose last spoonful "for the pot" imparted so much strength as almost rendered it possible to blow the lid off the good old-fashioned "Brown Bess," outside of which these ladies never brewed their cup.

"We find Russia," continued the Count, after a snapshot at his notes,— "we

find Russia, I say, opening up markets for the whole world (especially the great United States) throughout Siberia—a region alone greater in extent than the United States,—I repeat it, sir, a region alone greater than the United States; to say nothing of Manchuria or Russia proper; while our existing trade outlets in these vast areas are but trifling beginnings. So far the constructors of the new city, in addition to their preparations for the residence, manufacturing and trading facilities, have addressed themselves chiefly to the constructors of docks and shipping accommodations. One accomplished writer states it is believed that a large trade must speedily accrue to the port by reason of the presence of three of the railways; and indeed that the principal Trans-Pacific steamer lines of all nations will in time make Dalny their most important Far Eastern port of call, whatever they may immediately continue to do with Yokohama and Nagasaki, and whatever may be their existing affiliations with Shanghai or Hong-Kong. This writer's report suggests that the Canadian Pacific Company has already prudently reached out for Dalny's connection service. Who, Mr. O'Byrne, can possibly foresee the future of our great country?"

"God Almighty alone," said Myles, simply.

The Count devoutly made the Sign of the Cross, Russian fashion, about twenty times; and then, passing over to where the icon stood upon a pedestal in the corner of the sumptuous apartment, prostrated himself at least a dozen times, muttering a prayer equivalent to the "Our Father." Myles, respecting his host's honest piety, remained silent until the reverent Privy Councillor resumed his chat and his *tchey*.

"I rather imagine that I have bored you enough for one morning, Mr. O'Byrne. We shall touch on the Caucasus to-morrow. You must go out into the summer air. Those gardens

under your window are the private gardens of the Empress. Those gorgeous and exquisitely wrought iron gates are of her own design. You are free of those gardens; and let me tell you that it is a high privilege,—a very high privilege indeed. You can stand and walk, and use one hand pretty well.”

He touched a bell, and in a second the nurse had dropped him a deep curtsy.

“Your patient, Mr. O’Byrne, is fit to go out?” he asked.

“Your Excellency, perfectly able.”

“And you have the permission of the doctor?”

“Yes,—I have his *command*, your Excellency.”

“You see, Mr. O’Byrne, that you are, as you say in London, ‘free of the guild’; so as soon as you feel inclined you shall take a turn in the gardens of the Empress.”

“In the gardens of the Empress!” exclaimed the nurse, in almost a tone of terror.

“I have said so, Mademoiselle; so please no bandying of words.”

“I have a word to say, your Excellency,” observed Myles. “That I have been treated in royal fashion need not be stated. That I have had the honor of the company of one of the most intellectual men in all Russia—”

Here the Count bowed after his most gracious fashion, quickly muttering “Pooh-pooh!” but intensely pleased, nevertheless.

“That I have been treated as an equal—aye, an equal,—and that every sweet and gracious care it was possible to bestow on poor suffering humanity has been showered upon me,—in a word, Count Mero, if I had been the son of this great Imperial House, I could in nowise have fared better. But it could not, it shall not last. These tender, anxious cares have had no object but one—that of relieving pain and paying tribute to one who has in no way deserved it. So, Count, I have resolved

to tear myself up by the roots and to go to my uncle’s humble little *datcha*, where I belong; bearing with me a splendid impression of the majesty and the simplicity of the master and the mistress of this great and magnificent Empire. Chance placed this superb living picture in my way,—a picture whose colors can never fade; a picture that will endure with me to the very last.”

And, utterly exhausted by a thousand conflicting emotions, Myles fell back upon his pillow; while Count Mero, being an astute man of the world, made no sign and said never a word.

“I tell you, sir, I want to see my nephew,” in English and then in Russian, accompanied by a sort of scuffle behind the arras. “By the mortal frost, if you raise your fist as high as a bee’s knee, I’ll—”

“My belligerent uncle, your Excellency!” said Myles, quickly recovering from his tilt with his emotions.

“A delightful old gentleman,” laughed Count Mero, ordering his admittance.

(To be continued.)

NEVER yet has there appeared a noble work of art which came not from the artist’s attempt to gain an end separate from that of producing a work of art. Always does the artist seek to affect the minds or the hearts of his like: to move, persuade, convince, please, instruct, or ennoble. To this end he chants a poem, composes a melody, laughs in a comedy, weeps in a tragedy, gives us an ovation, a treatise, a picture, a statue, a temple. In all the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature, we see the artist has been in earnest, a real man, filled with an idea, wedded to some great cause, ambitious to gain some end. Always has he found his inspiration in his cause, and his success may always be measured by the magnitude of that cause and the ardor of his attachment to it.—*Dr. Brownson.*

In the Valley.

BY KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON.

AWAY in the valley, like souls that dare,
 A church spire strains to the upper air,
 To the infinite blue of the distant sky;
 Pointing the way to the hidden stair
 That patient souls are clambering by.

Away in the fields, to the song's gay tone,
 The fruits of the seeds in the springtime sown,
 The toilers glean with their flashing blades;
 Their music over the hilltops blown
 Echoes far down the distant glades.

Down in the fields do they toil all day
 For scanty food and for meagre pay,
 Sleeping the sleep of the tired at night;
 Children small and their grandsires gray
 Dreaming their dreams of the mansions white.

Down in the meadow with eager eyes
 Men and women with prescience wise
 Strain to the ether beyond the air,
 With vision clear, in the farther skies
 Seeing the portal beyond the prayer.

Ever the promise of things to be
 Through the service weary and toil they see,—
 From their lowly labor in field and mire
 Beckons on to Infinity,
 The hope serene of the straining spire.

A Soul's History.

A TRANSCRIPT FROM LIFE IN THE SIXTIES.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

THE times in which we live are already very different from the Sixties of the last century; and the greater frequency of conversions to the Faith, together with the wider spread of tolerance—or shall I say indifference?—in the upper classes, makes it scarcely possible for us to realize the bitter persecutions of forty years ago in England. It would seem, therefore, that a vivid mental picture of such a conversion—that of a young girl, as depicted by herself in a private record,—may be interesting to many in our own time,

who, while seeking the same light of Faith, are not called upon to suffer so much for its attainment.

The narrative is now for the first time made public, the actual names of persons and places being given where possible, by special permission from the owners of the original manuscript. It was written in French (for the writer's long life in France had made this tongue very easy to her), for the convenience of a circle of French friends, at whose desire it was committed to paper. My part has been to translate and in a few places rearrange the text in a more literary form, adding a few sentences and explanatory notes.

I.

Some of my friends having asked me to tell them how I was converted, I felt compelled to write the following account; asking the indulgence of the reader for one who endeavors to draw a faithful picture from memory of events so important to herself.

My parents belonged to the Church of England; and my mother, whom I could almost call a saint, watched over my childhood with the tenderest care. She loved to call me the "child of prayer"; and certainly, until I was sixteen, the strong religious feelings she had inspired never failed me. I remember that one day, when she was waiting in the carriage to take me to a ball, they found me on my knees in my room, praying to God that I might not offend Him that evening at least. But after I was sixteen everything changed. I had a French governess who was a sceptic, and she made me read books on philosophy which shook my faith. "L'Allemagne," by Madame de Staël, in particular, had a very bad influence on my mind.

Left to myself and to my own guidance, during the next ten years I went on with my reading, penetrating still more deeply into German philosophy. These studies disturbed my convictions

more and more, and the great diversity of opinion among the clergymen whom my mother received at our house ended by destroying them altogether. I ceased to go to church, and I even gave up my prayers altogether. The last *act of faith* that remained to me was a determination never to open the Bible, in order to avoid the temptation to criticise it. The complete want of unity in Protestant interpretation of the Sacred Book—a natural result of liberty of thought—made me a Rationalist.

In this state of mind I set out for Italy in 1858, with my mother, whose health compelled her to seek a warmer climate. My brother and two sisters accompanied us on this journey, which was to prove so delightful. When my uncle gave me a farewell kiss, he remarked: "Dear Emily, do not return a Catholic." And I burst out laughing at the absurdity of his words; for at that time I knew Catholicism only by name.

My mother had a letter of introduction to an English Protestant lady, Mrs. Herbert, who had lived in Florence for many years, and knew the cream of society there; so as soon as we arrived we hastened to present ourselves at her home. During our visit the daughter of the house happened to mention, in the course of conversation, that a Frenchman named Monsieur Rio* was writing a great work on art. She added that he was the most interesting person one could meet; but that it was very difficult to make his acquaintance, as he was entirely absorbed in his work. Naturally, the idea of difficulty only made a young girl more anxious to meet so remarkable a man.

However, just as I was about to despair of accomplishing my wish, a chance circumstance, which really seemed

providential, gave me the desired opportunity. One day I paid a visit to a sculptor's studio, and found there two ladies who proved to be no other than Madame and Mademoiselle Rio. As soon as I was introduced to them, I naively asked Madame if I might not come and see her. She seemed surprised at the question, and answered: "But I give no dances and my house offers very little of interest to young girls."—"I do not want dances!" I exclaimed impetuously. "But I *do* want to come to see you, Madame, in order to see Monsieur Rio."

Madame Rio, much amused, could not refuse such a request, and it was decided that I should call the next day. I was delighted, and full of pleasant anticipations of the visit. The friend who had introduced us told me that I must notice one thing: when Monsieur Rio was bored, he fidgeted with his foot; this was an infallible symptom that should not be ignored.

The long-desired visit took place; and while my mother talked with Madame Rio, and my sister with Mademoiselle, I had the great man all to myself. The conversation lasted three-quarters of an hour, and I was thankful to see he did not once fidget with his foot. We became, in fact, friends for life; and I came away filled with enthusiasm at his knowledge and kindness. (How delightful do our first friendships appear on looking backward!) After that we met constantly for the two following years. Hardly a day passed without our visiting the Rios. They came to us also, joined us on our visits to the galleries, and we dined together frequently in the evening.

Monsieur Rio often told us stories of great painters, and explained their special characteristics. "Every picture of the old masters, especially those of Fra Angelico," said he, "is a sermon, through the faith and purity that emanate from it." He was our guide to the churches, and I now began to feel

* Readers of "A Sister's Story" will remember that this gentleman is often mentioned as a friend of the De la Ferronnays. But his portrait is more developed in these pages.

in them a sensation hitherto unknown. My soul unconsciously expanded in those happy days, and Truth began gently to impress itself upon my mind.

It would be impossible to describe the charm of Monsieur Rio's conversations. He was also a beautiful reader, and gave us selections from well-known authors — Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Dumas, Cortes, and Chateaubriand. Indeed, he had in a way undertaken our artistic and literary education. These delightful conferences sometimes lasted two hours, but we girls were hardly conscious of the passage of time; and we touched on every possible subject—on philosophy, history and art. He spoke with the enthusiasm of a young man of thirty, and opened up vaster fields of thought than we had ever imagined. I never heard a more eloquent speaker. His words were (as it seemed) full of electricity and idealism. The effect of these poetical utterances on my mind, trained in cold doubt, was as refreshing as is the oasis in the desert to the sick and weary traveller. Monsieur Rio, with his Breton faith, might have been termed an apostle, for to enlighten and save a soul was more to him than to conquer a kingdom.

We visited Pisa and Siena also with these friends,—for Madame and her daughter always accompanied us. My affection, even veneration, for the elder lady was equal to my admiration for her husband, and her sweet influence naturally made a deep impression upon me. How could it have been otherwise, for she was a saint! So simple-minded and humble, so thoroughly kind! Her character combined rare amiability with sound judgment; she had a well-balanced mind, so that her opinion was of great weight with her husband. If Monsieur pointed out the *ideal*, one may truly say that she *realized* it. I was often surprised at her calmness and patience under every trial, for she had much to endure. On

one occasion I remarked simply: "How I should wish to be like you! But I never can be, although I am naturally very persevering. What is your secret?" She smiled, but did not reply. Her secret was her piety, her religious fervor, and her frequent Communion.

I was very fond also of her daughter Marie, who united the virtues of her mother with the great gifts of her father. She added much to the delight of our conversations, and took part in our literary contests. For Monsieur Rio would frequently propound questions, to which we replied in writing, my mother and Madame Rio competing with us. He would then read out our answer, concealing the author's name. For example, one day he asked us to define the difference between a modest man and an humble man. Marie promptly replied: "A modest man conceals his good qualities, and a truly humble man does not believe they exist." Another time he asked us for a definition of glory. "It is the halo around difficulties overcome," answered Marie at once.

But the poor girl led a life of great self-denial. She fulfilled the office of secretary to her father, whose many infirmities hindered him from writing; and it was a continual tie for her. We pitied her, and, in order to procure her some relaxation, my mother invited her to pass some time with us at Villa Bruciata, which she rented for the hot summer months. Marie came, and we had a delightful time—taking long walks together, or riding on horseback many happy hours. We visited the monasteries of Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and Alberno. I shall never forget our visit to the Camaldolese. A monk showed us the way back; and when I told him I was a Protestant, he remarked that I should certainly be a Catholic one day. I did not then believe this, although I already enjoyed the poetic, religious feeling of these sanctuaries of prayer.

Being much struck with the great

crucifix by Luca della Robbia at Alberno, one morning I remained lost in thought before it, until I found myself locked in the church and alone. After dinner the lay-brother came to open the doors, and was taken aback at my audacity in remaining there so long. But how often is some great grace the forerunner of unusual trial! On my return from this delightful expedition, a sad catastrophe put an end to our enjoyment.

Our house, as I have said, was called Villa Bruciata,* and it was a name of ill-omen; for one evening my sister Isabella met with a serious accident. Her muslin dress had caught fire, and she rushed through the house seeking help. But she had to pass through five rooms before finding any one to render assistance. Her arm was dreadfully burned, and her life was in danger for several days. This sad event hastened our return to Florence, and the Confraternity of the Brothers of Pity came to convey our dear invalid on a litter to the town. We were told afterward that some young men of the highest position in society, who had been our partners at balls, were disguised under their overhanging cowls.

I need scarcely say that the Rios redoubled their affectionate attentions and kind visits. When at last my sister was better we parted. The Rios went to Rome, and we journeyed to Paris, where dear Isabella, suffering so terribly, yet so patiently, at length became convalescent.

(Conclusion next week.)

* The Italian for "burned."

The Legend of Genazzano.

TOWARD the middle of the fifteenth century, at an epoch noteworthy in the history of Europe, there lived in Genazzano—a small municipality not far from Palestrina, the ancient Præneste—a good widow named Petruccia. Childless, she had been endowed by her deceased husband, John of Nocera, with his small inheritance. Like her, he had been a devoted Christian, and was proctor of the Church of Santa Maria del Buon Consiglio (Our Lady of Good Counsel), an edifice at that time much neglected, although Genazzano was adorned with many new and beautiful churches. He had often during his lifetime sought to excite the devotion of his townsmen toward the repair of this ancient and venerable building, but in vain. Its deserted altars, once thronged by pious multitudes seeking and finding good counsel from Heaven, had now but few worshipers. Ceasing to be a parish church, it had been committed to the care of the Augustinians, whose great poverty prevented them from thinking of a restoration of its former splendor.

Left desolate, Petruccia passed many hours in the old church. The sadness of her condition aroused in her a keener attachment to the deserted sanctuary. The wintry blasts from the snow-covered Apennines howled and shrieked through the crevices in the ruined wall, and rattled the remaining panes in the once gorgeous windows. And in the early days of her widowhood there was a sympathy in all this which she would not have had changed. But as time wore on, and as the occupations of a charitable life, mitigated the poignancy of her sorrows, she desired also to testify her gratitude to God in the renovation of the temple in which she had received so much consolation. She bethought herself of her departed husband's wish to have it repaired; and, like him, she

I HAVE always had such a long list of books in perspective, which I know to be worth reading, that I have had no time to squander on doubtful books. I do not care to besmirch myself simply out of curiosity. Everything that one reads as surely affects the mind as food affects the body; and the results, I am afraid, are more lasting.—Anon.

solicited the co-operation of neighbors toward that object. In vain. The good people of Genazzano were already well provided with the means of solemnizing divine worship, and did not feel inclined to expend their means on the restoration of a forgotten shrine. But Petruccia's wishes were not to be set aside by the indifference of others: her desires only became the more ardent in proportion to the obstacles in the way of their accomplishment.

We may not know what encouragement she received from Heaven (she was not one to speak of spiritual favors); but we may reasonably conjecture, from her conduct later on, that some very firm assurance must have supported her in the extraordinary resolution she executed. Selling all the property at her disposal, and collecting all the pecuniary claims due to her, she devoted the whole of the proceeds to the rebuilding of the edifice, giving up to its enlargement the very site on which her own house was built.

She was now at least eighty years of age; and her feeble hands could earn little by spinning or knitting to supply her wants, few as they were. Her selfish relatives dreaded that she might become a burden to them; besides, they had hoped themselves to inherit the property that she was so unreservedly giving to God; and, as might be expected, they denounced her as an enthusiast—a visionary.

Moreover, she was cheated on all sides by the men she employed in the work. It is true, she took her knitting every day and sat down where she could watch their labors; but she had no experience of that sort of work, and knew not how much was to be expected in a day; nor could she imagine that any one would be so wicked as to deceive her in a matter that she had undertaken for the glory of God and His Blessed Mother. She watched them simply in her delight at seeing so good a work advance. And

so the men loitered in their duty, and robbed her of the building material unrebuked. At last her slender means gave out, and nothing was done but part of the wall of one of the chapels—the Chapel of St. Biagio—which was elevated about six feet only above the foundations.

Then, indeed, did the reproaches she heard grow loud. The mock, the sneer, the gibe, the taunt, the stinging jest, surrounded her on all sides. Deprived of a roof to cover her aged head, she could seek shelter only among those who despised her. One old notary even went so far as to denounce her as acting in defiance of ecclesiastical authority itself. And he quoted from the Canon Law: *Nam quæ per somnia, et inanes revelationes quorumlibet hominum ubicumque constituuntur altaria omnino reprobentur.* But she met all insults with a smiling, unshaken confidence. "I expect a great lady soon, who will finish the church," she would say. Some thought she meant the good and generous Princess Colonna, always eager to aid pious works with her ample means; others said it was simply the dotage of an old woman. Both were alike mistaken.

It was the Festival of St. Mark the Evangelist, April 25, 1467, and all Genazzano was abroad engaged in the procession with which the occasion is solemnized. In Italy the season is one of bloom and verdure. Light breezes from the west drove the fleecy fair-weather clouds across the soft blue sky; and the snow that lingered on the summits of the Apennines gleamed like silver in the afternoon sun.

But what is this? The voices of the chanters are gradually hushed, as on the ear break the notes of harmonies resounding from on high. Louder and more distinct the heavenly voices grow; and a luminous cloud, brighter than the snow-clad peaks it traverses, appears in the east and advances against the

wind, darting forth vivid rays in all directions. As it approaches the town of Genazzano, merry peals ring out from the campaniles, although the bells are untouched by mortal hands. Finally it becomes stationary in midair above the ruined church; the silver veil is dropped, and the mild faces of the Madonna and her Divine Infant beam upon the upturned gaze of the multitude. Shouts of *Evviva Maria! Evviva la Madre nostra del Buon Consiglio!* are heard on all sides, and re-echo from the hills. And the picture, slowly floating downward, fixes itself against the unfinished wall erected so many months before by the good Petruccia.

This was the "great Lady" from whom she expected help—nor expected in vain. Contributions flowed in on all sides. The church was rapidly restored to more than its original splendor; and Petruccia, from an object of scorn, became the most venerated of all who dwelt in Genazzano. She lived many years to witness the ever-increasing glories of the shrine she had founded. As she had not been cast down by contumely, neither was she unduly exalted by the respect in which she was now universally held. She passed to her heavenly reward with the same ardent faith and cheerful humility that had characterized her whole career: and she awaits a glorious resurrection from a resting-place beneath the sacred walls that she raised to the honor of God and his ever-blessed Mother.

As for the picture, it is to be seen in Genazzano at the present day, in colors as fresh and beautiful as when it first appeared. Its sanctity has been attested by a continued succession of miracles. At first it was believed to have come direct from heaven; but not many days after its arrival, fugitives from Albania, driven thence by the Turks, identified it as one familiar to all who dwelt in Scutari, as having been painted above the altar of a certain Church of the Annunciation

existing there. This picture, although painted on a thin coat of plaster on the wall, had disappeared on the siege of the city of Scutari by the troops of Mahomet II., to the grief and dismay of the inhabitants, among whom it had always been a popular object of devotion. Conveyed by angelic hands, it had crossed the Adriatic and the Apennines, and taken up its abode among a believing people.

Such is the legend of Genazzano.

In the Hands of the Lord.

ON Friday the seven boats which constituted the fishing-fleet of the little village had gone forth from the Breton harbor of Kermaror. It was on a pleasant evening in late September that they set sail, the unruffled sea scarcely rocking the boats as, one by one, they slowly left their moorings; the women and children assembled on the beach, silently watching the barks that contained their loved ones until they disappeared in the offing.

The tiny hamlet made a beautiful picture as it lay quietly under the smile of the setting sun; the old stone church, with its sharply serrated tower, standing high above all; the little gardens brave with autumn flowers sending forth their sharp fragrance to meet the pungent air from the ocean.

The male portion of the population—men, youths, and even the small boys—had gone to fish in the direction of the Ile de Sein, close to the terrible headlands of Finistère. Only the women and young children remained at home, with the exception of the *curé* and the bell-ringer, Antoine, an ancient fisherman too old to work, and long incapacitated by reason of a wooden leg.

They had started in good spirits. Only old Claudine, whose husband and four sons had been cast, stiff and stark, years before on the beach of Trépasses,

had opposed their going. She had wept and wailed because they would not heed her warning not to start on Friday; thus tempting the good God, she said, who, it was well known, had abandoned that day to ill-luck, since it had stretched Him, torn and bleeding on the cruel cross.

No one would listen to her. The *curé's* barometer—the only one in the village—promised well; and, then, the voyage would be very short. They would return on the morrow, before dark, with a fine haul of fish, and all would be ready then for the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, some days later. Why, the women had hardly said good-bye to their husbands and sons. Only Claudine, seated immovable at the foot of the great wooden crucifix on the quay, her gray hair softly stirring with the gentle breeze, her clasped hands lying in her lap, fixed her large sad eyes upon the seven white sails that flecked the edge of the horizon.

During part of the next day the fine weather lasted; but toward evening the wind freshened, the sky changed, the sea grew angry and began to mount higher and higher upon the beach. Long, lurid clouds passed in hurried cohorts across the sky; the wind blew fiercely; the heavens opened their cataracts upon sea and land. And now might be seen along the strand pale groups of women, some holding little children by the hand, others alone, scanning with eager eyes the distant surface of the raging sea, upon which not a sail appeared in sight. That night the lamps burned till daylight in the wakeful cottages of Kermaror.

The next morning (Sunday) the storm redoubled its violence. The sea rose to the very level of the little gardens, submerging and destroying the brilliant flowers blooming so gaily, a few days before; the wind blew a hurricane; the waves dashed wildly against the foot of the great crucifix, which shook to its

foundation in the fierceness of the storm; while afar, toward the Raz, where the fishermen were fighting death, the clouds seemed blacker and more forbidding, if possible, than at any other portion of the angry heavens.

At last the women could look no longer on the furious monster that seemed bound to destroy all they held dearest in life. With one accord they left the beach, and in slow procession ascended the hill to the church. Antoine rang the bell for first Mass. The bell was cracked, and the doleful sound it sent forth added to the fury of the storm a sorrowful, agonizing peal.

In the darkness of the tempest the church appeared unusually dim and sombre. The women turned drearily to the little Chapel of St. Anne, built into the side of the older edifice, and, throwing themselves at the feet of the good Patroness of Brittany, silently wept and prayed, while awaiting the arrival of the *curé* for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

Presently little Henri, the acolyte, touched the small bell, and the priest, at the foot of the altar, recited the *Confiteor*. During the twenty-five years he had been pastor of Kermaror he had never known so dreadful a storm. Of these men, all of whom he had married or baptized, how many would return to their families? Alas, perhaps not one! And the mothers, widows and orphans,—how could he comfort their bitter sorrow? What would sustain them in their great loneliness when the bread-winners should be taken away? He had ventured—rather unwarrantly, it must be said,—as far as purple vestments this morning; though he feared that black would have been the proper thing. The women had quietly turned to the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice, the sight of the purple vestments renewing their grief.

A tremendous gust of wind shook the building; the door flew open and

Antoine stood upon the threshold, silent, pointing to the sea. The women, with their little ones clinging to them, or held in their arms, rushed from the church, to behold at the extreme horizon, where the midnight clouds met the white sea, three or four black specks, which seemed now to be engulfed, now to rise again from the breast of the furious ocean. Henri, whose father was with the fleet, seeing the women crowd forth, ran from the altar steps through the sacristy, and the church was left empty, save for the old rector, who, in the fervor of his devotion, had seen and heard nothing, but went on in a tearful voice reading the Epistle of St. Paul to the Christians at Rome.

At this moment the door opened once more, and a child about ten years of age, dressed in black, wet to the skin, her muslin bonnet hanging down her back, her hair unbound, glided timidly into the church,—having removed her *sabots* at the door out of respect to the house of God. She carried a red worsted umbrella as large as herself, which she placed against the wall. Advancing toward the altar of St. Anne, she made a genuflection, and deposited there a little bouquet of crushed marguerites, dripping with rain. Then drawing from her pocket a small candle end, shorter and slimmer than her little finger, she gravely lighted it and placed it with the others already burning there; after which, reverently joining her hands, she turned noiselessly from the good St. Anne and prepared to assist at Mass.

The *curé*, abandoned by his young server, had himself carried the Missal from the Epistle to the Gospel side of the altar. It was the Gospel according to St. John which relates the cure of the child dying at Capharnaum; and as the old priest read the words of Jesus, "Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not," he turned to the crucifix, regardless of ritual, adding in French: "Another miracle, my God, in the name

of Thy Passion and by Thy crown of thorns; in the name of Thy Immaculate Mother!"

The little one heard and softly murmured: "Amen!" She had neither father nor mother. Her brother Patrice, a boy of fifteen, gone with the fishermen, was her only relative. And she was pleased this sorrowful morning to hear the *curé* praying to the good God in French, which she could understand.

When he had finished reading the Gospel, the priest, his eyes closed in the intensity of his feelings, turned about and said:

"Let us pray, my children, for those who are in peril at sea. We will recite the 'Our Father,' that Our Lord may deliver them from shipwreck."

Facing the altar once more he began the *Pater noster*. Not a single voice replied to his own. The wind and rain beat violently against the windows of the church. The clamor of the waves seemed to re-echo through the shadows of the vaulted aisles. He thought the women were all grouped about the altar of St. Anne in the corner of the church, hidden by the pillars; and he repeated in a louder tone: "Our Father, who art in heaven!" But from the chapel, where the little candles burned themselves out one after the other, no answer came. The priest wondered whether the Angel of Death had not carried away his entire parish. For the third time he cried out, in a voice of anguish that resounded through the deserted church: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name—"

Suddenly from the depth of the blackness and silence came the clear, sweet voice of the little orphan, straining to make itself heard above that of the winds and the waves: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—" The prayer ended in a sob.

The supplications of the saintly priest and the innocent child ascended far above

the voice of the storm, higher than the roaring of the waves, louder than the plaintive sighing of the wind, to the feet of our Father who is in heaven. The ocean receded little by little, and as evening approached, the seven barks, welcomed by the rector, the women and young children with tears and prayers of thanksgiving, came in, one after the other, to the harbor of Kermaror. The masts were broken, the sails torn, the nets and fish gone; but no one, either man or boy, was one whit the worse for the perilous voyage. And never was the Festival of Our Lady of the Rosary celebrated with greater joy and greater solemnity than that year in the parish of Kermaror.

Timely Admonitions.

FROM an address given not long ago by Count de Verspeyen to a Catholic Truth Society of Charleroi, France, we translate the following paragraphs. They make excellent reading for Catholics of every age and in all lands, especially for members of the Confraternity of Weeping Willows.

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There is one dominant, one master quality which can alone secure to Catholic action its full effectiveness: perseverance. The faculty in us which soonest tires and wears itself out is our will-power. We start out bravely, full of enthusiasm; but at the first obstacle our ardor cools, and at the first defeat we are tempted to desert the battlefield. It would really seem that immediate success is an indispensable spur to our activity...

Now, what is true of each one of us is equally true of associations,—of the more or less militant organizations of which we form a part. For novices especially, public life holds many a surprise and many a deception. They engage therein with their heads full of

illusions, imagining that they have but to show themselves in order to conquer and attain the desired end. Alas! they are infallibly checked, and learn the truth of the old French proverb that "patience and time do more than strength or rage."

The tediousness and difficulty of the work, however, should not make us forget the importance of the result. Of all the disasters that can befall us, of all the trials we may have to undergo, the worst will be our succumbing to the miserable temptation to discouragement, that tuberculosis of souls; for the most irremediable defeats are those we inflict upon ourselves....

Nothing great ever had a great beginning, and vast enterprises require efforts not only courageous but prolonged. If we ourselves are not, perhaps, destined to attain the end proposed, it is none the less our task to approach it and to clear the way for those who will come after us. How many efforts was not the Catholic party of Belgium obliged to make in order to conquer the preponderating position it occupies to-day! And how many of those who did most to prepare the present triumph have been permitted to catch but distant glimpses of the Promised Land!

Pity, but do not accord too much credit to, the lamenting Jeremiahs who shirk fighting under the pretext that all is lost, and in order to be able to groan more at their ease. It was one of our bishops, I think, who called them "the confraternity of weeping willows." I venture to say, with no fear of rashly predicting a decision which is beyond my competency, that this confraternity will never be approved by the Church. Even in the midst of the most severe trials—or, rather, *especially* in such conjunctures—we should look forward with hope, were it only to avoid doubting the support of God's help.

A good many years ago, at a time when the future seemed to hold for

Belgian Catholics only a long series of humiliations and defeats, my old friend, the late Henri Lasserre, the historian of Our Lady of Lourdes, wished to raise the drooping spirits of some alarmists, and accordingly told them in my presence this fable.

A grain of wheat one day fell from the hand of the sower upon a field newly ploughed and harrowed, and was covered with earth. It thought itself lost, buried alive. A little later the furrows were watered. "I am stricken with the plague," said the grain of wheat. The winter came with its snows and ice. "No more heat, no more light, no more sun!" moaned the grain of wheat in its obscure retreat. Some weeks afterward the grain lost its outer covering. "Well, this time," it thought, "it's the end, sure enough. I am becoming decomposed: I am dissolving. It's the rottenness of death." But the rottenness engendered a new life. Roots spread out, a stalk was formed, it grew apace, and was finally crowned with magnificent ears, flowering into golden ripeness beneath the summer sunshine.

And Lasserre, as a moral, added this simple reflection: "Grains of wheat that you are, why do you doubt the sunshine of the good God?" The complete refutation of pessimism is contained in this charming little fable—or, if you prefer it, in this grain of wheat.

It is only from the high standpoint of Catholicity that any man has or can have a word to say against that terrible socialism which sweeps away the Church, the State, the family, property, and reduces all men to a dead level, and a level with the beasts that perish. On Catholics in Europe and on Catholics in America is devolved the task of resisting and overcoming, by the grace of God, this monster. Opposition to it from any other quarter is an inconsequence, a fallacy.—*Brownson*.

Notes and Remarks.

Even the Fiji Islands, away down in the South Pacific, have their sensational reporters who can transform a molehill into a mountain with all the facility of an up-to-date scribbler of New York or Chicago. Here is a case in point. Some weeks ago the Catholic Sisters at Naililili set about the annual house-cleaning of the priest's residence and the sacristy of the church. They gathered together all the old books and old vestments, altar-cloths, purificators, etc., that were no longer serviceable; and, according to ecclesiastical rule, burned them. Now, among these old books, or remains of books, it appears there were some Wesleyan Bibles and other works more or less torn and worn by the not too scrupulously careful handling of the natives, who on their conversion to the Church had given these books to the missionaries. So much for the facts; now for the fiction.

An ultra-zealous Wesleyan reported the burning to his minister, the Rev. Mr. Burns; and this latter gentleman, burning with indignation, proceeded, without taking any trouble to ascertain the real facts, to write to the Fijian papers, and to telegraph to all quarters of Australia, and even to Europe, that the Catholic clergy of Fiji had made an *auto da fé* of Wesleyan Bibles! Whether or not Mr. Burns is responsible for the fantastic and ridiculous exaggerations that adorned the story as it went the rounds, we do not know; but even at Suva, only a few miles distant from Naililili, this was the mountainous version of the molehill incident: Two hundred and thirty-eight Bibles had been burned in the public square of Rewa. The Catholic bishop (in pontifical robes, of course,) presided at the ceremony; all the clergy of the district were present; and the brass band of Rewa played a number of selections while the priests

chanted their curses against the books. On the whole, it looks as if the Rev. Mr. Burns deserves the characterization which the Chief Justice of Fiji some years ago gave to another slanderer of Catholic missions, the Rev. Mr. Chapman: "You are a dangerous man, sir!"

It is a pity that reputable newspapers should be drawn into the pack of yelping yellow protesters against the new Pennsylvania libel law. Governor Pennypacker indicates the function and spirit of the law in these terms:

Haste and recklessness in the ascertainment of facts prior to publication, or in the manner of publication, amounting in the judgment of a court to negligence or the want of that degree of care which a man of ordinary prudence would exercise under the circumstances, will, if proved, give a ground of action for such damages as result from injuries to business and reputation. There is no interference with "privileged communications."

The bill, in its application, is not confined to officials, but affects as well the citizen or business man whose conduct constitutes no part of the right of the public to information. The corporation officer who has been falsely charged with crime; the manufacturer who has been falsely accused of being a drunken brawler; the woman whose domestic griefs have been unfeelingly paraded, or whose chastity is improperly suspected; the student who has been falsely accused of murder; the clergyman who has been cruelly maligned; the quiet citizen whose peace of mind has been destroyed by the publication of evil gossip; the merchant whose credit has been affected by groundless rumors; the sufferers from reckless but not necessarily malicious publications, are given the right, not to prohibit publication, but to recover the damages which they have sustained, provided they prove negligence or lack of care on the part of the publishing newspaper. All of these are instances of what has, in fact, recently occurred.

Now, this is precisely the sort of law that the equity of the case demands. Heretofore, by the simple use of the magic epithet "alleged," newspapers have been free to insinuate all manner of libellous charges, and the public has been supplied with sensations instead of news. If the new law gives Pennsylvanians a clean, trustworthy press and

protection from unscrupulous reporters, they can afford to bear with fortitude the wrath of supersensitive newspapers, and they will probably have the satisfaction of seeing their law copied into the statute books of other States.

One incident, and an interesting one, in M. Combes' anti-Catholic campaign in France seems to have escaped the notice of most of our contemporaries. The strenuous President of the Council resolved some weeks ago, it would appear, to close up the Grotto of Lourdes. The first hint of the matter that reached the dwellers near the Pyrenean shrine of Our Lady started a ground-swell of popular indignation that boded ill for the peaceable accomplishment of any such legalized iniquity. The member for the district went at once to Paris to interview M. Combes. The mayor of Lourdes and a delegation from its municipal council were on the point of taking the same journey, and the hardy mountaineers of the district quietly announced: "If they take the Grotto from us, we'll go to Tarbes and take the Prefecture from them." M. Combes is not the wisest of rulers, but he can once in a while recognize his limitations; so Lourdes has not been desecrated.

The Augustinian Fathers in this country, and especially Father O'Reilly, of Lawrence, Mass., deserve credit for their energetic efforts to vindicate their *confrères* in the Philippines. It is an unfathomable mystery to us why this activity was not manifested sooner: it is to little purpose now. That the friars are the victims of base ingratitude and calumny must be admitted by all unprejudiced judges; that there is a violent irreligious party in the Islands, animated by the same spirit as we observe in the partisans of M. Combes in France, is daily becoming clearer; that the interests of religion are suffer-

ing more and more from day to day is as true as it is lamentable. But until the bishops lately named for vacant sees in the Philippines are in possession, it is not likely that the situation will be changed. It has been aggravated by supineness or blundering—or worse. This we say with knowledge of facts still unpublished, though with no intention of blaming any one in particular.

A well-tempered article in the *Book-lovers' Magazine* discusses the question, What form shall Christianity ultimately take in this country? With the conclusions arrived at by the author we are not in accord, but at least it must be said he writes with restraint and without bias, and that some of his casual reflections are pleasant reading for Catholics. For instance:

The growth of the Roman Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts in history. What makes it all the more noteworthy is its unexpectedness. The unexpected is what has happened. That a new country, openly sworn to the principle of personal liberty, should have proved to be the most favorable ground on earth for the growth of a Church openly sworn to the principle of authority, is surely a notable thing. It is probably true that during the nineteenth century the actual gain to the Roman Church in numbers, wealth, influence and prestige has been greater in the United States than in all the rest of the world together. And the gain is not only or chiefly in the particulars mentioned: she has gained the popular good-will—or at least a favorable prepossession,—and she has conquered respect.

The attitude of the average Protestant toward that Church to-day is a very interesting study. He looks at her with a mingled feeling of admiration, distrust, envy, and fear. He is about equally prepared, upon cause being shown, to become her active enemy or her submissive servant. Which position he will ultimately take remains to be seen. There are some things which make it likely that it will be seen, probably, before the middle of this century. These things we shall notice later on. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and very influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestant but whose actual connection with Protestant churches is little more than nominal. They know enough of Protestantism to make them alive to its faults,

and they know just enough of Romanism to make them admire its excellences. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. But they admire efficiency and hate slovenliness of method. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical business-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism. They have not made their submission, and it remains to be seen whether or not they will; but they are favorably disposed, so far as they are informed.

Whether or not Rome is gaining from or losing to Protestantism in the aggregate is a question to which it is very difficult to give a reply. The truth here can not be evolved from statistics, at any rate. The real facts are of a kind which never can be tabulated. What can with certainty be said at present is that the people of this country generally are much better disposed than they were at an earlier date to submit to a Church which demands obedience. The self-assertive habit of personal independence in every relation of life, has been greatly weakened, and promises to grow still feebler in our more highly organized life, where the individual continually counts for less and the organization for more.

This writer thinks that a religion that should not demand "spiritual servitude" and should yet save men from "aimless sentimentality" is what Americans are waiting for. The use of such a phrase as "spiritual servitude" shows that the old sectarian prejudices have not been wholly shaken off; but there are points in the paragraphs we have quoted that may well be considered by both Catholics and Protestants.

The *New York Sun* is undoubtedly right in its contention that the agitation for a change of the name of the Protestant Episcopal Society—an agitation which has been gathering force and increasing in intensity of conviction during the whole seventy years since its beginning in the Oxford Movement—is a very serious

movement, leading inevitably to the Church to which Newman rendered complete submission. The Protestant spirit may still be strong among Episcopalians, but, as the *Sun* observes, the increasing earnestness of its opponents is "a portentous uprising against Protestantism and in favor of Catholicism,—an attempt to bring about a radical religious reaction which will not be stayed by any action next year's Episcopal General Convention may take."

Miss Henrietta Charlton, an Australian Catholic writer at present on a visit to the United States, tells us that what has impressed her most is the fact that in every American or Canadian town which she has yet visited the churches and educational or charitable institutions of the Catholic Faith are among the most conspicuous buildings. "It is the same in my own country," says Miss Charlton. "St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, stands on one of the finest sites in the 'Queen City of the South'; and St. Mary Cathedral, Sydney, the mother church of Australia, is one of the most majestic buildings a visitor sees, on sailing through the Heads into one of the finest harbors in the world. In every Australian city or town, wherever the eye may wander, there may be seen the mute but eloquent symbol of the cross surmounting the churches and scholastic or benevolent institutions of our holy religion; and scarcely an important feast in the calendar passes without the members of the hierarchy being called upon to bless or lay the foundation stone of some edifice to be dedicated to the service of God in the sacred cause of charity or Christian education. I often recall the saying of a Protestant senator of Sydney: 'Go where you will in Australia, and when you notice a magnificent building erected on the finest site in the district, ask what it is and you will always be told that it is the Catholic church or the Catholic

convent or the Catholic hospital, or some other edifice belonging to the people of that wonderful community.' He was right, too," added Miss Charlton; "and it seems only fitting that the best spots on God's earth should be dedicated to the honor of the Creator."

Clients of Our Lady of Good Counsel in particular will be happy to hear that, by a decree of the Congregation of Rites dated April 22, the invocation *Mater Boni Consilii* has been added to the Litany of Loreto. It follows the title *Mater Admirabilis*. The claims which the Blessed Virgin has to be invoked as Mother of Good Counsel have often been explained in these pages, and the story of the far-famed sanctuary at Genazzano many times related. But we repeat the legend in our present issue for the benefit of those to whom it may be unfamiliar. Whatever may be thought of this tradition, it is certain that Genazzano has been the scene of numerous well-attested miracles. It has always been a favorite shrine of Leo XIII., and in one of the best pictures of him that we have seen he is represented in prayer to the famous Madonna of Scutari.

Exaggeration is pretty sure to characterize the writings of most young people who wield the pen. Each abstract quality which the undergraduate essayist discusses in a theme is safe to be lauded as the most beneficent or condemned as the most baleful factor in the development of character and the attainment of life's prizes; each subject of his biographical sketches is either the very greatest of good or the very worst of bad characters in history. It is rather a pity that this tendency to hyperbole, not unnatural in youth, should so frequently survive youth's passing, and mar the writings of maturity. That Prof. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, has not yet discarded the undergraduate's fond-

ness for superlatives is apparent from a paper which he has lately contributed to *Harper's Monthly*. Quoth Prof. Ely: "We find in Mormonism, to a larger degree than I have ever seen in any other body of people, an illustration of the individual who is willing to sacrifice himself for the whole, and it is a religious sanction which impels him to do so." Now, even an imperfect acquaintance with the history of monasticism, or a fairly-cultured general reader's knowledge of contemporary religious Orders in the Church, would have caused the professor to qualify that statement very considerably. So of several other assertions scattered through his pages. Setting out with the avowed purpose of proving much of the prejudice against Mormonism unfounded, he minimizes evils and exaggerates natural virtues to an extent that will scarcely commend his paper to any thoughtful, well-informed reader. Mormonism will cease to be a genuine evil only when it becomes transformed and ceases to be Mormonism.

While zealous evangelists compass land and sea to make one more colored proselyte, there are multitudes of dusky Protestants in this country sitting in darkness that is literally black. When Father Duffy asks the colored folk among whom he labors down in Tennessee, "Who made you?" the answer is, "Mozes"; and when the question is followed up by, "Who made the world and all things in it?" the answer is still, "Mozes." This rather handsomely compensates the great lawgiver for the higher criticism which refuses to credit him even with "making" the Pentateuch; nevertheless, the situation it discloses is not exhilarating. The evangelists, it is true, have not utterly abandoned the Brother in Black. Copies of "Maria Monk" and other abominations calculated to fortify him against Rome are freely circulated roundabout him. A

missionary in Delaware reports that secret societies also flourish among the Negroes of that State; and that one of these societies, felicitously named "The Seven White Sisters," requires its members to promise that they will have nothing to do with Catholics.

The visits paid to the Holy Father by King Edward and Emperor William have afforded the highest gratification to the Catholics of England and Germany. They feel that in thus honoring the Vicar of Christ reparation has been made for past offences, and that the presence in the Vatican of the rulers of two of the greatest nations of the world is a sign of the cessation of the sectarian spirit against the Church formerly so rampant. No regret is felt by Catholics generally that these royal visits are without political significance; and, strange to say, there has been little speculation regarding the interviews of the two potentates with his Holiness. The day is not very far distant, perhaps, when every country in the world will have its accredited representative to the Holy See. But incomparably more important than the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the powers is the recognition of the Pope as the Supreme Shepherd of Christendom.

The Emperor of Germany never misses an occasion of showing his affectionate regard for the sons of St. Benedict. Our readers will remember his munificent contributions toward the restoration of the ancient abbey church of Maria Laach. During his recent stay in Italy he paid a visit to Monte Casino and left a gift of 10,000 marks for the decoration of the abbey; he also presented the monastic library with twenty elegantly-bound volumes which he had brought with him from Germany. The *Messenger de St. Benoit* states that the Kaiser even wears a medal of St. Benedict on his watch chain.

Notable New Books.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.

By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. B. Herder.

Father Mann is Head Master of St. Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England,—a fact which doubtless accounts for the leisure and inclination to take up such a work as this. Pastor's History of the Popes really begins with the accession of Martin V. in 1417; and Father Mann's work, starting with Pope St. Gregory the Great (657), is intended to lead up to the period treated by Pastor. Unlike Pastor, however, Father Mann lays small claim to originality, but contents himself chiefly with summing up in English the researches of French, German and Italian investigators. Yet his work has great and abounding merits. His style is good and his method orderly and clear; his bibliographical hints are valuable to the general student; he has verified facts and references so far as a scholar working only in English libraries could; and evidences of his wide reading are to be found in every chapter. Volume I. (in two parts) deals with the Popes under the Lombard rulers, from 590 to 795. It is enough to say of it that it is the most up-to-date and satisfactory work in English on the period which it treats.

Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. By Ludovicus Blosius, O. S. B. Translated from the Latin by Bernard A. Wilberforce, O. P. Art & Book Co.

This series of reflections is well named; for the whole tone of the book is uplifting, reassuring. The meditations are addressed to the faint-hearted—and who is not faint-hearted at times? Even the strong-souled soldier of Christ has moments of weariness in the long march, when he half fears he may not keep on to the end. To all, then, who walk in the way of well-doing these counsels will serve as a spiritual tonic. Scruples—that weakening malady of the soul,—temptations, absence of devotion, sadness: all these are treated with a saneness of view which should make this volume especially useful to directors of souls. The chapters on God's mercy and on the merit to be gained by suffering are full of comfort for all who know that life is indeed a warfare.

Life of St. Rita of Cascia. From the Italian by the Very Rev. Richard Connolly, O. S. A. Benziger Brothers.

Authentic records and pious legends make up this interesting biography; and we doubt not it will increase the St. Rita cult, which, especially since her recent canonization, has grown rapidly in this country. St. Rita of Cascia, an Italian of the fourteenth century, lived at a time of

peculiar historical interest; and not a little of the book is devoted to information having only a general bearing on our saint's life. But the seeming digressions are instructive and give one a good idea of the time and race-spirit which made up St. Rita's environment. The Saint of Cascia serves as a model to married women, to widows, and to those leading a cloistered life,—she having served God in the three states.

The Bears of Blue River. By Charles Major. The Macmillan Company.

If our author knows a good thing when he has done it, he should be better satisfied with this book than with some other products of his versatile pen. "The Bears of Blue River" is a much better story for boys young or old than is "Dorothy Vernon" for girls old or young. The youthful hunters, Balser, Limpy, and Jim, are more blest than the adventurous sailor-boy of whom we used to hear that—

There's a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft
To look after the life of poor Jack.

It must have taken a whole cohort of cherubs to keep these lads from becoming the victims of the big bear, the one-eared bear, the fire-bear, and various other members of the ursine family that roamed through Indiana woods in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Liney Fox is a charming little heroine; Tije and Prince are dogs to inspire affection; while the mischievous cubs, Tom and Jerry, will be voted by all juveniles as "no end of fun." One fault to be found with the book, by the way, is the abrupt and unexplained disappearance of the cubs from the story. The volume is profusely illustrated and will make a handsome gift for healthy young folks.

The Science of the Saints. By the Rev. John Baptist Pagani. 4 vols. Benziger Brothers.

The considerations which make up this excellent work are the virtues which conduce to sanctity—charity, humility, mortification, piety, etc. The examples chosen are from the lives of the saints, and are eminently practical. These meditations are especially suitable for those who are striving after perfection in the religious life, and they embrace the fundamental teachings of the Church in regard to advancement in spirituality. Their form is such as to awaken affections on the part of the reader, thus bringing about one of the salutary effects of mental prayer—the exercise of the will in the way of purpose.

Anchoresses of the West. By Francesca M. Steele. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

The preface of this book has a distinct office, and should be carefully read before the history of the anchoresses is essayed. The Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P., has set forth clear views on mysticism; and the distinctions he draws give

one definite ideas on which to base one's conclusions, and prepare one to appreciate at least the historical aspect of the work. The exterior life of anchoresses, the ceremonies attending their enclosure, the names of the principal anchoresses registered in England, Ireland, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Germany, make interesting reading. This work should be valuable to students of early Church history in the countries named.

The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. By Edmund G. Gardner. J. M. Dent & Co.; The Macmillan Company.

This popular history of the Republic of Siena is arranged in such a form as to serve as a guide-book to that historic Tuscan city. It is a useful as well as artistic compilation, and is marked by a spirit of reverence for the best in art and human achievement. The chapter on St. Catherine of Siena is written with sympathetic touch, and her learning and influence are set forth convincingly and appreciatively. The story of the troublous times in Siena is like a romance, but always there is a background of tragedy; and while one finds nothing new in this history, the old story is retold with a fresh charm.

Among the most interesting chapters for general readers are "The People and the Petrucci," "St. Catherine of Siena," and "The Last Days of the Republic"; for art students, the chapters treating of the palaces and monuments of Siena, including the majestic Duomo and Baptistery—*Maria Assunta*,—which dates from the fourteenth century. The numerous illustrations are well executed, and among them are several fine photogravures.

How to Sing. By Lilli Lehmann. Translated from the German by Richard Aldrich. The Macmillan Company.

"Science understands too little of singing, and singers too little of science," says Madame Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch; and in her own earnest way she proceeds to teach the science and the art of voice-culture. Her book should be of practical value to students and teachers of singing; for she brings the results of long experience to the work of expounding her art. Every chapter is marked by the painstaking effort of one who loves her life-work and whose ideals are of the highest. The vocal organs she views physiologically, and the diagrams are really excellent. The chapters on breathing, on equalizing the voice, on the placing of tones, on expression and interpretation, abound in useful directions; and throughout there is good common-sense.

This charming singer in Wagnerian rôles wishes the intellect to have part in singing; nor does she forget the emotional element, which gives warmth to tones. Madame Lehmann's tribute to Adelina Patti is as much to her own praise as to that of her sister singer, because it rings

as true as did her voice when, as Brunhilde or Isolde, she held captive her eager listeners. Somehow, the German title of her book, *Meine Gesangkunst*, conveys more than the title of the translation.

Faith Found in London. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

It is long since we have read a more engaging volume than this narrative of the adventures of a mythical Italian count in London. Count Marco Caradori comes to England for the coronation of Edward VII., full of admiration for the material greatness of the country (which he ascribes to its freethinking atmosphere), and lamenting the backwardness of Italy, with its paucity of workmen and its superfluity of priests. His London *cicerone*, a good Catholic, takes him to visit the churches and charities of London, and shows him that Englishmen glory rather in what they have received from the "superfluous" priests of Italy than in the material greatness of their own country. The visitor is amazed to find how thoroughly the spirit of St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo dominated such typical Englishmen as Newman and Manning; and, after much eloquent and weighty discussion, the Count goes back to his own country a better Catholic. The book is clever enough to be the work of an American author! Every page sparkles with wit and epigram, and the softer lights of humor glow steadily from title to colophon. Some "strait sayings"—and hard sayings—of Cardinal Manning scattered through the volume will be fresh to most but not to all readers.

The Sheriff of the Beech Fork. By Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

This is an out-of-doors story, and one that will please boys especially. The scene is laid in Kentucky, and the author must be a lover of nature; for one feels the charm of his descriptions, whether they are of bees, or poplar trees in bloom, or running waters. The characterization is good, and the reader feels that he is acquainted with Owen Howard and Richard Lane. The adventures on the raft are full of interest, and there is just enough plotting against the boatmen to insure suspense as to the outcome.

Rambles through Europe, the Holy Land and Egypt. By the Rev. A. Zurbonsen. B. Herder.

A running account of a pleasant trip, this little book of travels will, doubtless, find interested readers. The reverend author tells us that his work was inspired by love and leisure; and his pages have a conversational tone even when statistics are introduced. Geographical and historical information is enlivened with incident and anecdote; and the journey covers Germany, Austria, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt.



Willie's Protest.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

I'M just a small boy—only nine,—
Not very strong or brave;
If I were big, I'd like it fine,
So's I could sure behave
Just as the grown-ups tell me to:
They all say: "Be a man!"
A simpler thing to say than do,—
I don't see how I can.

I don't like nasty medicine,—
That senna's awful stuff!
And when my mamma brings it in,
The smell is quite enough
To turn my stomach upside down
Like flapjacks in a pan;
But mamma tells me, with a frown:
"Drink, Willie: be a man!"

A thunder-storm gives me a scare,
And at each lightning-flash
I shiver just as if the glare
Would knock me all to smash.
It thundered horrid Friday night;
But my big brother Dan
Just told me when he saw my fright:
"Say, silly, be a man!"

Well, sometime I suppose I'll grow
Quite big and tall and stout,
And maybe then—though I don't know—
My tears I'll not let out.
Praps then I'll hide my feelings so,—
I'll do it if I can;
But just at present, I'm, you know,
A small boy, *not* a man.

THE inhabitants of Amyclæ were so often alarmed by false reports of the coming of the Spartans that they were finally forbidden to mention them; and when the dreaded enemy did come they had an easy victory. This is another form of the old story of the man who gave the false cry of "Wolf!"

Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.

ONE day in the month of August Juanito, the housekeeper Polonia, and Fortuna were taking a walk. Don Salvador had remained at home. The sun was near its setting, the temperature very pleasant, and not a cloud could be seen in the sky. The general tranquillity seemed to exercise a sweet influence upon the three happy pedestrians.

Suddenly the religious silence of the time and place was interrupted by a sound of lamentation, sad and prolonged, which seemed to issue from the feeble throat of a child. Fortuna growled angrily, and drew nearer to his master as if to defend him.

"Did you hear that, Polonia?" asked Juanito.

"Yes. It sounds like the complaining of a child," answered the nurse. "And it seems to be very near."

At this moment there appeared on the road before them a girl ten or twelve years of age, covered with ragged garments; thin, gaunt, barefooted, with tangled hair and copper-colored skin. She was uttering the most dolorous lamentations.

Fortuna growled again in a strangely hostile manner, and sidled closer to Juanito; while the hair of his back stood on end, and his white front teeth became plainly visible.

"Be still, Fortuna,—be still!" said Juanito, giving him a tap on the head, and looking pityingly at the beggar girl, who was weeping bitterly.

The child continued to advance, without seeming at all alarmed at the threatening growls of the dog.

"What is the matter, poor little one?" asked Juanito in that sweet, caressing tone which seems to arise from the souls of children.

"Ah, señorito, what misfortune for me!" replied the mendicant, her eyes swimming in tears. "My poor grandpa has fallen from hunger under that bridge, and I am going to the village to beg help from the first charitable person I may meet there."

"But can we not give him some assistance?" asked Juanito, yielding to the impulse of his generous heart. "Look!—that first house over there is ours. I assure you that we will do everything in our power to help your grandfather."

"But what if he is unable to walk so far? If he could only have a little food first!" continued the beggar girl. "For more than twenty-four hours he has eaten nothing."

"Well, then, let us go and see him," said Juanito; "and if he can not come with us, I will run back to the village and get whatever is necessary."

Meanwhile the dog had not ceased his unfriendly growling, and Juanito said to him:

"This evening your bad-humor is insufferable, Fortuna. I have told you to keep quiet!"

The girl, without stopping her loud lamentations, led the way to the bridge; Juanito, Polonia and Fortuna following quickly. The bridge had three arches. In the first, stretched on the damp sand, they found an old man, poorly clad. Beside him was a dirty, patched bag and a stick. A short distance away there was a patch of thick and high reed grass, its leaves scorched by the burning sun to a reddish yellow.

"Come, grandpa: have you strength enough to get up?" asked the beggar girl. "Here are a young gentleman and

a lady who will help me to take you to the village."

The man, groaning aloud, began to move himself heavily, as though unable to find strength to get up: first lifting one knee, then the other, and at last his hands.

Full of compassion for his weakness, Polonia and Juanito bent forward to assist him. Just as they did so, the man sprang to his feet with one bound, and, clinching his fist, gave Polonia a blow that felled her to the ground. At the same moment the beggar girl threw herself with the agility of a panther upon the terrified Juanito, causing him to roll over into the dry bed of the brook. So rapidly and unexpectedly had this been accomplished that neither Juanito nor Polonia could realize what had happened.

The dog now rushed furiously at the girl, inflicting severe wounds and tearing her ragged gown into shreds, while she shrieked aloud with pain and anger.

"Cursed dog!" she exclaimed, seizing the stick from the ground and defending herself from Fortuna with a courage incredible at her age.

Then appeared precipitately from one of the thickets two meanly attired men with forbidding features. They carried knives and revolvers in their belts and double-barrelled guns in their hands.

"Let us see if you can keep quiet, Golondrina. There is no need of crying for a scratch," growled one of the men.

"Let us get through with our business before any one comes along the road," said the other.

"What shall we do with the woman?" asked the one who had grasped Polonia.

"Tie her hands behind her back, put a gag in her mouth, and send her back to her master with the message I have ready for him."

The command of this individual, who seemed to be the chief of the malefactors, was immediately obeyed.

"Oh, where—what has become of the

accursed dog?" asked Golondrina. "As soon as you came from behind the bushes he disappeared. But I swear that I will pay him back,—yes, I will pay him back. I will go into the village and give him bread filled with matches or pins, so that he will burst."

During this speech Golondrina was busily applying handfuls of damp sand to the wounds which had been inflicted upon her by Fortuna.

"Listen now," said the chief of the robbers, turning to Polonia. "Go and tell Don Salvador that we will return his grandson to him on condition that he complies word for word with what I have written on this paper."

So saying, the captain brutally thrust a paper in the bosom of Polonia's dress, while the poor woman looked at him with eyes that were bloodshot and almost starting out of her head.

"Ah, no, no, I do not want to go with you! My grandfather will give you anything you ask, but I do not want to go,—I do not want to go!" cried poor Juanito, clasping his hands before the miserable wretches.

Polonia fell on her knees and began to join her supplications to those of the child. But all in vain: those hearts of stone did not soften either for the tears or the prayers of their victims.

"Bring out the horses, Cascabel," said the chief. And then rudely seizing Juanito's arm, making him cry out, he went on: "See if you can not shut up your beak, canary! And do not deafen my ears; for your music disgusts me."

Another robber now made his appearance, leading the ponies. The chief mounted one of them, placing Juanito in front of him and putting an arm around his waist. The other two mounted also; while Golondrina with a single bound seated herself on the haunches of one of the animals.

"Polonia, O dear Polonia, help me!" pleaded Juanito.

"Keep still!" said the captain, placing

his rough hand over Juanito's mouth. "Hurry up now."

Polonia, as she saw them gallop off along the dry stream, fell back fainting on the ground.

Then the dry reeds in the thicket began to tremble, and Fortuna thrust forth his head. He had taken refuge among them as soon as he saw the men with their guns. His instinct had advised this retirement, because his enemies were numerous and sufficiently well armed for conquest. The animal remained for a moment undecided, reflectively moving his head, as though he feared some ambush worthy of the perversity of mankind in general. Finally he drew near to Polonia and gently licked her hands and face; and then, lifting his head once more, began to work his nose up and down with the nervous rapidity of an animal that has found a scent at last. Suddenly uttering a weak, hoarse howl, and putting his head to the ground, he darted toward the road which ran along the bank, following the tracks of the kidnappers.

When Polonia recovered consciousness night had fallen. She would have cried out, but the gag stifled her voice, and her heart beat violently. She got up as well as she could, made her way toward the road, and, once upon it, began to walk in the direction of the village, almost choking as she proceeded. As she neared the house she saw some persons advancing toward her. They were Don Salvador, the alcalde and his secretary, who, surprised at Juanito's delay, had come out in search of him.

At the sight of Polonia, gagged, with her hands tied behind her back, Don Salvador divined all that had occurred. The alcalde and the secretary at once released the poor woman from her painful position, while she cried aloud:

"They have robbed me of Juanito, Señor!—they have stolen my Juanito!" and again she fainted away.

Don Salvador was greatly terrified,

and murmured as if quite in despair: "My poor boy;—my sweet one! God and His Holy Mother will certainly bless your charitable heart and restore you to my arms once more."

Then a dreadful chill, almost like that of death, passed through his veins; his limbs relaxed, and he was obliged to lean against the alcalde in order to keep from falling.

Partially revived by the help which was quickly tendered her, the nurse related in detail all that had occurred from the moment they had first heard the sorrowful lamentations of the beggar girl until she herself had lost consciousness.

"Ah, if you had only heeded Fortuna, who warned you of danger!" exclaimed the old gentleman, striking his forehead. "Ah, my brave and faithful dog! But where is he? How is it that I do not see him?"

"Very likely they have killed him, because I have not seen him either since those men came out of the bushes," said Polonia.

"Well, give me that letter, Polonia," rejoined Don Salvador. "All is not lost, even though it may be a question of three or four thousand dollars—nay, of all that I possess. May it not be so, Señor Alcalde? Those kidnappers are infamous criminals; but, in reality, they do not usually murder their captives, much less a child so beautiful and good as my Juanito. Who could have the heart to do him harm? No one. They will return him to me,—yes, they will return him to me; and I will send them what they demand for his ransom."

Thus did the poor old man endeavor to console himself for his loss.

"Son of my heart! son of my soul!" he exclaimed. "How those miscreants must have frightened you! Oh, if there would be no further evil consequences!"

Meanwhile Polonia sought vainly for the letter which the kidnapper had brutally thrust in her bosom.

"But why do you not give me the letter?" cried the old gentleman.

"I can not find it, Señor."

"You can not find it!" exclaimed the old man, pale as a corpse.

"No, Señor, I can not find it," repeated Polonia, in despair. "One of them put it into my bosom, while the other gagged me and tied my hands just before I fell in a faint."

"Then it must have fallen into the brook," said Don Salvador, turning to the door. "We shall have to go in search of it at once."

But the alcalde detained him, saying:

"Stay you and rest. It will be enough for us to go to look for the boy. Polonia will accompany us. A storm is approaching. Here, Atanasio, get a lantern from the stable; and you, Fabian, take another. We will go right away."

Don Salvador would have accompanied them, but the doctor and the priest, who had by this time made their appearance, firmly opposed this step.

"O my God, my God!" cried the heart-broken old man. "If we can not find the letter my poor Juanito is lost. Yes, they may murder him when they learn that their demands will not be answered."

Then they went forth on their quest—Polonia, the alcalde and his secretary, Fabian and the gardener; the priest and the doctor, with some kind neighbors, remaining with Don Salvador.

As the search-party went into the street they were greeted by a dazzling flash of lightning, followed by a frightful clap of thunder, and the rain began to fall with the violence usual in summer storms.

All at once, when they approached the bridge, Fabian, who was ahead, turned to the others and said:

"Our labor is useless: the brook is already full of water. It will be utterly impossible to get down there."

"How unfortunate!" said the alcalde.

"Not only we have lost the letter, but also the tracks of the kidnappers, which would certainly have given us a clue to the direction of their journey."

"Now what shall we do?" inquired Fabian.

"There is nothing to be done but to return to the village."

And without another word, sad, silent, soaked to the bone with mud and water, they turned and retraced their steps.

Poor Don Salvador was cast down anew when he heard of the flood, as the letter had been the sole hope which had upheld his perturbed soul,—a hope which the ravages of the storm had now snatched from him. He fell on his knees, clasped his hands in sorrowful resignation, and, raising his tearful eyes to Heaven, murmured tremulously:

"O Lord, my God, Father of mercy, without whose will is moved neither a single leaf on the tree nor an atom of the dust of the earth, save poor Juanito, and do not abandon a miserable old man!"

(To be continued.)

Humbling the Proud.

Once when the gentle scholar we know as the Blessed Notker was a teacher at the Monastery of St. Gall, the Emperor Charles paid that famous institution a visit; and in his train was his chaplain, who resented the consideration his royal master paid to the learned scholar. As the visitors were preparing to depart the chaplain said to his companions:

"They call this fellow the wisest man in the Empire. It is said, too, that he is so holy that nothing can disturb him. I intend to make him a laughing-stock before we go; for I have a question for him which no man on earth can answer."

Then the chaplain went to Notker, who was reading his Breviary near by; and his friends gathered around to see the scholar discomfited.

"My learned master," observed the chaplain, "we have heard that there is nothing you do not know. Will you answer a question?"

"If I can," responded Notker, rising politely and closing his book.

The spectators smiled at one another, and the chaplain put his query.

"We should like to have you tell us, if you please, what God is now doing in heaven."

"I can answer that," said Notker, quietly. "He is doing what He has always done and what He is shortly to do to thee—He is exalting the humble and humbling the proud."

The chaplain and his companions turned away, not knowing what to say.

Soon the bell rang for the departure of the guests, and they set off, the chaplain riding a spirited horse. When they reached the city's gate the steed, taking fright, threw him to the ground, breaking his leg. He was taken back to St. Gall's, where the abbot besought him to receive Notker and, asking his pardon, to receive his blessing in return.

"I will have nothing to do with your puffed-up scholar!" said the chaplain.

One night, however, while he slept, Notker visited him and prayed for his recovery; and the leg, in a sad state until that time, soon began to get better. After that the chaplain, having learned his lesson, became more humble; being, but for his foolish pride, a good and generous man.

A Marvel of the Sea.

A rare kind of pearly shell covers the Chinese window-oyster. This oyster abounds near Manila as well as in other Asiatic waters, and the natives of the Philippines use the shell for window-glass. It is very thin; and when ground off and polished, print can be read through it. The window-oyster is one of the marvels of the sea.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Six Dramas of Calderon," translated by Edward Fitzgerald, is the latest issue of the King's Classics, a neat and cheap library of reprints issued by the De La More Press, London.

—The publishers of Sienkiewicz's works in this country state that nearly 750,000 copies of "Quo Vadis" have been sold. From 1895 to 1902 it was at the head of the list of the best-selling books.

—It is rumored that a new Catholic quarterly review will make its appearance in Scotland next autumn. This is gratifying evidence of the progress of the Church in the Land of the Naked Knee. The present year marks the Silver Jubilee of the restoration of the Scottish hierarchy.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Chicago has been well-advised in binding some of the more important of its publications into volumes for library use. The pamphlet form is most convenient for distribution; the book form, for preservation and reference. Vol. II. of this series contains eleven essays of unequal merit but all of them on subjects of perennial interest.

—Though it is not our practice to review text-books of theology or philosophy, we gladly call attention to a treatise on Scholastic Philosophy by Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, C. P. It is offered as an easy Latin text-book for beginners, and it is notable for the orderly and—considering the space at the author's disposal—full treatment of a subject that students commonly find dull. Published by F. Pustet & Co.

—A comparison of text-books of a few decades past with those coming from the press to-day shows a marvellous change in make-up, at least. In historical works is the difference especially notable. This thought was suggested by an examination of some books lately received from the American Book Company—namely, Barnes' Elementary and School Histories of the United States. To the usual data is added a list of references which should be valuable to student and teacher. Wolsson's "Essentials in Ancient History" belongs to this series and embodies the main points of Greek and Roman history.

—Miss Replier enunciates a truism that merits more consideration than it receives, when she says: "The habit of rapid and indiscriminate reading does not stimulate mental growth: the quick replacing of one book by another lessens the value of all." Miss Replier might safely go further and assert that the habit in question effectively stunts mental growth. Leisurely reading of one book that is really worth while is preferable, from every

viewpoint, to the unmastered bolting of a score of volumes which the world crowns to-day to bury to-morrow. "Take your time and do it well" is a maxim as judicious for the reader as for the mechanic or the artist.

—The recent celebration of the centenary of the birth of James Clarence Mangan will result, it is hoped, in the erection of a monument to him, and the publication of a complete edition of his writings. This truest of Irish poets, like many another great author, has been sadly neglected. It was only last month that a monument was erected to the memory of the great French literary critic, Sainte-Beuve.

—It may be news to some that Miss Agnes Mary Clerke, who has just been elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, is a Catholic and a native of Ireland. She is a frequent contributor to the quarterly reviews and scientific journals, and is the author of a number of books, the best known of which is "A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century." The publication of her "Problems in Astrophysics," we remember, was a sensation in scientific circles,

—The new Dante play will become an international topic: first, because its subject is Dante; secondly, because its author is Victorien Sardou; thirdly, because Sir Henry Irving is going to act it. We regret exceedingly that Sir Henry should lend his superb art and his splendid Dantesque countenance to the production of a drama of which a Protestant writer in the *Fortnightly* says: "Throughout the play the author's anti-clericalism is too systematically obvious." Catholics are not scandalized when Dante in the *Divina Commedia* puts popes into hell: the political passions of Dante's time explain that; but when Sardou sets up a puppet pope weak in all things save wickedness that Dante may dance a jig upon the pontifical dignity, Catholics can not but be deeply wounded. Sir Henry Irving has shown a nicer sense of the conventionalities of the English stage by changing (much to Sardou's disgust) the pope into a cardinal; but we are not sure that he has shown much insight into Catholic susceptibilities.

—The Emerson centenary furnishes a striking illustration of the loss of perspective and the verbal extravagance that nearly always marks occasions of that kind. Gabble, not criticism, is the right term for most of the stuff published in the current magazines about the Sage of Concord. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe gravely records that Emerson once said to her at dinner, "Mrs. Howe, try our snap cake"; and the amiable Mr. Howells, who can "chronicle small beer" as agreeably as

any writer of our time, informs us that when Emerson smoked a cigar "it was as if one then saw Dante smoking, and one then saw it with all the reverence due the spectacle." An illustrated article on Emerson's nightcaps and the reminiscences of the barber who shaved him will doubtless appear in due time. The truth is that Emerson was an exquisite phrase-maker, the master of a style as attractive as that of the Bishop of Peoria; but he did not have Mgr. Spalding's gift of sustained and connected philosophic thought. As a clever critic in the *Dial* remarks, "He chops and changes with every book he has been reading or with every reader he desires to mold. . . . He was a purveyor of first lessons in philosophy and of proverbial rules for intellectual children." As a philosopher he was not to be compared with Brownson. As a poet, despite the intellectual quality of his lines, he is held to be overrated even by those who refuse to believe Matthew Arnold's dictum, that the whole body of his work is not worth Longfellow's little poem "The Bridge."

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 Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.

Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3, net.

Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. *Ludovicus Blosius*, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.

How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann*. \$1.50, net.

The Science of the Saints. Rev. *John Baptist Pagani*. 4 vols. \$6, net.

Life of St. Rita of Cascia. *Very Rev. Richard Conolly*, O. S. A. \$1, net.

Faith Found in London. \$1.10, net.

Anchoresses of the West. *Francesca M. Steele*. \$1, net.

The Bears of Blue River. *Charles Major*. \$1.50.

Rambles through Europe, the Holy Land, and Egypt. Rev. *A. Zurbonsen*. \$1.

The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. *Edmund G. Gardner*. \$2.

The Sheriff of the Beech Fork. *Henry S. Spalding*, S. J. 85 cts.

George Eliot. *Leslie Stephen*. 75 cts., net.

The Girlhood of Our Lady. *Marion F. Brunowe*. \$1.25.

The Light Behind. *Mrs. Wilfrid Ward*. \$1.50.

The Pilkington Heir. *Anna T. Sadlier*. \$1.25.

Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. *Isabel Lowell*. \$1.50, net.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly*, D. D. \$2.

Father Tom of Connemara. *Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville*. \$1.50.

A Daughter of the Sierra. *Christian Reid*. \$1.25.

Border Memories. *Marion Muir Richardson*. \$1.

Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy. *Rev. J. E. Copus*, S. J. 85 cts.

Vetera et Nova (Old and New). *Rev. N. Walsh*, S. J. \$2, net.

The Philippine Islands. *Emma Helen Blair-James Alexander Robinson*. Vols. I. and II. \$4, ea.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. *Fredrick Justus Knecht*, D. D. \$4, net.

The Question Box. *Rev. Bertrand L. Conway*, C. S. P. \$1.

The Art of Disappearing. *John Talbot Smith*. \$1.50.

Blessed Cuthbert Mayne. *W. Meyer-Griffith*. 30 cts.

The Pope and the People. Cloth, 85 cts.; paper, 45 cts.

Oberammergau in 1900. *Sarah Willard Howe*. 50 cts.

Catholic Gems and Pearls. *Rev. J. Phelan*. \$1.

Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church. *Rev. D. G. Hubert*. \$1.75, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. N. N. Poulin, of the diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. S. F. Ryan, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Joseph Caredda, S. J.; Rev. Lawrence Ward, O. F. M.; and Rev. Francis Schwab, C. S. Sp.

Mr. James Simpson, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. Ignatius Brodman, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. M. M. Claraham, Harper, Iowa; Mr. Michael Graham, Shendoah, Pa.; Mrs. Susan Smith, Circleville, Ohio; Mr. A. Muhchler, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mr. William Dowling, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Carroll, Lincoln University, Pa.; Mr. Henry Noll, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Susie McDermott, Cresson, Pa.; Mrs. August Urban and Mrs. Christian Lohr, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Katherine Hayes, Miss Helen Brown, and Mr. Gilbert Manley, Galena, Ill.; Mr. Felix Foster, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. Cyril Pond, St. Ignace, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. LVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 20, 1903.

NO. 25.

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A Human Life.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

A HUMAN heart!—what sea of boundless girth,
 What deep of waters rolling round the earth
 So stirred with mountain waves of tireless breath
 That finger every shore of life and death?

A human mind!—what garden spot of God,
 What realm of June upon the flowery sod
 So warmed with roses of immortal hue
 That fadeth never with the summer's dew?

A human hope!—what swiftest dove of life,
 What bird that breasts the tempest's ceaseless strife
 So strong with pinions of celestial white
 That winnow heaven's every field of light?

A human life!—what priceless gift of Love,
 What token of the sleepless Power above
 So fraught with good upon the earthly sod
 That mirrors in itself the form of God?

Why I Love the Title "Mother of God."

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, C. P.

THE title "Mother of God" was once as great "a rock of offence" to myself as ever Protestant found it; and, again, the discovery of its truth was precisely what had most to do with making me a Catholic. Cherishing, then, a special love for this incomparable title, I have thought that a brief history of its influence on my conversion will prove acceptable to readers of Our Lady's magazine.

I. First, let me show why this title was so long a scandal to me.

It is part of the *learned* Protestant tradition—or was, at least, in my young days—that the worst "corruptions of Rome" were introduced from paganism. From this source, I was gravely assured, had come the "idolatrous" worship of the Virgin Mary as the "Mother of God"—she being made to do duty in the place of ancient Cybele, the "mother of the gods." Ashamed as more enlightened Protestants may now be of this atrocious fiction, there can be no doubt that it *has* had immense influence in scaring away a multitude of minds from honoring Our Lady, and especially in blinding them to her maternal dignity. For myself, I naturally came to regard the title "Mother of God," with the worship based upon it, as one of the most shocking "abominations of Popery."

Again, though brought up in the Church of England, and a member of a clergyman's family, and therefore taught, as a matter of course, to believe in the divinity of Christ, I never received catechetical instruction on the *Incar-nation*, nor ever heard a sermon on the subject from any Anglican pulpit. Consequently I was not made familiar, as a Catholic is from childhood, with such phrases as "God and man in one Person," or "Two natures in one Person," or the "Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, true God and true man." For the genius of Protestantism shrinks instinctively from theological precision, and the Incarnation is the very ground on which it feels least at home. To be sure, the Church of England's "Article"

on the Incarnation is orthodox, and her Prayer-Book contains the Athanasian Creed. But how could such a doctrine as the Incarnation be expected to reach and take hold of the young mind without the drill of catechism? Besides, till within three years of my conversion, I entertained a genuine Protestant dislike for the "dogmatism" and "bigotry" of the Athanasian Creed.

My idea, then, of the Incarnation was as vague and confused as that of Protestants in general. How can it be otherwise when not conveyed in the "form of sound words," on which St. Paul lays stress?* Had I been asked, "Do you believe that Christ is God?" I should have said, "Yes," without a moment's hesitation. And even had the question been, "You surely don't believe that the Infant born at Bethlehem was God?" I should have answered, "Of course I do." Yet how unintelligent this belief, will be clear from the fact that had a Catholic put these questions, and followed them up with, "Then why not acknowledge that Infant's mother to be the 'Mother of God'?" my retort would have been, "Because He derived His human nature only from her, whereas *you* make her the source of His divine nature."

As I now look back at the stupidity of this reply, I feel profoundly humiliated; but at the time I should have prided myself on making a most rational distinction. How is it that common-sense—a thing to which Protestants lay special claim—does not tell them that, in the first place, Catholics can not possibly suppose the Blessed Virgin to be the source of her Son's divinity; and, secondly, that as every human mother gives birth to a *person*, and not merely to a *nature*, so did she; and therefore the question of her motherhood turns upon her Child's *personality*—whether *it* be human or divine?

Now, Protestants are sometimes charged with holding—more or less unconsciously—the Nestorian heresy of a human person in Christ as well as a divine. This may be the case with some, but I can not think it true of most. Their confusion of nature and person in speaking of Our Lady's maternity is the result of their not having learned that "form of sound words," as I said just now, which is part of the Apostolic Tradition they have lost. I believe that a little quiet reasoning would have removed this absurd confusion from my own mind, and therefore it ought to do as much for anybody capable of being reasoned with at all.

Let us suppose, now, the conversation I was imagining between a Catholic and myself to have continued in this wise:

CATHOLIC.—Ah, I see what you mean! Allow me, then, a moment. What you say of Our Lord is perfectly true—that He derived His *humanity* only from His Mother. But when you say *he* you speak of a *person*. Pray, who is that person?

I.—The Son of God.

CATHOLIC.—That is, God the Son—the Second Person of the Trinity?

I.—Certainly.

CATHOLIC.—Very well, then. You believe, with me, that the Second Person in God took human nature from the Virgin Mary. Now, *how* did He take it? Was it not by being "conceived and born" of her, as the Creed says?

I.—To be sure.

CATHOLIC.—That is to say, *by becoming her Son*—eh?

I.—Yes.

CATHOLIC.—Then the "Word was made flesh," as St. John says, by becoming the Son of His own creature; or, which is the same thing, by *making her His Mother*. Do you admit that?

I.—Yes: I must admit that, as you put it.

CATHOLIC.—Then you believe as I do, my dear friend; only you do not *realize*

* II. Tim., i, 13.

your belief as I do mine. It has never been brought home to you as mine has been to me. You hold, with me, that the Blessed Virgin Mary is truly the Mother of the "Word made flesh"—the Mother, "according to the flesh," of the Second Person in God?

I.—"According to the flesh," yes.

CATHOLIC.—Why, of course: not according to the divine nature. But the *Person* of her Son is God; and she is no less the Mother of that Person for having brought Him forth according to the flesh, than the First Person of the Trinity is His Father for having begotten Him according to the Godhead.

I.—I see.

CATHOLIC.—Well, then, do you not also see that the Blessed Virgin, as Mother of God the Son, has necessarily the title of "Mother of God," and ought to be acknowledged as having it?

Yes: I hope and believe I should have seen it, had the truth been put thus lucidly before me. However, I think it quite likely that I should have ventured the brilliant remark, that it was *safer* to say "Mother of Christ" than "Mother of God," since Christ the God-Man is but *one* Person of the Trinity; whereas the term "Mother of God" seemed to imply a maternal relation to all Three Persons.

Now, here I must confess that most Protestants have about as hazy a notion of the Trinity as they have of the Incarnation. I know that, for my own part, I never received catechetical instruction on this mystery any more than on the other. I was never asked such a question as, "How many Persons are there in God?" I did indeed once hear a sermon on the Trinity, and a masterly discourse it was. But this was in a Ritualist church, and less than two years before my conversion. The preacher had evidently borrowed his doctrine from Catholic theologians; for he spoke of and explained the "circum-

incession" of the Persons,—something utterly new to me, as an idea even. I fear I had unintentionally held a sort of *tritheism*: had failed, at any rate, to realize the Undivided Unity of God—that *all* God is in *each* Person of the Trinity. If Protestants rightly understood this, they would find no difficulty in seeing that the Blessed Virgin, as Mother of the Son, is as much "Mother of God," or "God's Mother," as if she were Mother of the whole Trinity. Whence I think it true to say, as I pass on, that the title "Mother of God" is the dogmatic safeguard of *both* the great foundation mysteries of our faith—of the Trinity as well as of the Incarnation.

II. Now, as to why the discovery of this title's truth had so much to do with making me a Catholic.

I am indebted for the discovery to one of Dr. Pusey's "University" sermons,—a sermon on the "Rule of Faith," preached at St. Mary's, Oxford. In this famous discourse the learned Doctor declares that the Greek word *θεοτόκος* ("Mother of God") is a word of *Apostolic* origin; comparing it with *ὁμοούσιος* (consubstantial). Here was a revelation! And equally astounding was the information that this title had been given definitively to the Blessed Virgin by the Council of Ephesus—one of the four Œcumenical Councils which all Protestants who claim to be orthodox, and particularly Anglicans, profess to receive. What a deal Protestants know about those Councils, to be sure!

But were not my fellow-Ritualists (for I had lately joined that party in the Church of England) aware of the truth about Our Lady's maternity? Then why did its discovery lead *me* in particular to quit their ranks for those of "Rome"? So little did poor Dr. Pusey perceive the bearings of the definition of Ephesus to make against his own position, that he could remain all his life in a church whose formularies

studiously ignore the title "Mother of God." Then why could not insignificant I remain where I was?

Well, in the first place, it is certain that truths, while equally admitted as such, take a very different hold on different minds. On some they make little impression, with others they run away. Whence, no doubt, my impatience with the spirit of compromise which I found among the Ritualists. They believed, forsooth, in sacerdotal absolutism, in the Real Presence, in the Mass; yet would worship in churches where these sacred truths were treated as "Popish corruptions" and "damnable errors." Now, to me this looked from the first very like holding communion with heresy; and if I tried to persuade myself to the contrary, the sense that it was increased instead of lessening. So, then, with the title "Mother of God." When, in the first surprise of my discovery, I asked a leading Ritualist why the Blessed Virgin was not publicly acknowledged, honored, and preached as the "Mother of God," he replied: "Well, you know, it's a title we do not wish to thrust down people's throats." An answer which betrayed, I thought, a spirit rather different from that of the Ephesian anathema.

In the next place, the *thought* of Our Lady kept gaining on me, and with it that of the Catholic devotion to her. I was forcibly reminded of Keats' magnificent sonnet "On Looking into Chapman's Homer":

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien!

I too had discovered a new Star, and one which grew lovelier as I gazed. And below this Star lay an ever-voiceful sea,—the ocean of that worship and invocation which I knew to be paid her not only by the Roman but

also, and with greater "excess," by that Greek Church which the Ritualists professed to venerate so highly.

Now, here was a *fact*, whether truth or error,—a fact of vast dimensions. If an error, a gigantic and most formidable one; if a truth, assuredly one of the first importance. In either case, a mighty wide separation between the church I belonged to and the other two churches I had been taught to recognize as parts of the same whole. "This Church of England," thought I, "one with the Roman and Greek Churches! A very unsatisfactory oneness. If they are right in their devotion to the Mother of God, we must be miserably wrong—indeed, quite heretical—with regard to her position in the kingdom of her Son. Why, our vaunted Prayer-Book barely mentions her at all, and never once calls her the Mother of God, or asks her intercession ever so indirectly! If it be that giving her due honor as the Mother of God leads inevitably to a regular system of devotion, then *we ought to have that devotion*, for *she is the Mother of God.*"

In the third place, another momentous question soon arose in my mind—concerning the precise relation in which Mary stood to us. Was she indeed *our* Mother as well as God's? The Catholics, I knew, called her "*our* Blessed Mother." Were they right? If so, I wanted to look up to her as *my* Mother. Why shouldn't I?

But here was a difficulty: a lingering consequence of Protestant education. How could the Blessed Virgin hear the addresses of individual clients? That she prayed in heaven for the interests of the Church on earth there could be no reasonable doubt. My fellow-Ritualists believed in the "Communion of Saints" thus far, that the Church Triumphant made constant intercession for the Church Militant. Neither, again, did we hesitate to say that "Our Lady" (as we ventured to call her) had more

prayer-power than the other saints. But as to her being able to attend to individuals whenever they might call upon her, and to any number of them at once, and from all parts of the world—this certainly *did* seem to be, what our more Protestant brethren termed it, nothing less than investing her with the divine attributes of omnipresence and omniscience.

Well, while living at Brighton—where I had joined the Ritualists—I went one Sunday evening to a newly built “Roman” church. My going there on that particular evening was, apparently, the merest chance; but *I* must regard it as nothing short of a special guidance. The sermon was evidently for me. The priest himself was a convert, and for that reason, doubtless, made a certain explanation for the benefit of any Protestant who might be present. He preached on Our Lady’s Dolors, dwelling particularly on the fifth; his text, “Now there stood beside the cross of Jesus His Mother.”* A very simple sentence, but how much it meant for *me*! As I listened, I felt as if, up to that time, I had heard only half the Gospel. And such was the fact; for Jesus without Mary is the Gospel cut in two. The words, “Behold thy Mother!”—why had they never struck me so before?—were a parallel revelation to the truth of the title “Mother of God.” They were, indeed, that revelation’s complement. Then, to crown the surprise, came the timely explanation as to how the Blessed Mother could know the wants and prayers of every soul that had recourse to her. “She sees all things,” said the preacher, “in the mirror of the Mind of God.” To be sure, he might have made it clearer by further explaining that God’s Mind, or Knowledge, is one thing with His Essence; so that they who have the beatific vision see all things reflected in that Knowledge as in a mirror. However, the ridiculous Protes-

tant objection, which had stuck in my throat so long, was gone forever.

I called next day on the eminent Ritualist with whom I had spoken before, and asked if I might pray to the Blessed Virgin, since I felt a drawing that way. “Oh, yes,” quoth he, “if you find it good. There can not be any harm in it, at all events.” So I began the practice, in a shy, nervous way; and found my conviction deepen, that not only was the Catholic devotion right, but, further, that if the Church of England was indeed a “branch” of the One Apostolic Church, she was bound to recover this lost worship, along with the other truths abandoned at the Reformation.

Presently, too, I read the late Dr. Neale’s “Five Primitive Liturgies,” in Greek and English; and the place there given to her who is commemorated as “our exceedingly glorious and blessed *Lady*, the all-holy, spotless, undefiled, ever-virgin Mary, the Mother of God,” made me more impatient than ever, of course, with the Anglican Liturgy’s disregard of her.

Was there, then, any well-grounded hope of this devotion being revived in the Church of England? I knew, indeed, that Dr. Neale himself defended—in private, at least—the *invocation* of Our Lady, and that some few Ritualists were allowed by their “directors” to practise it secretly. Nevertheless, I could not choose but see that nothing was so dreaded by the Ritualist leaders generally as this devotion,—dreaded for “unsettling” the Anglican mind and making it hanker after “Rome.” So that I had frequently to groan in spirit, as ‘hope deferred’ kept ‘making the heart sick’; and it did seem very “hard lines” to have been placed in the Anglican “branch” of the Church, and not in one of the other two “branches”; and to be obliged to remain where I was, *in order to help undo the work of that accursed Reformation!*

* St. John, xix, 25.

Ah, your readers may laugh, dear AVE MARIA! I am smiling rather broadly myself. But, verily, the tyranny of an erroneous conscience is no joke for those who are its victims. However, by God's mercy, this tyranny of error was destined not to last much longer. And who should come to the rescue but the valiant Dr. Pusey once more! That is, he proved instrumental in my deliverance, though most unintentionally, poor man. Out came his "Eirenicon," which is Greek for *peacemaker*, and might as well have been Chinese; "an olive-branch discharged from a catapult," as dear, glorious Newman called it. Still it made peace for *one* that I know. Its attack on the devotion I was determined to see restored—together with the acceptance of this attack, as a champion hit, by the Ritualist organs—so disgusted me that I lost no time in getting a talk with "a Roman priest."

A single interview was enough to open my eyes to the real position of the unhappy Church of England. Of course, the claims of the Pope were put before me in due prominence; claims which had been so coolly represented to me by Dr. Pusey and others as utterly without foundation, that when I came to read Allies' "See of Peter" my indignation equalled my amazement.

Of course, again, this one discovery—of necessity of communion with Rome—would have been quite enough to make me a Catholic, had it come first instead of last. Still I think I have made good the assertion I set out with: that what had *most* to do with my conversion was finding that the Blessed Virgin is truly the Mother of God.

Yes, from that hour the Mother of God became my guiding Star. But for my attraction to her, I might have remained, as so many do, content with Ritualism, in the vain belief that the Church of England possessed a true priesthood, valid sacraments, and all the essentials of Catholicity: might never have seen

into the real nature of that spirit of compromise to which so many blind themselves: and, especially, might never have been brought to face the all-important question of the Papacy—the one question, in point of fact, which Anglicans never do face honestly until something else has drawn their hearts to Rome.

I may well, then, love the title "Mother of God"; and may well pity those who think it a shocking error. But I pity far more such as, knowing it to be true, yet compromise by silence the honor of her who bears it, and act as if her rightful place in the kingdom of her Son were a matter of very small consequence. How can it be a matter of small consequence whether or no she has a special office of advocate and mediatrix with our Saviour and our Judge?—whether or no He gave her to us from the cross as an inviolable pledge of mercy and salvation and the dearest possible bond between His Heart and ours? If all this be as Catholics believe, must it not follow that, as Father Faber says, "thousands of souls perish because Mary is kept from them"?

For my part, in praying for the dear ones I have left behind in Anglicanism, I ask first and foremost that they may come to know her who is at once the Mother of God and their Mother; for the knowledge of her will bring truth with it. My daily hope is that, through God's tender mercy, each of them may one day be able to say, as I can, in the words of the Book of Wisdom: "All good things came to me together with her, and innumerable riches through her hands."*

* Wis., vii, 11.

THERE are more lives spoiled by undue harshness than by undue gentleness. More good work is lost from want of appreciation than from too much of it.

—Hugh Black.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXIV.—THE TSARITSA'S GARDEN.

AS has already been said, the beautiful private garden of the Empress is sheltered by a wing of the colossal Winter Palace. It faces the river Neva, while separated from it by a railroad. It is protected by gilt-bronze railings of exquisite design,—I might almost say the handiwork of the Tsaritsa, since she drew all the plans and superintended all the moldings. It possesses a few shady nooks, chiefly composed of orange trees in fruit and blossom; but of extensive shade or foliage there is none, the garden being quite new. Her Imperial Majesty seldom resorts thither,—so unlike that tender martyr, the Empress of Austria, who loved to roam in the old private garden of Schönbrunn at Vienna.

The privacy of the Russian imperial garden was as strictly guarded as the log cabin of Peter the Great; and no one but the Tsaritsa, or persons accompanied by her, could obtain permission to enter the sacred enclosure. Myles felt the distinction of the honor thrust upon him; since, being an invalid, the garden was advised by the doctor. And this was only another proof of the sweetness and graciousness of the Russian imperial family.

The patient seated himself in the shadiest corner: the sun was hot and he was still very weak. It is needless to say that his thoughts anchored themselves beside Eileen De Lacey, and that the needles of his heart were true to the poles of her beautiful violet eyes. A few days more, and he was to leave her, perhaps—and why not?—forever. His world and hers were totally different

hemispheres, geographically as well as sentimentally. Her thoughts were bound to her surroundings, and in those surroundings were personages of highest estate, reaching even unto absolute intimacy with the most potential and exclusive people upon earth.

Then why allow his claim to rub into the wound and cause unendurable suffering? Of what use? Yes, he *did*—by accident, chance, kismet, fate,—help to extricate her from serious mishap; but was she not surrounded by dozens of men all ready and willing to stand by her, and, if necessary, die like heroes? He happened to be nearer than the others,—*voilà tout*. And was he, like a hungry beggar, to prowl around her seeking for alms she could never give? Not *he*, indeed! She was not in love with him,—*that* was pretty evident. Why, she avoided him as much as possible, and was little more than civil. Yes, there had been many chances when she could, at all events, have been a little gracious and intimate. She barely passed the rigid lines of the *convenances*. What did Percy Byng mean by stating that she detested the Baroness Grondno after so fierce a fashion? Pshaw, that boy! What could he know? What inferences could he possibly deduct? Eileen De Lacey was not for him. He would leave the country without delay. Indeed, being now literally penniless, he must look about him.

With a very well-weighed ounce of common-sense and good judgment, his thoughts turned to the great house of Byng in Lombard Street. Now, this was a banking-house of the very highest standing; and, in their (so-called) gratitude for the aid he gave to Percy, they might find some small place for him in the bank until he had mastered its methods and had gripped hard on its details. This surely was on the cards. It would be asking for no service that he could not requite, and would wipe out any sense of obligation that might

render the honest banker and his wife uneasy; for that they dearly loved their boy rang out like joy bells in their letters. He could transplant his mother and aunt to some sweet little suburban villa, and—

“What would you not give for a cigarette?” uttered a woman’s voice beside him, breaking up his thoughts into worthless little atoms, dispelling his day-dreaming. “What would you *not* give for a cigarette?”

Beside him stood Baroness Grondno, in gorgeous attire; for she was *en service*—that is, doing a two weeks’ waiting as a first-class lady of honor at the imperial court. She had approached across the closely-shaven grass as lightly and as noiselessly as a moonbeam; and in her hand was a bejewelled case, from which she had extracted a cigarette, which she deftly and rapidly lighted, exclaiming:

“As I dare not shake hands with you, this is the next best thing to do.”

Myles, being unable to reject the soothing weed—and why should he?—leaned over her hand as she placed the cigarette between his lips, pressing her hand to them that it might be kissed, as is the custom.

“And how *are* you? I have heard every day twice and thrice through the nurse and doctor. And how delighted I was as each bulletin announced improvement and quick march to recovery!”

“It was very good and gracious of you, Baroness. I am, thank the good God, nearly ready for a boxing match with dear old O’Reilly.”

“Another delightful Irishman, despite his Russian blood.”

“He is a splendid fellow, and such good company, Baroness.”

“He will be great fun on the yacht. When do we sail?”

“I really don’t know.”

“About the 10th. Sir Henry Shirley gives two balls and a couple of dinners on board before he trips his anchor. I

have my boat moored beside his, with a very broad gangway between. You are coming to the *Corisande*, Sir Henry tells me.”

“I shall stay with my dear old uncle till he leaves his *datcha*, Baroness. How little I have seen of the dear old fellow whom I came out to meet,—in fact, who brought me out!”

“Oh, you can see enough of him when you get to Ireland!” she retorted, rather pettishly.

The Baroness, who had been standing, as also Myles, now seated herself.

“How do you find the cigarette? Try this one. The box is from the Emperor’s private-stock.”

“I find this one exceptionally fine, Baroness. However, I’m not much on cigarettes or cigars: my dear old pipe and I understand each other—”

“Lucky pipe!” she murmured.

“You would not think so,” he laughed, “if you had been knocked about as it has been.”

There was a silence, broken by the steam whistle calling a fresh gang to get on to the works on the new bridge.

“We ought to be a jolly party on the *Corisande*,” Myles suggested.

“I rather imagine I shall act as your consort. Mine is a quicker boat, and, if I dare say so, a more comfortable one. Besides, I can be alone with my thoughts; and, if I want to make a call, or require somebody from the *Corisande*”—here she glanced at him very sharply from under her half-closed lids—“*yourself*, for instance, I can signal and use a naphtha launch as a ferry. You know that we will go out by Helsingfors, where we *must* spend a day. It is the bathing place of Finland, and so clean and picturesque! Then we go across the Baltic to Stockholm,—a delightful city. I have some sweet friends there, who will make it merry for us. We may or may not send the boats round to Gothenburg, while we do the Gothenburg Canal,—a fascinating trip

of two days and a night. Or we can spin round to the Solent direct; for Sir Henry flies the white flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the regatta will be on. An Englishman must be no end of a swell to belong to that august body of yachtsmen. So there is something to be done *en route* to the land of the potato and the Blarney Stone," she added, pleasantly.

"I should rather imagine that the program is pretty full, Baroness."

"Oh, there is always room for one more in the well of an Irish jaunting car!" she laughed. Her color here heightened; her usually quiet eyes were in action and full of life and light. She puffed vigorously at her cigarette, lighting a fresh one for Myles, who was nothing loath. Her manner signified compressed excitement boding something to come.

Suddenly, without any preliminary note whatever, she asked, in a tone of utter *nonchalance*:

"Is Eileen coming on this trip?"

"Miss De Lacey?" said Myles, coldly.

"The fortunate young cat two of whose lives you have so gallantly saved? Perhaps," she added, sneeringly, "you would like to save the remaining seven."

Myles could not help smiling.

"Why not?" he replied. "I would try to save anybody's life. In her case, however, somebody else would have done it. I 'happened in,' as they say in the States."

"Is *she* coming on this trip?"

"I do not know. If Princess Gallitzin comes, I assume that Miss De Lacey will be of the party,—or," he added, "if you are to be chaperon."

"I have made it a rule never to be responsible for engaged young ladies—just look at that rose,—that one to the right with the enormous pink bosom!"—pointing with her sunshade to a wondrous flower so large, as almost to shed its tiny bed as with perfumed curtains.

The Baroness refused to be responsible for engaged young ladies. Did this observation refer to Eileen? Did it include her in any way? What did it mean? He must ask some question to lead back to the subject at once.

"But why do you object to the care of engaged girls, Baroness? I should think they would be very discreet."

"Not always—*do* look at that rose? Isn't it a glory?"

Myles saw his chance slipping away.

"Surely," he blunderingly remarked, "you wouldn't mind chaperoning Miss De Lacey?"

"Oh, Eileen is only as other young women, Mr. O'Byrne!"

"But—but you seemed to imply that Miss De Lacey was engaged."

"She can probably tell you, or refer you to good Prince Alexander Sergius Stodlostovich."

By an effort of supreme—nay, heroic—control, Myles slowly exclaimed:

"Baroness, that *is* a most beautiful rose. What would be the penalty of plucking it?"

"There is no penalty for plucking it."

Myles was in a state of "burst," if I may use the word. He wanted to ask a hundred questions, particularly one, yet feared to cast his die. Could it be possible that he had mistaken the expression in those violet eyes,—one look especially that had sunk softly into the depths of his heart, there to remain forever and aye? Oh, for a moment alone! Would this woman never depart and leave him to a fierce wrestle with his miserable thoughts? The Baroness must have some motive in seeking him here, alone, in this secluded shade within bowshot of the madding crowd rushing down to the various ferries.

"Have you met the Prince?" asked the Baroness, in the careless tone of society.

"Not yet," answered Myles, curtly.

"He is a very magnificent specimen of our barbarian," she remarked gaily: "six foot three," as you would say, with

the shoulders of Peter the Great. His estates in the Caucasus are a collection of principalities. He lives at times near me, in an old castle that I love, with walls ten feet in thickness, and a moat, and a dungeon or two, surrounded by woods and wolves. But," she added airily, "you shall see it. It is really worthy a visit."

"I am sure of it from your description," he said, while he was rapidly cogitating as to how he should extract some more definite information about Eileen De Lacey's engagement, which as yet he could not, *would* not realize.

"Does Prince Stodlostovich reside much at his wild castle?"

"*Wild!*" she repeated, with a smile. "Why, it is a place as much up to date as Windsor Castle, and resembles it in miniature. Electricity rules supreme, and light electric cars run all over the parks. The staff is enormous, and their liveries rather in the *opéra bouffé*. In fact, I always think of Offenbach when I see them flitting about like very beautiful butterflies. But *you* shall see them. They are always *en évidence*. And nobody knows when he will come nor when he will go. Sounds like a cheap novel, doesn't it?"

The Baroness was feverishly gay, her manner nervous, without being strained, however; while her small, bead-like eyes moved restlessly, and the hand that toyed with her cigarette gave evidence of being a little shaky.

Taking his courage in both hands, Myles, in slow and measured tone, almost murmured:

"May I ask you a question, Baroness Grondno?"

"Oh, I detest questions! And—and—you look so cross! I must leave. My time is up. In fact, Mr. O'Byrne, I have no right to be in this garden at all, though I am *en service*. I took my waiting till we sail. But no one, under any pretext whatsoever, is allowed to enter these sacred precincts without

being accompanied by her Imperial Majesty. However, I managed it, as—what is your funny old saying, '*Something* laughs at locksmiths'? Have another cigarette before I go? No? Will you be here at this hour to-morrow?"

"No. I go to my old uncle's *datcha*."

"Pshaw! You are better off here. It is not every day that—" she paused.

"That a bank clerk has an imperial palace for his home," laughed Myles. "Permit me to escort you to the gate, Baroness."

"And have me sent to Siberia? I shall account myself a very lucky person if I get past old Mero, who lives, moves and has his being in the Privy Council,—those three rooms at the corner of that end wing. How are we to meet again? By chance—the usual way. I am here—that is my hours are from eleven o'clock till midnight. But I may be out driving or with my imperial mistress. Happy thought! You shall drive with me. I have an English victoria built by Petrus & Petrus of Long—Long—"

"Long Acre?"

"Yes,—the envy of all St. Petersburg; an English coachman and footman, and a pair of Orlofs that step upon eggs. How you brighten up at the mention of horses! All men do, especially you wild Irishmen. At what time shall I send the carriage for you to-morrow?"

This seemed to be a chance—the chance. Had Myles been less in love, he would never have felt a single heart-beat of cowardice; but he was like a man suddenly awakened from a dream, finding himself in absolute darkness, and fiercely forcing his way to the light.

"At any hour it may please you, Baroness. You are really too good and kind to a 'wild Irishman.'"

A flash of triumph lighted up the usually impassive face of the Baroness as she exclaimed:

"Say three o'clock, then; at the residence of your uncle. Not a step farther, please! We can not shake hands—"

just yet." And there was a strange significance in the manner in which she uttered the two words."

"To-morrow I shall know!" muttered Myles, as he watched her take a turn into an alley. "To-morrow I'll ask her bang straight. She had some game on to-day in coming here; and yet why should she? Her graciousness is only in accord with that which has enfolded me from that night that Eileen's horse—oh, bother Eileen! One woman is as good as another, and most assuredly I have no pretence to Eileen De Lacey or to anybody else,"—with a mirthless laugh.

At this moment a servant came and announced, in French, that his uncle awaited him.

(To be continued.)

Star of the Soul.

© LORD, Thy Star shines bright and clear
 To me,
 But I am weak, and I half fear
 To see;
 I dare not rise and follow straight,—
 'Tis night;
 Have pity, Lord, and let me wait
 More light!

O Lord, my friends are wiser far
 Than I,
 And yet they can not see the Star
 On high;
 They bid me wait, sweet Lord, a call
 More clear,—
 A "Follow Me," so loud that all
 May hear.

O Lord, Thyself to me a trust
 Hast given,
 And tend this sacred charge I must
 For Heaven.
 How can I leave my lambs, to go
 So far?
 Where it may lead, I do not know,
 This Star.

Thy work may suffer if my hands
 Are still,
 Then shall I seek in distant lands
 Thy will?
 Lord, let me wait till the last call
 Doth sound;
 Till I *must* leave this work, and all
 Around.

Yes! there were many in that Eastern land
 Who saw the Star, beside the chosen Three.
 They too were called by Jesus' Crib to stand,
 They too invited Mary's face to see;
 But while they reasoned, doubted and delayed,
 The Star had vanished, and their choice was made.

God's grace once given will not wait the day
 Of lagging hearts and wills; for in His call
 The Holy Spirit knoweth not delay.

If thou wouldst find thy King, rise up, leave all,
 Follow the guiding light to Jesus' home:
 Soon shalt thou find that Bethlehem is Rome.

D. B. C.

The First White Woman of the Northwest.*

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IN the days when Canada and a large part of the territory now included in the United States belonged to Louis the Fourteenth of France, one notable morning the sun shone upon a picturesque group of women gathered on the esplanade of Quebec, where the passengers of the King's frigates and other ships from afar were wont to land or whence they departed for distant shores.

The centre of attraction among the little company that represented the best society of the town was the wife of the gallant officer and Knight of St. Louis, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. Graceful, charming, and in the perfection of her youthful beauty, Madame Cadillac was about to set forth upon a journey of three hundred leagues to join her husband at the military post which he had founded shortly before at Le Détroit, in the scarcely known country far south of Michilimackinac. Beside her, and habited likewise in sad-colored gown and camlet cloak, stood Madame de Tonty, the wife of Cadillac's captain. Near by, several peasant-soldiers' wives, in blue kirtles, gay bodices, and Normandy

* Address delivered at the unveiling of the Madame Cadillac Tablet at Detroit on Memorial Day, May 30.

bonnets, were taking leave of kinsfolk and acquaintance. Under the trees that lined the promenade, three or four children played, glad of a last romp before the severe restraint they were soon to endure during the long voyage. At the wharf lay three canoes, wherein a band of sturdy French-Canadians and the Indian rowers had already taken their places.

The travellers embarked, but the friends of Madame Cadillac still sought to delay the parting.

"Turn back, Thérèse," pleaded one. "This journey might be risked if you were going to a pleasant country, where you would have the comforts of life and good company. But if perchance you escape from hostile Indians, or do not fall a victim to the fever of the marshes, in the wilds you will die of loneliness."

"At least wait here at home until the new post is better established," urged another. "Alas, poor Thérèse!"

But Madame Cadillac from the bow of the foremost canoe waved a hand and exclaimed, with a happy smile:

"Do not waste your pity upon me, dear friends! I know the hardships, the perils of the journey, the isolation of the life to which I am going: yet I am eager to go. For a woman who truly loves her husband has no stronger attraction than his company, wherever he may be. Everything else is by comparison a matter of indifference to her."

These noble words are the keynote to the character of the woman to whose virtues the women of the city of Detroit, which was founded two hundred years ago by the French, have recently erected a memorial. What had been the life of this brave lady before that auspicious occasion when, with her adventurous party, she set out for the wilderness?

In the spring of the year 1687 the handsome, dashing soldier of fortune, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, visited Quebec, drawn thither by report of the

beauty and goodness of Marie Thérèse Guyon, niece of his partner in various seafaring expeditions, François Guyon, who, in the days when privateering was considered legitimate warfare, performed prodigies of valor in the service of the King of France, and took his pay in the spoils of British ships and Spanish galleons.

La Mothe at the time, besides his lieutenantcy in the famous Carignan regiment, held commissions both military and marine from the King, was a seigneur of Acadia, and had recently received a grant of a large tract of land on the coast of Maine, together with the island of Mont Désert.

He paid bold court to "the prettiest girl of Quebec." And that his wooing sped was evident to the spectators of the little love-drama; for the roses bloomed in the cheeks of the fair Thérèse if he but turned his eyes in her direction. His suit was successful, and on the 25th of June, Marie Thérèse Guyon, at the age of sixteen, became the wife of La Mothe Cadillac de Launay. Their marriage register may still be seen in the records of the cathedral at Quebec, and the wedding festivities were of the grandest of the period. A few days later the happy bride sailed away with her husband to his estates at Port Royal, in Acadia, now Nova Scotia.

But the King had need of Cadillac, and the following year he was summoned to pilot the fleet of the Sieur de la Caffeinière to the Bay of New York. This expedition against the English having failed, the French admiral went back to France, taking Cadillac with him.

Left at the seigneury in Acadia with an infant daughter, Madame Cadillac, although not yet eighteen years of age, showed both good sense and judgment in the care of her husband's property, and sent to him all the moneys she could realize from it; for in those days the adventurers of the New World had much land and little coin.

While La Mothe waited at the court of Versailles, seeking to further his fortunes, the buccaneer, Sir William Phipps, pillaged, burned, and laid waste the settlement of Port Royal. Houseless and possessing only a few gold pieces, Madame Cadillac escaped with her child to the forests near the shore, and after a short time was taken on board a French brig bound for Montreal. The brig was, unfortunately, captured by a corsair, and the hapless lady was held a prisoner until ransomed by her brothers.

Soon after she reached Quebec the town was besieged by Sir William Phipps. In common with her friends and neighbors, Madame Cadillac suffered from the trials of the siege; but she had in addition especial cause for anxiety. On the King's ship *Embuscade*, then due, her husband was returning to New France, and the frigate was in danger of capture by the enemy. Quebec withstood the assault of the doughty, Boston admiral, however, and he withdrew his fleet, passing the *Embuscade* in a fog at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Then followed for Madame Cadillac three tranquil years in the old town, during which her husband gained the favor of the great Comte Frontenac. The parish records of Quebec show that in April, 1692, a son was born to the Sieur and Madame Cadillac. In 1693 the gallant chevalier, at the command of the King, again went to France, leaving his family at Quebec; and in 1696 he was made commandant at Michilimackinac.

His wife would fain have accompanied him to that dreary post, but Cadillac would not allow her to go, because of the severity of the climate and the wretchedness of the coarse fare of fish and Indian corn. Finding that by taking up her residence at Montreal she could better serve his interests, the gentle Thérèse was content. During his stay at the fort of the Upper Lakes

she shipped to him at every opportunity goods and stores, proving by her excellent management that she was endowed with a share of the business ability of her father, Denys Guyon, and of her brothers, the prosperous merchants of Quebec. She was, unconsciously, preparing to become the leader of the women of a pioneer colony.

The five years that followed she spent at her girlhood's home. Cadillac returned from Michilimackinac to go for a third time to France; and came back, only to depart again to establish the post at Detroit. Three months afterward, his worthy wife, leaving her eldest daughter with the Ursuline nuns, and taking with her one or, as another account says, two children, set out to join him. It was not in the spring-time, but on a day in mid-September. Cadillac had come by way of the Upper Lakes; but, according to his wish, she took the lower route, voyaged up the St. Lawrence to Three Rivers and to Montreal, and thence to Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, Ontario.

So many had been the delays that by this time winter overtook the party. To attempt to proceed farther through the cold and storms would be to perish. Madame Cadillac therefore spent the inclement season at Fort Frontenac; but at the breaking up of the ice she pursued her way along Lake Ontario, across the portage of the Niagara, and onward to Lake Erie. From Montreal her journey had led her amid the awful silence of the wilderness, and she encountered many hardships and perils, besides those of sleeping out under the stars or rain in an open canoe drawn up on the bank of a river or in the depths of the forest.

Yet this intrepid woman remained undaunted, and encouraged her companions by an unfailing cheerfulness; while her fortitude evoked the admiration not only of the sturdy French-Canadians who formed her escort, but of the stoical Algonquin boatmen. At Detroit rude

preparations were made to receive her; and often, no doubt, the daring founder of the solitary fort at the Gate of the Northwest wandered down the bank of the river beyond the stockade, gazing afar upon the blue waters for a sign of the convoy that was bringing nearer the true-hearted wife, coming to make a home for him on the lonely prairie. Let us picture her arrival at Detroit.

One day toward the end of May the sentry, whose pleasant task it is to watch the river, beholds down toward the Lake of the Eries a dark object at the line where the blue-grey clouds and the silver waters meet,—so far off that it might almost be mistaken for a wild duck which as it flies dips its wings to the surface of the current, a fog stealing up from the Lake, or the smoke of an Indian fire blown from the land. Soon, however, it is seen to be a canoe. Another appears in its wake, and before long a third comes into view. The sentry calls the news in a loud voice. The occupants of the skiffs may be redskins returning from the Lower Lakes, or perhaps a band of Iroquois come with treacherous offerings of peace-belts, as they did at Michilimackinac. The little flotilla approaches. A white banner floats from the prow of the canoe in advance as it glides up the shining path made by the sunlight. A sunbeam kisses the flag and reveals its golden *fleurs-de-lis*.

The weary voyagers, on their part, see with gladness, on the northern bank of the river, the palisades and wooden bastions of Fort Pontchartrain. They see a throng hastening to the strand—the commandant, readily distinguished by his azure uniform and plumed chapeau; the soldiers, the red-capped *coureurs de bois*, and a group of Indians. A shout of greeting goes up from a hundred throats; it is answered from the *bateaux*; it re-echoes from woods and waters. A salute is fired from the small cannon of the fort; the soldiers line

up to receive the travellers with a show of military formality.

The first skiff reaches the beach. The impatient Cadillac is waiting at the water's edge. Naturally commanding in his bearing, he perhaps never appeared nobler than now, when the proud expression of his countenance softens as he gazes upon his beloved Thérèse and his little son at her side. At last he clasps again the gentle hand he took within his own before the altar of the cathedral of Quebec. Welcomed with courtly grace and joyous affection, Madame Cadillac steps from her canoe, the first white woman to set foot upon the shore of the Detroit River; the first white woman to come to our fair land of the West.

Again the soldiers, and *coureurs de bois* shout: "*Vive la dame!*" "*Vive les jolies Canadiennes!*" Flageolet and drum play the national air of France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth,—the air familiar to us under the name of "America." The Indians press forward, exclaiming in the patois they have already adopted in their intercourse with their new neighbors: "Now we know that the French mean to be friends with us, since a white woman has come to live in our country."

It has been said that other pioneer women of this historic region were as worthy of a memorial as was Madame Cadillac. Thank God, there are always to be found women who promptly and generously respond to the call of duty; who are ready to brave dangers, to endure hardships, and to expend their energies to an extraordinary degree, not only for the sake of those to whom they are bound by the dearest ties but in the cause of religion and charity. Among the descendants of the first settlers of the West we find wreathed with the laurel of loving remembrance the names of such women; but Madame Cadillac was the first of them all. She heroically led the way into the wilderness and

onward, over the path of self-sacrifice along which other unselfish wives and mothers were to follow. Several women, indeed, accompanied her from Quebec, but none of them would have come thus early but for the example of her indomitable spirit and courage.

The coming of Madame Cadillac to old Fort Pontchartrain, on the banks of the Detroit River, gave to Cadillac's experiment the element of stability that it needed. Up to that day it had been but a military post with a few resident traders: thenceforth it was really a colony; for Madame Cadillac founded the first civilized home in the Northwest.

Pretty Thérèse Guyon had learned in girlhood, at the Ursuline Convent of Quebec and from the teachings and example of her good French-Canadian mother, the virtues that were to have so marked an influence upon the early life of a settlement destined one day to become an important city. She had been a parishioner of the saintly prince-bishop Monseigneur de Laval, and promptly after her arrival at her new home she began to assist the chaplain of the post in his work of Christianizing the Indians. She also taught the squaws to sew, and made garments for them from the cloth brought from Montreal by the fur traders.

After a time other white women, wives of the officers and soldiers, followed her to the Strait; but she was still, not only literally but by her position, the first lady of the land. It is said that whenever Cadillac appeared in public he wore either his uniform as commandant or his court dress, and a sword clanged at his side. We may infer that Madame Cadillac as punctiliously went attired in her silken gowns long after the fashion of them had passed, and that to the last day of her stay in Detroit she graced the rôle of Lady of the Manor. Nevertheless, her manor was at first only a stake house, and in her domestic life she must have endured many privations.

Her life at this isolated post extended over a period of only ten years, yet her influence in that first little community reaches down to to-day. It was she who molded the manners of early Detroit, softened the harshness of its military discipline, aided the zealous *curé* in preventing the colony from deteriorating utterly into the roughness of a backwood's settlement, and engrafted upon the new civilization some of the gracious social customs of the stately town of Quebec.

After the Sieur de Cadillac was appointed Royal Governor of Louisiana, she accompanied him thither in 1712; and when (his government having proved fruitful in naught but vexations) he was called to Paris, she went with him. When he was unjustly imprisoned, she untiringly strove for and obtained his release; and in his loss of favor with the ministry of the new King, Louis the Fifteenth, and his banishment to Castel-Sarrasin, she consoled his disappointment. Tempestuous and passionate as he was, and prone to chafe at any restraint other than his own will, she held his love and commanded his respect always, and loved and respected him in return. She survived him many years, living in retirement in the grim castle on the Garonne where he spent his last days.

Madame Cadillac was a beautiful character: a woman strong in mind and heart; resourceful, brave, religious, patient and self-sacrificing; a model wife and the devoted mother of thirteen children, six of whom were born in the wilderness. An eminently womanly woman, to Cadillac's fierce temper she opposed a winning gentleness.

In recognition of her noble qualities, of her influence for good in the little community of Fort Pontchartrain, and the impress left by her virtues on the social life of the colony founded by the Gascon soldier of fortune, the women of "the City of the Straits" have erected

a memorial tablet representing the scene of her arrival on the shore where, thirty years earlier, the missionaries Dollier de Casson and De Gallinée overthrew an Indian idol.

The beautiful memorial constitutes a tribute not only to a noble lady but to the pioneer spirit of the first women settlers of the prairies and to women's fairest ideals. In the years to come as in the past, may the daughters of the old French city of Detroit, and all who love the romantic, chivalrous and hallowed traditions of our country and its sister land, find a fair and gracious example in the life of this first white woman of the Northwest!

In the Belfry.*

BY JEROME DOUCET.

IN the tall weather-worn city tower, built about the year 1500, hung a deep-toned bell, which told the passing hours, and at eventide joyously rang out the curfew. The care of this precious timepiece was entrusted to an old sailor, a scarred veteran, who wore a medal, was as ignorant as a carp and as true as gold. Everyday, at the prescribed hour, he turned the great notched wheels which carried up the two weights of stone, black with age and worn smooth from rolling in the hard throat of the chestnut blocks. Every evening at nine o'clock he rang the curfew; and, in exchange for these services, the town gave him a little chamber in the steeple and a daily allowance of white bread.

Père François was content; for was he not master of his little domain? The steeple was as high as the mainmast of the *Victorious*, the rope was as thick as the cordage of the backstays, and the pulleys made him think of the capstan of his old ship. He rarely saw visitors, but he was not garrulous. Besides, his

mind was filled with recollections of the past. Then, too, he had for his constant companion his quid, which oscillated from cheek to cheek like the clapper between the sides of the bell.

If he felt disposed to chat, could he not do so with his old acquaintance, the Wind, who had known him when he was before the mast, and had come again to find him in the summit of the belfry? When he heard the Wind's sad wailing as he forced his way in around the small panes set back in the stone-wall, he was glad. He seemed to hear again the song so well known to sailors, which lulls them on the ocean,—the song of masts and spars; and he murmured:

"Blow, old fellow! Do your best! Sing, scold, weep, or sigh at your will. You will only waste your strength against the stones of my tower, which is as solid as the hull of the *Victorious*."

The Wind was furious at being thus defied by a man,—and an old man nearly eighty, at that. He thought:

"What can I do to avenge myself on this insolent fellow?"

Rolling himself into great grey-black clouds filled with rain, he howled dolefully around the tower, rushed through the chinks in the windows, carrying with him raindrops which beat François in the face furiously.

"Blow, my boy!" laughed the old man. "Bring your rain,—harder, harder!"

"That will not do," thought the Wind; so he changed to an icy blast.

But François stamped his feet gleefully.

"Nip, my friend,—nip! Your brother at the pole is colder than you are."

"And neither will that," said the Wind. "His skin is as tough as leather and his lungs are like forge-bellows. I must think of something else."

The Wind roamed over the South, the land of stifling heat; he then spread over the town a dull red mantle looped with white. The lightning darted, and the thunderbolt split over the rod on the top of the steeple.

* Translated by H. Twitchell.

François was wild with glee.

"I seem to hear again the twenty-one shots that saluted the *Victorious* when she went into foreign waters. Thunder, you can not cleave this mast: it is iron, my good fellow. Tempest, you can not tear these sails: the brig is of flint, the top mainsail of granite, and the jib is of brick. They will rather cleave you. Veer about and heave to!"

For the third time, more and more exasperated, the Wind was compelled to yield to the old sea-dog. He disappeared, sad and disheartened.

"And what is the matter with you, pray?" asked the Breeze. "Why this thoughtful brow, this discomfited mien?"

"There is a man over there I can not subdue."

"A man? Tell me about him."

The Wind then told of his useless attempts.

The Breeze smiled and said:

"Come with me."

"Why, how is this?" thought Père François, with anxiety. "Are my arms playing me some trick? These weights must have grown larger, they are so heavy, so heavy. I am dull and without nerve to-day. Ah, me! ah, me!"

However, the clock was at last wound; and, as the hour of the curfew was still distant, the old man sat down in the window recess to take the air. Spread out below him lay the city, dark and mysterious; its chimneys and roofs dimly outlined in the falling shadows. Here and there great masses towered above the surrounding buildings,—churches, churches everywhere.

A soft, caressing June breeze stole in at the casement, laden with the perfume of flowers. François yielded to its sweet influence. His blood quickened its pace through his veins, his eyes sparkled under their shaggy brows, his nostrils dilated to catch the sweet odors, his lips opened to inhale the soft air, and in his brain a thousand memories went chasing one

another like urchins just let loose from school. Memories of childhood: the smiles and kisses of a mother; then her tears, when he went to be a sailor. Memories of youth: the sweetheart he adored, and who, weary of waiting for the return of the *Victorious*, forgot her promise and wedded another. Memories of soldier life: the bridge trembling under the belching cannon; the enemy's bullets flying everywhere, making great gaps in the walls.

So deeply plunged in meditation was he that the hour of curfew struck without his heeding it; he thought he heard, not the steeple-clock, but the music of the distant Angelus in the little church of his native hamlet.

Meanwhile all was confusion below. Half-past nine and the bell was still silent. Could it be broken? Had Père François died in his little chamber? An officer was sought. He came and began the ascent of the one hundred and forty-two steps leading up to the belfry. He grumbled and puffed, as he went up the interminable staircase, whose dust soiled his fine coat. At last, his heart thumping in his breast, he reached the top.

Père François was still leaning on the window-sill, dreaming. Irritated by his exertions, the officer called out harshly:

"Well, what about the ringing? Is it to be done to-day or to-morrow?"

"What ringing?"

"What a question! That of the steeple-bell, of course, that you are paid for doing."

"But, listen! The bell is ringing."

"The bell is ringing! The idea! The bell is ringing in your empty head. You are drunk!"

Without waiting for a reply, the officer rushed down the long belfry steps. The crowd below was waiting for the news.

"Is he dead?"

"No: he is drunk."

Yes, Père François was indeed drunk,

but with thoughts and memories. He had forgotten to do his duty,—he, who had never before failed in it, even when the tempest was the wildest. The treacherous Breeze had overcome him, bewitched him, betrayed him. Awakened to the sad reality, the old man wept, while the Wind jeered at him from the chimney-piece of the little room.

“Aha! the sluggard! Hou, hou! He forgot his task! Hou, hou, hou!”

“You see,” said the Breeze, “nothing is easier than to subdue a man.”

“Yes, I understand,” replied the Wind. “It is easy for you. But, then, you are an enchantress.”

Crispi and Don Bosco.

IT is well known that Crispi, before his years of fortune and honor, had experienced great misery and privation.

At that time the grand work of Don Bosco was in its infancy. One day Crispi met a group of boys under the protection of the good priest. They were taking a walk, and the experienced eye of the holy man remarked that the stranger was in distress. He at once offered him hospitality, which was accepted. Crispi remained a month or longer under that charitable roof; and when he left, it was with a pair of new shoes and a small gift of money.

After the death of Don Bosco, Crispi was at the height of his power. The Salesian Fathers wished to bury their holy founder at Valsalice, the headquarters of the Congregation; but the law opposed it. They thought of Crispi, and addressed themselves to him. He at once gave them the permission they desired, with these words—showing that he performed at least one act of gratitude in his life:

“Don Bosco gave me the alms of his bread and of his heart at a time when I was in great straits. I can refuse nothing to his children.”

A Noble Example.

GENERAL ZIETHEN, one of the veterans of the Seven Years' War, gives us a noble example of true moral courage. One day having received an invitation to dine with Frederick the Great, he begged to be excused, saying:

“I pray you tell his Majesty that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Holy Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of distraction.”

Some days after, the King said to his favorite General:

“Well, Ziethen, how did your Communion go off the other day?”

At which all the courtiers laughed. But Ziethen, rose, approached Frederick, and said gravely:

“Your Majesty well knows that I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought against odds for you and the country. What I have done I am ready to do again when your Majesty commands me. But there is One above us mightier than you, than I, than all mankind. I will never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest; for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation.”

The King, much moved, held out his hand to the noble old General, and said with great earnestness:

“Happy Ziethen! I respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and rest assured that what has now taken place shall never again be repeated in my presence.”

His Descent.

“Father,” asked Francis I. of one of the most scholarly ecclesiastics of the age, “are you a gentleman born?”

“Sire,” was the reply, “there were three brothers in Noah's Ark, and I really don't know of which of the three I am a descendant.”

Notes and Remarks.

We rejoice that the non-Catholic clergy of New York have begun to oppose divorce; but their invitation to Archbishop Farley to join hands in a crusade against it would have been in better taste had it not been an invitation at all but an humble acknowledgment of error and a declaration that they intended henceforth to align themselves with Catholics in this controversy. It is hard to see what new effort the Church can make against divorce; and, to say truth, it is hard to see how the sects can assail divorce at this late day and keep their countenance. The "invitation" reminds us of Newman's reference to the man who sets his barn afire and then calls on his neighbors to help in extinguishing the flames.

Lord Kelvin's declaration that science positively affirms the creative origin of life has caused some stir in scientific circles. In writing to the *London Times* to correct a verbal error in the report of his address, Lord Kelvin makes this very interesting addition to what he had already said: "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered: 'No: no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' Every action of human free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science." And Baron Liebig was one of the greatest chemists of our age.

The monstrous demand that combined masters should be encouraged and combined workmen suppressed is ably combated by Mr. J. G. Brooks in his new book dealing with "The Social Unrest." He believes that no large strike ever takes place without some definite griev-

ance, often remediable; that the reference of economic disturbance to the effort of "persistent agitators" is altogether wrong. Though not a Socialist, Mr. Brooks claims that Socialism is inevitable unless some large readjustments are made in the economic machine; that the present social order in this country is in a condition of unstable equilibrium.

A writer in the *London Tablet* affords an interesting account of an old statue of the Blessed Virgin which, after careful restoration, was solemnly blessed last month by Abbot Boniface, of South Devon, and placed in a niche above an altar specially constructed for it in the temporary church of Buckfast Abbey. South Devon was of old the heart of Mary's Dowry. Numerous churches and abbeys were dedicated to her there; and, by decree of a council held in 1287, her image was to be placed in every parish church. The restored statue was venerated in the ancient church of Buckfast Abbey until 1549, when it was broken down by minions of Edward VI. It was not recovered until about twenty years ago. Meantime it has been artistically restored, yet so as to leave the marks of the sacrilegious destruction distinctly visible. It is 3 ft. 8 in. high, and represents the Blessed Virgin crowned, and with the Divine Child on her right arm.

Thus in these happier times of Edward VII. reparation is made for the dishonor done to the Mother of the Redeemer in the reign of Edward VI.

Commenting on the hesitation of M. Combes to use drastic measures in the case of Lourdes, and on Radical fury thereat, the *Pall Mall Gazette* sensibly remarks: "The fact, of course, is that even the pig-headed logic of the Jacobin mentality is not impervious to a perception of the possibility that the spirit of persecution may overreach itself." Just so. To instance another case in

which that spirit, if M. Combes' recently declared intentions are carried into effect, will pretty certainly prove to have overreached itself, we may mention the venerated chapel or basilica of Ste. Anne d'Auray. Let the general run of Frenchmen be good or bad Catholics, the Bretons are notably fervent and are especially devoted to their patroness, "the good St. Anne." Now, since the word has gone forth that the President of the Council intends closing St. Anne's shrine as an unauthorized chapel, there has resounded all through Brittany the resolute rejoinder that the closing shall not take place. On all sides pilgrimages of men are being organized for the purpose of standing as successive guards over the threatened basilica; and the police officers or even the military who attempt the proposed closing are reasonably sure of having a very interesting time of it. They are a pretty stubborn people, those Bretons; and M. Combes' best friends will do well to advise him to think several times before entering upon a struggle from which the probabilities are that he will emerge second best,—very much second, we are inclined to think.

A correspondent of a London journal asks for information concerning the life and episcopate of St. Erasmus, or St. Elmo, and an explanation of the *cultus* paid to him five centuries ago in England. We are surprised that some one has not referred X Y Z to the "Golden Legend" (The Temple Classics), vol. vii, appendix, which gives a rather extended notice of the holy martyr, quaintly beginning: "The holy man, S. Erasmus, was come of noble and of great kindred, and he was not only gentle by his birth but also in deed and conditions." He was put to death by order of the Emperor Maximian, who had "waxed out of his wit for anger" against him, after enduring horrible torments, which are described with truly mediæval simplicity.

The text is that of Wynken de Worde, 1527. There is a chapel dedicated to St. Erasmus in Westminster Abbey. His aid was specially invoked by persons suffering from intestinal disorders; and it was probably for this reason, says Mr. Ellis, that seafarers placed themselves under his special protection, in the hope of avoiding or mitigating sea-sickness. The legend accounts for the cultus paid to the saint in England in pre-Reformation days. It was believed that those who honored and invoked him on Sunday would surely obtain of God whatever they might ask "for the weal of their souls."

In connection with the sempiternal controversy over the name of the Church, Cardinal Vaughan advised his flock—it is in England that the point is commonly raised—to call themselves "Catholics" for ordinary purposes, but to employ the term "*Roman Catholic*" for greater security in making wills, bequests, etc. The *London Tablet* suggests this clever parity: "What have you drawn with those compasses?"—"A circle."—"You mean a *round* circle, with every point in the circumference equidistant from the centre?"—"Of course: all circles are round like that. I do not know of any circles that are not." So of the question: "Of what religion are you?"—"I am a Catholic."—"You mean a *Roman Catholic*?"—"Of course: all Catholics are Roman, and I do not know of any who are not."

We are glad to see that the *Japan Register and Messenger*, which shows an admirable Christian spirit in its comments on Catholic topics, favors the abolition of the blasphemous Coronation Oath which our coreligionists in England hope to banish from the statute-books. Its attitude is far more radical than that taken, so far as we are aware, by English Catholics themselves; for our Japan contemporary suggests a policy

which goes beyond the mere abolition of the Oath. "The remedy," it says, "seems to lie in the frank abandonment of the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy in matters of religion. It is an exploded doctrine which no one believes in—not even the King himself; and after three and a half centuries of existence, partly mischievous and partly useless, it might well be buried." Whether the Royal Supremacy is to go or stay, is a question which our Anglican friends will settle according to their own ideas; but one can not help recalling the army of martyrs, from More down to the last Irish peasant who suffered during "the penal woe," whose protest against the doctrine thus lightly flung aside cost them so dear. Poetic justice would be fully satisfied with the abolition of the 'useless and mischievous doctrine.'

The attendance agents, or truant officers, in the employ of the New York Board of Education are rapidly acquiring knowledge as to the social customs of the peoples of Southern Europe, and, more particularly, as to the age at which young girls from that sunny clime are considered to be marriageable. One such agent discovered the other day that no fewer than five Italian girls, each thirteen years old, whose absence from school he was investigating, had discontinued their attendance for the sufficient reason that they had passed at a bound from the condition of school-children to that of married women. What a record for divorces they might achieve if the Latin peoples who come to us adopted the custom of changing husbands every two or three years!

As our readers are aware, Archbishop Quigley did *not* say in a public address that in fifty years "the Catholic Church will own the West"; but for years to come the A. P. A. (or whatever brood of bigots succeeds them) will say that

he said it, and his denial will never overtake the brilliant reporter's extemporization. But others than bigots have read the saying, and the curious circumstance is that they find nothing in it to wonder or cavil at. In the course of a rather lengthy comment on it, for instance, *Harper's Weekly* says:

It is not so unreasonable when one comes to think it all over. But if the Western parochial schools inspire such forecasts, how long will it be before the Protestant sects will think it expedient to undertake such a degree of consolidation as shall enable them to maintain a great system of Protestant schools, in which religion, as well as other things, shall be taught? Unquestionably, a church that teaches its children seven days a week will beat the churches that make no effort to teach their children more than once a week. But the field is a fair field, and open to all comers who value the stakes. Certainly, "if things go on as they are going," the Roman Catholic Church will deserve all the predominance it may win in America, even if it does so almost incredibly well as Archbishop Quigley expects.

The New York journal also notes as a justification of the Archbishop's mythical prophecy that "the Catholic Church is much more effectual than any Protestant church in its discouragement of the phenomenon which we have come to know as race suicide."

History repeats itself in details as well as in the broad lines of national activities. At the outset of the French Revolution, Camille Desmoulins promised to the future victors immense booty. "Forty thousand 'hotels,' palaces, and castles, fully as many abbeys, two-thirds of the wealth of France,—such," wrote the famous pamphleteer, "will be the reward of valor." The same longings that stirred the Jacobins of 1793 are influencing their grandchildren of to-day. It is thoroughly well known now to Frenchmen and the world at large that, had the Carthusians been willing to disburse a round million of francs, their Order would have been "authorized,"—would have been allowed the exercise of that freedom of which Frenchmen are

so fond of boasting, but which French religious are finding to be a mockery and a sham. The sons of St. Bruno contemptuously refused to degrade themselves by lending their co-operation to a scheme of boodling venality and corruption; and as a result they have been obliged to abandon their monasteries. It is to be hoped that these institutions will not be vandalized; for within a decade it is probable that they will again be needed. The Carthusians go, but they will return.

The protest of a Catholic student of the Ohio State University has resulted in the wholesale banishment of anti-Catholic books from the library of that institution. According to the *Catholic Columbian*, of the 40,000 volumes comprising the library, fully one-third dealt with religious subjects; yet the only Catholic books in the list were Newman's "Apologia," Nicholson's "Rome and Reason," and Justin McCarthy's "Life of Pope Leo XIII." "The alcove or shelves labelled 'Catholicism,'" says our contemporary, "were filled with such books as 'The Popes and their Doings,' 'The Papal Conspiracy Exposed,' and 'Trials and Sufferings of Edith O'Gorman.'" That Americans of any class should want a State University to go into the little business of retailing the bigotry of an ancient and ignorant day, is as much a cause of wonder as that Catholics should tolerate it for a month after it was discovered. The manly young fellow whose protest led to the expurgation of that library did a service to his University as well as to the Church. May he have many imitators!

There is great rejoicing in the Territory of Hawaii over the nomination of Father Libert Boeynaems as successor of the late Bishop Ropert. This was the hope of the clergy and laity and the desire of the beloved Bishop, who, during his last illness, appointed him pro-vicar of the

mission. Father Libert is a native of Belgium and, like his lamented predecessor, a member of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts. He has been a missionary in the islands for nearly a quarter of a century, enduring hardships and braving dangers still remembered by the older residents of Maui and Kauai. Wherever he is known he is beloved by priests and people, rich and poor, young and old; by Protestants as well as Catholics. One of the Honolulu papers states that, "besides his abilities as a preacher of the Gospel, the new Bishop is also a good mechanic and excels as a carpenter and builder. The church of Kapaa in Kauai, many improvements in the Wailuku hospital, and his own workshop in the Wailuku Mission, are a testimony of his skill." Bishop Boeynaems became an American citizen last year.

The still lamented Lord Acton, whom the wisest of his contemporaries considered "the most learned man in Europe," once said: "I am not conscious that ever in my life I held the slightest shadow of a doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church." Sir Mount-stewart Grant Duff, to whom the statement was made and who records it in the *Edinburgh Review*, makes this interesting comment:

That statement, coming as it did from a man who read everything worth reading in the remotest way bearing upon the controversies between his own and other forms of faith, who was a profound theologian as well as a profound historian and philosopher, was the most remarkable ever made to me. Of its absolute sincerity, however, I am as certain as I could be of anything.

The statement which this brilliant non-Catholic found so remarkable is a commonplace among Catholics; that it should excite surprise shows the immeasurable distance between faith and unfaith. Once the idea of a divinely established Church is grasped, doubt about the dogmas of that Church is the "remarkable" thing to a Catholic.

Notable New Books.

The Catholic Pulpit Educator and Expositor. Vol. III. New Series. The Catholic Press; Benziger Brothers.

The name which heads this notice is the title of an English monthly periodical devoted almost exclusively to reprinting the best contemporary sermons; and the volume under review includes twelve issues of the publication, beginning with November, 1901. The discourses, seventy-two in number, range over an unusually wide field; and the list of preachers whose sermons are so honored includes many of the most effective speakers in England and America. Other sermons of equal merit are unfortunately lost because they were not reprinted in the Catholic press. A few of the documents incorporated in the work, we observe, are weighty utterances of laymen. Priests, and such of the laity as relish this sort of reading, will be glad of a chance to acquire this volume, which, despite its unprepossessing appearance, is distinctly worth while.

The Art of Life. By Frederick Charles Kolbe. The Catholic Truth Society; Benziger Brothers.

This thoughtful essay deals with life as an art which has a kinship with all other arts. The general definition, "Art is the expression of the beautiful," the writer applies to life, and shows what is meant by spiritual beauty and how all the virtues are art-expressions of the soul. He makes his work practical by showing that only by prayer and the instructions of the Divine Master may we hope to learn the true art of living. The book is well gotten out, and the general atmosphere of the work somehow reminds one of the "Gentle Life Series" of essays, once upon a time very popular with cultured readers.

In the Shadow of the Manse. By Austin Rock. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

This is an English story and portrays life in the home of a Protestant clergyman. There is a certain amount of movement in the tale, but characterization is the stronger element, Mr. Price and Ralph standing out realistically. A slender love interest adds charm to the story, and relieves the sombre tone and lightens the effect brought about by the discussion of religious questions.

Letters to Young Men. By Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P. Art & Book Co.; Benziger Brothers.

When the centenary of Lacordaire's birth was celebrated with such enthusiasm in France last year, we suggested that the best way to observe the occasion in English-speaking countries would be by publishing a satisfactory edition of these Letters. Father James Trenor's version of them

has already enjoyed some popularity, especially in the United States; but this volume has special merits, which the editor thus sets forth: "The present edition is based upon Father Trenor's version; but his rendering has been recast throughout, and the editor has added translations of many letters which Father Trenor passed over or which were not found in the early French editions. The autobiographical memoir at the end has also been added by the present editor." The delight with which we first perused these charming letters was renewed in looking through this admirable edition. We can not wish our Catholic young men better fortune than to saturate themselves with the spirit of the illustrious Lacordaire.

The Spiritual Outlook. By Willard C. Selleck. Little, Brown & Co.

This volume purports to be "a survey of the religious life of our time as related to progress." The author does not believe in the Divinity of Our Lord, but regards Him as the supreme man whose deeds were mercy and who taught a lovable philosophy. Mr. Selleck has many kindly things to say of the Church, which he thinks is destined to make greater progress during the next fifty years than it has made hitherto. He has no understanding of the dogmatic side of our holy religion, but he shows a generous admiration of her beneficent activities. It is a well-meaning and temperately written book, but not a strong one from any point of view. Some of Mr. Selleck's opinions surprise us in one of his seeming aloofness from partisanship. Not only can we not agree with his contention that spiritual liberty was born of the Reformation, for instance, but we can not understand how a thoughtful man, in view of present knowledge, can hold such a view. Evidently Mr. Selleck has not yet caught up with such men as President Hadley of Yale, not to mention the specialists.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. From the German of the Rev. J. Schneider, S. J. By the Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. Benziger Brothers.

This collection of pious counsels is designed especially for religious, but it may be useful for persons in the world who desire to serve God fervently. The points dwelt upon are: prayer, meditation, examination of conscience, the reception of the Sacraments, etc. The translator has added to the instructions, practical suggestions in the way of holiness from the teachings of St. Alphonsus.

Under the Cross. M. H. Gill & Son.

This attractive volume is made up of selections from Father Faber's "Foot of the Cross," and it embodies, perhaps, the best of that truly great book. The Seven Dolours, from Faber's inimitable

picture of holy Simeon's breathing forth his *Nunc Dimittis* to the sorrowful night when the Paschal moon shone upon the sepulchre of Christ, are traced in these selections; and in rereading the familiar lines one feels one's devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows renewed and strengthened.

The Friendships of Jesus. By the Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P. Translated from the French by M. C. Keogh. B. Herder.

As the Rev. M. O'Kane says in his admirable preface to this book, the author has penetrated into the sanctuary of the Master's heart and disclosed the expansion of its love in quest of souls. The souls favored to be ranked as the friends of the Master are: the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, Lazarus, Martha, Mary Magdalen, the Apostles, and others. The work is partly biographical, but the devotional element predominates; and the reflections of the author on the love of Jesus for the poor and lowly are incentives to the practice of humility,—that virtue taught by Him who said, "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

The Rose and the Sheepskin. By Joseph Gordian Daley. W. H. Young & Co.

The material of fiction is the life around us, and no phase of human nature is without representation in this department of literature. Of late the priest has figured much in fiction, and would that all the representations were like those of Dr. Sheehan in "My New Curate"! In the story before us we have seminary life depicted,—those important years of training for the priesthood, when the student begins to realize the dignity of the high office to which he aspires, and the necessity of being sure of God's call to that honor. The various characters are worked out consistently, and the end proves that "the boy is father to the man."

The Unravelling of a Tangle. By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Brothers.

It surely is a tangle of affairs that the author unravels for her readers. The story is of a young American woman, Amy Alden, who goes to France to secure the fortune left her by an uncle. In Paris the knots begin to be tied by unscrupulous people about her, and of course the schemes meet with success at first; but the inevitable happens, and a brave American rescues her. That the tangle is unravelled we are sure when Amy and Robert receive the congratulations of friends, with good wishes for their future life.

The Henchman. By Mark Lee Luther. The Macmillan Company.

"There's no argument like delegates" strikes the keynote of this story of politics in Tuscarora County; and the book rings true throughout, so

far as political life is concerned. The hero proves one of his own campaign statements—namely, that "Americans have a way of growing up to their responsibilities." And Calvin Ross Shelby grows in interest as he rises from representative of the Demijohn District to Governor of New York. Cora Hilliard is not a solitary type of woman with power for destroying high ideals in men; but, though her influence ruins his life so far as happiness is concerned, she can not bring him to her own level of thought.

The scene of the story suggests a comparison with "The Honorable Peter Stirling"; and some of the situations in "The Henchman"—the Kiska incident, for example,—recall the statesman drawn by Mr. Ford. But, on close analysis, the two Governors have little in common, except their understanding of the needs of the people and a certain recognition of the responsibilities of office. If only Governor Shelby had vetoed Mrs. Hilliard as he did the canal bill, the general tone of "The Henchman" would be better.

A Little Captive Lad. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Dix has already written two long stories dealing with the struggles of Roundhead and Cavalier, and she knows the period so intimately that she does not feel tempted to sprinkle erudition over her pages. She has a story to tell, a pretty tale of a lad who was raised by a Cavalier and who afterward went to live with his Roundhead brother. The dramatic opportunities offered by the theme are few and simple; and the strength of the story lies in the insight with which the inner workings of a child's heart are portrayed, as it passes from fear and hatred of his brother, who belongs to a party he had been brought up to despise, to affection and confidence. One might call it a children's book; for, besides the character of the incidents, the tone of the story is as sweet and wholesome as a day in June.

A Story of St. Germain. By Sophie Maude. R. and T. Washbourne.

The author of that charming story "The Duchess of York's Page" has given us the sequel in this narrative of St. Germain. The setting is in the time of James II. and Mary of Modena, and the scene is laid in England and in France. That truth is stranger than fiction becomes apparent when one muses over the chronicles of the past, and sees the hearts that beat beneath royal robes with all the love and enthusiasm of those around us to-day.

History, biography, and romance combine to make "A Story of St. Germain" most interesting. The authenticity of the letters of Queen Mary Beatrice and the royal children adds a special value and charm to the book.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Hymn to Our Lady.

MAID all maids excelling,
Passing meek and lowly,
Win for sinners pardon,
Make us chaste and holy.

As we onward journey
Aid our weak endeavor,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
And rejoice forever.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise and blessing.

Midsummer's Eve.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

ST. JOHN'S-WORT, whose bright yellow flower is found almost everywhere in Great Britain, was formerly regarded with veneration, especially in the Isle of Man. Here, according to an old superstition, whoever trod upon this magical plant on Midsummer's Eve after sunset, would cause to spring from the earth a fairy horse which would bear him about until dawn.

Could we, of the present day, make good this old Manx legend, how eagerly should we seek, on the 23d of June, this wonderful blossom, crush it beneath our feet, and thus summon to our aid the magic steed! Once mounted upon his back, what scenes might we not behold! For a horse who would come at our bidding in such a mysterious manner could certainly annihilate time as well as space; and as we rode along through the balmy night we might find ourselves suddenly transported back to the Middle

Ages, and witness the Midsummer's Eve festivities of that epoch.

We should see fires kindled in the streets and market-places of every town, people dancing about them and throwing garlands of flowers into the flames, and sometimes the young men and boys jumping through the fires "for luck." In Brittany we should see the priests lighting the bonfires, and in Germany the parish priest would bless them and offer prayer and praise until the flames died down. As we passed by a little village on the banks of the Moselle, the mayor of the town would be seen setting fire to a huge wheel bound with straw, and then letting it roll down hill into the river. If the wheel continued to burn until it reached the water, we should hear the people shouting for joy at this good omen for a plentiful harvest.

In our rapid flight toward the North, we should find, on reaching Ireland, flames bursting forth from every eminence at the stroke of twelve. This thrilling sight would impress upon us that the important part played by fire in all these midsummer revels was a relic of the heathen rites which were observed at the time of the summer solstice, symbolizing the perfecting of summer. The sun's reaching its highest point is an event which has been celebrated ever since the dawn of history, and commemorated the death of Baldur. In the worship of fire, the power of the sun was acknowledged,—that great force on which the harvest depended.

Illustrations of reverence for fire are supplied by every literature. This is easily accounted for when we consider the difficulty experienced by primitive people of obtaining light. Reverence for the house fire is expressed in an old

superstition decreeing that Midsummer's Eve is one of the four nights of the year when the house fire must not go out. Should the watcher fall asleep and the fire become extinct, it was difficult in those olden times to obtain a light from a neighbor, owing to the belief that he who gave a light on that night gave away his luck for the coming year.

In some parts of Ireland we should find people sitting up all night to prevent the soul from rambling, in accordance with the fanciful belief that on Midsummer's Eve souls of sleepers leave their bodies and wander to the place, on land or sea, where death shall finally overtake them. In England we should see groups gathered about the church porches, believing that there the spirits of those who were to die during the year would come up the steps and knock at the church door, in the order in which they were to die.

We should behold the young people indulging in many practices resembling those of Hallowe'en,—for instance, young girls spreading tablecloths at midnight with bread, cheese and ale, in the hope that the spirits of their future husbands would come, silently quaff a glass of ale, bow and retire. Others would be seen gathering all sorts of plants supposed to possess supernatural qualities, such as the rose, the rue, St. John's-wort, vervain and trefoil; and also the seed of the fern, which was accredited with the magical power of rendering invisible any one who succeeded in gathering it on a plate, held under the leaves, without touching or shaking the plant. In fact, these charms and superstitions, these characteristic features of Midsummer's Eve, would be found to correspond with the observances of Nature Worship in old heathen times, when Midsummer and Yule, the summer and winter solstices, were the two greatest festivals of the year.

But the 24th of June enjoys the greater distinction of being St. John the Baptist's

Day, and commemorates the birth, not the death, of the saint who devoted his life to preparing his fellowmen for the coming of the Messiah. It is befitting that a figure so conspicuous should have dedicated to his memory the most important day of summer and its most joyous festival.

In accordance with the familiar prophecy that many should rejoice at St. John's birth, we should see the sturdy Britons bringing home great branches of trees from the woods, and placing them over their doors amid demonstrations of joy. The court of Magdalen College at Oxford would be embowered with green, so that a sermon preached on St. John's Day from a stone pulpit in one corner of the court might resemble the preaching of John the Baptist in the wilderness.

As we sped southward toward London thousands of men would be parading the streets all night, wearing garlands of flowers, and their garments decked out with ribbons and even jewels. Each watcher would carry a cresset, or torch. This procession would present such a strange spectacle to our modern eyes, accustomed to more regular street lighting, that we should not wonder at Henry VIII., who, after expressing great pleasure at the sight, abolished, in the latter part of his reign, these midnight parades and illuminations on St. John's Eve, probably from a dread of so great a muster of armed citizens.

And now our nocturnal ramble through time and space has come to an end. All dreams, even those on Midsummer's Night, have their awakening. Our magic steed of retrospect vanishes with the first grey streak of dawn; and, lo, it is Midsummer's Day!

THE Abbé Valentine Hawy, a French priest, was called the Apostle to the Blind, because he invented a system of raised letters whereby those unfortunate people were enabled to read.

Fortuna.

 THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.

As has been remarked before, Don Salvador had not always lived in the village where he was first introduced to our readers. He had come there when Juanito was between four and five years old; bringing with him the two old servants, Atanasio and Polonia. Whatever of misfortune or sorrow had been his portion had occurred previously. During all the time that he had resided at Pobiero he had never absented himself; so that when it came to be known one bright morning, a few months after the abduction and recovery of the child, that Don Salvador was about to take a journey, accompanied by the pastor of the village, people began to wonder what it meant. Post-horses had been ordered; Atanasio had been seen in deep conference with the innkeeper, who was also the only liveryman in the place; and the old servant was plied with questions which he skilfully parried.

"But what is this?" cried Pedro, lounging against the door post of the inn. "How does it come that our *cura*, the greatest stay-at-home in the world, gets a mysterious letter, hastens off next morning, and is scarcely returned when he takes the road again, accompanied by Don Salvador, who has not left the village for six or seven years? How is this, Atanasio?"

"My good master does not confide his private affairs to his servants," replied the old man. "For all I know, the *cura* and Don Salvador may not be going on the same journey at all."

"But they are going together, it is evident," said Pedro. "Of course these things occur now and then. They may have both been called away on business

at the same time, and are travelling together to save expense."

"You are a fool, Pedro!" exclaimed the other. "Have you known my master so long and so well and yet dare to insult him by saying he would travel with our good *cura* in order to divide the expense? Rather say that, whatever the business which calls them away, my generous master will bear *all* the expense."

Pedro looked confused and ashamed.

"Pardon, Atanasio!" he said. "I meant no harm. It was not a proper thing to say, I admit. We are all so disturbed: we are fearful that Don Salvador and Juanito may be going to leave us for good."

"You need not fear that," rejoined Atanasio. "My master is in very fine spirits, which would not be the case if he were about to leave forever the house he has built, the garden he has embellished, the plantation he has cultivated and improved. Be at rest on that score, Pedro. I do not even know if Juanito is going with them."

But when Atanasio went back to the house he found that, after a long consultation with the priest, Don Salvador had ordered Polonia to pack a few things for the child also, which she did with many tears; though, strangely enough, she was heard singing very blithely through the house all that day and evening. The old man, too, was more joyful than the occasion seemed to require; and it might be said without danger of falling into error that the old servants were deeper in the counsels of their master than Atanasio had indicated. Juanito had no idea where his grandfather was going, but was very much pleased at the prospect of accompanying him.

That night, after dinner, Don Salvador was waited upon by a deputation of the villagers to bid him God-speed and to hope that his absence would be short. All were astonished at the unusual liveliness of the old gentleman,

and many among them thought he was about to inherit, or had already inherited, a large fortune. They could conceive of nothing else, which could be capable of giving him so much pleasure. Don Salvador assured them that he appreciated their kindly solicitude, and ended by saying that he hoped, on his return, to bring news which would please them, inasmuch as it promised to bring joy to his declining years.

"Can it be he is going to be married?" queried Pedro of his neighbor, the alcalde's servant.

"Dog that thou art!" whispered the other. "Wouldst thou make game of a poor old gentleman with one foot in the grave? Why should he marry? Whom should he marry? Where should he marry, thou prince of idiots?"

"I am not in the counsels of Don Salvador," answered Pedro, unabashed. "But I have seen far older men marry. And as to whom and where? If it be a fact that he is about to change his state of life it is proper that he go to the place where the lady lives; and only a mark of respect that he take our *cura*, who is his friend, to tie the knot for him."

"Be off with thyself from my neighborhood; for if I catch thee outside, Pedro, I shall not answer for how I may punish thee!" exclaimed Adolfo.

Pedro was not slow in responding to this invitation; nor did he hazard any more of his opinions when he reached the street.

At the expiration of a day and a half, with an interval of a night's rest, the travellers came in sight of a huge building, looking like a mighty fortress, surrounded by thick walls, and standing in the midst of a dry and dusty plain. They were evidently expected, for two men clad in gray and white uniform came out to meet them and conducted them inside. The interior was not so forbidding as the outside,—at least not that portion of it in which they were

received. They dined in a small, neatly furnished room; and as soon as they had finished Don Salvador asked that his little grandson be conducted to his bedroom, as he was very much fatigued.

"Where are we? What is this place, grandpapa?" whispered the child as the door closed behind them.

"This is the state prison," replied Don Salvador. "But do not be alarmed, my Juanito: no harm shall come to you in this place."

"But why did we come here, dear grandpapa?"

"I can not tell you to-night. In the morning you shall know. Undress now and say your prayers, and then go quietly to sleep in that little cot. I will occupy the large bed at the other side of the room. If you should wake and I am not here, do not be frightened. I will soon return."

Juanito asked no further questions: he trusted his grandfather implicitly; and, after undressing and saying his prayers, he lay down and was asleep in a few moments. Don Salvador then put out the light and left the room, being joined in the corridor by the *cura*, who took him to the warder's apartment. After some little conversation with that important personage, they followed him down an interminable series of stone corridors, lined on either side with cells. Producing a bunch of keys, the warder paused in front of one of the cells and unlocked the door. The moon was shining through the grated window, throwing a flood of light on the pallet where was stretched the emaciated form of Cascabel the kidnapper.

"Ah, it is Don Salvador!" he said, with the greatest composure, as he beheld the grandfather of Juanito. "I am glad you came so soon, Señor; for I want to set things right—if I can—before I die. Thanks, *Señor Cura*, for bringing him!"

Don Salvador quietly seated himself beside the bed.

"What can you have to say to me, Cascabel?" he inquired.

"Are you the father-in-law of Don Eduardo Sastro, the former judge of the Escabo District?"

"I am," answered Don Salvador.

"It is well. He had twin sons? One of them was stolen?"

"Stolen or drowned," rejoined Don Salvador. "We thought the latter, as the shoes and stockings of the boy were found on the bank of the river."

"Stolen," said Cascabel, tersely. "Don Eduardo had been very severe on me for horse-stealing. I vowed that when I got out of prison I would have revenge. One day, after I was released, I found the two children playing together in the garden, left for a few moments by their nurse. I seized them both, but soon became tired of carrying them, and left one by the river bank, hoping he would fall in and be drowned. I retained the smaller and more delicate of the two; and took off his shoes and stockings, leaving them beside the other child,—wishing to create the impression that one at least had been drowned. I had a horse concealed at the edge of a wood, and must have got a very good start of my pursuers, if there were any; for I never heard of any one following me. After three or four days' journeying I got tired of my bargain; and one night, when the heavens seemed opened for a second deluge, I laid the boy on the steps of a caravan of strolling players, and, rapping loudly at the door, ran away. I never heard anything more of the child I had stolen.

"Last summer, while on my ranges, I stopped one evening at the house of a good *cura* about sixty miles from here. I asked for a glass of milk, which was brought me by a very pretty boy. Inquiring how he came to be living with the *cura*, I was told that he was the son of a man and woman, strolling players, who had died about two years

before, and that the priest had adopted him. On inquiring the name of his parents, I learned they were the same with whom I had left the child. I was not further interested in him, and I came away. Later, when, with some of my thieving companions, I conceived the plan of stealing your grandson, I had no idea that you were the father-in-law of Don Eduardo. My sole purpose was the ransom I would obtain; for I knew you were wealthy. When I had the boy in my possession, I at once saw the striking resemblance between him and the child I had seen at the house of the priest. Questioning him, I found that his name was not the same as yours; and, learning it was Sastro, I had not the least doubt but that he was the brother of the child I had stolen."

"And had you any purpose, when you made the discovery, of endeavoring to return the other child to his grandfather?" asked Don Salvador.

"I will confess frankly that I had no such purpose," answered Cascabel. "I did not propose to put myself in jeopardy. It had all happened so many years ago that I was not concerned in changing things. But you were lenient with me at the trial. Since my sojourn here I have been reflecting, and I feel that my life is nearly done. So I determined to do the best I could in the matter, and sent first for the good *cura* here, who was kind enough to come. That is all I have to say, except to give you the address of the village on the other side of the mountain, where I saw the other boy. If you will go there, Don Salvador, you will certainly find your grandson."

The poor old gentleman, trembling with emotion, wiped the tears from his overflowing eyes, and laid his hand on the forehead of the dying man.

"I thank you, Cascabel!" he said,—
"I thank you and forgive you! What you have done will go far toward making reparation not only for the crime you

have confessed but for all the others you have committed."

"Thank you, Señor!" said the convict. "May your days be long, and your happiness with your grandsons be undisturbed while you shall live!"

Accompanied by the warder, Don Salvador departed. The priest remained to prepare still further the recreant soul to meet its God. Don Salvador slept little that night. The long journey, the unaccustomed surroundings, the story he had just heard filled him with a thousand thoughts that he could not dispel till day broke. And he had, beside, a great apprehension that years of association with people such as Cascabel had described would have sown in the heart of his lost grandson seeds of evil and ignorance that no future care or solicitude could eradicate. How dreadful would it not be if the boy when found should prove no fit companion for the carefully reared and educated brother to whose affection he was about to be restored! It was true that for some time at least he had been residing with a worthy priest, and for this Don Salvador was deeply thankful. Still he trembled, not knowing what the future held in store. But finally, clasping his hands in prayer, he dismissed his anxieties, placing them in the hands of God, through whose wonderful Providence the child whom he had thought dead for so many years, whose loss had caused the premature death of his father and mother, was now to be given back to him in his old age.

When Juanito awoke, his grandfather began to question him. He found that the boy had no recollection of having had a brother, and Don Salvador made no further revelation. Juanito, unsuspecting, left the prison as mystified as he had entered it. About ten o'clock that night they entered the village which was their destination and put up at the old-fashioned inn.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Mischievous Moth.

The clothes moth is quite an interesting little body, from the naturalist's point of view. The author of "Birds and Nature" furnishes some curious information about it. The species known in the United States bears the long name *pellionella*. Its larva constructs a case for its occupancy. The moths themselves are very small and well fitted for making their way through minute chinks.

When one of the scattered family issues from the egg its first care is to provide itself with a home—or, more correctly speaking, a dress. Having decided upon a proper site, it cuts out a filament of cloth and places it on a line with its body. Another is cut and placed parallel with the first. The two are then bound together by a few threads of silk from the caterpillar's own body. The same process is repeated with other hairs until the little creature has made a fabric of some thickness. This it extends until it is large enough to cover its whole body. It chooses the longer threads for the outside, and finishes the inner side by a closely woven tapestry of silk. The dress being complete, the larva begins to feed on the material of the cloth.

When it outgrows its clothes, which happens in the course of time, it proceeds to enlarge them. With the dexterity of a tailor it slits the coat, or case, on the two opposite sides, and inserts two pieces of the requisite size. All this is managed without exposure of its body,—neither side being slit all at once. Concealed in its movable silk-lined roll it spends the summer plying its reaping hooks amid the harvest of tapestry.

In the autumn it ceases to eat, fixes its habitation, and lies torpid during the winter. With the early spring it changes to a chrysalis within its case, and in about twenty days thereafter it emerges as a winged moth.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. Fisher Unwin announces a memoir of Miss Anna Swanwick, which will contain her reminiscences of Newman, Martineau, and Channing, who were numbered among her intimate friends; also recollections of Gladstone, Carlyle, Browning, and other notable people. Miss Swanwick herself is known to fame as a philanthropist and as a translator of "Faust," etc.

—"The Heart of France" and "Dorothy" are the attractive titles of two new musical dramas for girls, and both are bright and interesting. They are by members of the Presentation community, St. Michael's, New York, and should find favor in convent schools and with church societies. "The Heart of France" has Lourdes for its setting; while "Dorothy" is an American play, the scenes of which are laid in Kentucky and in New York. Published by the Meany Printing Co.

—The recent death of Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, of San Francisco, removes a life-long worker for the good of her sex and a poet whose verses are familiar to many readers. Her first book, "Beside the Western Sea," appeared many years ago, and a volume entitled "Roadside Flowers" was published shortly before her death. She was an occasional contributor to this magazine. We bespeak the prayers of its readers for the repose of her soul.

—Mr. W. J. D. Croke, the Rome correspondent of the *Standard and Times*, records that Mr. Isaac Henderson, who wrote a violent anti-Catholic novel when he took up his residence in Rome, has been for some years an enthusiastic Catholic. Mr. Henderson himself attributes his conversion to the prayers of friends, and the story he tells of it is too remarkable to publish here without detail and verification. Mr. Henderson is the author of a popular play now on the boards, and his father was the business partner of Bryant in the publication of the *Evening Post* of New York.

—The Yiddish interpretation of Shylock as a generous and patriotic figure is by no means so new as some literary journals suppose. The tendency to vindicate the character of Shakespeare's Jew began as far back as 1792, when the volume of "Essays by a Society of Gentlemen at Exeter" was published. One of these essays depicts an imaginary performance of the play by Hebrews in a future so far ahead that Shakespeare is but a traditional "old British Bard"; and the *Jerusalem Daily Advertiser* is supposed to honor the play with a long critique of which we need only quote these lines: "Shylock, the hero of the drama, is represented as an exemplary follower of the

law. He expects to show the world that a son of Abraham is not to be trampled on with impunity. His resentment, though severe, is just." From the newspaper accounts of the Shylock presented by Jewish actors in Chicago and New York it is clear that the Exeter gentleman's prophecy was fulfilled to a nicety, except that it happened some thousands of years too soon.

—No. 2 of the Holy Family Series of Catholic Catechisms for the use of the Confirmation class has excellent features, some of which are new to us. It is divided into three parts, of twenty-five lessons each—the Apostles' Creed, the Commandments, the Sacraments and Prayer. The appendix, which comprises half of the book, contains an outline of Old Testament history, various prayers and devotions, also a good collection of hymns. This series of Catechisms is edited by the Rev. Francis Butler, of the archdiocese of Boston, and published by Thomas J. Flynn & Co.

—Some hard things, as well as some soft things, have been said about Emerson on the centenary of his birth, and one of the hardest is the saying of a writer in the *Independent*, that "Christian Science" is the fruit of his muddled mysticism. This peculiar cult, we are told, "does not owe its strength to the teaching of an ignorant woman in New Hampshire: it is a diluted and stale product of Emersonianism. To Emerson, as to Mrs. Baker-Eddy, sin and suffering had no real existence; a man need only open his breast to the random influences of heaven to lead the purely spiritual life. . . . There is a story—how authentic I do not know—that when Emerson was visiting Carlyle, the gruff Scotchman, who certainly believed heartily in evil and damnation, carried his guest to the slums of London and pointed out to him one horrible sight after another. 'And do you believe in the deil noo?' he would say; and always Emerson would shake his head in gentle denial. The story is at least *ben trovato*; it sets forth clearly the facile optimism out of which Christian Science was to spring."

—The Baroness Von Hügel's sketch of Prince Gallitzin has been received with enthusiasm by the critics, but no review that we have seen is more welcome than that of the *Literary World*. Even though the little book is published by ourselves, we can not resist quoting these sentences from the review:

The love of God has romances as fascinating as those of the love of man, and often they are written in blood. Prince Gallitzin, the hero of "A Royal Son and Mother," was no martyr; but in the beginning of the nineteenth century the life of a Catholic priest in the United States was in more than comfortable proximity to martyrdom. Many congregations, being composed of persons reared in regions both

churchless and priestless, were ignorant of the proper constitution of a parish, gave over their church affairs to lay trustees, and even demanded trial sermons of priests, thus adding the tribulations of a Protestant pastor to those which a Catholic expects. Protestant opinion was hostile to an extent that found expression sometimes in the torch, sometimes in slander; and the bishops, almost incredibly overworked by the size of their dioceses, could give but slender aid to their harassed subordinates. Into these conditions Gallitzin plunged with all the ardor of a convert reinforced by the fervor of the seminary; but after a few years he decided to escape them by founding a new town on his own land, and accordingly went to "the far West"—i. e., Loretto, Pa., and there labored for forty-two years, dying at last from utter weariness at the age of seventy. He knew every possible privation, and bore all with bravery and with no sign that he repented his abandonment of his home, family, fortune, and friends for the humble toil of his vocation. As a Russian prince he might have held a high position in the Empire. He chose to be plain Father Schmet, and to guide a few simple folk through the strait gate and the narrow way.

It is no small gratification to find that so edifying and distinctly priestly a career could elicit this hearty and sincere tribute from a non-Catholic and purely literary journal. Who shall set limits to the length or breadth or depth of the influence of a single heroic life?

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time 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.

- Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire*, O. P. 75 cts., net.
- Under the Cross. *Faber*. 60 cts., net.
- A Story of St. Germain. *Sopie Maude*. \$1, net.
- In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock*. \$1.
- Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey*. \$1.25.
- The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley*. \$1.
- The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier*, O. P. \$1.50, net.
- The Art of Life. *Frederick Charles Kolbe*. 75 cts.
- The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart*. \$1.25.
- Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M. Loyola*. 30 cts., net.
- The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. *Rev. Horace K. Mann*. \$3, net.

- Man Overboard! *F. Marion Crawford*. 50 cts.
- Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. *Ludovicus Blosius*, O. S. B. 75 cts., net.
- How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann*. \$1.50, net.
- The Science of the Saints. *Rev. John Baptist Pagani*. 4 vols. \$6, net.
- Life of St. Rita of Cascia. *Very Rev. Richard Connolly*, O. S. A. \$1, net.
- Faith Found in London. \$1.10, net.
- Anchoresses of the West. *Francesca M. Steele*. \$1, net.
- The Bears of Blue River. *Charles Major*. \$1 50.
- Rambles through Europe, the Holy Land, and Egypt. *Rev. A. Zurbonsen*. \$1.
- The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. *Edmund G. Gardner*. \$3, net.
- The Sheriff of the Beech Fork. *Henry S. Spalding*, S. J. 85 cts.
- George Eliot. *Leslie Stephen*. 75 cts., net.
- The Girlhood of Our Lady. *Marion F. Brunowe*. \$1.25.
- The Light Behind. *Mrs. Wilfrid Ward*. \$1.50.
- The Pilkington Heir. *Anna T. Sadlier*. \$1.25.
- Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. *Isabel Lowell*. \$1.50, net.
- The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly*, D. D. \$2.50, net.
- Father Tom of Connemara. *Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville*. \$1.50.
- A Daughter of the Sierra. *Christian Reid*. \$1.25.
- Border Memories. *Marion Muir Richardson*. \$1.
- Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy. *Rev. J. E. Copus*, S. J. 85 cts.

Obituary.

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

- Rev. Francis Friguglietti, of the archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O. M. I.
- Sister M. Fidelis, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Hilary, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Ildefonse and Sister M. Guida, Sisters of Mercy.
- Mr. George Johnston, of Westminster, Canada; Mr. John Smith, Stony Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Doran, Ottawa, Canada; Mr. Joseph Ehler, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. M. O'Dea, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Satolla, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. M. H. Copes, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Michael Gillespie, Xenia, Ohio; Mrs. A. T. Merrick, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine McKenna, Victoria, Canada; Mr. Paul Bennet, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. William Cronin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Rose Curran and Mr. Adam Seeger, Allegheny City, Pa.; also Miss L. M. Smyth, Toronto, Canada.
- Requiescant in pace!*



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

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The Pool of the Hazels.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

WHERE bend the hazels' ancient boughs above,
I linger by the mountain pool and dream;
The branches whisper names and runes I love,
The waters eye me with reproachful gleam.
For here the footsteps of old kings have been,
And in the depths their glittering baubles lie;
Their crowns, their torques, their silver wands are seen,
With drowsy salmon softly brushing by.
And as I muse, the hazelnuts drop down
Below the shadowed surface with a gasp;
But when my arm would plunge to snatch a crown,
Ah, see, the ripples hide it from my grasp!
And once again the night winds at my ears
Are whispering, "Dreamer, vain is all your toil!
Leave if you will your little meed of tears,
But from the Pool of Sorrows take no spoil."

Liberty of Instruction.*

BY M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

HERETOFORE, in discussing the question of liberty of instruction, it was the "right of the State" that was put in opposition to the "right of the father": nowadays, it is the "right of the child" that is put in such opposition. If the State, we are told, claims the function of teaching, it is no longer inasmuch as she is a State and because teaching is an attribute of her sovereignty: it is rather in the name of the interest or right of the child whom she has, as the State, the

right of protecting against the father's negligence or carelessness. Just as the child has a right to live, and, in order to live, a right to be protected against the risks of death that surround him on all sides, so he has the right to learn or "to be instructed"; and, wishing to assure to him the exercise of this right, we, the State, take the means necessary therefor....

But if this right of the child is as incontestable as for that matter it is uncontested, you will readily see what is the true question, and will understand that, while it has been distorted, it has not been solved. With whatever rights a child be invested, he himself is incapable of vindicating them, and the real problem is to determine who shall vindicate them in his stead. Let us not uselessly complicate the question by misstating it. Just as he has a right to live, the child has a right to learn or to be taught: this is granted. We all agree upon it. We all recognize, too, that if instruction has its dangers, it is, nevertheless, a good. But the question is to know what this right of the child becomes in its application; or, in more precise terms, the question is to discover in what, how, and by whom the child shall be taught.

First of all, in what is the child to be taught? And just here we must refuse to be satisfied with vague answers and eloquent declamation. For to tell us, as do the authors of our programs of

* Part of a discourse delivered at Lille. Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

studies, that the State will endeavor to make of the child a man of his age and country, is to tell us absolutely nothing. Each of us is always a man of our age and country, and for my part I pretend to be as much so as either M. Jean Jaurès or M. Ferdinand Buisson. For that matter, I don't see how I should set about *not* being of my age and country,—how I should become in 1903 a contemporary of Marot or Calvin, or be a Chinaman in the streets of Paris; and the most brilliant pedagogy would infallibly come to grief in trying to effect my transformation.

What, then, shall we teach the child? Spelling and ciphering, grammar and history? If there were question only of these, we should scarcely need liberty of instruction. Freemasons or Catholics, socialists or conservatives, radicals or progressivists,—we all teach that two and two make four, that *amour* in French does not begin with *h*, that the Rhine flows into the North Sea, and that Napoleon was the victor at Jena.... Where we need liberty of instruction, however, is just at the point where divisions begin, and as to questions about which, although men have been discussing them for six thousand years, they have not yet succeeded in agreeing. Frenchmen of 1903, we do not hold the same opinions about Voltaire or Pascal, nor about the French Revolution and the old régime, nor about the relations of morality and religion. Are these questions to be excluded from school? If they are kept out of the primary schools—though to my mind they can not be—are they to be excluded from the secondary schools, from colleges and lyceums? And if, no respect being paid to my opinion, the programs are on all these points merely the expression of the opposite opinion, what becomes of liberty of instruction or liberty of thought itself?

But, above all, if we are sincere, what has the "right of the child" to do in this

matter? And wherein do those who invoke that right find a justification of their tyranny? They deny that it is the child's right to be instructed in the religion of his parents. Is it any more his right to be brought up in the principles of their atheism? Grant that my belief is not self-evident, does their incredulity prove itself as obviously right? Whether, then, we impose upon the child either the belief or the incredulity, we are equally infringing upon his right. Rigorously speaking, the "right of the child" would be to be taught nothing but what proves or demonstrates itself. Fortunately, however, this is impossible. A boy may be brought up in ignorance of algebra or trigonometry, but he can not be reared in utter ignorance of the history of his country or in total indifference to all morality and all religion.... A choice must, then, be made; a choice will be made; and as it is not the father but the law, the State, that will choose, what is this "right of the child" in its practical application but a mask or a disguise for the right of the State? In the name of the child, it is the State that constitutes itself the judge of doctrines; and not only the judge but the legislator. It is the State that determines and promulgates them. And what is called the "right of the child" is the right which the State arrogates to itself of taking the child from the family and marking him with the State seal....

"But," our opponents tell us, "if we possess the truth, if we believe it at least, and if we are convinced that the greatness of the country depends upon the propagation of this truth,—will you vindicate the rights of error or deny those of truth?" No, we do not deny the rights of truth; but before recognizing those rights we may well wait until this truth is demonstrated. We do not believe that our adversaries possess the truth; and if to think differently from them is to deceive ourselves, then we do vindicate the rights of error.

We vindicate error in the name of liberty of conscience; we vindicate it to-day as the first Christians vindicated it against the truth of the Empire....

Our opponents insist, and say: "Well, be it so. Let us drop the right of the child and speak only of his liberty. His right, considered as such, is limited by his inability to make a choice between doctrines and methods. But what of his liberty? His liberty,—that is to say, (at an age when his intelligence is practically at the disposition of the first who seizes it) the right he has to be inclined neither one way nor another, but to be put in a position to choose one day between adverse doctrines, and in consequence to be subjected beforehand to no dogmatism whatever. It is this liberty of indifference that we desire to be assured to him. What we purpose to develop in him is the love of research or the habit of criticism; it is the energy or the courage to think for himself, to 'receive nothing as true save what he knows to be such.' It is the complete independence of the soul." It is to be regretted that they do not dare add, "the complete independence of the heart"; or, to call it by its true name, filial ingratitude; since all this fine reasoning tends to the disorganization and the destruction of the family.

In the meantime, since their arguments lead up to the renewed affirmation of the rights of the State, it is time to ask ourselves a vital question: What is this State whose cabalistic and mysterious name we pronounce with a certain tremor of respect and veneration? In my turn, I say to our adversaries: "Who are you, after all,—you who identify yourselves with the State and claim all the rights which you refuse to me?" "Who made you count?" asked Hugh Capet of some Perigord or Montmorency.—"And who made *you* king?" answered the Count. Similarly, are you quite sure that you are the State? By what title? By what right?

"You are force: I recognize it, I must recognize it. You are power, you are the majority; though to-morrow, perhaps, you will not be. You are the government, the ministry; you are Emile Combes or Waldeck-Rousseau; but you are not France, you are not the State. You apparently forget that I am France, the State, as much as you and by the same title,—I who pay the taxes and do military service; I who am as much a Frenchman as you; I, without whose submission, obedience, devotion, and money, your ministry and government would collapse to-morrow."

This is a point to which in this France of ours, sufficient consideration is not given. The modern State, the Republican State, is nothing more and nothing else than the collectivity of its citizens—its people at large. The minority as well as the majority forms part of it. The State is not something above and beyond us; is not, especially, something that acquires its rights elsewhere, from any other source or origin than our consent. It is nothing mystical, nothing whose momentary possession confers on those who hold it rights that are not ours as well as theirs. It is neither the creator nor the sovereign dispenser, but only the administrator, of right or of liberty.

Let us combat this sophism with all our force. Whatever be the definition and the form of the State, with whatever effective and often exorbitant power it may be invested by tradition, circumstances, popular will, chance or caprice, *Right* is what dwells in it always and everywhere. Right is what the State has not made, but what has made the State; the latter may violate but can not metamorphose it. Can you take from me the *right* to dispose of the fruit of my labor, or that of thinking freely? You can dispute these rights, and at need prevent me from exercising them: you can not prevent their existence. *Right* is what resists the attacks of force, and continues, despite such attacks, to

judge and condemn them. *Right* is not the law: on the contrary, it is what determines the equity or injustice of the law. The State is merely its first subject. It is a State simply for that. Its rôle is to make the law conform to the eternal injunctions of *Right*. And if it does not do it, or does the contrary, I will not say that in such a case, "the right of the people being violated by the government, insurrection becomes...for every portion of the people, the most sacred of rights and the most indispensable of duties." I will not say this, because I am no admirer of the anarchist; but if I did say it, I should only be borrowing the formula of the "declaration of the rights of the man and the citizen."

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXV.—A LETTER FROM THE BARONESS.

WHEN Myles O'Byrne returned to his old quarters at the Winter Palace, he found his *impedimenta* packed and Count O'Reilly awaiting him.

"Count Mero sends his apologies and excuses. His beloved Privy Council has him by the hair and he can't get out. Now for a bit of etiquette. Wear your cross conspicuously—where I'll put it—so! Come with me, and I shall write your name, with a respectful sort of P. P. C., in Russian, on the visiting and guests' books. That done, you'll have to tip three of the gilded automatons. To your nurse you will send a pretty present from Ireland—a bog oak cross or a Tara brooch. You shall leave cards for the doctors at their respective offices—but no pay,—and that is all. Oh, yes! Through the senior lady in waiting, send a most respectful message

to her Imperial Majesty. I don't know who is in waiting, but that is easily found out—"

"The Baroness Grondno," interposed Myles quickly.

"To be sure. She told me she was taking her wait in order to come on the *Corisande*; or her own boat, the *Adora*. Pretty name, isn't it? And it's a finer boat than dear old Sir Henry's; but we won't say so to him. Now, then, for a tour of the books!"—ordering the luggage to be taken to the Court of Honor.

Having duly made the round, tipped the three functionaries named by Count O'Reilly, and promising to send the nurse a memento of Ireland, Myles moved to the private apartments of the Tsaritsa, where, in an anteroom all Astrakhan rugs, mirrors, and bric-a-brac, with a magnificent desk in the middle of the apartment, he found the Baroness Grondno busy writing letters for her august mistress. As Myles had been duly announced by about five employees, she expressed no surprise at seeing him; and as Count O'Reilly was in and out many times a day, a recognition was all that was necessary.

"How do you progress, Mr. O'Byrne?" said the Baroness, after requesting him to be seated, and piercing him with a swift, searching glance. "We were all so anxious about you,—much more than about the young lady whom you rescued from the flames. And so you are about to leave the Palace? Well, there are worse places. Yes, of course I shall say the sweetest things about you, as indeed my imperial mistress desires me to do. All that is usual shall be said—aye, and unusual. I'll not detain you. *Au revoir, ne c'est pas?*" And, courtesying to the ground, she touched a button, and a glittering menial flung the double door wide open. "We meet, of course, Count O'Reilly, *sans adieu*."

When the portière had fallen, O'Reilly turned to O'Byrne.

"I call that rather a cool and curt reception, old boy. Have you trodden on her toes in any way? She is a woman of power, passion, and push. We are all afraid of her."

Myles inwardly chuckled as he compared the attitude of the Baroness toward him in public with her attitude when they met in private, and thought all the better of her for it. In reply to O'Reilly, he merely said:

"She is, I suppose—as every one of these responsible ladies seems to be—a woman of caprice."

In the Court of Honor they found one of the plain imperial carriages; and standing beside it, gazing at the house, was the veteran.

"Get in, Mr. O'Byrne!" cried O'Reilly to the old gentleman. "We are going to your *datcha*."

"That's right, *ma bouchal!* There's a welcome for the O'Reillys under any roof of the O'Byrnes."

"Thanks! I know it in your case. Get in, sir! These infernal horses won't stand."

"Get in, indeed! The likes of me in one of the Tsar's rigs! And sure there is my drosky that I hired and paid for! That's my equipage; and I'll lay the odds that I'm at the *datcha* before yourself. Whoo-whoop!" he cried, as the brave little Tartar pony and ramshackle drosky spun out of the Palace yard. The cross on Myles' breast entitled him to be saluted by the sentinels,—at which, I may say in confidence, he felt considerable elation.

"If this were the Victoria Cross, and these guards the fine fellows on duty at the Bank of Ireland, how different I should feel! But I ought to be very thankful."

"I can't help thinking of the great Baroness' icy reception," mused O'Reilly, as they spun up the Grand Moskaya. "Trot back a bit on the road to your memory, Myles, and find out where you have burned your fingers; examine

your conscience—whew! I have it, by Jupiter's teakettle!"

"Have what?" growled Myles, who did not by any means relish the turn the conversation was taking.

"It's the De Lacey girl who has put her little foot in it."

"In what way—"

"You're welcome as the flowers in May!" burst in the veteran. "Didn't I tell you I'd beat? Come in, boys! Young Byng is as busy as a flail beating up eggs for a salad. I'll go before you."

Percy Byng, apoplectic from his efforts at egg-beating, came forward all smiles of delight.

"As long as you were living in an imperial palace, Myles, I felt rather shy of rapping so often; but now, dear old pal, here we are again and no mistake. We'll stick together,—that is, I'll stick to you like wax. I saw *her* last night, Myles."

"Which of them?" laughed O'Reilly.

"There is only one—Eileen; and *she* is mine!" he cried rapturously.

"How about that girl that Baroness Grondno is bringing with her on our cruise?" continued O'Reilly.

"Oh—well—you see, she is charming,—I must say very charming; and she dances delightfully. Her eyes, too, have that dangerous Russian under-look,—masked batteries, by Jove! I expect a lot of fun with her on the *Corisande*."

"And Eileen?" quoth O'Reilly.

"Oh, you must have your joke, Count! Here comes Sir Henry."

The Baronet entered with his usual solemn manner, and a politeness and good-breeding that carried its own atmosphere and charm.

"Gentlemen, we slip our cables on this day a week; so any of you who have sight-seeing or shopping or flirting to do will find the time too short. Mr. O'Byrne"—addressing the veteran, who was sitting on a seaman's chest,—“had you not better come aboard at once? I shall send for your luggage.”

"Bedad, Sir Henry, that's easy enough! This is it,"—rising from the trunk and hoisting up the lid with a creak. "There's my *trousseau*, as the French call it,—a light overcoat, two pairs of boots, two—"

"Never mind the inventory, uncle," interposed Myles. "Will you not accept Sir Henry's gracious invitation?"

"I'll go aboard the day she sails, Myles. I won't trouble those decent sailors; for I might get overtaken, and it wouldn't do to be carried aboard. Thank you kindly, Sir Henry Shirley, but you'll let an ancient veteran take a few more nights on Roosian dry land with some old comrades,—no Tiggits, please God! If it wasn't for them Tiggits I'd take a taste of the confessional, no less."

"You will do that with me, uncle. I have already seen to it."

"For *me*?"

"Yes, of course; so that if we go down we shall be in the hands of our good and merciful Lord."

"If it wasn't for those murdering villains, the Tiggits—"

"Never mind the Tiggits, Governor!" cried Percy. "The luncheon is ready and the salad is A 1. The steward taught me the secret."

The party had hardly been seated when Ivan burst into the room to inform his master that three ladies were at the gate.

"Let's see who they are!" cried Percy, springing to the window; the next instant exclaiming: "By all that's lovely, the American girl and two more—the daughters of the American Ambassador! Have them in to lunch!"

O'Reilly sprang down the somewhat rickety wooden steps and was at the carriage door in a trice; the veteran, in a true spirit of hospitality, hobbling after him.

"How are you, Count?" cried Miss Abell. "Perhaps you'll ask us to lunch? You're smacking your lips, so it must

be good. These girls are the daughters of our Ambassador, and are more than charming. This is May, this is Daisy. Take your choice, Count. *You* are a bachelor, and they are heart-whole."

"And you, *ma belle Americaine*?" demanded O'Reilly.

"Did you ever see the Tower of Pisa, Count?"

"Yes, of course."

"You will remember that it leans a little in one direction."

"A little? A good deal!"

"Then that is the condition of my heart."

"Why, if that be the case it is leaning this way," said O'Reilly.

"*Quien sabe?*" retorted the lady, as, aided by the veteran, she stepped lightly to the ground.

She then presented him to her young friends, who were exceedingly pretty, with pearly teeth, bright eyes, manner free from the slightest trace of affectation, and full of that honest joyance which renders the American girl simply irresistible.

"And here's the boy that did *not* stand on the burning deck!"—presenting Percy. "Only a boy, but in love like the Count here,—which makes him a man."

"Oh, come now, Miss Abell! Chaff is chaff, you know."

"Try his salad and you will call him a giant," laughed Myles.

"I could eat a bit of *turf* this minute, I'm so hungry!" cried Miss Abell.

"I had a horse once that ate his harness,—sorra a lie in it," said the veteran. "We were up in Connemara, and some of the cattle belonging to a man named Joyce went galavanting over the bogs. We got out a quare old yoke of a jaunting car; and, the harness being rotten, we rigged up a collar and traces with hay, and started off. We got to where we knew the cattle had strayed, and we left the car by the side of the road. When we came back, the car was thrown in the ditch and the

old horse away out of sight. He got a grip of the traces, and as they were of fine, elegant hay, he ate them,—bad scan to him, for we had eight miles of a trudge to Mike Brophy's *shebeen!*"

That was a merry party, the sweet young American girls imparting so much vitality to it as to render it an occasion to be remembered.

"Oh, with all our powwowing!" exclaimed the fascinating Miss Abell, "I have forgotten what brought me! I have a letter for you, Colonel—"

"I tell you, Miss Abell, I was only a private, and a poor *spalpeen* of a private at that,—except, bad cess to it!—I suppose I was captain of those murdering villains, the Tiggits. What's this? A letter from a lady, in Roosian, and a weathercock in gold on it. Hey! Why, it's from the Baroness Grondno. Bowwow, says the fox!" And he bestowed a most facetious wink upon Miss Abell, and then in succession all around the company, to the intense annoyance of his nephew.

"What is it all about?" demanded Myles, who was on pins and needles lest by inadvertence the lady should have edged in one of those little sentences which mean so much to those "who are in the know" and nothing at all to outsiders.

"Myles *avic*, give me down those horn-rimmed specs to do honor to the Baroness. They are my best, and I never had a letter from a lady of title before."

Having carefully adjusted the spectacles on his nose, and with a series of double-barrelled winks, especially at Myles, he cleared his throat with a rousing sound and began:

"DEAR MR. O'BYRNE:—Although we have never met, I know you *intimately* by the sweet way your dear nephew [more winkings all round] speaks of you, so much and so often—"

"I don't do anything of the kind!" interposed Myles, gruffly.

"She says so, Myles; and she's a

jewel sure—well, where was I? 'Dear nephew'—aye!"—resuming the letter.

"'I thought him looking a little delicate. [Oho!] And as I have a big boat with its boiler ready to burst for want of—'

"This word knocks my *caubeen!* O'Reilly my son, can you put a head or tail or middle on it? It's in Roosian, or I'd ask you, Sir Henry,"—this with true politeness.

"*Kedikolouski*—that literally means friction, or action," said the Count.

"I would feel much indebted to you if you would make use of her till we start on the great cruise. [Mighty polite of her to an old chap like me!] I imagine that pushing about the Gulf of Finland or the Baltic would do your nephew a lot of good. [Oho! It's not *me*, after all.]"

"Well, Myles, you *are* in luck,—aye, a barrellful of it."

"You'll have to accept her offer for the girls here, uncle; and, besides, *I* am looking a little pale."

"Oh, I like that!" cried Percy Byng.

"Yes, we must accept the offer of the Baroness," urged O'Reilly.

"And who in Adam is refusing it, I'd like to know? *I* am not; and it was offered to me over that glum-looking chap's head. Girls, you shall come every day and dance every night. I was young myself once and dearly loved a frolic. Yes, we'll start for a spin around the forts at Cronstadt. How would *that* go with a knuckle of ham?"

The ladies expressed the greatest possible delight at the prospect of the trip, the day being lovely, and the woods of Peterhof a glory of green; so they immediately sought their carriage.

(To be continued.)

If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion.

—Lord Kelvin.

The Legend of the Purple Thread.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

MY brethren, hear the legend sweet
Of Blessed Mary told,
Of how she spun the sacred veil
Of purple and of gold.

For some could spin the golden thread,
And some could spin the blue;
But one alone, sweet Mary dear,
Could spin the purple true.

O sweetly, softly, sat she down
And bent her gentle head,
And in and out and roundabout
She spun the purple thread.

For some could spin the golden thread,
And some could spin the blue;
But one alone, sweet Mary dear,
Could spin the purple true.

As in and out her shuttle spun,
The room seemed all aflame,
And there a holy angel stood
And called the Maiden's name.

There are some can spin the golden thread,
And some can spin the blue;
But one alone, sweet Mary dear,
Can spin the purple true.

All wonderingly the Maiden said:
"Thy servant, what is she
That Thou shouldst send, O Blessed Lord!
Thine angel down to me?"

Ah, some can spin the golden thread,
And some can spin the blue;
But thou alone, sweet Mary dear,
Can spin the purple true!

Via crucis via lucis,—"The way of the cross is the way of light." As we overcome the passions we give the intellect light, and He who hung upon the cross was the "Light of the world"; and he that follows Him walketh not in darkness. Up the cold, snowy, rugged path of purity must you climb if you would ascend the mountain where the soul may commune with God. There is no other way for lost Innocence to regain lost Truth.—*Archbishop Ryan*.

Debtor and Creditor.

I.

TOWARD the end of the eighteenth century, in the spacious and tastily furnished private office of one of the wealthiest publishers in Paris, two men sat by a cheerful fire, engaged in pleasant conversation.

M. Bonneval, the proprietor, was an elderly, stern-looking man, known throughout the city as a model of integrity and exactness in all business relations. Well-meaning but strict and even harsh in his manner, he was both feared and loved by his employees. His companion was Jean Florian, one of the most distinguished and noble-minded French authors of his time.

Florian had just brought to his publisher the manuscript of the second volume of "Numa Pompilius"; the first, which had already appeared, had met with so flattering a reception that Bonneval gladly welcomed the second.

While they were talking it over, Antoine, the messenger boy of the house, came in, but drew back on seeing his master occupied with Florian.

"Don't mind me, Antoine," remarked the latter, kindly. "Business must be attended to before all." And taking up a book he busied himself with its contents while Antoine delivered to his master the various commissions with which he had been charged.

"What about that bill? Did you not collect it?" asked Bonneval.

"He said he could not pay it, and asked a delay," was the hesitating reply.

"Again?" said the publisher. "Then I shall get out a writ against him."

"But, sir, he told me he had been ill."

"I am sorry for it," said Bonneval, more gently; "but business is business, and accounts must be paid."

"Who is the man, Antoine?" asked Florian, laying down his book and turning toward the boy.

"He is a painter, sir, from Languedoc."

"From Languedoc? Then he is a countryman of mine, in the strictest sense of the word," observed Florian. And, turning to the hard-fisted publisher, he added: "I will be responsible for the debt. How much is it?"

"Twenty-four pounds," answered the other, rather dryly. "It is a draft in his name which came to me in the way of business. I do not know the man personally."

"Well, just deduct the sum from the price of 'Numa,' my good Bonneval."

"As you please. I shall, then, write the quittance, and transfer the draft to you?"

"By no means. I do not wish to know your debtor's name, nor that he should know mine. Keep the affair in your own hands. If the poor man be able to pay it later, you will tell me; if not, never mind. But you must promise not to betray my name."

Florian then left the room, while Antoine looked admiringly after his retreating figure.

Florian was the son of a respectable though poor nobleman in Languedoc. He was born in 1755, and his mother, who was a Spaniard, died before the child was a year old. He often declared that this early bereavement had thrown a shadow over his whole life, and out of love for her memory he learned Spanish. His translations from that tongue are still greatly valued. Early destined by his father to a military career, he was placed in the regiment of the Duke de Penthièvre. An excellent discerner of character, the Duke at once recognized Florian's worth, and offered him an honorable post in his household. The young officer accepted it gratefully. His service left him ample time for literary labors, and his salary more than sufficed to meet his wants, so that he was enabled to devote the product of his pen entirely to works of charity; for Florian was never so happy as

when he had it in his power to help his fellowman.

Four weeks had passed, and the worthy poet had completely forgotten the twenty-four pounds; but not so his debtor, Queverdo,—a very talented young artist, who had already won some reputation as an engraver. Not aware that his debt was paid, he imagined that Bonneval was still his creditor; and as soon as he could leave his room, after a long and painful illness, he hastened to the publisher to thank him for his forbearance, and request a further delay, as he was still prevented by weakness from working hard.

"Be in perfect peace about it," said Bonneval. "I am glad to tell you that it was paid to me four weeks ago; and you can take your time in paying your new creditor."

"How is that? Who paid it?"

"One who desires to remain unknown. He is an accommodating creditor," said the publisher, smiling. "I would wager he has forgotten the whole transaction."

A deep flush tinged Queverdo's pale features.

"But you know," he insisted, "that as an artist and a man of honor, while greatly obliged to the gentleman, I can not accept such a favor from a person unknown to me."

"He has expressly forbidden me to tell you his name."

"Then you oblige me to sell my last treasure—a small but very valuable oil-painting, which I prize highly—in order to pay this debt."

"That would be quite contrary to his intention," answered Bonneval, with a look of displeasure, which soon softened into a feeling of compassion. "Well, if you must know, it was Florian who took your debt on himself; saying that, as your countryman from Languedoc, he had a right to do so."

"Florian!" exclaimed Queverdo, visibly relieved. "I might have guessed it, although I do not know him personally;

for he has been a beneficent angel to many artists in my circumstances. I must make his acquaintance as soon as possible, and prove to him that his generosity was not wasted."

Several months passed, and Queverdo saw his object still unattainable. Florian was at work on his tales, which, if not his most important productions, are certainly charming specimens of talent. He had just finished the first, "Claudine," and willingly consented to have it read in the presence of a select circle, as the Duke wished to judge of its effectiveness before sending it to the publisher. Its success exceeded his warmest expectations. All present crowded round him with expressions of rapturous delight; but he valued above all the cordial approval of his princely patron, and of the two young princesses who then graced the little circle: they were the daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre, and his daughter-in-law, the beautiful and virtuous Princess de Lamballe, the most faithful friend of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Amongst the listeners was a young page called Alphonse, who stood behind the Duke's chair during the reading. He did not lose a word, and was deeply interested in the tale. His enthusiasm for Florian, whom he had always loved and admired, now grew so intense that he could neither think nor speak of anything but the evening's reading, and the author of the tale which had so charmed him. Florian took great interest in the young page, who was an orphan, with no living relative save an uncle, a captain on half-pay, who resided in a small house near the palace. He was a noted art collector and connoisseur: all his savings were spent on works of art; and Alphonse, whom he loved as a son, shared his tastes, and spent every moment at his disposal with the old man. He was usually accompanied by a beautiful greyhound of Florian's, called Diana. He had taught

the sagacious animal all kinds of tricks; so that next to its master he was its favorite, and it obeyed him exactly.

A few days after the reading of "Claudine," Alphonse was at his uncle's, when Queverdo entered with a small but valuable picture, the "Velasquez," which he asked the old captain to buy. The latter was charmed with the work and inquired its price.

"At any other time I would not give it for less than a hundred ducats," replied Queverdo; "but you can have it now for half the sum." His voice shook slightly, and it was evident that he was reluctant to part with the picture.

"Why do you wish to sell at half its value a picture which you prize so highly?" asked the old man.

The artist told him of his illness, of Florian's generosity, and of his continued inability to meet the debt; adding that the liberality of his friend made the obligation of a prompt payment more binding on a man of honor; so that he at last resolved on parting with the only valuable article in his possession.

"Was it Florian who lent you the twenty-four pounds?" said Alphonse quickly. "Ah, you know not how grieved he would be if you sacrificed your precious picture to pay him! Allow me to speak to him on the subject—"

"No, no!" interrupted Queverdo. "For my own peace of mind this debt must be paid, and I have no other way of obtaining the money."

All were silent for some moments. At last Alphonse began to relate different instances of Florian's generosity and noble-mindedness. His hearers listened with delight, and when the young man told them of the tales he was then engaged on, they were greatly interested. Encouraged by their evident pleasure, Alphonse related the story of "Claudine" as he had heard it read to the Duke's private circle, and spoke of the pleasure with which it had been received. When he

had finished, Queverdo seized his hand: "If you aid me," he said, "I have thought of a way in which to repay Florian, and show him my gratitude. I can not explain more fully now, but meet me here in a week's time, and I shall tell you what I purpose doing."

II.

Florian was engaged on his second tale, "Celestine," next day, when the door of his study opened softly and Diana came in. Seemingly aware of the importance of its mission, the dog placed its head on the arm of the chair where its master sat, and looked at him with its bright brown eyes, as if to attract his attention. Florian saw to his surprise a small packet fastened by a ribbon to the greyhound's collar. Opening it, he found several copies of a beautiful copperplate engraving which represented one of the principal scenes in "Claudine." All the circumstances were so faithfully represented that had the work been executed under the author's own supervision it could not have been a more exact delineation. Florian knew not what to think. He determined to wait and see if time would unravel the mystery.

A few days later "Celestine" was finished, and read for the Duke. The circle of auditors was, however, restricted to the members of his private family circle, as no previous announcement had been made. Eight days later Diana brought its master another copperplate and several engravings of the principal scene in "Celestine." Florian's wonder was the greater as his audience had been so small on the last occasion. Could the Duke have commissioned an artist to execute the work secretly? He determined to inquire, and proceeded to inform the Duke of what had occurred. The latter was as much astonished as himself, and declared he had no hand in the affair. All the servants were questioned, but not the faintest trace could be discovered of the artist.

The third tale, "Selico," was ended, and the Duke appointed a day on which it was to be read. The reading took place in a small summerhouse, which was connected with the Duke's apartments by a private corridor used only by his Grace. No one was present except himself and his daughter-in-law, the Princess de Lamballe.

"You have surpassed yourself, my dear Florian!" exclaimed the Duke, as the tale ended. Quite unconsciously you have depicted your own character." And he pressed with friendly warmth the hand of the gratified author. He turned toward the door, which Florian hastened to open. But, to the general astonishment, Diana sprang past him with the familiar packet fastened to its collar.

"Let us see what our dumb messenger brings," said the Duke, and he and the Princess resumed their seats, while Florian opened the packet. "This is witchcraft!" he cried out in amazement. "Only this morning I added the last words to my tale; I spoke of it to no one save your Grace, and here I find a perfectly executed copperplate engraving of my ideal conception."

"It is certainly very singular," replied the Duke, as he examined the engraving with pleased interest. "But I think I have found a clue to the mystery. Call Alphonse. I saw him very busy with Diana lately, and, if I do not greatly mistake, he can solve the enigma."

The page appeared in a few minutes. Florian related to him what had occurred, and asked him if he could explain it. Alphonse was evidently embarrassed, and tried to evade the question by a jest. He said, although Diana and himself were intimate friends, the dog had never intrusted him with its secrets; and that he was incapable of betraying them if it had.

"The joke has gone far enough now, Alphonse," said the Duke, kindly but seriously. "Mr. Florian must no longer

be made the victim of mystification, however well meant. I am perfectly convinced that you know all about it, so explain yourself."

Alphonse could no longer hesitate. He related his encounter with Queverdo; the despair of the latter at being unable to repay Florian's generous loan; their conversation about Florian's tales, and the idea which occurred to the artist of engraving the principal scenes in each, and sending them by Diana to the author. When Florian was engaged with the Duke, he had read the manuscript of "Selico," and then related the tale to Queverdo, who had at once seized upon the main incident, and sketched the design, which he afterward engraved.

"Now, my dear Florian," said the Duke, graciously, "you are rightly punished by this mysterious conduct for concealing from me your benevolent actions. But," he added sternly, turning toward Alphonse, "you are inexcusable for taking such liberty as to meddle with Mr. Florian's papers. I shall not allow this to remain unpunished. I therefore announce that to-morrow you shall leave my household"—the Princess and Florian were about to interpose anxiously, when he continued, smiling—"in order to enter my regiment as ensign, where I can keep my eye on you! Before you go to your friend Queverdo, come to my cabinet: I have a message for him."

Alphonse, overjoyed at this favor, kissed the Prince's hand gratefully as he retired with the Princess de Lamballe, and then threw himself into the arms of the equally rejoiced Florian.

"Now, Alphonse," said the latter, "I shall hasten to my publisher and get the receipt for the debt in due form; then you must help me as you helped Queverdo."

Next day, as Queverdo sat in his modest apartment, surrounded by his numerous family, a scratching at the

door was heard, and Diana came in, bearing, to his astonishment, a packet attached to its collar.

"Why, what is the meaning of this? Can they have sent back my work?" exclaimed the artist, whose pride was aroused at the thought.

With feverish haste he opened the packet, and found the quittance, with the following lines in Florian's handwriting: "Repaid by three copperplate engravings, worth double the sum. Florian." A second paper, signed by the Duke, contained Queverdo's nomination to the post of guardian of the Duke's rich artistic collection, with a salary of four hundred pounds a year.

The poor artist's joy was indescribable. After communicating the good news to his wife and children, he hastened to the Penthievre palace to express his gratitude. Alphonse was impatiently awaiting him, and he told him in few words how all had come to pass. He then hastened to seek Florian, who was with the Duke; and soon returned with an order to conduct Queverdo to the Duke's cabinet.

The Prince received the artist with a gracious cordiality which won all hearts, and told him he had appointed him to take charge of his collection—which was sadly in need of being put in order,—because, from the engravings he had seen, he perceived Queverdo was gifted with unusual taste and ability.

"I hope," he added, "soon to see portrayed by your pencil a representation of Mr. Florian's astonishment when Diana brought him the first engraving. The subject seems to me worthy of your talent, and creditable to both of you."

"Your Highness," replied Queverdo, "is graciously pleased to place debtor and creditor on an equal footing; but what Mr. Florian did for me without even knowing me, so far exceeds my trifling return that I can never accept such an honor—"

"It would be difficult to decide,"

interrupted Florian, "which of us has been the more fortunate. I, by the first edition of my 'Numa,' have been enabled to aid a fellow-countryman, a distinguished artist, in distress, and thereby I hope to have won a friend—"

"For life," said Queverdo, warmly; and a cordial clasp of the hand sealed the compact.

"Look, my daughter," said the Duke to the Princess de Lamballe, who had just entered the room: "here are two men whom their own virtues have made happy. Would that all mankind could see that wealth and honor, though so much desired, can never procure for us true happiness! Our felicity depends on ourselves alone,—on the qualities of our minds and hearts."

A few years later the devastating storm of the French Revolution swept over beautiful France, and the characters of our tale were involved, more or less, in the general catastrophe. Ere the tempest was unchained, the aged Duke was spared, by a peaceful death, the agony of witnessing the fair head of his daughter-in-law fall under the executioner's axe, for no other crime than her loyal devotedness to her unfortunate mistress.

Florian was cast into prison during the Reign of Terror, and there he wrote his "William Tell," while daily expecting to ascend the guillotine. However, after two years' imprisonment, the fall of Robespierre opened the gates of his dungeon. He at once left Paris, to end his days in the peace and solitude of the country; but his vital strength was exhausted, and a fortnight after the recovery of his liberty, the noble poet expired at Sceaux, on the 13th of September, 1794.

Books.

A book is a spirit for good or evil:
The thought of an angel, the spawn of a devil.

A Mother's Rosary.

BY LUDWIG NUEDLING.

CLAUDE DE GRANVILLE was pacing up and down his room in a state of unusual inward excitement. He was decidedly a good-looking young man, and the apartment in which he was restlessly moving to and fro was undoubtedly a very comfortable one,—elegantly, not to say luxuriously, upholstered in the latest style. But modern fashions had not banished a few religious pictures from their place on the walls, and a beautiful little statuette of Our Lord stood on an ornamental bracket between two vases of flowers. Certainly the pictures and statuette were rather out of keeping with their surroundings, but they were—or rather they had been—cherished souvenirs of bygone years.

One of the last rays of the setting sun fell on the countenance of the Redeemer, seeming to enhance the gentle, loving, merciful expression of the features. The same beam rested now and again on Claude's face, but nothing was to be read there except anger and resentment.

The evening that was closing in was a fateful, momentous one for the young man, and its darkening shades already cast a premonitory gloom over his inner life,—his spiritual life, once so jealously watched over by his Christian parents, but now in a state of perturbation to which he had been a stranger for twenty years. What was the reason of this? Was he not wealthy? Did not a brilliant future with its thousand hopes smile on him? Was not his lot a happy, an enviable one?

Yes, such was the case. He had always been happy. One sorrow had indeed fallen to his share. At an early age his dear father was carried to the grave; and a year or two ago he had lost his excellent, fondly-loved mother. But his

good parents had bequeathed to him a considerable fortune, and a name that was highly respected; besides—the best legacy of all—they had given him a sound Christian education, implanting noble principles in his soul as a guide whereby to steer his course amid the rocks of life's dangerous ocean.

But, alas! alas! that soul, with all its high intellectual endowments, was at that very hour in sore peril of making shipwreck of all its happiness, of striking upon that fatal rock which is the ruin of so many in these godless days. How was that possible?

Claude's story was no exceptional one. His well-filled purse and open-handed liberality had won for him numerous so-called friends, who had covertly undermined the structure of faith and piety which his parents had been at such pains to build up. They befooled him with flattery, instilled into his mind the poison of doubt and unbelief, and awoke in him an insatiable craving for human applause and worldly pleasures. Thus they led him imperceptibly, but on that account all the more surely, to deviate from the right way in which he had walked faithfully and unswervingly for many years. And what twelve months ago would have seemed to Claude an impossibility, was now, we regret to say, an accomplished fact.

Many a good book which he used to read with pleasure and which was a powerful stimulus to him in the practice of virtue had now disappeared from his table, being replaced by works of a very different character; for in some of them religion was ridiculed and reviled and the holy name of God treated with scorn. Attendance at Mass was already given up, divine service being exchanged for a visit to his club, where faith and morals were set at naught, and the gospel of unbelief, dissipation and unbridled license proclaimed by his godless companions.

On the day of which we are speaking

a final and decisive step was to be taken in the path but lately entered upon. A secret society was to be formed, the chief and only aim of which was war to the knife against the kingdom of God upon earth. The rules of this association were already drawn up, and this evening the members were to be sworn in the name of "the goddess of Reason and Liberty." Claude de Granville had made up his mind to join it, and now only one thing remained to be done before he repaired to his club to carry his resolution into effect.

However, to tell the truth, the accomplishment of this one thing was not so easy as Claude had fancied. "Every trace of belief in God must first of all be done away with." Before joining the union each one was required to give his word of honor that not a single sign of anything appertaining to religion was left in the rooms tenanted by a would-be member of the "godless association." Such was the indispensable, inevitable condition.

Claude had already more than once attempted to carry out this obligation, but each time an unseen hand seemed to hold him back from destroying the mementos that were left him of better times, and which he valued for several reasons. To-day—O accursed day!—it could be put off no longer. There was no time to be lost. Claude stopped short in his restless roaming and glanced at the clock, whose rapid ticking seemed to urge him to act promptly. His hat, gloves and overcoat all lay ready.

"Now, then, old boy, show that you are not a fool or a baby!" he said aloud, as if to brace himself for his sacrilegious act. "Here goes number one!" So saying he stepped up to the wall and hastily pulled down a picture. The soft light of evening glinted caressingly on it, lighting up the inscription: "Souvenir of First Communion." O Claude, Claude, what are you doing?

Unwonted thoughts rose up in the

young man's mind as he gazed on the faded dedication, inscribed by a beloved and hallowed hand,—the hand that had poured on his head the water of baptism and dispensed to him for the first time the Bread of life. A secret voice spoke to his heart, entreating him to replace the picture on its nail—at that moment a whistle sounded in the street, and the noisy merriment of some of his comrades passing by to their place of meeting fell on his ear. Crack went the frame, crash went the glass, and the torn and crumpled card was flung behind the fire. Claude bit his lips as he watched the flames consuming the cherished memento of his happy childhood.

He already began to repent of what he had done; but the clock striking the hour warned him that there was no time to be lost.

"I am in for it now. Here goes number two!" he said.

He stretched out his hand and hastily took down another frame. In the waning light he read for the last time the words: "Certificate of Admission to the Students' Sodality of Our Lady." How many hallowed memories of bygone days—blessed days of spiritual joy—those words evoked! Claude shook his head angrily, defiantly, as if to free himself from their importunity, and with one sharp blow he shattered the glass. Brightly the flames leaped up to seize their prey, as the prayer of consecration to the Blessed Virgin was flung into the grate.

Claude stood staring like one dazed at the paper as it curled and crackled in the blaze. He did not hear the distant bell that rang out the Angelus in plaintive tones; or the few solemn, dirge-like notes that followed,—a mournful appeal for prayers for the faithful departed.

Again a shrill whistle from below roused him from his reverie. He started, and, pulling himself together, prepared to obey its summons.

"I shall soon have done," he said

to himself. "Here goes number three!"

The sun had set and twilight was fast fading into night, but the flickering flames cast a rosy glow over the room. The only religious object on which the firelight fell was the statuette of Our Lord on the bracket, causing the thorn-encircled heart on the Saviour's breast to look as if bedewed anew with freshly-shed blood. A dark shadow was cast on it: Claude's hand as he reached up, not without trembling, to take it down,—the last birthday present his father had given him. One of the vases of flowers fell and was shattered to pieces, while the figure was unmoved. It could not be spared, however: it too must be sacrificed before Claude could join his friends. In fact, it was high time for him to go: the others would be waiting for him.

So his sacrilegious hand was once more raised to seize the statuette—but what was to be done with it? He could not put it into the fire. He tried to break it by striking it against the edge of a little table, but the table fell over and the image remained whole. With an impatient exclamation, he opened the door of a cupboard and flung it down among some old lumber; then, hastily snatching up his hat and coat, he turned to leave the room. He must not, would not be the last to put in an appearance at his club,—the last to be enrolled in the godless union!

One moment he stopped to strike a match and light the cigarette he had taken out of his case. As the match momentarily illumined the room—as Claude was in the act of putting it to the cigarette between his lips—the sight of something glittering beneath his mother's portrait arrested his attention. It shone like silver,—what was it? It was something which he had entirely overlooked—his mother's rosary, from which a silver crucifix was suspended.

"O Claude, Claude!" Was it really a voice from another world calling on him

by name, or was it the unexpected sight of his mother's rosary that startled him so strangely?

The young man stood rooted to the spot, overwhelmed by the thoughts that crowded in upon his mind. The match died out and fell to the floor. All was dark around him. He forgot that he had to go—that he was eagerly expected; he forgot everything but the vision that rose before his mind's eye.

He saw his mother, with the sweet, placid expression in her kind eyes, sitting in the familiar armchair, holding the well-worn rosary in her soft white hands. He remembered how, when a little boy, he had in his childish way asked her one day: "Mamma, why are you always playing with the beads on a string?" How vivid the recollection was! And how distinctly he seemed once more to hear, after the lapse of so many, many years, her gentle voice answering: "O Claude, mother has no time to play now! She has to pray—to say her beads for her darling boy, that he may never forget his God, or come short of eternal happiness."

At that time the "darling boy" did not understand what was meant by forgetting God or losing heaven. But now—now he understood it and felt it in its dreadful reality. The sight of the rosary had revealed to him the wickedness, the vileness of what he had done, of what he contemplated doing; and a pang of grief, of remorse, shot through his soul. He thought with horror and disgust of the faithless, impious companions for whom he had sacrificed all that he had formerly held most dear and sacred. He no longer saw himself on the eve of being completely emancipated from the trammels of superstition: he saw himself on the brink of a yawning abyss, into which he would fall and be irretrievably lost unless he held fast to the last link connecting him with his God-fearing mother.

How did Claude act? He threw his

cigarette behind the fire, switched on the electric light, and tenderly, reverently took down the likeness and the rosary from the wall. Yes, that was just how she had looked—so kind and loving in her maternal solicitude—on the day when she told him she must say her beads for her darling boy, lest he should enter on the way of perdition.

"No, mother, you shall not have said so many prayers for your 'darling boy' in vain. His eyes are opened now."

Claude hung up coat and hat, and seated himself at the table, gazing at his mother's beloved features and the beads she had fingered so untiringly. Presently his eyes grew dim, and for the first time since her death two tears fell upon his clasped hands.

At that moment his servant entered with a note from his club. It ran thus:

Why have you not come? All are here except you. Pray do not fail to come—and to come at once. *Vivat impietas!*

THE GODLESS CLUB.

Claude did not hesitate a moment. He wrote across the card, *Vivat pietas!* and on the other side the words:

I am not coming. I regret ever having joined you. You will see me no more. *Vivat pietas!*

CLAUDE DE GRANVILLE.

He put the card into an envelope, and bade his servant tell the messenger that it was useless to come again: further communications should be returned unopened. When the door closed behind the man, Claude gave a sigh of relief. He felt that the malign spell was broken, his intercourse with "the godless" cut off once and forever.

He did not consider it below his manly dignity to raise to his lips the little crucifix of the rosary hallowed by his mother's use, by her prayers to Heaven on his behalf. Looking round, his eye fell on the empty spaces where his pious mementos had formerly hung. He struck his breast in bitter regret and glanced toward the hearth—but there were only smoldering embers left,—

the flames would not give back their prey. Stop! Surely something at least might be saved.

Claude ran to the cupboard and sought anxiously for the statuette that he had thrown there. Heaven be thanked, he found it uninjured! It had fallen on an old altar-cloth which his mother had once embroidered for a May altar in honor of our Blessed Lady, to please her "darling boy," and which had lain there rolled together for years. With a grateful heart De Granville carried the image of our Saviour back to his room, and replaced it on the bracket. Then he went again to the lumber-room and hunted in an old chest for two little brass candlesticks. There were still two ends of wax taper in them; these he lighted and stood them on each side of the image; underneath he placed his mother's likeness, with the rosary round it. That was his little oratory; for a long time he knelt there, recalling the prayers his pious mother had taught him, learning again to pray from her whose rosary had been the means of saving him at the most perilous juncture of his life, and bringing him back to God and to happiness.

LET us never forget that the great work itself we want done is, after all, not done by men but by God Himself, using or not using men as seems to Him good; and therefore that always our most effectual working will be prayer to Him that He may be pleased Himself to work. A single prayer offered in secret to Almighty God by some devout soul, unknown to the world, can effect more than our most elaborate articles or brilliant and stirring editorials. God loves the simple and humble, and will do anything for them. The times are fearful, the dangers are thick and threatening. Let us betake ourselves to prayer as the surest and speediest remedy.—*Dr. Brownson.*

The Finding of a Lost Literature.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

OF all the extraordinary work that is being done unnoticed in odd corners of the earth, perhaps the most interesting to the studious world is that of those silent monks who are devoting their lives to the finding of a lost literature. What Cardinal Angelo Mai did for the Vatican Library, what Canon Mazzochi accomplished for the Museo Borbonico in Herculaneum, these nameless monks, self-exiled on their lonely islands, hope to accomplish with the treasures that have for centuries lain hidden in the book rooms of Ionian monasteries.

In that fairyland of fable and of beauty which we know as the Greek Archipelago, the wanderer may sail for weeks together amongst islands famous or forgotten, whose wooded slopes and barren limestone cliffs, sculptured by the restless tides, are reflected in the blue waters of a windless sea. Here are Mitylene the Beautiful, treeless Ithaca, Scio of awful memory; lonely Patmos, where John the Beloved wrote of a land "where there was no more sea"; Milo, the island of alum and Aphrodite; Praxo, where Pan made music; Delos, the Holy, Paros the royal marble quarry; towering Samothrasia, the Ararat of Greek antiquity; Delphi, the seat of the oracle; grape-laden Naxia, where Bacchus was born; Calauria, where Socrates died; and barren Gyræ, where field mice nibble at iron ore.

Over a smiling sea, white-winged fellucas, or swift Grecian barques, with huge lateen sails, follow those birds the Turks call "wandering souls" to scenes beautiful as any Claude has painted. Far off the snow-clad Albian ranges reflect a sky that is here a vast arch of mother-of-pearl. The iridescent sea, in whose clear depths the haunting octopus

gives chase to shoals of gold and silver fish, breaks with an organ roll of lazy surf on each sun-smitten shore. Through gorges veiled with purple haze or dark with cloud-shadow lie vistas of tiny towns clinging to the sides of ravines; of gray-green groves of olives centuries old; of great monoliths supporting the tottering entablature of ruined temples; and of monasteries remote and inaccessible as eagles' eeries. Clouds of locusts chirp in the shimmering air, that is heavy with the odor of ripening fruit; flocks of turtle-doves sob to their mates through the year-long summer days; and the coming of evening only serves to show the convent lighthouses that mark each headland, the star-strewn sky, and the moon under whose silvery rays the tranquil isles are visible all night.

In a land where earth and air and sky cry out on industry, a forgotten monk searching some volume of sacred lore discovered that a second meaning lay hidden in the writing of his book. Nor is this metaphor. Beneath the words he read, a second text, in older, statelier Greek, could be discerned,—a text whose classic phrases teased his flagging memory and taxed his failing sight. Everything is possible to the patient; and so by little and little, his hands trembling with eagerness as he traced the dim, elusive script, this student who has gone to fill an unmarked grave brought back to a waiting world a pre-Christian copy of the Iliad.

Immediately the brethren of his monastery and of all the monasteries of the Ægean Sea began a patient examination of every parchment tome, both sacred and profane, that had lain in their musty libraries time out of mind. Page by page, and even line by line, these cowed book-lovers scrutinized their volume. A classic might lie hidden beneath the bars of a choral; an epistle of Paul written in the first centuries, in a treasurer's account.

In the days when the Arab invasion

of Egypt did away with papyrus and made expensive parchment the material for books, needy and eager copyists resorted to strange shifts to secure materials. Sometimes a complete book of their writing is found intact, leaf after leaf; the earlier script showing like a shadow beneath and between the later writing. Sometimes two or three scattered pages alone remain,—pages that must needs be carried by trusty messengers to the distant copyists of other pages, until the whole text is recovered. But more often only a few precious paragraphs of some hoary and famous author in his earlier editions reward the patient searcher, who makes them serve to elucidate a passage long since become a puzzle to the schoolmen.

The scriptorium so long deserted is again filled with busy brethren patiently undoing the work of a bygone age. With incredible care these absorbed palimpsests erase from the parchment pages the medieval writing that half conceals the ancient text beneath. Fortunately, the ancient ink, made from pigment and laid on with a split reed, gave a writing large and with no separation of the words and syllables.

Penmen of the so-called Dark Ages, made economical by necessity and the cost of good sheepskin, sought at least partially to destroy this text by washing with lye, by boiling in oil, and by scraping. Now, aided by powerful lenses and equally powerful acids, modern scribes—who are also scientists, learned in Greek and Latin, Hebrew and the tongues of the Pentecost,—are destroying the last impression, that they may reach the earlier writing. Sometimes two and even four tiers of text are found on one parchment, each made more legible by the different "falling" of the writings. When the basis of the ancient ink was carbon—as the smoke of resin,—it is brought out with an infusion of galls; when it was vegetable—as the lees of wine,—it now responds to muriatic

acid; when it was animal—as the ink of the cuttlefish,—it grows dark again in a bath of prussic acid.

Canon Mazzochi has but to unroll the carbonized *papyri* found at Herculaneum, fastening the fragile flakes to gold-beater's leaf inch by inch. What he did was incredible but tangible; the rolls that look like the charred branches of trees still show traces of the ancient ink.

Instead, the monks of the Grecian Sea have set themselves to produce a lost oration of Cicero, or an early essay in Biblical criticism, on the seemingly blank pages from which they have just washed a medieval sermon or an extract from Tasso. Is all this effort to little purpose? That depends entirely upon the point of view. A lifetime given to deciphering one book, or fragment of a book, seems a great price to pay. But is it too high a price for the privilege of adding something to the sum of human knowledge.

With the finding of a lost literature, our histories of art and philosophy and the life of nations must needs be rewritten, the tenets of Biblical criticism readjusted. Every extract from Plato and Aristotle discovered, every lost play of Plautus found, every recovered book of Cicero, every fragment of early liturgy or comment of the Fathers deciphered, every third or fourth century copy of the Epistles that reaches us, leads to new sources of information of which, perhaps, the patient palimpsest never dreamed.

But for the awful havoc wrought in convent libraries by the book-burners of the Protestant Revolt, modern students might hope one day to decipher in reinscribed tomes all the wisdom of the ages. Meantime the student monks whose peaceful monasteries were safely without the path of the storm that shook Europe in the sixteenth century are busy with their transcriptions. The beacon lights with which they have illumined the dark waters of an uncharted sea are but a symbol of the high purpose to which they are devoting their lives.

A Chaplain's Courage.

THERE are many varieties of physical courage. Men brave as the bravest in the ordinary dangers of life, fearless as heroes amid the deadly perils of the battlefield, will suddenly display the timidity of children in circumstances that warrant no anxiety whatever.

During the Crimean war Herbillon's division of the French army suffered considerably from the ravages of the cholera. When the sickness was at its height and the death rate daily growing, the whole body of soldiery grew greatly disturbed, and conversation on all sides became very gloomy. What troubled the men most was the conviction that the pest was actively contagious,—that the mere touching of a cholera patient or victim communicated the dreadful disease. Accordingly, the camp impressed them as a region of terror; and, strong as was their sense of duty, their continual anguish threatened to demoralize them completely.

The French General had employed every available means of restoring the spirits of his battalions, and with the majority had been successful. The troops had shaken off their unreasoning fears in all parts of the camp save one. In that particular quarter the epidemic raged with especial severity and the soldiers were still dominated by terror.

"What in the world shall we do, Father?" said the General one evening to Father Parabère. "Those fellows appear to me to be actually afraid, to have succumbed to fear."

"Oh, then, Fear must be shown that we are Frenchmen and Christians. Leave the matter to me, General."

The chaplain made his way to the quarter indicated. A poor soldier was just at his last gasp. Father Parabère knelt down by him, consoled him, gave him absolution, and finally when death came closed his eyes. Then he called

the dead man's comrades near the body, and endeavored to persuade them that the disease was not contagious,—that there was not the least danger. Some of the men shaking their heads incredulously, he continued:

“Eh! You still seem to doubt. You don't believe me to-night? Well, we'll see whether you won't take my word for it to-morrow.”

Without more ado, the chaplain quietly lay down alongside the dead body, and disposed himself to pass the whole night with this novel bed-fellow.

Father Parabére remained at his post for a good many hours, leaving it only when called to assist another dying man. The next morning the incident was related all over the camp; and the soldiers, after ejaculating, “Our chaplain's not afraid, anyway,” concluded that they might very sensibly throw aside their own fears.

A Remarkable Relic.

A CURIOUS and interesting object—
an incorrupt hand which many believe to be the hand of St. James the Apostle—is preserved in the little Catholic church at Marlow, Bucks, England. We are indebted to Mr. J. G. Badger, a resident of Marlow, for a photograph of this remarkable relic taken by himself. There is no conclusive proof that it is the hand of the Apostle, but it certainly is incorrupt. It was found in the ruins of Reading Abbey at the beginning of the last century, and for a long time was exhibited in a little museum at Reading. In 1853 possession of it was secured by the late Mr. Scott Murray, of Danesfield, who preserved it with pious care in a chapel on his estate. The relic was presented to the church at Marlow by Mr. C. A. Scott Murray in 1896. The previous history of the relic—so far as is known—is thus related by the editor of the *London Sphere*:

There is certainly a great gulf separating the date A. D. 44 [when St. James was put to death by Herod Agrippa] from the first tradition of the hand of the Apostle. This is in an old chronicle by the Bishop of Altino, dated about A. D. 640, who, with his flock, seeking safety from the barbarian invasion, carried his treasures and relics, including the hand, to the Island of Torcello. Then we hear of it as being in the possession of the Emperor Henry IV.; and it was kept with the imperial regalia until the death of Emperor Henry V., in 1123, when his widow, the Empress Matilda, daughter of our King Henry I., brought it to England. The Empress gave the hand, in 1133, to Reading Abbey; and it is mentioned by Matthew Paris, and by Hovenden, early in the thirteenth century. There is a letter from Frederick I. of Germany to our Henry II. begging that the hand might be returned to him. There can scarcely be a doubt that the hand, whether genuine or not, was at Reading Abbey from the time of Henry II. to the Reformation, when one of Cromwell's visitors saw it at the Abbey and reported it to Henry VIII.'s vicar-general. Reading Abbey, of course, fell to pieces in the year succeeding the Reformation, and nothing more seems to have been heard of the hand until quite modern times. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, there are several records of the finding of a human hand buried among the stonework of the ruined Abbey at Reading. It was very naturally assumed on the part of the antiquarians that this must be the hand of St. James that had been concealed by the monks in their flight.

We agree with Mr. Badger that this remarkable relic' is well deserving of having its authenticity investigated. The late Father John Morris, S. J., an authority of no small reputation, who was at one time rector of Marlow, was satisfied, it is said, that the treasured relic of Reading Abbey had descended to Marlow church.

THE Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same, and yet be always developing.—*Mallock.*

The Blight of Unbelief.

IT has been truly said by a recent anonymous writer that the pessimism and weariness of life from which our age is suffering so severely is not so much due to any one of those minor causes to which the wise ones of the world are so apt to refer it, as to the absence of that strong and all-conquering faith in the existence of God and in His constant guidance of the individual life which Christianity emphasizes and confirms so strongly, and without which human nature at best remains imperfect and incomplete.

A prominent non-Catholic member of the famous Metaphysical Society of London, an association to which Cardinal Manning, Dr. Ward, and Father Dalgairns, as well as Huxley, Tyndall, and Dr. Martineau, belonged, tells of the strange contrast he noticed in the countenances of those distinguished men at a meeting when all of them happened to be present. "I was very much struck by the marked difference between the expression of the Roman Catholic members of our Society and all the others. No men could be more different among themselves than Dr. Ward and Father Dalgairns and Cardinal Manning,—all of them converts to the Catholic Church. But, nevertheless, all had upon them that curious stamp of definite spiritual authority which I have never noticed on any faces but those of Roman Catholics. In the Metaphysical Society itself there was every type of spiritual and moral expression.... But in the countenances of our Roman Catholic members there was no wistfulness: rather an expression which I might almost describe as a blending of grateful humility with involuntary satiety,—genuine humility, genuine thankfulness for the authority on which they had anchored themselves."

No such expression was observable in

the looks of the other members. Huxley 'made one feel that his slender definite creed in no respect represented the cravings of his larger nature; Tyndall's eloquent addresses frequently culminated with some pathetic indication of the mystery which to him surrounded the moral life; the somewhat melancholy faith which seemed to be sculptured on Dr. Martineau's massive brow shaded off into wistfulness in the glance of his eyes.'

All this is, of course, nothing more than an involuntary testimony to the fact which daily experience brings home most forcibly to each one—namely, the insufficiency of human reason as a guide to truth beyond certain limits; the limited nature of the mental powers, and their inability to satisfy all the cravings of the soul. They who so boldly assert the supremacy and self-sufficiency of reason not only contradict themselves in their own practical life and conduct, but oftentimes are forced to express their admiration for those who, whilst exercising freely and to their fullest extent the powers of their divinely-bestowed reason, rest firmly and securely on an infallible authority, by which they are led to the vision of truth in all its fulness and splendor. The sense of security which animates and sustains the Catholic mind in its investigation of truths of the spiritual order, and the absence of any "feeling of disappointment" and uncertainty, can easily be accounted for from the fact that the child of the Church has learned to recognize the true province and office of reason; and, as regards that which is known to be above and beyond its reach, to follow the guidance of that authority established for the enlightenment and direction of mankind by Him "who is the true Light, that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

CONCEIT may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—*Ruskin*.

Notes and Remarks.

Hundreds of addresses have been delivered at college commencements in this country during the past two weeks, but we venture to say that no wiser or manlier utterance has been heard anywhere than these words of that great Negro, Booker T. Washington, to the young Negroes graduated from his Tuskegee Institute: "Be simple and humble, and if you have any element of value in your character the world will soon find it out. There is great strength in simplicity. Simplicity and humbleness are the signs of greatness. No man who actually does something, regardless of race or color, to help forward the progress of the world, is permanently left without reward or encouragement." These sentences will bear rereading. They ought to be proof enough that the best way to solve the race problem is to strengthen the arm of men like Booker T. Washington. Perhaps a century hence orators will glorify him as "Washington, the father of his people."

That the charity of millionaires is undesirable in any community is a general proposition laid down by certain collegiate gentlemen who censure the Chicago University's acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's benefactions. Broadly stated as above, the proposition is of course unsound, is opposed to the common-sense of the world at large; and, moreover, runs counter to the Christian theory of the wealthy man's moral duties. Except on the assumption that all millionaires have acquired their millions dishonestly, the contention that their charity is undesirable is on the face of it ridiculous, unless almsdeeds be read out of the list of good works. We are aware of no principle in ethics or theology that forbids those in need of the corporal works of mercy to receive such charity at the hands of the rich. To feed the

hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, and to receive the homeless have ever been regarded as meritorious acts, and one's obligation to perform such acts becomes proportionately stringent as one's opportunities and powers to perform them increase. Even as to ill-earned wealth, it is difficult to see how effective restitution, in the complex conditions of modern business, can be better made than by devoting it to charity. The trouble with most millionaires, we are inclined to think, is that they give far too little. One thing is tolerably certain: they will never be at a loss to find recipients of their bounty, be it trifling or magnificent.

We have more than once noted the infrequency with which of late years the utterances of Ferdinand Brunetière are quoted by periodicals which used to cite him often and at length. Presumably, M. Brunetière's practical and aggressive Catholicism has something to do with his waning popularity among American periodicals. In any case, our readers will probably thank us for furnishing them in this number with a translation of one of the virile and luminous discourses with which the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is energizing his coreligionists. Much of the discourse will be found to be of general application.

In his address to the graduates of Vassar, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the successor of Horace Greeley, made a powerful plea for a return to the Christian standard of social morals, and called on the Vassar girls to labor for the purification of society. Mr. Reid said, among other good things:

Outside the immediate and inestimable effect on the family, the conservative power of educated women naturally will show its influence on social life. They surely will help to check its degradation. They certainly will correct the prevalent vicious conception of its real scope. From this

degrading conception comes the constant craze for newspaper publicity and every other form of publicity. If the conduct of the so-called inner circles of society has sometimes seemed to justify this brazen uproar at their gates, so much greater the demand for the conservative influence and the real refinement that come from the high training of superior women. When higher ideals do return, the powerful influence of educated women surely will array, as never before, the best of their sex in compact, resistless phalanx against a social evil, alarming, degrading or demoralizing, which steadily has become almost too common to provoke surprise—the transformation of marriage from a sacrament of God into a thoughtless and headlong business or social arrangement, to be dissolved almost at pleasure. Six hundred and fifty-four thousand persons divorced in this country in the last twenty years! Such is the deplorable record on which Roman Catholic and Protestant clergy are already appealing for a union of all moral agencies to resist this downward rush of the multitude.

No doubt Mr. Reid is aware that in innumerable convent schools the academic curriculum of Vassar is supplemented by a regular and systematic training in the ideals which he urged upon his fair auditors. It is well, of course, that Vassar girls should hear, if only occasionally, such wise and conservative exhortation; and all the better that it should come from so experienced a man of the world as Mr. Reid. But a single lecture does not make an education; and it is to our Catholic women, developed under the influence of the Sisters, that we must look for such a regeneration of society as Mr. Reid desiderates.

In 1899, and again in 1901, the priests who are attached to the Church of the Sacred Heart, on Montmartre, Paris, organized the monster religious excursion known as the Men's National Pilgrimage to Lourdes. The third pilgrimage was set down for the present year; but for some months back there has been considerable doubt and uncertainty as to the possibility of proceeding with it. The missionaries at Montmartre have been expelled; and among the few authorized Congregations, it was difficult

to see which one would dare take the initiative and assume the responsibility of the undertaking. There is in consequence much satisfaction among the clients of Our Lady of Lourdes at the announcement made in a late number of the *Messenger du Sacré-Cœur*, to the effect that the pilgrimage has been resolved upon, and that his Eminence Cardinal Richard has accepted the presidency thereof. We are unfeignedly glad that this decision has been reached; for, assuredly, France has seldom stood in more urgent need of genuine piety among her men on the one hand, or of the special protection of the Blessed Virgin on the other.

Writing from Kroonstad (Orange Free State) to *Les Missions Catholiques*, the Oblate missionary, Father P. J. Morin, gives some very interesting information as to conditions in South Africa. There is throughout the country, it appears, a lamentable lack of social union. Not only do profound dissensions separate the Boers from the English, but violent animosity reigns among the Boers themselves. Those of the Boers who took sides with the English long before the end of the war, are held in execration by their brethren who were in favor of holding out to the last gasp of the last man of Boerdom.

After stating that another element of dissolution is the Kafirs, of whom there are in Kroonstad 6000 as against 2500 Whites, and affirming that the fears of those who predict a general revolt of the Blacks are well-founded, Father Morin continues: "It must be confessed, however, that the action of the American Negroes who have been at work here for almost a year, and who frequent especially the great Kafir centres, is inauspicious. Under the pompous title of the Ethiopian sect, they exhort the masses to raise the standard of revolt against the Whites generally, and to exact wages fully as high as those

accorded to white laborers. They will not succeed, however, in bringing about a general revolt: the Blacks in this country will never combine to fight the Whites. For the time being the peril lies not there. The real danger is that, thanks to their insidious measures and to the natural indolence of the Kafirs, thanks, too, to the immoderately high wages paid to the latter during the war, these Kafirs will refuse to furnish the labor necessary in a new country like this. That is the serious question. It preoccupies Chamberlain. During his visit to Africa, he made several long speeches on the subject, and threw considerable dust into peoples' eyes; but he failed to indicate the true solution of the problem. It is quite possible that, sooner or later, we shall be obliged to have recourse to the Chinese for that manual labor without which the South African is condemned to remain in a lamentable *statu quo*.

We have no wish to deserve, and a careful examination of the editorial conscience assures us that we do not deserve, the reproach of a subscriber in England who laments "the very anti-British spirit" of this magazine. We are *pro* all good things and persons without distinction of race, creed or party; and we are *anti* shams, frauds, and evil principles only. Hating persons or peoples is a small business for any grown man to be in. All the great constructive motives reside in great loves. Love of God upbuilds the Church, love of country upbuilds the State, domestic love is the great home-builder. Charity, patriotism and social virtue are all rooted in great loves. Hatred is a mere destroyer: the gospel of hate is the gospel of hell. As for England, every schoolboy knows that certain aspects of her government—the protection and support she gives to Christian missionaries in her dependencies, for instance, and her comparative fairness in dealing with the Church at

home—are absolutely without parallel in modern civilization. The Catholic laymen of England, as a body, are superb. We think several other nice things about England and Englishmen; and we repeat that it would be no comfort to us to feel that anybody regarded a magazine whose mission is to spread devotion to the Mother of God as anti-British in spirit. The powers and principalities which we oppose are older and stronger than England.

According to the president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Frank Billings, there are in this country six-score superfluous medical schools that annually graduate some two thousand superfluous doctors. On the basis of one physician to six hundred people, room is made each year for about three thousand new doctors, but the yearly output of the schools is five thousand. Dr. Billings suggests, as a remedy for this evil of an overcrowded profession, a lessening of the ease with which a medical degree can now be secured in this country. The evolution of medicine in late years has necessitated, for a thorough mastery of the science, laboratories far more completely equipped than are those of the great majority of existing schools; and increased prominence given to laboratory work will probably be the main method of limiting that supply of doctors which is apparently at present in considerable excess of the demand.

If the editorial utterances of our great secular dailies may be considered shadows which coming political events cast before them, legislation of a somewhat drastic nature may be looked for to restrict the present tide of immigration from Europe into this country. The New York press very frequently nowadays comments on the rapidly increasing percentage of Italians and

Jews in that city,—a percentage that bids fair before another decade to surpass that of the hitherto most numerous foreign-born citizens, the German and the Irish. It is interesting to note that of the population of our American metropolis, the second largest city of the world, only about one-fifth are native Whites of native parentage. Opinions as to the desirability of certain classes of immigrants will naturally vary; but it is likely that restrictive legislation will be advocated against certain elements recognized by all as a burden, not a blessing, to the Republic.

Bishop Hanlon's vigorous protest in the *London Times* against the demoralizing practice of transporting the native Christians from Uganda to work the mines in the Transvaal is all the more convincing when one remembers the infinite patience and toil involved in bringing the Bishop's flock to their present state of development. Some time ago the process was described by the *Tablet* in an article from which we quote this paragraph:

According to the density of the Catholic population in each locality, the missions are divided into blocks varying from twenty to one hundred miles square; and in the central station of each live the two priests in charge—the rector and his curate. The process by which Catholic teaching is radiated in all directions from this point is by the creation of catechumenates, served by picked native instructors, at distances of from one to six hours' march. The first step in the foundation of one of these minor centres is the erection of a small reed shed with a thatched roof, which the men of the place build, while the women bring straw for the roof. Here the catechist gathers his little flock every Sunday by beat of drum, and repeats the catechism; in which he is followed by the catechumens, who thus learn the words by rote in the course of from three to four years.

Their private lives are also thoroughly looked into, and those that are in bad repute among their fellow-villagers are expelled from the flock. The more advanced catechumens will spend the day helping the backward ones, and those already baptized in teaching the unbaptized. It is a work of patience and tediousness, in which the same

question and answer may have to be repeated over and over for an indefinite number of times before the memory succeeds in retaining it. When the foundation of religious knowledge is thus thoroughly laid, the catechumen is placed under the instruction of the priests in the central station, where he undergoes six weeks' training in more-advanced Christian doctrine. So he passes to higher classes, and only at the end of six months is considered an aspirant for baptism, which is eventually conferred if his life during the previous probation has been free from reproach.

The missionaries have always taken courage in the thought that so much apostolic labor at least resulted in an unspoiled, if primitive, type of Christian; and it would be a tragedy indeed if the efforts of a generation of Christian heroes were made naught in a day by the white man's lust for gold.

Masonic myths, too common in the East, have extended to the West. This time the myth is about one of Washington's Masonic aprons, preserved at Leroy, Illinois. As the Masonic lodge at Alexandria, Virginia, has custody of a genuine apron, it is naturally disturbed by the false claim set up by the Leroy Lodge. Pastmaster Birrell writes thus to an Alexandria paper concerning the Illinois myth:

According to the Walcott letter, the apron at Leroy was presented to Washington five years before he became a Mason. As he was initiated, too, at the age of eighteen, he must necessarily have been thirteen years old—many years before he heard of the Marquis de Lafayette. This apron being one hundred and fifty-five years old, and it being a well-known fact that November 4, 1902, was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Washington's initiation into Masonry, you will doubtless perceive that the records of Masonry and the discrepancies in time and place and names in the record of Leroy Lodge point to the improbability—yea, the impossibility—of the claim made by it.

If our fellow-citizens of the "Mystic Tie" would examine most of their allegations respecting Washington's Masonic connections, they would find that nearly all of them are as discreditable as the story of the Leroy apron.



Fortuna.

THE STORY OF A GRATEFUL DOG.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.

DON SALVADOR arose very early, while Juanito was still asleep, and accompanied the *cura* to the village church, where he wished to say Mass. The priest had previously written to the incumbent, who our readers need hardly be told was the kind friend of Pasquale and Rosa, and the faithful guardian of our little Dellito, from whom we have been so long separated.

When they arrived at the church, the *cura* went to the sacristy, while Don Salvador entered at once. An old priest was saying Mass, a boy in neat surplice and soutane kneeling at his side. So like was he to Juanito that if the grandfather had come upon the little acolyte unawares he would have had no hesitation in affirming it was his own dear boy. And here he was duplicated, a little smaller, slighter, more delicate perhaps, but as like Juanito as it was possible for one human being to be like another.

The old gentleman had no longer a particle of doubt. His heart swelled with joy; he could hardly restrain himself. When Mass was over he hastened to the presbytery, to await the arrival of the *cura*, who had not finished his thanksgiving. The priest had observed Don Salvador, and sent Dellito in to inform the housekeeper that a strange gentleman would breakfast with them.

As the boy passed through the garden Don Salvador ran out and intercepted

him. Throwing his arms around the frightened and astonished child, he began to call him every endearing name that came to his mind, patting his cheek, kissing and caressing him, his whole form shaking with sobs.

"O my boy, my boy!" he exclaimed. "You do not know me, and you must think me mad; but I am your grandfather,—I am your grandfather. Your mother was my daughter, and you have a brother—my darling Juanito,—whom you shall see soon—very soon indeed. You are as like as twin cherries on a single stem."

If the *cura* had not appeared at this moment, the emotion of Don Salvador would have overcome him. Dellito had not been told anything, and was therefore totally unprepared for this scene; being even more in the dark than Juanito, who had been informed by his grandfather that he had once had a twin brother.

The *cura* now led the pair into the house, called his sister, and made Don Salvador take a glass of wine. Everything was then explained to Dellito, who until this moment had never doubted that Pasquale and Rosa were his father and mother. But the priest had not been ignorant of the fact that the child had been left on the step of the caravan, precisely as Cascabel had said; Rosa having told him the story. However, he had as yet seen no need of revealing the fact to Dellito, who honored and revered the memory of the humble but good and kind couple who had loved him so tenderly. Since Dellito had lived with him, his gentle manners, refined speech, and personal appearance, combined with his aptitude for learning, had often caused the priest to think he must be the child of superior parents. But he did

not wish to disturb the little fellow's mind by telling him this.

Don Salvador could not allow Dellito to leave his side, and said repeatedly:

"All we need now to make our happiness perfect is that Juanito should be here. Will you come with me to the inn to see him, Father?"

But the *cura*, now reinforced by the other, who had finished his Mass, said he would send Riso to the inn for the boy. He found him in the garden, the people of the inn having already observed his remarkable resemblance to Dellito, who was the pride of the whole village. Riso knew how to keep a secret: he said nothing to Juanito of what had occurred, but waited on the threshold to see the *dénouement*, when the boys should meet. It came speedily. Juanito entered, to find his grandfather with his arm around another boy exactly like himself, both in form and feature.

"Ah, grandpapa dear," he exclaimed, without an instant's hesitation, "you were asking me night before last if I remembered my little brother! Now I understand everything,—this is he!"

The last words ended in a sob. The children threw their arms around each other, the grandfather encircled them both in his embrace. There was not a dry eye in the room.

After their emotion and excitement had somewhat subsided breakfast was announced; and, seated at the table, Don Salvador related the story of the children, who were both entirely ignorant of it. The dreadful occurrence which had separated them so long and broken up a happy family had happened when they were about two years of age. Unable to endure existence in the place which had for him now only bitter memories, Don Salvador had removed to Pobiero, where he had resided ever since with his remaining grandson. When he had finished the recital he remarked:

"I can never cease to thank Almighty God for His mercy in reuniting these

dear, dear children. Now I can say with a light heart: "Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace!"

"Ah, no, grandpapa darling!" said Juanito. "Now you must live for both of us. We need you more than ever."

The two priests were almost as pleased as Don Salvador. When the time of parting came, Dellito was deeply affected, as was also the good priest, his benefactor, who had taught him so well all that it was necessary for him to learn. Don Salvador had no reason to be ashamed of his newly-found grandson. Somehow the story had spread abroad, and there was a large company of the villagers assembled in front of the inn to wish Dellito good luck in his new estate. When they reached their own home the ovation was something tremendous. A little bird must have flown ahead with the news; for they found the roadway near the house strewn with olive branches, and every able-bodied person in the village, young and old, was at the gate to welcome them. The crowd greeted the carriage with loud shouts: "Long live Don Salvador! Long live Juanito! Long live Señorito Carlos!"

"*Madre de Dios*," said one, "he is the image of our own dear boy! Oh, what joy, what happiness! Praised be God for this day!"

"Who is Señorito Carlos?" whispered Dellito to his grandfather.

The old man laughed merrily.

"Why, my child, it is yourself!" he replied. "Until now I have called you Dellito, but henceforward you will be known by your own name."

After the people had dispersed, and, walking between the delighted Atanasio and the weeping Polonia, our newly-found Carlos was about to enter the house of his grandfather for the first time, Fortuna suddenly bounded across the threshold, and, throwing himself on the boy, began his usual affectionate demonstrations of welcome.

"Well, that is truly wonderful!" said Polonia. "He thinks it is Juanito, the boys are so like each other."

But Dellito had already stooped to embrace the dog; and as he stood in the full light of the hall, those about him saw that there were tears upon his cheeks.

"O my Griso, my lost Griso!" he cried. "Where have you been so long, and how do I see you here?"

"But this is Fortuna, our own dog!" exclaimed Juanito, pushing through the group; whereupon the dog left Dellito, and returning to his master, began his previous performance, almost throwing the boy by his impetuous movements.

"It must be Griso,—my dear Griso," repeated Dellito. "There can not be two dogs so much alike in the world. Where did you get him, Juanito? How long have you owned him? See what I will do!" continued the excited boy, seizing his grandfather's stick and holding it high in air.

Instantly Fortuna leaped over it with joyful cries, as he was accustomed to do almost daily for Juanito.

"Yes, yes!" cried Juanito. "That is just what he does for us. Don't you remember, grandpapa, we thought he must have been with some show?"

"It is my Griso," persisted Dellito. "He strayed away when mamma died, and we could never find him. We thought the Gitanos had stolen him."

Juanito then told the story of the coming of Fortuna, and everybody was satisfied that he and Griso were one and the same.

"Now we can understand why on that first day, when the people thought him mad, he threw himself on Juanito with such symptoms of joy, as if asking him for protection," said Don Salvador.

"How happy he must have been!" said Dellito. "How strange that it should have happened so!"

While they were speaking Fortuna flew from one to the other of the boys,

looking up at them with a question in his intelligent eyes; barking, jumping, and almost wild with joy. All at once he seized Dellito's stocking between his teeth, drew him closer to Juanito, and, repeating the same action with the latter, held both stockings firmly in his mouth, looking up pleadingly at the brothers.

"It is as though he were saying, 'I belong to you both,—you are one!'" cried Polonia; while Atanasio mumbled, as reluctantly he tore himself away to attend to his duties:

"The dog's part is the strangest of the whole story."

Later Dellito learned the history of his brother's capture and rescue, and of the share Fortuna had in it.

In the drawing-room of Don Salvador's house hang two very large portraits of the father and mother of Juanito and Carlos; while on either side are similar portraits, though somewhat smaller, of the two boys, painted by a famous artist of Madrid. In the centre is a painting, by the same artist, of a dog so lifelike that one can almost fancy the animal is about to step out of the heavy gilt frame which encloses it; at the foot of the picture is the following inscription:

"The original of this picture was called Fortuna, and proved to those who had the good fortune of knowing him that in this world man reaps as he sows."

(The End.)

It is said that the expression *Alma Mater*, now so commonly used of universities and colleges, had its origin in the University of Bonn, from the beautiful statue of *Alma Mater* (the Blessed Mother of Christ) erected over the principal portal of the building. That magnificent edifice, originally intended as a palace for the Elector-Archbishop was finished in 1730, but has been used as a university since 1818.

African Lions and Elephants.

All properly constituted boys like stories of travel and adventure—even when the incidents narrated are purely fictitious, made up for the occasion by the story-teller or writer. When the tales enjoy the additional distinction of being real and true happenings, the interest is, of course, notably increased. It may be taken for granted, then, that our young folk will like to read the following extracts from the letter of an African missionary. Father Guyard is a member of the Congregation of White Fathers, and is engaged in evangelizing the natives of the district of Nyassa, in Central Africa. Writing recently to friends in France, he says:

“We were obliged to halt during our journey at a little village situated in the very depths of the forest, and we found the inhabitants truly panic-stricken. The night before a native was standing by a spring a few steps from his cabin, when a lion suddenly appeared and bounded toward him. The man tried to frighten him by throwing water on his head, but was at once seized and within few minutes was devoured on the spot.

At nightfall I was, accordingly, not surprised when my Blacks came to me and said:

“‘Father, we are afraid for you. You won't be safe under this tent: the lion will certainly come and eat you.’

“As a matter of fact, lions invariably return to the place where, the previous night, they have made a capture.

“‘Don't fear,’ I replied, although I was not at all confident. ‘If you hear a gunshot, you may take your arms and come to me.’

“With that I lay down and went to sleep; and the lion did not disturb me till about four o'clock the next morning. At that hour a tremendous roaring brought me to my feet with a bound.

It was the lion, sure enough! He had approached to a point within two hundred yards of me, and his roar was not the most agreeable music I have ever heard. I seized my gun and went outside. For an hour and a half the brute circled about my tent, emitting his terrifying roar at intervals but not coming near enough to afford me a shot. Then came the daylight and he disappeared, considerably to our relief.

“Before setting out on our day's journey, I told my attendants not to quit the caravan or straggle behind, as the lion must still be in the vicinity. My order was strictly obeyed for an hour or two, as the frightful roaring still resounded in their ears. About nine o'clock, however, the heat growing more intense and the walking more painful, some of the posters lagged behind the others, and were soon separated from us by half or three-quarters of a mile.

“Suddenly in a little valley traversed by a brook fringed with bushes, the joyous chatter of my men ceased all at once and the word *ozimbo* (man-eaters) was quickly passed around. We halted, and, about sixty yards ahead of us, saw three lions quietly observing us from the summit of a little hill.

“My gun was handed to me; but I had only two cartridges left, and that is not a reassuring amount of ammunition with which to confront three lions. Seeing, however, that the animals made no hostile demonstration, and that, deterred possibly by our numbers, they did not seem inclined to attack, I made signs to my people to continue the journey and at the double-quick.

“Unfortunately, four of the posters or carriers were far in the rear, and had almost lost track of us.

“‘Don't go, Father,’ said the Blacks. ‘If our companions are left alone: they'll surely be attacked and eaten. Let us wait for them.’

“The situation was getting critical; but as we could not reasonably, or at

least charitably, abandon the laggards, there was nothing for it but to wait for them.

"Facing three lions at liberty is quite a different experience from standing before their cages in a menagerie; and I must confess that the quarter of an hour's wait seemed terribly long. At last, however, the stragglers came up, and we continued on our way,—turning aside from the lion-guarded hill, you may be sure.

"In the course of the afternoon we came plump upon a herd of wild elephants. At the sight of these enormous brutes, my attendants forthwith took to their heels. I myself was not more than half at ease; but, seeing the indifference with which the elephants watched the flying natives, I concluded that there was no danger. In fact, I observed the herd for some time at my ease, nor did my curiosity appear to offend them. They kept on with their playing, now breaking great branches from some stately forest monarch, then with a mighty bellow pulling a younger sapling up by the roots."

Higher than the Stars.

Among the astronomers of the nineteenth century few were more renowned than M. Leverrier. He was specially celebrated for having discovered, in 1846, the planet Neptune. At the end of November, 1847, the Prefect of the Department of La Manche had Benediction in his chapel at St. Lo, and invited on the occasion a large number of distinguished persons. Among them was M. Leverrier, to whom everyone was eager to pay his respects. The Bishop of Constance remarked to him:

"Sir, it can not be said of you what is said of many others, that you have raised yourself to the clouds: you have raised yourself to the stars."

"My Lord, that is not sufficient. I

mean to ascend still higher; I meditate an enterprise much more important."

All present listened with great attention, anxious to know what new discovery the illustrious astronomer had in contemplation.

"Yes, my Lord," resumed M. Leverrier: "I mean to rise higher than the stars. I mean to ascend to heaven itself, and I hope your Lordship will assist me by your prayers."

Let each of us say with the famous astronomer: "And I, too, mean to ascend higher than the stars: I mean to ascend to heaven."

How the Swiss Cheese was Destroyed.

At the great Exposition in Paris, a huge cheese was exhibited by the farmers of Switzerland. It was higher than the walls of a large dining-room. It took the milk of hundreds of cows to make this cheese, besides an immense amount of work and skill in the making. Eighteen horses were required to draw the wagon on which it was loaded.

The farmers had directed that when the Exposition was over the cheese should be given to the poor in Paris. Accordingly, when the great show closed, a powerful truck drawn by eighteen horses was standing near, ready to carry the cheese away. As soon as the men tried to move it with ropes and pikes there was a great crash. The huge pile fell like a collapsed balloon. There was nothing left but an outside shell. What had done it? The rats! They had eaten the inside all away while the Exposition was going on.

THE ancient English coin called an "angel" was so named because it bore upon one side the figure of the Archangel Michael subduing the dragon. The "angel" was valued at about ten shillings.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The latest addition to the Temple Classics is St. Augustine's "City of God." (Healey's translation.) Edited by F. W. Russell, D. D. It is in three volumes. This excellent series, including so many desirable possessions, now numbers one hundred and fifty volumes.

—The analysis of the "Our Father" by St. Thomas of Aquin, edited in German by the Rev. J. G. Hagen, S. J., has been translated into English by a Visitation nun and published as a pamphlet by Benziger Brothers. The sublime truths embodied in the *Pater Noster* are set forth in such a way as to enable one to recite it intelligently and to find appropriate petitions for the various vicissitudes of life.

—The Macmillan Co. announce three volumes by Mr. W. B. Yeats: a new edition of "The Celtic Twilight," which is reprinted with a portrait and a number of additional chapters; "Ideas of Good and Evil," essays of more general interest than those in the previous book; and "Where there is Nothing," a play. Though well known in Ireland, Mr. Yeats has been practically unknown in this country; but these three volumes will afford an opportunity to Americans to judge of his rank among the younger Irish poets and essayists.

—A famous author of the present day who had already falsified the life and denied the divine nature of Christ, had no hesitation, as it may be supposed, in attacking one of His disciples, St. Paul. After having convicted the writer of falsehood, an erudite critic thus sums up the opinion of all the Doctors on St. Paul: "Paul, in his rich nature, is one of the most beautiful creations of the moral world; Paul, in his conversion, is the most remarkable conquest of grace; Paul, in his ministry, is the most powerful propagator of the Gospel; Paul, in his writings, is the most sublime Doctor of the New Law; Paul, in his life and in his death, is the most faithful witness of Jesus Christ."

—It may not be generally known that the great Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, who has been called the "modern Scott," lived for a short time in this country. About twenty-five years ago Sienkiewicz with Count Bozenta and his wife, who is popularly known as Mme. Helena Modjeska, and certain other Polish Catholics, went to California with the purpose of founding a colony upon the Brook Farm plan. Of course the project proved visionary; but its results were not the less happy on that account. Modjeska was compelled to learn English and return to the stage to repair her shattered fortunes; and Sienkiewicz, for a like reason, was obliged to resume the literary

labors which he had interrupted. Perhaps if the attempt at transcendentalism had proved successful, we should have had none of those noble historical novels "written for the strengthening of hearts," of which an unsympathetic but very high literary authority has declared that "they are not without their value in these days of low spiritual standards and moral skepticism."

—The familiar quotation beginning "I expect to pass through this world but once," has been found upon the tomb of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, in England. Some one has put the thought into rhyme, as follows:

Through this tiresome world, alas!
Once, and only once, I pass;
If a kindness I may shew,
If a good deed I may do
To any suffering fellowman,
Let me do it while I can;
Nor delay it, for 'tis plain
I shall not pass this way again.

—We have observed that a taste for memoirs and autobiography grows on men as they advance in years. Except to the confirmed novel-reader, there is no form of light literature at once so stimulating and so thoroughly enjoyable; hence the very marked increase in the production of memoirs is pleasant. Mr. T. D. Sullivan is the latest worker in this field. Though best known to the general public as the author of the popular ballad, "God Save Ireland," Mr. Sullivan has had a distinguished career in Irish politics and journalism, and was thus brought into close relations with many of the leading figures of his long day. His "Reminiscences," now almost completed, will be awaited with keen interest.

—If the English during the 17th century were not an eminently religious people, it was not the fault of the bookmakers, if we may judge from the titles of some of their works. In 1686 a pamphlet was published in London entitled "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At." About the same time a work called "The Snuffers of Divine Love" appeared. Cromwell's time was particularly famous for quaint title-pages. An author, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labors "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." Other contemporary books bear the following titles: "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant," "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant," "Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

Finally we have even a more copious description of contents: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added, William Humins' Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties Now Newly Augmented."

—It appears that American Catholics are not alone in permitting abuses in the public library system. A writer in the *Dublin Leader* tells of an Irish town—and we are assured the case is not exceptional—which is nine-tenths Catholic, yet only five per cent of the books in its public library are by Catholic writers; and of another library "where Catholics were as five to one and the periodicals in the reading-room in about inverse proportion so far as religious color was concerned. While *THE AVE MARIA* was allowed in only on the closest of close divisions, an additional English magazine, with its first four articles on Protestantism, and other two on Rationalism, by high-priests of respective creeds, was admitted without a dissentient." No wonder the Irish bishops find it advisable to devote a large share of their Lenten pastorals to the condemnation of dangerous reading.

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.

Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

A Story of St. Germain. *Sopie Maude.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey.* \$1.25.

The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley.* \$1.

The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P.* \$1.50, net.

The Art of Life. *Frederick Charles Kolbe.* 75 cts.

The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M Loyola.* 30 cts., net.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. *Rev. Horace K. Mann.* \$3, net.

Man Overboard! *F. Marion Crawford.* 50 cts.

Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. *Ludovicus Blosius, O. S. B.* 75 cts., net.

How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann.* \$1.50, net.

The Science of the Saints. *Rev. John Baptist Pagani.* 4 vols. \$6, net.

Life of St. Rita of Cascia. *Very Rev. Richard Conolly, O. S. A.* \$1, net.

Faith Found in London. \$1.10, net.

Anchoresses of the West. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$1, net.

The Bears of Blue River. *Charles Major.* \$1 50.

Rambles through Europe, the Holy Land and Egypt. *Rev. A. Zurbonsen.* \$1.

The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. *Edmund G. Gardner.* \$3, net.

The Sheriff of the Beech Fork. *Henry S. Spalding, S. J.* 85 cts.

George Eliot. *Leslie Stephen.* 75 cts., net.

The Girlhood of Our Lady. *Marion F. Brunowe.* \$1.

The Light Behind. *Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.* \$1.50.

The Pilkington Heir. *Anna T. Sadler.* \$1.25.

Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. *Isabel Lowell.* \$1.50, net.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D.* \$2.50, net.

Father Tom of Connemara. *Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Bartholomew Hartman, of the diocese of Alton; and Rev. James Moloney, diocese of Cleveland.

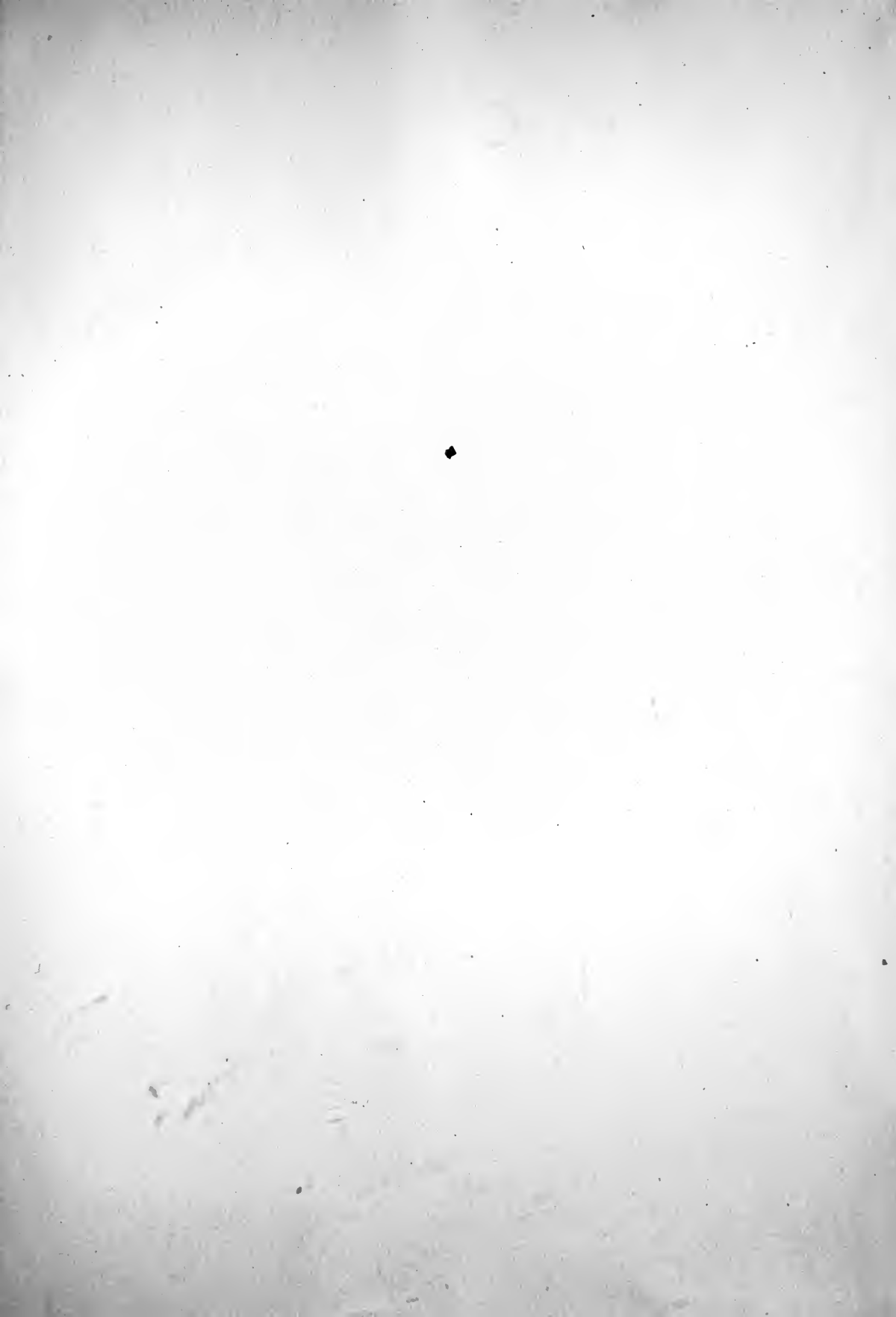
Sister M. Aidan, Sister M. Alcuin, and Sister M. Placidus, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William Armstrong, of Percy, Canada; Mr. J. J. Schumacher, Cleveland, Ohio; Mary Teresa Daly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. William Loughran, Butte, Mont.; Mrs. John Reister and Mr. J. J. Kerr, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Cummings, Everett, Mass.; Mr. John Shrenk, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Rosanna King, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Susan Kane, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Maria Nichol, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Dennis Farren, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. T. McCullough, Dubuque, Iowa; Mr. Oscar Le Brun, Belle Cœur, N. Dak.; Mary C. Curnen, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Julia Carey, Richwood, Wis.; and Mrs. John White, Norwich, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!









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Ave Maria.

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