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

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The Mystery of Love.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HOW runs the sap through all the varied ways
 No eye has counted, till it bursts in bloom
 And blossoms of the peach; or, from the gloom,
 Riots in roses in the later days?

What is the bended ray of light that plays
 Across the sky of June when storm-clouds loom,—
 A courier of the sudden thunder's boom
 That fills the gentle night with swift amaze?

○ mystic Food of Joy, which thrills the heart
 And permeates the essences of life
 Quicker than sap or world-encircling light!
 ○ Mystery of Love, transfixing dart
 Of God with man, through Thee his being is rife
 With potent warmth and radiant in Thy sight!

Our Lady's Canticle.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

DARKNESS has fallen and the outer world is in shadow; but from the open portals of the great cathedral of which I am thinking, light streams out into the gloom over the heads of the multitude who crowd its steps. Far in the distance the tall gold crucifix on the high altar can be seen, the central point of a blaze of splendor. Round the sanctuary white-robed clergy are ranged about their pontiff; nave and aisles are filled with the throng of worshipers. It is a feast of our Mother, and they are there to do her honor at this Vesper hour.

Those glorious Psalms of David have been sung, in which the Church offers to God, on Our Lady's days, her evening service of praise, with the antiphons wherein she sums up the meaning of each psalm and applies it to that mystery of the Faith which is the subject of her meditations for the season. First comes the Messianic hymn, which she seldom omits, with its assertion of the divinity and eternal priesthood of the Christ: *Dixit Dominus Domino meo, sede a dextris meis: donec ponam inimicos tuos, scabellum pedum tuorum.*—"The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool... Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."*

Thereupon follows that beautiful invitation to the "children" of God,—those who by reason of youth are innocent, and those who have become as little children in purity and meekness and holiness of heart: *Laudate pueri Dominum: laudate nomen Domini.*—"Praise the Lord, ye children; praise ye the name of the Lord." To these words, uttered by the deep tones of a magnificent bass, the pure, unimpassioned treble of young voices far off has replied: *Sit nomen Domini benedictum: ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum. A solis ortu usque ad occasum, laudabile nomen Domini.*—"Blessed be the name of the Lord, from henceforth, now, and forever. From the rising of the sun to the going down of the

* Ps., cix, 5.

same, the Lord's name is worthy of praise." And soon, in anticipation of words that will resound in the grand climax of the Vesper Office: *Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat, et humilia respicit in cælo et in terra?*—"Who is like to the Lord our God, who hath His dwelling on high, yet looketh down upon the lowly?"

To this have succeeded the three psalms, *Lætatus sum, Nisi Dominus*, and *Lauda Jerusalem Dominum*, which tell of the Holy City of Sion and its temple, types at once of the city of the saints, God's Holy Church, of the Heavenly Jerusalem above, and of the mystic city of God, the Ark of the New Covenant—Mary, the tabernacle of the Most High. The glad cry of the final antiphon has been heard: *Speciosa facta es, et suavis in deliciis tuis, Sancta Dei Genitrix.*—"Beautiful art thou become and gentle in thy gladness, O Holy Mother of God!" The venerable pontiff has sung the Little Chapter, an application to Our Lady by the divinely-guided Church of the words of Divine Wisdom: "From the beginning, and before the world, was I created; and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be; and in the holy dwelling-place I have ministered before him."*

The familiar strains of the *Ave Maris Stella*—"Hail thou Star of Ocean!"—that hymn dear to every Catholic heart, have but now died away; a hymn which, in accents trustful and loving, calls to our Mother with that mingling of reverence and affection which the sublime office of God's Mother and her position as a creature like ourselves make the very essence of our devotion to her. Peace and forgiveness through her intercession; a mother's loving care; holy chastity and meekness; a pure life and a safe journey to our home, where we shall look upon the face of Jesus,—these are the things we ask. And now the versicle and response are

heard: *Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.*—"Grant me to praise thee, O Virgin sanctified! Give me strength against thine enemies."

The supreme moment, to which tended all that came before, is reached. The harmonies of the great organ take a new character: an indescribable added sweetness enters into them as the singers break out into that plaintive cry for help which precedes the triumphant song of praise which we shall soon hear: "O Holy Mary, succor the wretched, strengthen the faint-hearted, comfort the sorrowful, pray for the people, plead for the clergy, make intercession for all women vowed to God; let all feel the might of thy intercession who celebrate thy holy feast."

Now, in clear tones, with the holy Sign of the Cross, the precentors give out the first words of the great canticle, the canticle of all canticles, in which all the praise of God's ancient Church of the Patriarchs and the Laws is summed up and re-echoed, with the added volume of the voices of the Redeemed, the children of the Catholic Church, blessing Him in Mary's own words for the source and crown of all His other benefits—the Incarnation of Mary's Son.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum. Clear and true the words ring out. There is a moment's pause while they resound through the sacred temple, and then a mighty burst of praise from choir and organ and the multitude of the people.

Et exultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo. There is a movement among the clergy: the pontiff kneels with them before the altar, ascends to the Holy Table, and a cloud of incense rises to the roof and casts sweet odors down like a breath from heaven upon the worshippers below.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum: et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari

* Ecclus., xxiv, 14.

meo. Thus, while the priest of God moves about the place of sacrifice, and the smoke of incense rises like the prayers of the saints, the sacred song goes up likewise to the Throne of God.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.

Our thoughts are carried far away to that Holy Land upon whose sacred soil the mystery of the Word made Flesh was consummated,—to the time when the humble Virgin of Nazareth first sang this song of praise. She has become the all-pure, all-holy tabernacle of the Most High God. She has heard the words of the Angel. He has saluted her “with a new word,” says Origen—*Ave, gratia plena*,—a “word I find not elsewhere in all the Scriptures.” “Of old it was a great thing,” observes St. Thomas of Aquin, “if angels appeared to men; and that men should do them reverence was held most praiseworthy. But that an angel should do reverence to man was never heard before the Angel saluted the Blessed Virgin Mary.”

She has heard the Angel's word, and she has feared and wondered. Her faith has undergone its supreme trial. She has believed and obeyed. “Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done to me according to thy word.” Willingly she has taken her stand beside her Son, to act with Him in the redeeming of the human race.

And now, moved by charity, and doubtless by a desire also to share her new-found gladness with one who had herself been wonderfully visited by God, she has come to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth. The Forerunner, sanctified in his mother's womb, has welcomed Mary and Him whom she bears; and Elizabeth has cried out with a loud voice words which are daily on our lips: “Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!”

And again, in wonder at the condescension of the Great One who has come to visit her: “Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?... Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord.”

Then at last the thoughts of Mary find utterance, and by her words the secrets of her heart are revealed. In silence hitherto she has pondered, and in silence she has communed heart to heart with her God who dwelt within her. But now she may contain her joy no longer; and, sublime antitype of all holy and inspired women that have gone before her, prophetess of the new Covenant of Grace and Truth, she breaks forth into that hymn whose sounds shall never die away: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*

It is worth our while to ponder and meditate upon every word of this hymn of Redemption, uttered by the greatest of God's creatures under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. “Three ideas sustain the burden of the whole *Magnificat*,” says the Abbé Fouard: “God's bounty toward her, His Providence toward the world, His merciful bounty to all Israel.” His bounty toward herself, in raising her to the high dignity of Mother of His Son, and in enriching her with all the unspeakable graces befitting her high estate; His Providence toward the material world, which has been sanctified and blessed and made a holy thing since Jesus trod its soil and lived in it and used it (the meanest things of earth have all been consecrated by His touch, and all creation has been liberated from the power and influence of the Evil One by His sacred presence); His Providence to the world of men, saved by the Incarnation of the Word; His bounty to Israel,—to the Old Israel

* “The Christ the Son of God,” vol. i.

and the New: to the people of the Hebrews, in making them the depositary of the promises which were to Abraham and His seed; to the New Israel, the spiritual children by faith of that same Abraham to whom and to his seed the promises were "forever," and in whom they are fulfilled.

All these things Mary sings, using a style and language with which from childhood she had been familiar,—the style and language of patriarch and prophet. "Nothing could show better how she had grown up with the knowledge of the holy books; for almost every phrase which she uses had been already consecrated by association with the revealed word."*

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit is made exceeding glad in God my Saviour.

"Because He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid:

"And behold 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 unto them that fear Him."†

To God she gives the praise for that great thing He has done to her, which fills her to overflowing with joy and gladness. How humbly and modestly she veils her stupendous gift—that closeness of union with her God, which is infinitely more than any favors of divine intimacy ever granted to the best-loved saints of God! Not Teresa, in her overwhelming converse with the God whose presence she so constantly and manifestly felt; not Francis, with his seraphic ardors of love divine, can compare with Mary, the Mother of God, from whom the Word made Flesh drew His very lifeblood.

And yet what does she say? How does she tell us this great thing? "He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid. . . . He that is mighty hath done great things to me." And then, looking back upon the history of God's dealings with His people, and looking forward to the blessings to come through her Son, she sums up the prophecies made to Adam: "I will put enmities between thee and the Woman, and between thy seed and her seed"; and to the holy patriarchs: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed"; she proclaims herself the one in whom they are fulfilled: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me. . . . And His mercy is from generation to generation unto them that fear Him."

She is the Woman of Genesis, whose Seed is to overthrow the power of the devil; she is the spiritual Mother of the children of Abraham, of that Church which is the mystical body of her Son,—the Church built upon the Rock of Peter, against which the gates of hell—the seed of the devil—shall not prevail. It was St. John, to whom her Son commended her upon the Cross, who saw her in the Vision of the Apocalypse, placed in opposition to the serpent. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. . . . And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and, behold, a great red dragon. . . . And the dragon stood before the woman, who was ready to be delivered; that, when she should be delivered, he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod; and her Son was taken up to God and to His throne. . . . And the dragon was angry against the woman; and went to make war with the rest of her seed, which keep the Commandments of God, and

* Fouard, op. cit.

† For the arrangement of the verses of the *Magnificat* I am indebted to the Abbé Fouard. "The Christ the Son of God," English translation.

have the testimony of Jesus Christ.”*

Then, looking to the future, Mary sees with prophetic vision the world and the world-spirit prostrate at the feet of the Son of David, whom she is soon to bring forth.

“He hath showed forth the might of His arm:

“He hath scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts.

“He hath cast down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.

“He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away.”

In the great frescoes of the Sistine Chapel by Michael Angelo, the creation of our first father is represented. The Almighty Father, depicted in the form of a man of venerable aspect, touches His new-made creature with but a finger's tip. The work of the creation of the world needed but a simple act of the divine will; but the new creation of Grace is a greater work even than this. In the creation of this kingdom of Grace and Redemption God put forth, according to the figure of Holy Scripture, the whole might of His powerful arm: casting down the proudest empires of the world; putting to shame the wisdom of philosophers by the foolishness of the Cross; raising His humble servants, the Apostles and their successors, to the supreme governance of His spiritual kingdom, in which those that hunger and thirst after justice receive their fill.

All this Mary foresees and foretells, knowing that she bears within her that Mighty One who shall accomplish these things,—the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, who has come to establish His blessed reign. Finally, reverting to the thought of the new Israel of God, inheritor of the ancient promises, she concludes with this glad augury of triumph:

“He hath received Israel His servant, “Being mindful of His mercies; (as He spoke to our Fathers) to Abraham and to his seed forever.”

Thus again the Second Eve proclaims herself the one in whom are now concentrated those mercies promised by God to Abraham and his seed “by the mouth of His holy prophets who are from the beginning.” She is the new Sara, not unbelieving as the first, but full of faith, in whom are now fulfilled the words spoken of old: “I will bless her, and of her I will give thee a son, whom I will bless; and he shall become nations, and kings of peoples shall spring from him.... And I will establish My covenant with him for a perpetual covenant.”*

So ends this wonderful canticle, “as simple as it is sublime,” destined to become in after ages the Church's Hymn of the Incarnation; the song of those who, having received in their own measure the gifts of divine grace—the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the Eucharistic presence of Our Lord,—may take to themselves Mary's word's and cry out with joy: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum.... Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est.*

This is the burden of the song which lingers in our ears when the holy Office is ended, and the Vesper lights have died away, and the sounds of choir and organ are but an echo in the memory, and the worshipers have departed and left the incense-laden temple to the abiding solitary Presence that dwells therein. There the lamp of the sanctuary alone now sheds its soft radiance, while shadowy forms of pictured saints look down, and holy angels keep watch and ward till with the light of day God's children shall come together again for the offering of the all-holy Sacrifice of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

* Apoc., xii, 1-17.

* Gen., xvii, 16-19.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XVII.—DURING JOHN'S ABSENCE.

JOHN set out the next morning, as he had promised. Let us leave him to take rail to Havre, steamer to New York, the river-boat to Albany, rail from Albany to Montreal, Montreal to Niagara; and in the meantime let us see what is passing at Marcilly on the banks of the Maulne.

Raymonde, as may be supposed, was very punctual in keeping her appointment with the Countess. On the day after the confession of her heart's secret she rode over to Marcilly, blushed a little when she heard of John's sudden departure, but was soon plunged into confidences with her friend.

There is no more interesting occupation than observing two women, one of whom is in possession of the secret of the other. The heroine of the romance is always a little anxious and troubled: she fears to meet with either blame or indifference. She does not wish to tell all, and yet would like everything to be known without the telling. It is sweet to be consoled, painful to be chidden; and her pride suffers the more keenly as her heart begins to feel less violent emotions.

The confidante fares better. In the first place, she feels naturally elated, from the fact that, while consoling her afflicted companion, she proves herself invulnerable. She is not displeased at sounding the depths of sentiments in which she has had no experience. This thought, however, is not without a tinge of regret; for one is not only jealous of those who are loved: one is jealous of those who love. "Jealous" is, perhaps, too strong a word; the sensation is indefinable, but it borders upon jealousy.

Christiana was not one of those

doubtful confidantes who do more harm than good, who prove themselves more skilful in detecting the evil than in curing it. Her resolution once taken, and the line of duty traced out before her, nothing in the world could turn her aside. Generous, intelligent, firm of purpose and of will, she possessed above all that spirit of abnegation and devotion which, thanks be to God, belongs to so many of the daughters of His Blessed Mother.

Christiana soon liked Raymonde very much, because Raymonde loved John. She prayed that the honest love of these two hearts might be crowned with purest happiness. To a pure-minded woman all women who love with a true and pure affection are sacred. She resolved, without wounding her pride, without humiliating her by awkward reproaches, to make her, as she had promised, as near perfection as might be.

The task was not difficult, but it would take time. Therefore it was that Christiana had sent John to the United States, whence she hoped he would return an altered man,—altered both in character and in ideas. Therefore it was that she drew Raymonde to herself, treating her as if she were the older sister of her daughter. Charming instructions given by one woman to another,—to one tender heart by a loyal soul and an enlightened mind! This was the task to which the Countess de Chazé set herself during the months that followed the departure of the young Marquis de Lizardière.

Raymonde, brought up under the care of an intelligent father, but never having experienced the sweet grace of a mother's tenderness; accustomed to success as a natural homage; flattered for her fortune and her beauty,—had never known discipline, and had in her character a kind of fantastic indecision. She was a savage of civilization, as John was a savage of solitude.

In the first days of her intimacy with the Countess, Raymonde was often ill at ease. That never-varying simplicity, that punctuality in the performance of every duty, surprised her like first lessons in an unknown tongue. The genial Count de Chazé astonished her more than anything else. From her reading of romances and plays, and from her observations of Parisian society, she had formed a very false idea of the aristocracy. She had imagined that a gentleman was entirely absorbed and hedged in by his title; despising those whose names did not appear emblazoned on the banners of the Crusaders, closing history at 1789. She found in the Count a sporting gentleman without the least *hauteur*, never referring to his ancestors; lively, exceedingly boisterous and dictatorial; but this because of his having been a colonel, and not because he was noble and a count.

This unexpected discovery enchanted Mademoiselle Raymonde, who after a few days enjoyed nothing better than to hear the Count singing his favorite hunting-songs, or chivying the dogs as they howled and barked and yelped whenever their master appeared within range of their kennel.

On his side, the Count had taken a great fancy to the fair young girl, her frank, beautiful nature pleasing him immensely. Monsieur de Chazé, who appeared to notice nothing, at times astounded his wife by his perspicuity and the accuracy of his judgment.

One evening, after Raymonde had returned to the Lizardière, the Count suddenly exclaimed:

"So, my dear, you have decided that Mademoiselle Désormes will make a good wife for John?"

"Leopold!—how did you guess this?"

"I always guess what it is well that I should know."

"Indeed! And what do you think of my scheme?"

"I think that you are doing the right thing, Christiana,—now as always."

Having thus received the Count's sanction, the gentle lady pursued her project, quietly but with unswerving vigor. She saw Raymonde every day. When the weather was fine, all three—for Madeleine was sure to be of the party—would go from farm-house to farm-house, visiting the sick and poor.

Raymonde was charitable, but up to this her charity had been, as it were, "official." Every year she gave a large check to the parish priest in Paris as well as in Touraine. This done, her conscience was at rest, and she gave no further thought to the matter.

Christiana understood charity in a different sense. "It is not enough to be an almoner: you must also be infirmarian," she said. She had established at the château a pharmacy, which she operated, with intelligence and discretion, for the benefit of the sick poor. Without being a doctor, she had a practical knowledge of medicine,—a knowledge which she imparted to Raymonde. The latter, very expert with her hands, soon surpassed her in that humble and noble work. When a farm girl gathering chestnuts fell from the tree and broke her leg or arm, there was no one who could arrange the splints and bandages so carefully and painlessly as Raymonde. In this she took a certain pride that was in nowise blamable. This was better work than turning the heads of chamberlains and equerries at the court of the Tuileries.

Fulfilling the demands of charity means not only giving pleasure to others but joy to oneself. When the three infirmarians returned from one of their long walks, sometimes in the pouring rain, how gaily and with what light hearts they would sit down to supper, after having discarded their saturated garments and mud-begoggled shoes! And what discussions over the

ailments of Madame Martin and the convalescence of old Paul Guignard!

Raymonde had her favorites. For instance, a boy of fifteen, John le Chalonnais, had the misfortune to break his arm while struggling with a bull that had broken loose. Raymonde had nursed him so well, and with so gentle and persevering a devotion, that on the day he was pronounced fit for work he exclaimed with tears in his eyes, and with a touching frankness: "Truly, Mademoiselle, I love you as though you were my sister!" Raymonde was not content with having cured the boy. As he was very bright and intelligent, she sent him to the College of Saumur, placing in the hands of one of the Fathers a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of his education. John made a brilliant scholar, proceeded to Paris, studied for the bar, and was soon in the front rank of special pleaders.

Mademoiselle Raymonde was now far above that "official" charity which formerly seemed to her, and to so many, quite sufficient. But she had another defect which required attention. Her religion also was a little formal. It is true she never failed in what was of precept. While in Paris, nothing in the world would have made her miss the late Mass at the Madeleine on Sundays. And when some celebrated preacher drew a crowd to Notre Dame, she was always sure to attend, in a toilet elaborated for the occasion by Worth himself.

The Countess looked at religious observance from a totally different standpoint; and, without discussing the subject with her young friend, she resolved to preach to her by example. At the Mass on Sunday, Raymonde appeared in a brilliant and attractive toilet; while Christiana and Madeleine wore modest costumes of linen at a dollar a yard,—a price unknown to the illustrious man-milliner of Paris.

Raymonde—or, rather, Worth—was a great success with a portion of the congregation. However, the admiring glances of some and the envious glances of others embarrassed the young girl more than they flattered her. And this embarrassment was increased when, on their way home, Christiana remarked: "Decidedly, Raymonde, your wondrous toilet has thrust me entirely in the shade. Madeleine and I must try to do better next Sunday." On the following Sabbath Raymonde wore a dress of white muslin, which her maid had made for her during the week.

The Countess perceived with deepest anxiety that Raymonde was inclined to be satirical, and was sometimes very severe upon the errors, proven or not, of other women; exercising her delicate satire and wit without the slightest restraint. One day, after a brilliant but far from charitable dissection of some well-known woman of society, the Countess observed:

"By the way, my child, I have a favor to ask of you. Since your father has confided you to my care, I want you to accompany me next Thursday to Tours, to the ball given by the wife of the Major-General. I have a difficult and heroic act to perform, and you must lend me your support."

"An act of heroism? In a general's parlor, this would seem to be quite natural."

"Yes, very heroic; and you will, perhaps, understand it better than anybody."

"You puzzle me very much."

"Listen. You have heard no doubt of Madame Louise Nystem, of Tours?"

"Certainly: Madame Nystem, her flirtations and their results. The affair was much spoken of last year."

"It was all a calumny, dear,—a frightful calumny. I have lately received absolute proof of this. I had the cruelty to listen to the scandal and to believe it. Louise is a friend of my

childhood, and I have been very severe. Having some standing in the world, my example carries weight. I ceased to visit Madame Nystem, and she has been dropped everywhere. I must expiate my fault, as I want to live in peace with my conscience. To accuse oneself of such a sin in the confessional is well, but it is not enough. Now, here is what I mean to do. I shall write to the General's wife that I propose presenting to her an old friend of mine; and I shall write to Louise and tell her that I will call for her to take her to this ball; and when there I shall say aloud what I deem necessary to my purpose."

"What you intend to do is indeed heroic," said the young girl; "and I offer you my tribute of admiration in advance."

"There is nothing admirable about it, my child,—only the restitution which our religion obliges us to make. In truth, I am sometimes too severe in judging others; the serpent of pride is rampant, and I am apt to forget that our faults are our own, and that our virtues we owe to the good God."

Christiana did precisely as she had planned. She went to the ball at Tours, accompanied by Raymonde. Holding Madame Nystem by the hand, and under the cross-fire of hundreds of inquiring eyes, she presented her to the wife of the General.

"Madame Nystem, one of my best friends, for whom I have as much affection as esteem."

That was enough: the Countess de Chazé's reputation was unassailable, and she was an authority in every sense of the word. All the guests bowed most graciously; and the General, not wishing to be outdone by a woman, offered his arm to Madame Nystem for the next dance.

From that evening Christiana noticed with keenest satisfaction that her

pupil no longer indulged in witty but unkindly reflections upon the faults and follies of her sex.

The "beautiful blonde," as Christiana called her, had still another fault which called for eradication. She read a great deal, taking up everything that came in her way—history, travel, criticism, poetry, and the novel. Her knowledge was thus somewhat extended, but incoherent and utterly without system. It was above all Raymonde's taste for novels which alarmed Christiana.

The novel is a great power for evil in our day. We are not speaking of those works which are an open disgrace to their author and their country: we refer to those novels which, under pretext of leading us to truth and morality, conduct us through dark and devious paths, where evil is made attractive to those who are ignorant of it, and where certain thoughts or words or phrases, apparently innocent, make the reader blush. The real danger of the romance lies in the fact that it is read in solitude, propitious to evil dreams and temptations of the mind.

The sure remedy for this secret fever, this craving for romances, lies in reading them aloud. Under pretext of a weakness in the eyes, the Countess requested Raymonde to read to her the new novels which came from Paris. The girl complied; but with some of them she did not proceed very far. Suddenly she would stop, confused and annoyed.

"Decidedly that must be dropped," she would say.

"By all means, dear. Lay it aside and take up another."

Soon only such books were selected as were interesting, instructive and pure. And Raymonde gradually became devoted to this class of literature, and the sensational novel was laid aside in favor of writings full of dignity and Christian thought.

The Acts.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

CONTRITION.

JESUS, I grieve for grieving Thee!
 Jesus, I mourn for leaving Thee!
 Jesus, I weep for weaving—Thee
 A thorn-set wreath!
 Jesus, I want to give to Thee
 All that I am, and live to Thee
 Henceforth till death.

LOVE.

Jesus, my love is cold, and yet I know
 I love Thee, and I will not let Thee go.

OBLATION.

Jesus, I offer Thee
 All Thou appointest me.
 All that the day may bring
 Of joy or suffering,
 All that Thou givest to-day,
 All that Thou takest away,
 All Thou wouldst have me be,—
 Jesus, I offer Thee!

COMMENDATION.

Now that the day doth end,
 My spirit I commend
 To Thee, my Lord, my Friend.
 Into Thy hands,—yea, Thine,
 Those glorious hands benign,
 Those human hands divine,—
 My spirit I resign.

The Church and the Presidents.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

IT is interesting for American Catholics to note the point of view from which non-Catholics, eminent in the government of their country, see the Church of God; and it will not be an ungrateful nor useless task, especially about the Fourth of July, to make a study of the way in which Washington, Adams and Jefferson, the first three Presidents of the Republic, looked at our Faith.

Washington never saw a Catholic who was not an enemy to his king until the War of the Revolution, and

then he became a friend of all the king's enemies. His early antagonists in statecraft and arms were Catholic Frenchmen, who contested with the English colonists the empire of North America; and when, in more mature years, he welcomed the French as friends and allies, and became acquainted with Lafayette and Rochambeau and their comrades, as well as with Moylan and John Fitzgerald and their compeers among his own troops, the times were too busy to permit him to give any thought to questions of religion. "He never saw a Sister of Charity on his battlefields,—her white cornette, flag of the Truce of God, carrying the charity of angels beside the courage of men."

The only general order touching the Catholic Faith which he issued during the Revolution was in rebuke of the fanatics who in November, 1775, were about to burn an effigy of the Pope; and he tells them that to be insulting the Catholic religion "is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are so much indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

His reply to the congratulations of the Catholics of the United States on his elevation to the Presidency is a formal indication of his good will to the Church and its children in America. This is all the evidence that the great collection of the writings of the Father of his Country affords of the way in which the Church and Catholics appeared to his eyes.

The difference between the first and the second President is sharply shown by the manner in which each noted his first attendance at the services of the Church. Both were present at Vespers and Benediction, probably at St. Mary's Church on 4th Street, above Spruce Street, Philadelphia. Of the

First Congress, Washington makes a simple note in his Journal: "October 9, 1774.—Went to the Presbyterian meeting in the forenoon and the Romish church in the afternoon. Dined at Bevan's." The only suggestive thing in the note is that he calls one the "meeting" and the other the "church."

John Adams, who seems to have gone to church at the same time as Washington, says in his diary under this date: "Went in the afternoon to the Roman chapel, and heard a good discourse on the duty of parents to their children founded on justice and charity. The scenery and the music are so calculated to take in mankind that I wonder the Reformation ever succeeded. The paintings, the bells, the candles, the gold and silver, the Saviour on the cross over the altar, at full length, and all His wounds bleeding. The chanting is exquisitely soft and sweet."

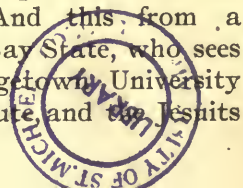
John Adams, the second President, grew up in an atmosphere of Puritan narrowness and intolerance that colored his whole life. Writing from his home at Braintree in March, 1775, he says: "We have a few rascally Jacobites and Roman Catholics in this town, but they dare not show themselves." As no Catholics in Braintree or elsewhere in the United Colonies ever showed themselves, in the eight years of the Revolution, opposed to American liberty, Mr. Adams must have learned later in life that his suspicions were shadows without substance; for in 1799, while he was President of the United States, he headed the list of subscribers for the erection, on Franklin Street, of the first Catholic church in Boston. But what man with a soul could resist the magnetism of Bishop Cheverus?

The malaise of his early training often embitters him even where one would look for "sweetness and light" in a statesman and diplomat. In 1784 he had written to Jefferson: "If the

Christian religion as I understand it or as you understand it should maintain itself, as I believe it will, yet Platonic, Pythagorean, Hindoo-cabalistic Christianity, which is Catholic Christianity, which has prevailed for fifteen hundred years, has received a mortal wound, of which the monster must finally die." Alas! no vision of the milk-white hind "fated not to die" illumed the blindness of the mistaken seer.

His terror of the Jesuits is ludicrous. On May 6, 1816, he writes to Jefferson (and we can see the Sage of Monticello laugh as he reads it): "The Jesuits are in the United States,—that everybody knows. Shall we not have swarms of them here in as many shapes and disguises as the king of the gypsies, Barnfylde Moore Carew, himself assumes, in the shape of printers, editors, writers, schoolmasters, etc.?... If any congregation of men could merit eternal perdition on earth and in hell, according to the historians both Protestant and Catholic, it is this congregation of Loyola. Here our system of religious liberty must afford them an asylum; but if they do not put the purity of our elections to a severe test it will be a wonder." Again the seer does not see. Sad that St. Ignatius did not slip "grafter" somewhere in the line of novice, scholastic and Father, and so aid the purity of elections!

How enlightenment has since come upon Massachusetts statesmen! The Honorable George F. Hoar, its leading Senator, said in a public address a short time ago: "I believe that if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, our brethren of the Catholic Faith would still carry on the Republic in the spirit of true and liberal freedom." And this, from a Senator of the Old Bay State, who sees the Jesuits of Georgetown University at one end of his route, and the Jesuits



of Holy Cross College in Worcester at the other!

Thomas Jefferson, the third in the line of Presidents, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and deemed his statute establishing religious liberty in Virginia the greatest work of his life, was brought up in the Anglican state church of the colony; but in mature age he wrote to Charles Claxton: "I not only write nothing on religion, but I rarely permit myself to speak of it, and never but in a reasonable society." And shortly afterward to Ezra Styles: "I am of a sect by myself, so far as I know."

He never writes of the Church directly; and in his allusions to priests and the priesthood he combines the clergy of all names or organizations as the object of bitter criticism. He writes in 1814 to H. G. Spafford: "In every age the priesthood has been hostile to liberty. . . . The sway of the clergy in New England is, indeed, formidable. No mind beyond mediocrity dare develop itself there. If it does, they excite against it the public opinion, which they command; and by little, but incessant and tearing, persecution drive it from among them. Their present emigrations to the Western country are real flights from persecution."

When Jefferson writes of a Catholic people he does so in an entirely different tone and spirit from that which seems to animate Adams when discussing a similar subject. Jefferson writes of the French: "The *curés* throughout the French kingdom form the mass of the clergy. They are the only part favorably known to the people, being solely charged with the duties of baptism, burial, confession, visitation of the sick, instructing the children, and aiding the poor. They are themselves of the people and united with them. The higher clergy are known only by their carriage," etc.

Adams when writing of the Spanish-

American Catholics says: "The people of South America are the most ignorant, the most bigoted and the most superstitious of all the Roman Catholics in Christendom. They believe salvation to be confined to themselves and the Spaniards in Europe. They can scarcely allow it to the Pope and his Italians, certainly not to the French."

Bible societies seem never to have come within the scope of Washington's activities; but neither Jefferson nor Adams looked upon them with favor. Adams writes to Jefferson on November 4, 1816: "We are to have a national Bible Society to propagate King James' Bible through all nations. Would it not be better to offer the pious subscribers to purify Christendom from corruptions of Christianity than to propagate these corruptions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America?"

Mr. Jefferson had written to Samuel Greenhow two years before: "I had not supposed there was a family in this State [Virginia] not possessing a Bible, and wishing, without having the means, to procure one. When, in earlier life, I was intimate with every class, I think I never was in a house where that was the case. However, circumstances may have changed; and the [Bible] Society, I presume, has evidence of the fact. I therefore enclose you cheerfully an order . . . for fifty dollars for the purposes of the Society."

These three great men have long passed to the tribunal of a Judge who sees all hearts. "History is philosophy teaching by example," and the lesson taught us by the example of our early Presidents must make us prize more dearly the precious gift of our Catholic Faith.

WE are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful—nay, essential—to see his good qualities before pronouncing on the bad.—*Carlyle*.

A Terrible Tangle.

BY MARY CROSS.

"ALICE, help me to wind this silk, please: you are doing nothing," said Mrs. Nairn, entering the cheerful drawing-room of Brighthouse's Boarding House, a pleasant establishment in Southport, where for several seasons she and her daughters had sought change of air and scene.

"Nothing indeed!" protested Alice, who was scribbling at a davenport. "Is it so you describe my splendid stories, which editors decline only for want of space? Surely, mother, my literary work is at least as much 'something' as Mina's chief occupation—love-making."

"Love is born, not made, my dear," corrected Mina. "As for your literary work, you write of what you know nothing about. You scoff at love and lovers, then attempt to write love stories. Results: the linking of feeble phrases in a dismal alliance with impossible incidents; and the editorial 'declined with thanks.'"

"Then, why don't you coach me?" asked Alice, mischievously. "Or shall I apply to Charlie Clayton for 'instructions'?"

Charlie Clayton was a young solicitor whose admiration at first sight for the elder Miss Nairn had ripened into something more, as the ring on her finger denoted.

"One of these days," Alice continued, with an air of mystery, "I'll convince you that I can write a genuine and acceptable love story; and when you see it in print you shall beg my pardon, and call spirits from the vasty deep to witness that you have utterly underestimated my abilities."

"I dare say I shall call for stimulants from somewhere, if I am expected to read the story," declared Mina.

But the game of verbal battledoor and shuttlecock was ended by Mrs. Nairn's exclaiming:

"Here comes Miss Rimmer! Why weren't we out?"

"We are!" said the girls in a breath; and together they fled from the room, leaving their mother to receive the fussy spinster, whose mission in life seemed to be to circulate a species of "fiery cross" amongst her acquaintances by repeating to those concerned the unkind criticisms of others.

"My dear, dear Mrs. Nairn, I am so sorry for you! My conscience urges me to the performance of a duty, and that is why I have called thus early," she began.

After that prelude, the elder lady nerved herself to encounter something disagreeable,—for Miss Rimmer's conscience never urged her to anything else.

"You are so confiding and unsuspecting; and if, as certain persons say, you brought your daughters here to get them married, that is quite natural, and no one should blame you for it. But did you make strict investigation into Mr. Clayton's character before you sanctioned his engagement to dear Mina?"

"Father Pollard introduced him to us, Miss Rimmer; and I thought that a sufficient guarantee," replied Mrs. Nairn, calmly.

"Oh! Poor, dear, good, kind Father Pollard is the worst possible judge of character,—so simple, so upright himself that he thinks everyone the same. Why, if you knew how his housekeeper imposes on him—"

"What is your objection to Charlie Clayton as a husband for Mina?" asked Mrs. Nairn, interrupting the revelations of Father Pollard's domestic troubles, real or fancied.

"Oh, I have no right to object or interfere!" Miss Rimmer admitted. "But I consider it a simple matter of duty to inform you that Mr.

Clayton is carrying on a flirtation with a housemaid. I discovered the painful fact in a manner that indicates the direct interposition of Providence on your daughter's behalf. This morning a girl was knocked down by a bicycle just at my door, and was carried into my house unconscious. I perceived that she was a servant; and in order to find out, if possible, by whom she was employed, I examined her pockets. And there I found a letter from Mr. Clayton. He must have received a great deal of encouragement before he ventured to write to her in such a strain,—that's all! She soon revived; and, as she was not much hurt, I spoke to her very seriously, and asked her how she could permit an engaged man, her social superior besides, to write such letters to her."

"How *many* letters were there?" asked Mrs. Nairn, dryly.

"Eh? Well, I saw only one, but it was sufficient," Miss Rimmer replied. "Would you believe it? The girl actually told me to mind my own business!"

As Mrs. Nairn survived that disclosure, the visitor proceeded, with ever-increasing emphasis:

"I retained possession of the letter, though the girl most impudently threatened to summons me for stealing it. I was determined that you should see it and judge for yourself." And from a fat black bag Miss Rimmer produced the document, adding: "There was no envelope; and when I asked the girl for her name and address, she said I could find them out. Impudence! Her face seemed familiar to me, but I have not yet been able to recollect where or when I had seen her before."

The letter bore a recent date and began, "My dearest little girl!" and ended, "Your devoted Charlie Clayton." An apology for not having kept an appointment was sandwiched between the "sugar and spice" that char-

acterize the correspondence of lovers.

"Now, can I do anything?" breathlessly asked Miss Rimmer, aching to know what would be the next scene in a delicious scandal. "If I can convey any message from you to Mr. Clayton—and no one could blame you if you refused to see him again,—or if I can find out who the girl is and confront him with her in your presence or Mina's—"

"Thank you! It would be too bad to trouble you further about a matter that really does not concern you," said Mrs. Nairn. "I think I myself can do all that is necessary; and I will take the responsibility of keeping the letter."

Miss Rimmer departed, all her flags half-mast high, not feeling quite certain that she had not been snubbed; and Mrs. Nairn immediately locked the letter into a drawer, wishing that the identity of the handwriting admitted of doubt or dispute. She had believed in Charlie Clayton as transparently guileless, and was depressed by the dread of finding him among the "deceivers ever," and by the fear that the shadow of another—the shadow of a rival—had fallen on Mina's path as once it had fallen on her own. She took an early opportunity of sending for Mr. Clayton, and that on a day when her daughters were out. If he were innocent, they need not hear of the incident; if he were guilty, Mina must decide matters for herself.

He responded to her summons with commendable promptitude, and presented himself,—a slim, tall, straight young fellow, with the blue eyes and fresh complexion of Lancashire, and a breezy good-humor all his own. After what he would have called a preliminary canter, Mrs. Nairn produced the incriminating document, and came to the real object of the interview with—

"I am obliged to ask you if you really wrote this letter to—to a girl?"

He looked at it and colored, betraying first surprise and then annoyance. But

there was no dramatic repudiation of it, no branding of it as a forgery; only a plain, unvarnished—

"Yes, I wrote it to a girl, of course. I shouldn't write like that to a man. But it was not intended for your eyes, and I don't know how it came into your possession. Candidly, I would rather you had not seen it."

"I can quite believe that," said she.

"May I see Mina?" he asked, nettled by her tone and manner, both of which implied severe rebuke and displeasure.

"Mina is not at home. I dare say you will have another opportunity of offering her whatsoever explanation there may be. I had hoped you would try to set yourself right with me."

"The letter explains itself, surely," he said. "Can't you make any allowance for me, Mrs. Nairn?"

"No, I can't," she answered, indignantly. "I am shocked and grieved beyond expression. Your ideals and your standard of right and wrong are very different from mine. I shall have to consider seriously whether you are a fit associate for my daughter at all."

Mr. Clayton looked at the ceiling and then at the floor.

"It is a comfort to know that there are institutions in this country for cases like mine," he said. "My brain must have given way."

"Oh, if insanity is your defence I have no more to say!" returned Mrs. Nairn, scornfully. "Kindly close the door from the outside. Good-morning!"

When Mina came in Mrs. Nairn laid a caressing hand on her fair head.

"My dear, I am greatly grieved," she said. "I fear I sanctioned your engagement without making sufficient inquiry about Charlie Clayton. After all, what do we, strangers and pilgrims in a foreign land, know of his private life, of his other life,—I should say, for a man often leads two?"

"Mother dear, what *can* you be talking about?"

"I find that Mr. Clayton has been writing as a lover to some young girl. A series of accidents brought his letter into my hands. I sent for him, and all the excuse he could offer was that he wished I had not seen it. He took it away with him, I find; but that is a mere detail."

Mina stood in reflective silence for some minutes.

"Until I have seen Charlie, I'll say nothing," was her summing up. "I can't believe him capable of deceit or ungentlemanly conduct unless he confesses it."

It was not long before one of those journeys which proverbially end in lovers' meetings began through the streets of the cheerful town, now crowded with "trippers," who besieged the pier stretching along the sands, or gazed wistfully at the blue waves of the Irish Channel tossing at a tantalizing distance; whilst homely, brown-faced women did a brisk trade in shrimps and Ormskirk gingerbread, and other local delicacies. Donkey carriages, heavily laden, bumped along the parade; and there Charlie was, listening to the melody of a string band and watching the various groups with genial amusement, when Mina discerned him. He bowed to her with a somewhat anxious air, whilst she was conscious of an unusual embarrassment. The subject was rather delicate and difficult to handle, she realized all at once.

"Let us get away from this crowd," said he; and they fell into step along the wide, sunny road. "What fearful iniquity is this I have committed?"

"Mother told you," replied Mina, not quite pleased by his gayety. "She says you did not deny it either."

"How on earth could I, and why on earth should I?" he asked, a trifle impatiently. "I have heard that Scotch people were rather straitlaced, but this is beyond the beyond. If I never do

anything worse, I shall deserve to be shown in a caravan as a model of virtue. Deny it indeed! Why should I tell a lie about it?"

"Aren't you going too far, Mr. Clayton?" asked Mina, her color rising.

"We can always halt or take different paths," he said, significantly.

"That is the better plan, no doubt," said the girl, drawing herself up, and passing him with her chin in the air.

He, wounded and angry, betook himself to Father Pollard, who was responsible for his introduction to the Nairns; and to that white-haired benevolence he unbosomed himself.

"I'm not sure that you should speak to me, Father," he said bitterly. "I'm not respectable, it appears. I am accused of writing an objectionable letter to Miss Nairn,—a letter totally unfit for publication, in the opinion of her mother and herself. She must have given it to Mrs. Nairn, who called me up for examination and asked if I really had sent such a production to a girl. And Mina seemed to think that I should have denied the authorship! I don't care to exhibit my love letters, or to have them exhibited. I've an old-fashioned idea that such letters should be sacred to the two persons concerned. But if you will be so good as to read this particular one, Father, and tell me if there is anything bad in it—anything I need be ashamed of,—I shall be grateful. I'll stand or fall by your decision, and do whatsoever you advise."

His reverence read the letter slowly and judiciously.

"It is a very nice letter, Charlie," was his kind criticism. "It does not want any editing. It does not in any way discredit my altar-boy of days gone by. There is a mistake, a misunderstanding somewhere. But don't worry about it. I will see the Nairns myself, and straighten the tangle if I can."

Charlie lingered in Southport until

late, electing to walk home in order to postpone the inevitable hour when in his solitary home he must yield to thoughts of Mina's injustice. As he passed into the overhanging darkness of the trees that join hands above Birkdale Road, he was conscious of a rustle and a rush, then of a violent blow on his shoulder. Dimly through the gloom he perceived a face, and promptly he struck at it, and then heard his assailant go with a thud to the ground. He did not stay to inspect further, deeming robbery to have been the motive of the attack, and regretting that he had left his stick at the Presbytery,—all the more as his shoulder became extremely painful. What with mental and physical suffering, he passed a sleepless night, and took an unusually pale, haggard face into his office next morning.

He was trying to concentrate his thoughts on the batch of correspondence arranged for him by his clerk, when he was told that a young woman wished to see him on important business; and his "Show her in" was followed by the entrance of a girl who would have been both pert and pretty had she been less confused and tear-stained.

"You don't know me, sir," she began. "I used to be 'ousemaid at Brig'ouse's, and I'm at Dr. Brindle's now; and my brother Jim is gardener there; and it was 'im that 'it you last night, and I come to beg of you not to persecute 'im."

"That seems perfectly reasonable," said Mr. Clayton, blandly. "But do you mind explaining why Jim hit me?"

"Well, sir, it's this way, sir. I've been keeping cump'ny with a young man sich a long time that my friends tell me it'll never come to anything. But I knew he just wanted drawing on a bit; so I let on to 'ave another sweet'cart, just to make him jealous and get 'im to ask me plump and plain

to marry 'im. When I left Brig'ouse's Miss Alice Nairn gave me one of 'er gowns, and there was a letter of yours in the pocket of it. I pertended it 'ad been written to me, and I showed it to the young man, and 'e went and told Jim; and Jim said 'e'd thrash you for it. I never thought 'e meant it until 'e told me this morning what 'e done last night. I was that ashamed I told 'im the truth; and then 'e was that ashamed 'e was for giving 'imself up to the police, only I promised to come and beg your pardon, sir. And, seeing it's my fault, if you wouldn't persecute Jim for assault—"

"Oh, I shan't prosecute Jim!" said Charlie, easily. "He and I can cry quits, I fancy. And from his point of view he is quite right. Probably *I* should thrash a man who trifled with the affections of my sister. I don't blame Jim, in the least, but I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Where's the letter?"

"That old maid Rimmer got it off me," said the girl, adding other details; and Charlie began to see dawn after the dark hour.

He dismissed the suppliant with a not too severe rebuke. And as she left the building, three ladies who were sauntering along the boulevards had their attention directed to her by a fourth, who was sharp-nosed and elderly.

"Upon my word! See there, Mrs. Nairn,—that's the very girl coming out of his office! My goodness! What a pity Father Pollard has such faith in such a man!"

A faded color crept into Mrs. Nairn's cheek; Mina retired behind her sunshade, whilst Alice looked curious and mystified. Next minute straight across the street came Mr. Clayton himself, a rose in his buttonhole, happy laughter in his eyes. He had seen the group from his window and made haste to join it.

"Good-morning!" he said, cheerfully. "Mrs. Nairn, may I have the pleasure of your own and your daughters' company to lunch at Formby's, and the opportunity of clearing up a little misunderstanding? And so you consider me a victim to the charms of somebody's housemaid, Miss Rimmer? I am much obliged to you!"

Miss Rimmer began a succession of nods and smiles to an imaginary acquaintance on the opposite pavement; and Charlie repeated his invitation to the Nairns, which, after a slight hesitation, they accepted. Across the strawberries and the cream he gave them what explanation he could, emphasizing his own misunderstanding of the charge against him, to the mirth of all except Alice.

"What I can't explain," said he, "is how a letter to Mina came to be in Alice's pocket."

That young lady had listened with a crimson countenance.

"It is this guilty hand," she quoted, with appropriate gesture. "The point of my latest story was a love letter, and I didn't know how to word one, and Mina was always laughing at my attempts; and so—and so I borrowed one of yours and copied some of it, and then forgot all about it. But the story came back this morning."

"Righteous retribution! So Charlie and I were all but sacrificed to your ambition!" exclaimed Mina.

"If my eloquence didn't captivate the editorial fancy, you may lay down your pen, Alice," said Charlie; and other rebuke he uttered not.

When Father Pollard arrived at Brighouse's on peacemaking intent, he found that there was nothing left for him to do but laugh at the comedy of errors, and the adventures of Charlie's letter, and say whether or not a certain date would suit him to attend that young gentleman's wedding.

Well-Ordered Charity.

A RECENT issue of the Paris *Univers* contains an interesting and suggestive paper on the scope and outcome of Catholic good works. While its author, M. Bessières, evidently has his vision concentrated on actual conditions in France, there is much in his argument that is of world-wide application; and possibly some of our readers may be aware of instances in which it would be worth while to follow this French writer's advice.

..

Catholics are not lucky. They give alms, build charitable institutions, multiply works for the preservation of religion and the relief of human misery. They get no thanks for it; their unpopularity is not lessened, and on election days they receive not one vote the more.

Let their adversaries flatter the crowds, make fine promises that are never kept, announce wonderful reforms that are never effected,—that is enough: to them go all the sympathies and all the votes. Nor can one perceive that experience teaches anybody. After twenty-five or thirty years, the people listen to the same talk and allow themselves to be fooled by the same promises. We console ourselves by accusing the people of ingratitude. Unfortunately, however, accusations, no matter how well founded they may be, do no good. Far better for us to discover the means of changing the people's sentiments.

Catholics give alms to the miserable, to the aged poor, to orphan children and destitute women. Most of these unfortunates are not electors, or have no influence; and are too ignorant, too peaceful, too timid to have anything to do with politics. They are not the constituents that make senators and deputies.

When Catholics establish good works, they give their preference to the best, and not always to those which are most popular. A large number of the beneficiaries, peasants or workmen, look upon these works unfavorably and consider them a grievance. Others utilize them to please the founders; but, instead of being grateful, they consider that it is their own complacency in using the works that merits reward. Here again there is small prospect of winning voters.

We say nothing of those who always believe that a good work has been started with an interested motive: the school, to inculcate certain political principles upon the minds of the children; syndicates or rural savings banks, to group together bands of individuals and organize a party. To the optimists, who hold that it is impossible for the masses to mistake or disregard certain benefits, we reply that men are grateful for only such benefits as please them. They willingly ignore all others, or possibly chafe under them.

There are certain classes of the wretched, such as tramps, drunkards, the incurably idle, all the exploiters of public charity, whom honest folks quite justly refuse to help, sending them about their business. The revolutionaries act quite differently. Of the deserving poor, of women and children, they make slight account: what good can such clients do them? But the others—laborers out of work, loafers, barroom pillars, politicians who prefer reading the papers and discussing the news to doing an honest day's work,—these are their friends.

Of course all these loungers could earn their living if they would; of course any money given to them will be spent in the saloon. What's the odds? While drinking, they will sing the praises of their generous benefactor; and while strolling about the country,

will promote his boom. These are the disbursers of fame, the organizers and oracles of electoral reunions, the makers of deputies. In a greater degree than is suspected, they form the strength of a party.

Our revolutionaries are not bothering themselves with works looking toward this or that social amelioration, and it is not for any such purpose that their money is spent. They, as a matter of course, condemn Catholics for their intemperate zeal; for if there were no longer any dissatisfaction how could revolutions be effected? But they are strong in promising, and they announce the coming of wonderful things. The people, like children, rejoice in hope more than in possession; and they will be dominated by our opponents just as long as they entertain their hopes. Once the people are disabused, they will seek other counsellors.

Now, we have no desire to blame Catholics for their disinterestedness, or to discourage them. We must ask ourselves, all the same, if there is no finding a mode of action which will yield better results.

Let us leave to others the empty promises, the charlatanism, the false pretences, the demagogism, that seek only to deceive the people. To be good, it is not necessary to be silly; and one may be charitable without allowing oneself to be eaten out of house and home. We do our good works for God, but nothing hinders us from doing them also for men; and if that which merits heaven could likewise merit the earth, we ought to be doubly satisfied. At certain epochs we are content with heaven; nowadays it is well to think a little about the earth, because it is here we live and suffer, and because it is here that all our rights are being disputed.

In the first place, not too much discretion or humility. In his admirable

sermon on "Almsgiving," Bourdaloue says: "Let your alms be public when it is clearly public that you possess great wealth and are living in abundance. Why? In order to give an edifying example, to follow the counsel of Jesus Christ: 'So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works.' For would it not be a scandal to see the rich living in opulence and not know that they gave alms? Assuredly it was not to them that our Saviour gave the warning: 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'"

There are cases, then, in which the right hand is permitted to recount to the left the good which it has accomplished,—not by way of ostentation or vanity, but for the sake of edification. The time has come in this country to demand of good works an influence and a prestige calculated to render services and to frustrate great evils.

Among charitable works we should choose not that which pleases us most or appears to us best in itself, but that which will in practice prove the most useful. How many truly excellent works have yielded only very meagre fruits, some because they took no account of actual needs, others because they displeased and antagonized those whom they were designed to benefit! Let Catholics reflect on all the money they have expended and all the zeal they have manifested: their success does not correspond to either their trouble or their funds. Could they not have done better? The money of Catholics has the same value as that of Freemasons; and it is hard to understand how these latter at such slight expense obtain notable results, while the former with all their sacrifices and their untiring efforts accomplish scarcely anything.

It is permitted to prefer one's friends to others. Religion, of course, commands that we be disposed to aid

everybody, to pardon all our enemies. Yet it is well to show that our friends *are* our friends, and that we are not credulous dupes. As for those who abuse kindness—and they are a numerous class,—aiding them is not always an act of charity; to keep them at a distance and withhold our benevolence may be a duty. If such rigor does not convert them, at least it obliges them to moderate their action, and to some extent restrains them. A certain kind of complacency works more harm than good.

This line of conduct will not please everyone. According to the freethinkers, we Catholics should always forget injuries and treat our enemies just as well as our friends, because we are Christians; but *they* are not bound to forgive anything, to grant anything to their adversaries, because their principles and their interests forbid it. With such convenient principles as these, Catholics might always be vanquished. But does Catholicism impose any such obligations?

Finally, Catholics need to make many another change. The revolutionary who pleaded for "Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness," understood well his country and his crowd. It is in boldness that Catholics are lacking. Great works have been accomplished by them, and them alone, often in spite of the pretended friends of the people. But it was the revolutionaries who had demanded them, promised them, proposed them in season and out of season, while they sat on the opposition benches, and while the projects themselves seemed impracticable; acting thus to catch the popular favor or to disconcert and discredit their opponents. Before realizing these projects, the Catholics had declaimed against the innovators, whom they treated as fools; and their measures, which they characterized as utopian and dangerous. As a result, when the Catholics

later on effected these works they got no credit for them. The reforms were received without pleasure because they had been desired for too long a period: the people showed no gratitude because the reforms seemed rather grudgingly given through fear than freely granted. A little more initiative and skilfulness would improve our condition.

An Englishman once stated, as a proof of the strength of his country, the fact "that the honest people there are as bold as the rascals." If in France the honest folk had half the boldness of the rascals, we should long ago have had other governments than those by whom we have been ruled and ruined.

The Church as a Whole.

THE Church is a marvellous structure, but to appreciate its beauty and solidity it must be considered as a whole; then it will be seen that it is indeed a masterpiece.

"That reminds me," said Dr. Récamier, "of what happened one day before the colonnade of the Louvre. An architect, passing by, noticed a man looking closely at each individual stone and remarking on the minute defects of the materials.

"What are you doing there?" asked the architect.

"I am examining this colonnade," answered the stranger. 'I am a mineralogist.'

"You are making a mistake," said the architect. 'To appreciate the beauty of this colonnade, you must view it in its entirety; in order to do that, you must leave the point of view of the mineralogist and rise to that of the architect.'

So it is with the Church. Considered as a whole, it is full of grandeur and magnificence; it is, indeed, the masterpiece of its Founder.

Notes and Remarks.

A certain rabbi having declared that the institution over which he presided was "reasonably orthodox," the Chicago *Israelite* proceeds to lecture him in this vigorous way:

The phrase is an infelicitous one, from whomsoever it may have emanated. It suggests, on the one hand, the existence of an unreasonable orthodoxy, while it is in the nature of orthodoxies not to be of different kinds, reasonable or unreasonable, but exclusively one. The criticism implied in the adjective negatives the noun. Again, in the phrase it is the adjective which tyrannizes over the noun: the reasonableness prescribes paths for the orthodoxy. An orthodoxy that is subject to reasonableness is no orthodoxy. It is the chief characteristic of orthodoxy that it is superior to reason; it is reason that must do the aligning. Finally, reasonableness, in the phrase, is largely a disguise for convenience,—for a diplomatic and protean self-adaptation to environment. No attitude is more foreign than this to orthodoxy.

The lecturer is unquestionably right. The phrase "reasonably orthodox" would never have been used by one who knew the meaning of orthodoxy at all. It is an expression which the most unrestricted freethinker or latitudinarian might employ to cover his personal eccentricities. It is nowise meet for the lips of a learned rabbi who ought to have nothing in common with the secularist tendency to snigger at orthodoxy and to prate about a creedless religion,—something as unsubstantial as an eggless omelet.

Two-thirds of a century ago, when Wendell Phillips first delivered "The Lost Arts"—a lecture which in the course of forty-five years he repeated more than two thousand times,—he told his audience that his purpose was to show them that "we have not invented everything—that we do not monopolize the encyclopedia." He went so far indeed as to assert: "Of all we know, I can show you ninety-

nine items out of every hundred which the past anticipated and which the world forgot." We have been reminded of his statement by a recent cable message from Rome concerning an interesting discovery that has been made in the Etruscan necropolis of Tarquinia. It consists of a cornet of modern shape, three thousand years old. The message further states that golden breastplates, amulets, vases, etc., that have been found in two hundred tombs lately opened up, seem to prove that Etruscan civilization was far superior to that of the Romans. Phillips' "Lost Arts," we remember, convinced us long ago that there is really no good reason for being surprised at anything concerning the instruments and appliances of antiquity.

It would seem that a brighter day is about to dawn on mission work among the Indians. The formation of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, the membership fee of which is twenty-five cents per annum, was a practical step of great importance; and hot upon that comes the organization of the Marquette League, with another set of benevolent purposes toward the neglected Red Man. Of the two hundred and seventy thousand Indians living within the United States, one hundred and six thousand are Catholics, some sixty-five thousand are sectarians, and more than one hundred thousand are still living in paganism. The object of the Marquette League is to confirm and nourish the Faith in the Indians who have it, and to create an efficient and aggressive propaganda among the non-Christian residuum.

The method of procedure has been carefully worked out. There are two thousand children to be reclaimed; seventy dollars per annum will support, clothe and educate one child. There are eighteen mission chapels to be

erected, at the cost of a thousand dollars each; ten missionaries to be supported, at the modest expenditure of five hundred dollars per annum; and twenty trained Indian catechists to be supplied to outlying places, at the cost of ten dollars per month. The membership fee in the Marquette League is two dollars for adults and one dollar for youths. As its object is one which can not fail to appeal instantly to the missionary spirit of American Catholics, we gladly give the address of the League, which is Room 420, United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty Second Street, New York city.

Concluding an appreciative review of "Rome and Reunion," by the Rev. Spencer Jones, M. A., the London *Tablet* remarks: "The mysteries of Divine Providence encourage us to hope that corporate union is not a mere Will-o'-the-wisp." Hitherto it has thus been regarded by perhaps the great majority of English Catholics. The change of sentiment is notable. We could never comprehend why the idea of Corporate Union, which men like the late Dr. Frederick George Lee so zealously advocated, should be so vigorously opposed. However, we quite agree with the *Tablet* that it is neither wise nor right in the individual soul to wait for such a consummation before submitting whole-heartedly to the Church which it clearly conceives to be Our Lord's established kingdom upon earth.

According to the *Pilot*, the New England Catholic Historical Society "has in contemplation the idea of having the spot marked in the island of San Domingo where the first Mass was celebrated on the American continent,—some thirty years before the word *Protestant* was coined." We Catholics take a natural satisfaction in the thought of that early Mass; but

we have greater comfort in the sure knowledge that the Holy Sacrifice will be offered in San Domingo and Kokomo and Kankakee, and multitudinous other places, thirty years after the word *Protestant* shall have taken its place after *Origenist* in some New Zealander's "Dictionary of Antiquities." What a fortifying power is Catholic faith!

Mr. P. L. Allen's exposure of a number of fraudulent advertisements by which dishonest rascals get the better of ultra-credulous clients makes interesting reading. One point that is made abundantly clear is that the moral standard of the swindled is in many a case not at all higher than that of the swindler. For instance, a circular sent to hundreds of individuals informed each recipient that he was the winner of "a horse, buggy and harness, valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars." The prize would be forwarded on receipt of the freight charges—twenty-nine dollars and sixty cents. Accompanying the circular was a legal paper, signed by a judge and attested by a clerk of the court—which paper certified that the recipient was a genuine winner of the prize in question. Hundreds of those who received the circular forthwith sent their twenty-nine dollars and sixty cents, dishonestly eager to get a prize which each of them knew he had neither won, earned, nor even competed for.

Such an experience is too patent an instance of "the biter bit" to extort any tremendous amount of public sympathy for the swindled; but still it teaches a valuable lesson to honest folk. Advertisements nowadays will bear very attentive looking into, especially when they profess the willingness of the advertiser to give something for nothing. And not all newspapers and magazines that are generally considered reputable can be counted on as containing none of these bogus

advertisements. An actual view of a desired article is decidedly preferable to the most detailed description of its excellences. Thousands of bargain-seekers daily send registered letters and money orders in payment of wares of many kinds, only to discover when the goods reach them—if they ever do—that an old adage needs revision, as seeing is disbelieving.

Catholics, of all people, ought to appreciate the power of the press. Ever since the Great Revolt in the sixteenth century we have suffered from a hostile literary tradition expressed in the drama, in poetry, in essays, in history, in fiction, and in periodical literature; indeed it is only now, when—thanks largely to John Henry Newman and the Oxford Movement—that unfriendly tradition is all but passed away, that the old suspicion and mistrust have likewise vanished. There are many ways in which the printed word might be used to the advantage of the Church as effectively as it was for centuries used against her; but these missionary opportunities are often allowed to slip by. To speak of only one of them: the International Catholic Truth Society has secured lists of poor families throughout the country who seldom see a priest or read a Catholic book and have little or no external incentive to keep up their religion. It also tries to obtain the names of those subscribers to Catholic magazines and newspapers who are willing to remain such publications to some family designated by the Society.

Now, it would seem that such a simple and inexpensive method of missionary work would appeal irresistibly to both clergy and laity; all that is required is a moment of energy and a one-cent stamp. Yet we are informed by the Society that “the names of the families needing Catholic literature pour in on us, whereas we have a comparatively

short list of senders, and just at present have in fact come to the end of that list.” It is hard to believe that this neglect is attributable to want of zeal: we prefer to think that at least a few thousands among our readers will, on reading this paragraph, at once inform the Society of their willingness to bear a part in this apostolate. The address of the I. C. T. S. is 373 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The selection of a Catholic Bishop to address the graduates of the Western Reserve University was a genuine surprise to all who were aware of the anti-Catholic spirit which has always prevailed in that section of Ohio, and were familiar with the traditions of the institution presided over by Dr. Thwing. Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the decay of Protestant prejudice in the United States than this event. Bishop Spalding must have been known to the president and faculty of the University of the Western Reserve as one of the foremost educators and ablest speakers in this country; but we venture to say that his address surpassed all their expectations, and that the rest of the audience were deeply grateful for the privilege of listening to an orator with such lofty ideals, so earnest, wise and inspiring. We quote some paragraphs from this notable address, which was published in full in the *Catholic Universe*:

Where there are no schools, ignorance darkens everything; and where there are only incompetent teachers, schools have little power to raise intellectual, moral and religious life. Not even the technicalities and conventionalities which are instruments of mental development will be rightly mastered. . . . The teacher is the school; and if the teacher lack the ability or the will to do good work, the school will do none. It will be an occasion of perversion, an opportunity and a temptation to form habits which make education impossible. To take children away from home, from play and from toil, and to shut them in buildings where the environment, the method of teaching, the life that is permitted,

foster inattention, inaccuracy, idleness, disobedience, vulgarity, disbelief in high thoughts and generous sentiments, is to invite them to corrupt one another,—is to do them irreparable harm. Such is the inevitable result where principals and teachers lack competence and zeal.

Only they who make self-education a life-business are deeply interesting or quicken the circles wherein they move; and they who, having the name and office of guides and teachers, fail to illumine and strengthen the minds and hearts of others because they neglect their own, are recreant to God and man.

The young are idealists, and are drawn to those who walk in the light of ideals. They are hero-worshippers and are uplifted and strengthened by brave words and deeds. Language is the teacher's great instrument; and when his speech is the utterance of his life, it has the highest educational value, if he himself is wise and good. It becomes the most real of things, and its influence is as inevitable as a law of nature.

Thoughts like these are encouraging for all educators, and are calculated to give them the highest idea of the dignity and responsibility of their office.

The late Sister Mary Providence, of the Sisters of St. Anne, will be counted among the benefactors of British Columbia, whither she went from New York in 1858 at the solicitation of Bishop Demers. She was accompanied by two companions, and the long and painful journey was made via Panama. Landing in Victoria, she immediately began the foundation of St. Anne's Academy, which is now one of the most flourishing educational institutions in the province. Later on she founded St. Joseph's Hospital in the same city, and numerous schools and orphan asylums elsewhere. Her solicitude for the welfare of the children robbed of parents and homes by the terrible disaster at the Nanaimo mines won for her the glorious title of "Mother of the Orphans." Her long life was spent in doing good, and she had the consolation of realizing that all her labors and sacrifices had been wondrously blessed. Always a model of every Christian virtue, she bore the

sufferings of her long last illness with the same saintlike fortitude with which she braved the hardships and privations of her early career. Less than a year ago Sister Providence celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her religious life, and the congratulations from far and near of which she was then the recipient were the prelude of the untold happiness into which she has now entered. May she rest in peace!

Speaking to the graduating class of Tufts College, President Capen said:

I stand in awe under the mighty arches of a great cathedral of the Old World. I look around on the vast pile which was centuries in building and which it would require the resources of an empire to reproduce. My eye is caught by the delicacy and grace which seemed to be the response to every tap of the workman's hammer. I say, surely the men of the olden time were not inferior to the men of to-day. And when I am reminded, too, that all this majesty and beauty were the votive offerings of faith and love, my soul is filled with humility and gratitude.

I would not put the hands back on the dial-plate of time. I would not have the nineteenth and twentieth centuries exchange places with the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. I would not have mankind halt in their mighty march of progress. Nor would I put out of mind the marvellous offerings for learning and charity which render our age illustrious. But I could wish that we had something more of the religious faith, something more of the absorbing devotion, something more of the self-denying love, of those earlier times injected into our age, even though it might mean for all of us a simpler life and a loss of some of the products which we now reckon as a part of the wealth of the world. Economics might show a diminution in its account, but our essential humanity would be vastly enriched.

It is one of the best fruits of true culture to be able to enter sympathetically into a bygone period, more especially when the ideals of that period are almost diametrically opposed to those of our own time. "Economics" versus "our essential humanity,"—no phrasing could better express the contrast between the cathedral-builders and the trust-builders!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

When Freddie is Ill.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

AS here in bed I lie,
Sometimes the wind is blowing,
But the clock is *always* going
Ticktack, ticktack.

When all alone am I,
Sometimes the cows are lowing,
But the clock is *always* going
Ticktack, ticktack.

And when I wake at night,
Sometimes the cock is crowing,
But the clock is *always* going
Ticktack, ticktack.

And when the sun is bright,
The men are *often* mowing,
But the clock is *always* going
Ticktack, ticktack.

And on the lake down there,
Sometimes the boys are rowing,
But the clock is *always* going
Ticktack, ticktack.

I wish I did not care—
And I don't—for blowing, rowing,
Mowing, snowing, lowing, crowing;
But the clock is *always* going
Ticktack, ticktack.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—THE MYSTERIOUS TOWER.

VERY early next morning the boys were downstairs. On entering the breakfast room, they felt ashamed of their panic, and sheepishly hung their heads; but Katrinka never alluded to the matter at all, and seemed to be in the best of good-humor.

The weather still continued cool and bright; and no sooner was the break-

fast dispatched than Katrinka bade the boys come forth, where she was already busy packing a peculiarly-shaped osier basket. At the foot of the gallery steps stood a small handcart, and in this vehicle she placed the basket, lifting it in her strong arms as though it had been a feather weight; then locking the house door, she hung the key on a peg in the wall. The old woman next donned a huge, flapping hat, which made her look more hideous than ever; and, motioning the boys to follow, seized the handle of the cart and began to go forward at a rapid pace.

She led the way by a path which even Vladimir had never before taken; and Teddy and he followed her in silence, quite uncertain as to what she meant to do, and at first rather dismayed at her ruthless putting to nought of all their plans. They reached at last what seemed like a clearing in the forest; and there, as if it had arisen by magic, stood a most peculiar-looking edifice, somewhat in the form of a tower. It had long, narrow windows, with lozenged panes.

The boys looked about in astonishment: their curiosity was excited to the uttermost. Katrinka stood still, gazing at the tower, and enjoying the visible surprise of her two companions who watched her every movement with the greatest interest. Finally she took a key from her pocket and fitted it into the lock of a quaint trellised door; and having crossed the threshold, invited the boys by a friendly gesture to enter.

They did so, nothing loath, opening their eyes wide and looking about them at the singular aspect of the circular room, with its stone-paved floor, a few stiff wooden chairs of a foreign pattern, a rough deal table, and a broad hearth

piled high with logs of wood, over which hung an immense iron pot. The absence of any color whatsoever was specially noticeable.

"Katrinka's house!" cried the old woman, standing still again, and looking about her with her hideous grin, which presently broke forth into a shrill peal of almost elfin laughter. "Katrinka's house!"

"I tell you what, this is fine!" said Teddy to the hunchback, visibly impressed by a certain air of rude comfort, and at the same time an atmosphere of mystery, than which nothing is more attractive to the mind of the average boy.

Katrinka led them up a spiral staircase, and threw open door after door, all of which gave upon a species of gallery. These doors led into tiny apartments, which resembled nothing so much as toyhouses, each containing the oddest bits of furniture. Teddy, in boy-fashion, cried out his hearty appreciation of each little room, very much as if he were looking at a panorama; and this seemed to please Katrinka immensely.

Having admired the second floor, the little party of explorers continued up the spiral staircase till they came to a tower chamber, whence, when Katrinka opened the windows, there was a splendid view over the entire country. Teddy and Johnny lost themselves in delight over the prospect, pointing out to each other the various features of the landscape and the vessels sailing upon the bay.

When they went downstairs again, Katrinka opened a door which the boys had not before perceived; and they followed her down a few steps into a yard, circular in shape, where grass grew abundantly and which was fenced in very neatly. In the farther corner of this inclosure was a queer little outbuilding, at the door of which she paused, calling a name or

two. In response, out rushed two great goats—Nanny and Billy. Both animals ran at once to Katrinka with every mark of recognition and of attachment; but Master Billy seemed greatly to resent the intrusion of the boys, and began a regular game with Teddy, standing on hind legs and making furious sidelong leaps and angry butts at the lithe and nimble lad, who always succeeded in eluding him, with shouts of laughter, in which Katrinka and the hunchback joined.

Nanny was much more civil to the intruders, and allowed them to pat her head; and presently the boys were regaled with a mug of goat's milk,—something which Teddy had never before tasted. This, with fresh bread and butter, sufficed for their luncheon; and Katrinka sent them off afterward to explore the country. When they returned their arms were fairly laden with blossoming branches and bunches of lilac and honeysuckle. Teddy's face glowed with health and pleasure, and even the hunchback's pale cheeks were pink-tinted from the sharp and almost biting air.

As they came in at the door, both furiously hungry, they were greeted by a savory smell, and saw Katrinka stirring something in the huge iron pot which hung above the hearth, where blazed a tremendous fire of logs. The fire encircled Katrinka with its ruddy glare and made her look more than ever like a witch. As the boys crossed the threshold, she withdrew the iron spoon from the pot and waved it in the air, muttering to herself some strange, foreign-sounding jargon. They paused irresolute, half in fear; but the old woman bade them lay aside their fragrant burdens and get to work.

At her direction, they put the wild flowers into big earthen bowls, and stuck the branches into various corners of the room, giving it a very festive appearance. She next ordered Teddy

to open a cupboard door, so that he and Johnny might set the table with the heavy crockery plates, dishes and mugs they found within; while she herself took out loaves of barley bread and pats of fresh butter, with knives, forks, and spoons. She then filled a dish with the savory contents of the iron pot, a deliciously-smelling compound, tempting to the nostrils of hungry boys.

Katrinka informed her two young companions that this was a gypsy stew, such as she had often made over brushwood fires in the forests of her native land; also that it contained bits of nearly every kind of meat, with morsels of poultry and game, flavored after the old woman's own incomparable manner.

When the stew was on the table, Katrinka took a kettle from the hob and hung it on a hook over the blaze, so that she might brew a cup of her excellent coffee. Then, sitting down, she plentifully helped the boys,—casting a strange sidelong glance at Teddy, who made the Sign of the Cross before beginning to eat. Both boys thought they had never tasted anything so good as Katrinka's stew, and they enjoyed it thoroughly; their appetites having been sharpened by an early breakfast, a light luncheon, and a long walk in the invigorating air. The surroundings, so like a gypsy encampment, added not a little to the pleasure of the feast. At the end of the meal Katrinka sang them a strange, wild song, of which they did not understand a word, but which sent them into fits of laughter.

Before the banquet was completed, the shadows had darkened, and the long summer evening had given place to night,—a cold night which might have belonged to November, with a rising wind, and a dull red glare in the west. The boys, with their strange companion, sat round the hearth; and Katrinka told them weird tales of her

native land, some of which made her listeners' hair stand on end. In the midst of one of these narratives, and just when Katrinka had brought her recital to a dramatic climax, a wild blast shook the tower as though it would hurl it from its base, and rattled the doors and windows.

The boys drew closer together and shivered, as the great trees without waved and almost bent to the earth, while the wind went howling and shrieking by. It almost seemed to Teddy and Johnny that the tall, nodding man whom old Katrinka had just been describing was haunting the forests and looking in at the windows, or that the "wild huntsman" was still riding with his demon pack through the woods.

They very nearly uttered a shriek, and even Teddy's stout heart quailed, when suddenly a violent knocking came to the door of the tower. Katrinka, who never seemed to know what fear was, stood uncertain for several seconds. Then she advanced and threw open the door, peering out, her eyes still dazzled by the firelight. A man stood without—a thin, careworn-looking personage, with the collar of his coat turned so high as to conceal a portion of his face. He stood for a moment, astonished at Katrinka's appearance. Then he said:

"I saw a faint light through the windows—the light of your fire, the only one in this unfrequented place,—and I smelled food. I am cold and weary and hungry. I seek shelter and rest and food."

His tone was sharp and business-like; but Katrinka stood with her arms outstretched across the door, as if to deny all ingress.

"I beg of you for God's sake to let me enter!" urged the stranger.

Katrinka laughed.

"God! Who is God?" she cried, in her harsh voice. "It must be a century since I heard that name."

"Katrinka," interposed Teddy, "when any one asks in God's name we've got to let him in; and, besides, it shows he's all right."

Katrinka gave a quick glance at the boy; but she suffered her hands to drop at her sides, and, drawing back from the door, permitted the stranger to enter. He, in his turn, cast a penetrating gaze upon Teddy, who ran and placed beside the fire a chair, into which the newcomer dropped with every appearance of extreme fatigue. The two boys then busied themselves in piling more logs on the fire, and Katrinka silently and ungraciously heated up the remnants of the stew and made a fresh brewing of coffee. Teddy wheeled over a small table, and upon that the stranger was served, without disturbing himself from his comfortable seat by the hearth. He ate and drank as if he were famished, surveying the curious group out of his sharp eyes and noting every detail of the room.

When he had finished his repast he sat back in his chair, stretching out his limbs to the blaze and staring dreamily into the fire. All at once he spoke:

"I do not know if this tower has arisen here in this desolate spot by enchantment, but this I do know: I have been walking for many hours—since I lost the main road—without seeing a trace of human habitations. Nor can I say," he added, with a humorous look at Katrinka, "if a powerful magician has evolved these viands out of nothing by her occult arts. I can only bear testimony that never was more delicious food placed before a wayfarer who was actually perishing with hunger."

Something like a gleam of satisfaction stole over the stolid features of Katrinka at this encomium on her cookery, but she said no word in reply. The boys also were silent,—the hunchback open-eyed and staring;

Teddy observant but less abashed.

The stranger thereupon took out a notebook and, turning sharply to Teddy, asked:

"What is your name, young man?"

"Teddy Tompkins, sir."

"Tompkins," said the man, noting down the name carefully. "And what is this place called?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Is it your home?"

"No. I used to live in New York, but I live now in the Sandman's Castle," Teddy replied, with his frank, confident air.

"The *Sandman's Castle!*" repeated the stranger, in astonishment; and he cast a keen glance at Teddy's honest face to see if by any chance the boy might be quizzing him. "Do you call this tower by that name?"

"No, sir. We're here only for the day, and Katrinka says this is *her* house."

"I compliment you upon it," said the stranger to Katrinka; but the old woman only scowled.

"We came for the day," went on Teddy, "because the Sandman's away; and we're having a tiptop time."

"You are, eh?" said the stranger. "But who is this Sandman?"

Katrinka here interposed:

"His name is Alexandrovitch; and he knows no strangers, nor does he want any near his home."

"Is he your father?" inquired the man, ignoring Katrinka and continuing to question Teddy.

"No, I guess not!" said Teddy. "My father's been dead a long while; but he wasn't at all like him."

"Is this boy your brother?" asked the inquisitive wayfarer, indicating the hunchback by a gesture.

"No: he isn't any relation to me."

"Is the Sandman *his* father?"

"No: his father's dead too."

"Oh, I see!" commented the stranger.

"You live at an orphan asylum?"

"No, I don't either," contradicted

Teddy, indignantly,—he did not like the sound of the word.

“Well! well!” cried the old man, good-humoredly. “I give it up. But where does this Sandman live?”

“His house is his own. He wants no strangers there,” put in Katrinka curtly.

“He lives near the bay,” explained Teddy, ashamed of the old woman’s ungraciousness.

The visitor gave the boy a strange look as he questioned him further.

“In a big, rambling house at a short distance up from the shore?”

Teddy nodded.

“Oh, I know,—I understand!” said the man, after which he relapsed into silence, staring at the blaze and muttering:

“Alexandrovitch! Alexandrovitch! Can it possibly be he?”

But he gave no further clue to the subject of his musings, and dozed off, shading his face from the blaze with his hand; and presently there was audible token that he was fast asleep.

Katrinka watched him resentfully for a few moments, and then she busied herself washing up the dishes, and the boys helped her to put them all back in their places. While this was going on, the sleeper by the fire awoke with a start, crying:

“Oh—eh? Where am I?”

Then he remembered, and said:

“I suppose it must be wearing late. Let me see what the weather is like.”

He opened one of the lozenged windows: a veritable flood of moonlight came streaming into the room, making a sharp contrast to the ruddy glare on the hearth. The wind had subsided, and, though it was still cloudy, it was truly a glorious night.

“Ah, there is the moon to light me on my way! And now,” he added, “were I to follow the received rules of story-telling with regard to wayfarers and wandering vagabonds of all sorts,

I should produce a brace of pistols and demand your money or your lives.”

He looked so fierce as he said this that the hunchback shrank into a corner; but Teddy eyed the speaker with a shrewdly humorous look, taking in the situation.

And the stranger continued:

“However, I shall so far depart from the custom of wayfarers in remote places as to thank you for your kind hospitality and proceed peaceably upon my way. I fully expect, indeed, that Katrinka’s house will vanish from my sight once I am outside the door.”

Buttoning up his coat preparatory to departure, he stepped briskly across the threshold, beckoning Teddy to follow. The boy obeyed with some hesitation. Since his adventure with the Sandman, he had been much more chary of holding confidential interviews with unknown personages. Without, the wind had subsided to a gentle breeze, laden with a hundred sweet scents; and the moon, at its full, eclipsed the splendor of the stars and cast a trail of glory, a shining path, across that clearing in the forest.

“My boy,” said the visitor, laying his hand upon Teddy’s shoulder and dropping his tone of pleasantry, “I find you in strange surroundings. How you have come here I know not, but I warn you to beware of that Russian whom you call the Sandman. He will want to take away your religion and your God. Do not let him deprive you of one or the other. I take it for granted you are a Catholic?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Teddy.

“I thought so. Be a good one in spite of him. For the service you did me to-night, I shall long keep you in mind; and should you ever need me, I will be ready to serve you,—provided only that you remain faithful.”

Teddy gazed up at him but said nothing; and the stranger continued:

“Here is a card upon which you will

find my address; for, though you have seen me to-night as weak and famished for food as the poorest beggar, still I have both the will and the power to serve you."

When he had spoken thus, he turned and disappeared so quickly that it seemed to Teddy he had actually vanished into the earth. He looked around and saw Katrinka, who had drawn near with her catlike tread. For some mysterious reason she seemed to have taken a great dislike to the unexpected visitor, and shook her fist in the direction in which he had retreated.

Teddy glanced at the card. Upon it were inscribed the letters X Y Z, and an address in New York city which Teddy knew to be in one of the chief commercial centres.

He did not show the card to Katrinka, nor did she make any inquiries about it. The old woman, indeed, seemed merely concerned with her work of putting the room into order, and packing whatever had to go into the osier basket, which she placed once more upon the handcart. Then she went down into the yard, followed by the two boys, and saw that the goats had a plentiful meal, and caressed them and bade them good-bye as if they had been human beings. This done, she locked the door of the tower, and the three set out on their homeward way.

"Oh, if the Sandman would stay away always, wouldn't it be splendid?" whispered the hunchback to Teddy.

"You bet! But there's no hope of that. He's sure to come back hopping. I wonder what he went for?"

The two boys had fallen behind Katrinka, who was trundling her little cart and crooning to herself a weird song which sounded like an incantation.

"I wonder what the Sandman is about?" Teddy repeated. "But there's no use: we might go on guessing all day and never get near it."

To the boys, that walk home

through the forest was delightful, and they almost wished that it could be prolonged. But, though it was a considerable walk, it came to an end, and there lay the Sandman's Castle, bathed from roof to cellar in the glory of the moonlight. But, to the amazement of the boys and of Katrinka herself, another light than that of the moon shone out from the door, which stood wide open. Yet surely it had been locked when they went away! Katrinka, with a cry of dismay, started forward; and Teddy and the hunchback looked at each other, standing still in their astonishment, the breathless question uppermost in their minds:

"Is it, indeed, the Sandman, or has some one else found the key and entered during our absence?"

(To be continued.)

Tawdry.

The word "tawdry" has a singular history. In England long ago a fair was annually held on the feast of St. Etheldreda; and as time went on the name was corrupted into St. Audry, and the fair called St. Audry's fair. A certain sort of coarse lace was then offered for sale and called St. Audry's lace. Later on there was a second shortening of the name, only the *t* in the word saint being retained, and the word tawdry was the result; being afterward applied, first to any coarse lace, then to anything whatsoever that was cheap and garish.

The Ancient Crown of England.

The crown worn by the kings of England up to the time of the so-called Reformation bore the image of the Blessed Virgin together with that of our Divine Saviour.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Messrs. Rutledge have brought out a popular edition of Fitzgerald's well-known version of Calderon's dramas.

—The Van Nostrand Co. have just issued a second edition of Mme. Curie's learned work "Radio-active Substances." This remarkable woman ranks among the leading scientists of the day. Like her distinguished husband, she is an exemplary Catholic.

—Mr. Archer M. Huntington, well known for his researches into early Spanish literature, has just finished a work on "The Initials and Miniatures of the Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Centuries from the Mozarabic Manuscripts of Santo Domingo de Silos" preserved in the British Museum.

—The Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., is preparing a volume of Dantean essays for publication during the autumn. Father Rivard is an accomplished student of the great Florentine, and the essays he is now collecting attracted widespread attention in the magazines.

—We learn from the London *Catholic Times* that "a complete text of 'St. Monica's Chronicle' is now for the first time to be published." It has been prepared from the original manuscript preserved by the Newton Abbot community, and has been edited by Dom Adam Hamilton. The period covered by this record is from 1548 to 1625.

—The "O'Growney Memorial Volume" prepared by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly contains, besides a sketch of Father O'Growney and an elaborate account of his obsequies, all his writings both in Irish and English. Many of these latter have not hitherto been published. The work is printed in Dublin and is altogether of Irish workmanship, even to the making of the paper and ink. This memorial volume is an appropriate tribute to a noble priest and patriot.

—Mr. Samuel J. Kitson, whose bust of Dr. Brownson is said to be a notable success in a remarkably successful career, is a little over fifty years old. He was received into the Church in Boston fifteen years ago, and he has done not a few religious subjects—among them an exquisite Madonna—with great applause. Mr. John J. a'Becket, in the course of an enjoyable essay in the *Messenger*, thus speaks of one aspect of the exhibition of Mr. Kitson's work recently held in New York under the auspices of Mrs. Thomas Ryan: "It was an amusing thing in the way of contrasts that in the residence whose owners were ardent supporters of missionary works of Prot-

estant societies, an exhibition of such Catholic subjects as the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart of Our Lord should be given under the auspices of the Catholic lady who has purchased these houses."

—Many readers will be glad to hear that the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., has completed an annotated translation of St. Thomas' "Summa Contra Gentiles." It is surprising that this great work was not rendered accessible to English readers long ago. It would be hard to overestimate the importance of Father Rickaby's service to religion and literature.

—The figures reached by the "best-sellers" within the last decade have made it hard to be surprised at the statistics furnished by publishers; however, we are inclined to think that Father Conway's "Question Box" has attained a dazzling success even among modern books. Most of the "best-sellers" are fiction; the "Question Box" is controversy—it is made up of answers to questions proposed in the missions to non-Catholics. First published a year ago, it has already reached the extraordinary sale of 135,000 copies.

—"The Veil of the Temple," Mr. W. H. Mallock's new book, is described as an attempt to mirror the conflict in the cultivated minds of the day between the desire for some objective truth that may justify the aspirations of men of various temperaments toward a religion, and the sense that science (by which is meant the dogma of the uniformity of mechanical processes) has irretrievably shattered the ancient foundations for any such belief. The arguments will not be new to Mr. Mallock's readers, but they are set forth with fresh vigor and with all the attractiveness of his other books dealing with religious themes.

—There is little in Mr. W. S. Lilly's essay on "Shakespeare's Protestantism" in the current *Fortnightly* that was not familiar to the ordinary Shakespearean student. That—in the absence of direct proof of the religious belief of the great poet, —Shakespeare everywhere shows a sympathy with and a yearning after the Old Faith; that he shows a remarkable familiarity with its rites, doctrines and terminology; that he expurgated the anti-Catholic originals from which he borrowed many of his plots, is well known to school-boys. On the other hand, it is hardly accurate to suggest that all the other Elizabethan playwrights were markedly anti-Catholic in contrast with Shakespeare. To name only the two greatest of them, Ben Jonson himself became a Catholic, though he apostatized twelve years later, after enduring

some mild persecution for the Faith; and one of the charges made against Christopher Marlowe in his own lifetime was that "he affirmeth . . . that yf there be any God or good religion then it is in the Papistes; that all protestantes ar hipocritical Asses." We are grateful to Mr. Lilly, however, for again drawing attention to the fact, first pointed out by Mr. Richard Simpson, that Shakespeare, in the following words from *All's Well that Ends Well*, pays "a tribute to one of the most beautiful and touching doctrines of Catholicism."

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? He can not thrive
Unless her prayers whom Heaven delights to hear
And loves to graat, reprove him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.

Commenting on this passage, Mr. Simpson—it is a great pity his MS. never was published, though Father Bowden made it the basis of his "Religion of Shakespeare"—asks: "Whose prayers are these?" And he answers: "Not those of Helen, but of one greater than an angel whose prayers God delights to hear and loves to grant. This is exactly the way in which Catholics speak of the Blessed Virgin; and the lines will not apply to any but her. The testimony is brief but decisive; Shakespeare in these lines affirms distinctly, if not intentionally, one of the most characteristic doctrines that distinguish the Catholic from the Protestant community."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.25.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol In Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

A Precursor of St. Phillip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

Bellinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick In History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Roch, of the diocese of San Antonio; Rev. Henry Gallagher, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. August Alten, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. James Martin, diocese of Alton.

Mother M. Regis, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin.

Mr. Martin Hunt and Mr. J. F. Talley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Francesca Lange, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. Michael Mahoney, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Catherine Brawley, Roxbury, Mass.; Kathryn A. Wallace, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Brown and Mrs. Bridget Brown, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Elizabeth Fischer and Mr. John Matthews, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Ellen O'Donnell and Mr. Michael Lally, Hoboken, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Dean, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. T. A. Dumbeck, Erie, Pa.; Mr. Edward Keogh, New York; Mr. James Nugent, Braddock, Pa.; Mrs. Joseph Beach, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Meline De Clercy, Akron, Ohio; Dr. M. J. Hughes, Mr. Thomas Diviney, and Mr. James Shields, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Catherine Rhein, Canton, Ohio; and Elizabeth Horton, Riverside, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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NO. 2.

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Venality.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

AS chastity in woman, so in man
Doth stainless honor form the keying stone
Of Virtue's arch. Whose honor is o'erthrown
Hath placed himself beneath a lasting ban,
Nor merits more respect than courtesan
Who flaunts her public shame with loosened zone;
Self-exiled from Integrity's fair throne,
The venal slave's the State's most worthless bran.
Or high or low in order, class, degree,
Each citizen may hold one title clear,—
May own himself, may cherish probity,
And stand 'mid honest men their sturdy peer:
But of true manliness remains there naught
In whatso knave has shown he can be bought.

Calderon's Virgin of the Sanctuary.

THE best poets habitually, and all poets when at their best, are Catholic; and never more so than when treating of God's masterpiece of human excellence and beauty, the ever-blessed Virgin. That professedly Catholic writers, then, should frequently pay the tribute of their homage to Our Lady is but natural; and according as the genius of the author is lofty we expect from his lyre exalted strains of Marian eulogy. As Calderon de la Barca, the celebrated Spanish poet and dramatist of the seventeenth century, is by common consent of international critics acknowledged to have been, "next to Shakespeare, the greatest of

modern playwrights," we may consequently feel assured that among his numerous works will be found no dearth of references to her who could not but be endeared to him as poet and as priest.

Not content with writing many sonnets in Our Lady's honor, Calderon also dedicated to her his dramatic genius, notably in the play entitled "The Virgin of the Sanctuary." The Blessed Virgin is therein brought into contact with the historical chronicles of Toledo. The three days which represent the division of the drama's acts mark three distinct epochs: first, a date prior to the invasion of the peninsula by the Moors; then the Moorish Conquest and their entry into Toledo; and finally the retaking of the city in 1085 by Alfonso VI., King of Castile and Leon.

Our Lady is the connecting link of the different periods and constitutes the unity of the drama. A wooden statue which represents her is venerated in Toledo's fine cathedral. Its origin is unknown; but Archbishop Ildefonso tells the King and Queen that everything favors the tradition that St. Eugene, the patron of the church, inherited it from St. Chrysostom, who in turn traced it back to the Apostles. These latter, it is stated, when they separated to evangelize the nations, took with them images of Our Lady, all made by the same workman, and from life, before the Assumption.

It was at the foot of this statue

that St. Ildefonso placed himself while defending the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin against the heresy of Pelagius. After his triumphant address he felt the need of recollection, and at the hour for Matins retired to the Blessed Virgin's altar to pray. Our Lady appeared to him. She stood alongside the statue and carried a chasuble on her arm. "Ildefonso," she said, "I am come to recompense your devotion, your zeal, and the fine discourse you have pronounced in honor of my purity. Receive this vestment, brilliant as the sun. I wish to see you gallantly arrayed on my festival. I desire that you wear my colors, as Christian knights wear those of their noble ladies." She placed the chasuble over his shoulders; and, turning to the statue, continued: "And you, my image, in which as in a pure crystal I contemplate myself, I wish to embrace you before you take leave of me. For it is expedient, my image, that you be hidden for a long time. You must undergo reverses and misery; but the day will come that will behold you venerated with a greater cult than ever, and your illustrious chapel will witness a wonderful and impressive miracle."

This prediction was verified at a later period. Let us return to the opening of the drama. Toledo was besieged by the Moors and summoned to surrender. Famine had already decimated its defenders; but their prevailing sentiment was that death was preferable to the acceptance of any terms, however honorable, that might be offered by the enemy. A ringing protest against such action was made by one of the ladies, Doña Sancha.

"This death you look forward to," she cried, "will be a voluntary death, a crime in the eyes of God! The claims of honor will not absolve you. Will it be honorable, by dying, to leave your wives and daughters in the power of the Moors? Does the preservation of

your honor demand the loss of ours? Even if you surrender, posterity will not dare to accuse you of infamy. Toledo can not have the privilege of always vanquishing. How often have not her sons been crowned with laurel? Will she lose her glory because, for once, Fortune to-day decides against her? Ah, how much better will it be to fold our arms before this heavy stroke of Fate that bends but does not break us, than forthwith to tear up our roots and so prevent our raising our heads once more in happier times! Let the Moors be conquerors, provided they allow us to live among them in miserable captivity. Our holy religion will always live within us; and the day will come when our descendants will rebuild the throne of Catholicism; the very ruins of this city will awaken their hearts and recall our woes. But that can never happen if, through the death of all, there remains no longer a drop of Spanish blood. . . .

"Come, valiant Christians; come, courageous Toledans, let faith reign in your hearts! Let us triumph over Fortune, and give the lie to Fate. Let the thunder crash on the proud towers of our city, but respect the lowly lilies that humbly bend their heads. Let the torrent tear up the oak that resists its fury, but leave still standing the rush that yields. Mixed with the Arabs, we may live miserably, but without leaving our walls. Provided we live united, what misfortune can pursue us, what evil assail us! What calamity triumph over us, when we reflect, O Toledans, that the years move on and succeed one another!"

"But suppose," said the Governor of the city, "that the Moors refuse to leave to us our laws and our religion?"

"Then death," answered the noble woman; "but a happier death, for we should suffer for our Faith."

Negotiations were accordingly begun with the besiegers; but before they

entered within Toledo's walls the prelate Urban, "another Anchises," resolved to carry from "the Castilian Troy" the Christian penates. He gathered the precious relics, placed the statue "The Virgin of the Sanctuary" on his shoulders, and attempted to set out for Oviedo with his pious burden. Do what he would, however, he could not cross the threshold of the church. His body refused to obey his will. The Virgin apparently did not desire to quit either Toledo or her chapel: she desired to suffer with the Toledans. The transportation was, therefore, given up; but measures were taken to conceal the statue from the Moors.

That night the Governor, Godman, followed by four other lords sworn to secrecy, entered the church. Godman carried a torch, and by its quivering light showed his companions a deep well that had been closed up for a long period. It was there that the precious statue was to be deposited to await better and more Catholic days. The Governor got up on Our Lady's altar, and before seizing the statue addressed it in this strain:

"Pardon, holy Virgin, if, rash and discourteous, I ascend to thee, as once Moses entered the burning copse without being consumed. Suffer me to touch thee; I will carry thee and Him whom thou carriest. Mother of God, thou art also the Mother of sinners." (He takes down the statue.) "Thou hast to flee a cruel Pharaoh. Another Nabuchodonosor threatens thee, O holy and lovely Esther! Thou goest to Babylon, a captive like Israel. Thou art to descend into the obscurity of this deep well. Behold, Our Lady, what hospitality the earth offers thee! Thou in such a pit, O wealth of my soul! But what matters it to thee, since thy Son is still on thine arm! The sepulchre which thou didst not need at thy passage from life is thine to-day, alas, alas!"

There were sobs from all the assistants. The statue was lowered into the well; far-away music was heard; and invisible singers chanted: "Oh, how the city is empty and desolate!"

"These are voices from heaven," said Godman; "and most appropriate here is the cry of Jeremiah over Jerusalem."

Many years of war, of vicissitudes, of successive victories and defeats, have filled up the interval that separates the second act from the third; but when the third act opens, the Spaniards have inch by inch regained the greater part of their territory, and that very day Alfonso VI. enters Toledo in triumph. He grants to the Moors the same terms which the Christians had formerly received from them; but among his concessions is this: the great church of Toledo is to remain the mosque into which it has been converted.

The tradition of the Virgin's statue has been obliterated. The secret of its burial has been too religiously preserved; yet scarcely has the King left Toledo at the completion of the treaty, than his Queen, moved by a secret impression of what the edifice contained, exacts from the Moors the giving up of the church and its delivery to her. A Moorish knight overtakes Alfonso a few leagues beyond the city:

"Our fathers kept their word to the vanquished Christians: can not the Christian victors keep theirs to us?"

"Yes, in the name of God, the Virgin, and all the saints," returns the King. "I have no hand in this treachery, and I go back to Toledo to punish it. I love and honor the Queen, but I would run her through with my sword rather than consent to go back on my word."

So he returns to the city.

Already angelic voices have made known to Bernard, Archbishop of Toledo, the whereabouts of the Virgin of the Sanctuary; already, in the Queen's presence, the first stone has been removed from the mouth of the

well, when a messenger announces the arrival of the King, who has come back in a fury to put the Moors again in possession of the church. The Queen, her hair loosened from its bandages, seizes a crucifix in one hand and a poniard in the other, and goes forward to meet Alfonso, who comes in with the exclamation:

"I'll kill her in the very sanctuary!"

They endeavor to stop him, but the Queen cries:

"No, hinder him not! If the King wishes to kill me, he will spare me the task of killing myself. Why do you hesitate, my lord?"

The King is stupefied. The Queen appears to him surrounded by an aureola of glory. She points out to him the mouth of the well. Alfonso turns to the Mussulmans.

"It is a command from God," he says; "I yield, but treasures will be ceded to you in exchange for this church."

A Moorish slave fastens a rope to his body and is let down into the well.

"Do you see anything?"

"Lower the rope," he replies, and is let down still farther. All at once he cries: "Hoist up!" And in a few moments he reappears, his features transformed with surprise and admiration. "I was a Mussulman," he exclaims, "but I am now a Christian! I have seen her, I have seen her! She is luminous of herself and throws out a splendid radiance."

Archbishop Bernard takes the rope and prepares to descend. None other than he shall bring up the precious burden; but suddenly the water mounts in the well and brings the statue up to the level of the pavement, before the astounded eyes of the Queen, the King, and the encircling crowd. It is placed on a pedestal; all prostrate themselves; and the Archbishop recites aloud the Litany of Our Lady, the responses being given with unbounded fervor and joy by all the Christians present.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XVIII.—AN EXCHANGE OF FLOWERS.

ONE morning the following letter, addressed to the Countess, arrived from John:

NIAGARA, June 15, 1869.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I have carried out all your wishes; and I now enclose a bunch of flowers from the grave of James Abbott, your mysterious hero.

I can not as yet imagine why you should have sent me to America; nor can I understand how this journey could avail toward the regaining of my dear Lizardière. The grip of the present owner is as iron, although her hands are so white. But I obey you, as I shall ever do; and I know I shall never regret doing so.

I had certain erroneous impressions in regard to America which it is very well for me to get rid of. It is true that the elegance, the vivacity, the gentle and polished manners of our old European nations are not to be found here; but one realizes that one is in the midst of a great and glorious people. What I most admire is a trait that is usually considered their greatest fault—independence of character pushed almost to an extreme. Very likely I have the germ of the fault in myself; and I confess frankly that if I were not a Royalist in old France, I should wish to be a Republican in young America. "Extremes meet" in politics as in many another thing. I shall explain all this when I see you.

In the meantime my feudal rancor against the new proprietress of the old walls which saw my birth increases every day. The more I think of it, the less I comprehend the tenacity of Mademoiselle Désormes. Or, rather, I think I comprehend it only too well. Evidently I have displeased her. If she

refuses me what she would accord to any other human being, it is because she detests me. I have done with her forever. It is quite natural that the pretty society girl should feel contempt for the man of the woods that I am, and shall always be.

I am now in the heart of a Canadian forest. I met in Chicago Mr. Jonathan Muller, the American millionaire who paid such a high price for my "Boar Hunt." He has built a magnificent mansion, and has begged me to paint panels—at my own price, mind you—for the dining-hall, parlor, and library. I have consented, and shall paint the scenery of the surrounding country: the Niagara Falls, Horseshoe Fall, Table Rock, Iris Island, the grave of James Abbott, the Three Sisters, and many other wonderful things. This will occupy me for three or four months; and I can tell you, cousin mine, that the Americans pay for works of art with a royal generosity.

Believe not, however, that the mercantile spirit has seized me at the expense of art. If I seem to think more of money than ever before, it is for this reason. I gave my lawyer orders when I left to buy the farm of La Mairie, upon the preserve of which the Count desires to exhibit his prowess as a mighty hunter. In the heart of this estate I shall build a new Lizardière exactly on the plans of the old one, and thither I shall remove the ashes of my dear parents. Mademoiselle Raymonde will not refuse this request; to doubt her would be an insult to her heart. Moreover, I will buy all the land that is for sale in the neighborhood, and so augment the heritage of my fathers. Do not let Mademoiselle know of this; for she is capable of buying up all Touraine in order to checkmate me.

Adieu, my dear cousin! Love to the dear little Madeleine. I shall bring her an Indian doll, a canoe, bows and arrows, and ever so many things!

Tell Leopold that I shot a grizzly in the Rockies. And do not forget the exile, who thinks of you very often.

JOHN DE LIZARDIÈRE.

Raymonde was at Marcilly when the letter arrived. She noticed the foreign stamp, and recognized John's handwriting, which she had already seen at the notary's; but she said never a word, contenting herself with watching her friend's face as she read sentence after sentence. Christiana, after a moment's reflection, held the letter toward her; and Raymonde read, by turns blushing and smiling. When she had finished, she remarked:

"How well he knows me! I wonder if all men are so penetrating in their judgments of women?"

"Yes, I think so, my child,—all, or nearly all."

They spoke no more of John that day. Indeed, the Countess rarely introduced the subject; as Madeleine was almost always present, and as soon as her mother lowered her voice she would ask: "What are you saying about cousin John, mamma?"

The following day Christiana wrote:

THE LIZARDIÈRE, June 30, 1869.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I reply to your letter from the Lizardière, where I am visiting Mademoiselle Désormes. She has gone out with her father, and while waiting her return I will send you a few lines.

So you are almost a citizen of free America! You work for Republican Yankees,—you, son of the great Crusaders! And all this that you may return to France the high and mighty seignior of La Mairie, the Lizardière, Braye-on-the-Maulne, St. Laurent du Pont, and a dozen other places! Very good, and I say it in all seriousness. You will regild the coat of arms of your forefathers!

I fancy, however, that you have some more sentimental attraction out

there than painting panels for Mr. Jonathan Muller. Who knows but you may bring back to us some young American belle with a million of dollars. I see her now—tall, thin—but I hear Mademoiselle Raymonde coming; so, with love from all at Marcilly, I must say adieu.

CHRISTIANA DE CHAZÉ.

P. S.—I open my letter to place a flower in it, to repay you for the bouquet from the grave of James Abbott. Mine comes from the tomb of your dear mother. Every time I visit Mademoiselle Désormes I repair to the chapel, and I always find a fresh bouquet of wild flowers on your mother's tomb. Raymonde places them there with her own hands every morning. I asked for a flower to-day, and I enclose it to you. C. DE C.

A month later Christiana received the following reply:

NIAGARA, July 17, 1869.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—God bless you for the beautiful thought of sending me the flower! This little flower, that has crossed the wide Atlantic to remind me of my darling mother, I have kissed and bathed with tears. I did not think I could love you better, but within the last hour I feel that it has been possible. As to Mademoiselle Désormes, I should be an ingrate did I not thank her for what she has done for my mother's memory, after showing so little feeling for the son.

You rally me about a tall American belle. The American ladies are very beautiful and very intelligent. But if I ever marry, I shall choose a poor Frenchwoman of noble birth. Marriage, however, is very far from my thoughts.

This reminds me that my host, Mr. Jonathan Muller, has made a singular investment for me. All that I earn by my brush he puts into a foundry for the manufacture of firearms, of which

he is the principal stockholder. It is a good investment, and absolutely safe.

Write to me often, my dear cousin; and speak of me much oftener with my athletic kinsman and the dear little Madeleine. Americans are so ingenious that they will soon invent some machine by which I can hear you. But no: the heart is sufficient.

JOHN DE LIZARDIÈRE.

Days, weeks, and months, passed; Raymonde and Christiana seeing each other continually, their affection for each other increasing as the time rolled by. Raymonde, with her father's permission, remained all winter at Marcilly; the calm, peaceful life pleased her a great deal more than the mad whirl of the season in Paris. She left Christiana only to go to the Lizardière, to renew the flowers on the cherished tombs. The only events in her life, cloistered now by the fogs and storms, were John's letters, which came regularly; visits of charity to the surrounding farms; anxiety for the Count when late after a day's hunting; and the questionings of Madeleine, who every day was becoming more piquant and interesting.

The Countess, however, instituted something more active for Raymonde. She organized a class of young girls from the village, which met at the Petit Château every afternoon. Raymonde enjoyed teaching very much, and she instructed her scholars in many things outside the range of the village school course. She taught them the elements of drawing, selected readings from the great writers, interpreted the beauties of the poets; and she found great happiness in thus sowing seeds of knowledge in the pure, simple souls of these Children of Mary.

One Sunday, in the month of May, as Raymonde had concluded a sublime passage from Newman, Clodion, who usually slept tranquilly at her feet, suddenly pricked up his ears, uttered a single bark and dashed toward the

door. At that moment a formidable voice called out:

"Behold the American citizen!"

It was the Count de Chazé, who announced John as the boom of a cannon indicates the opening of a battle; and John immediately entered with Christiana and Madeleine.

Raymonde, as much surprised as everyone else at this unexpected arrival, turned white and sat a moment in silence; but, overcoming her emotion, she advanced to John, and, extending her hand cordially, said, in a tone not devoid of a tinge of sadness:

"I am most unfortunate, Monsieur le Marquis. You find me again invading your dominion."

John stepped closer, and, unfastening a locket which he wore on his watch-chain, answered:

"Look at that, Mademoiselle, and ask yourself if I could wish for anything more."

Raymonde took the locket, and her smile was sadly sweet as beneath the crystal cover she saw a bit of faded wild flower. Yet she perceived that, although John's words were courteous and almost cordial, there was in his expression and in his voice something cold and reserved.

This little incident passed unnoticed in the chatter and clatter of the scholars, as they left their seats and quickly scattered along the road leading to the village.

"Now," cried the Count, "let us go up to the castle, where the fatted calf awaits the prodigal!"

As the walks were rather narrow, Raymonde went first with Madeleine, followed by Clodion, who, after he had rapturously welcomed his master, seemed to prefer his new mistress,—even dogs have their days of disloyalty.

John could not help remarking the simplicity of Raymonde's costume. She was attired in a white frock, a great blue silken sash encircling her taper

waist. A Leghorn hat with a broad leaf threw her beautiful face into charming shadow, while a blue ribbon nearly as broad as the sash hung down almost to Mother Earth.

"She looks much better thus," he thought, "than in her magnificent Parisian attire of last year."

During dinner John was again surprised. Raymonde spoke very little, and always with a certain reserve and sweetness that he could not fail to perceive. He seemed to see in her the calm of the Countess blended with the vivacity of Madeleine. She resembled both,—one as the younger sister, the other as the elder. John felt it all without being able to explain it. But Madeleine supplied the information.

"Did you know, cousin John, that Mademoiselle Raymonde has been with us all winter? We have been so happy—mamma and I. Raymonde has told me such lovely stories and has read me such enchanting books! And, then, she nursed old Pieyard, who has been very ill. And now we are going to have some theatricals. We have been waiting for you."

"What! You are going to be an actress?"

"Yes: I shall have a lovely part."

"I will tell you all about it later, John," said the Countess.

"You don't know, cousin," continued the persistent child, "that one day, when mamma and Mademoiselle were talking low, I heard Mademoiselle say: 'Your cousin John detests me,—he detests me! I know it!' Mamma told her 'No,' but she would not believe her. Why do you detest Raymonde? It is not fair, and I won't let you."

John blushed up to the whites of his eyes, and could find no response. Raymonde's face grew scarlet; and the embarrassment of the situation was only relieved by Christiana, who broke up the party by rising and going to the salon.

Raymonde and Madeleine served coffee according to the usage of young girls,—the charming duty and slavery of womankind. While Raymonde offered John the fragrant Mocha, smoking in a cup of Sevres emblazoned with the Chazé arms, Madeleine, who triumphantly bore the lump sugar, seized this favorable moment to say:

“O cousin John, I don’t want to say another word,—no, not another word! Mamma has just been scolding me coming up the stairs.”

“And why, my pretty Madeleine?”

“Because I talked too much at dinner, and said something silly.”

John and Raymonde laughed.

After coffee the Countess summoned John, Madeleine and Raymonde to seat themselves about the large table; while the Count, in his easy-chair, struggled courageously, but unsuccessfully, against the black butterflies of sleep.

“I will tell you, cousin John, why we have resolved upon getting up a play,” said Christiana. “We have promised the village girls, as a reward for their diligence, to give them an entertainment here at the château. It is, as you are aware, an old family custom; and Leopold is very fond of it especially if he has an important part. It will be quite an event. All the village people will be present, and all our neighbors from the surrounding counties: three hundred spectators at least. The great difficulty was to find a suitable play. At last I made the discovery, and I am exceedingly proud of my success.”

“Is it by Alfred de Musset?”

“No, but it is a little gem, all the same.”

“And this gem is called—?”

“‘The Fairy,’ by Octave Feuillet, the author of ‘The Romance of a Poor Young Man,’—another gem, which you better than any one else ought to appreciate. There are five characters in ‘The Fairy,’—one woman and four

men. Leopold will take the part of François, an old retainer, half comic, half tragic; and he will acquit himself perfectly. For the part of Viscount Henri de Mauléon, we shall call on your cousin De Cambry, who is made for it. Yvonnet, a little Breton peasant, will be represented by Madeleine, who will look very *chic* in the picturesque costume. The chief rôle still remains—that of Henri de Commings,—for which you, my dear John, have been cast by universal acclamation. Henri is a handsome mystery, and you are perfectly fitted to act the part of this despairing hero.”

“But, cousin, I have never acted.”

“So much the better: you have not acquired a bad style.”

“But I am too—too nervous.”

“So much the better again. It will all appear in your part. Moreover, your inclination is not consulted. I order. Obey!”

“I bow. And so there is only one female character?”

“Only one, but it is charming. Fancy an old woman who is not old,—a young girl at first, with white locks and arrayed in black; then with lovely golden hair, a diadem of wild flowers, a white robe, and a fairy’s wand. She is known at the beginning as Aurora de Kerdic; at the end, when she is young, her name is Jeanne d’Athol. Oh, I like that part so much, cousin!”

“Then you will succeed in it.”

“No, it is not mine, and for several reasons. The first is because I am not young enough to take the last part of the rôle; the second, because I am not old enough to take the first. I have my little vanity, cousin; and I do not wish to have it said that I resemble Aurora de Kerdic more than I do Jeanne d’Athol. Besides, Jeanne d’Athol must be fair, and I am dark.”

“Oh! Jeanne d’Athol is fair?”

“Certainly, she is a Breton, and a Druidess of the Forest of Brocelyande.”

"So you have looked out for a blonde actress?"

"I did not have to look for one, since I have her here beside me. Mademoiselle Raymonde, of course—"

"Of course, of course!" cried the Count, awakening. "It is Mademoiselle Raymonde. What have you to say against it? Isn't she fair enough? Eh, Monsieur le Marquis? Go and look at your part. Give it a first reading before you go to sleep."

Christiana handed John the play, and as the clock in the turret boomed ten the party broke up. Raymonde shared Madeleine's apartment, situated at the farther end of the long hall, which it was necessary to cross. Raymonde led the way, holding a lighted rose-colored candle, and opened the hall door.

"Come, my boy," said the Count,— "come and see if your pictures have suffered."

John entered the apartment; and, having assured himself of the condition of his work, proceeded *en route*. Arrived at the corridor leading to Madeleine's room, he perceived a basket guarding the door,—a basket turned, as it were, upside-down, and adorned after a most picturesque and coquettish fashion.

"Look into that basket!" cried the Count.

John approached, to find Clodion, who gazed up at him in an unquiet and undecided manner.

"Pardon, Monsieur le Marquis! During your absence I have taken care of Clodion,—or, rather, Clodion has taken care of me. I now return him. Clodion, go to your master!"

But Clodion never budged. He contented himself by sighing, and turning an affectionate glance in the direction of Raymonde's room.

"You see, Mademoiselle, that Clodion has transferred his affections. Well, keep him. I give him to you."

"I accept the gift; but I shall lend him to you occasionally."

Clodion turned a very intelligent eye upon her, and then laid his head down in a soft corner of the basket.

Raymonde and Madeleine retired, after a last kiss to the Countess, and a last "Good-night" to the gentlemen; and John, after taking leave of the Count and Countess, repaired to the Little Château in a very dreamy frame of mind.

"So she takes my dog, as she has taken my house!" he said to himself. "She will end by stealing the affection of my cousins. It seems to me that even now she is more of the family than I am. It is passing strange, all this. She knows of my antipathy, according to Madeleine; and I am not sorry. She would be too proud altogether if everyone yielded to her. Nevertheless, I am glad I told her I was not angry, and proved it by showing her the wild flower in this locket. I would not be unjust to any one,—God forbid!"

John found his old servant Pieyrard waiting for him.

"Well, Pieyrard, my good Pieyrard, you have been ill in my absence?"

"Indeed I have, Monsieur le Marquis; and very ill. But I am better, thanks to Mademoiselle Raymonde."

"They tell me that she took good care of you."

"Like a Sister of Charity, Monsieur le Marquis. She is one of God's angels."

"Decidedly," said John, "this is a very epidemic of admiration."

He entered his room and began to read "The Fairy."

(To be continued.)

God's Scales.

BY MARY VALE.

DEAR God, I know Thy blessed hands doth weigh
A thousand of our years but as a day;
And yet one day for us of gloom and tears,
Thy Heart doth measure, too, a thousand years.

Random Reminiscences from Various Sources.*

I.—SOME EMINENT ECCLESIASTICS.

THE time is long past in England when the Church of the Oratorians—which in those days stood for a new order of things Catholic, established for the most part by zealous and famous converts but lately Protestant—was a sort of show-place in the city of London, with admiring throngs promenading in and out, the greater portion of whom were not of the grand old Faith of their proscribed fathers.

The Catholics of that period were a timid race, depending for religious sustenance on what they could find in the bleak little chapels, which depended for the privilege of their existence on the embassies of foreign courts—French, Austrian, Italian, Spanish. It was frequently told—one might say with bated breath—of some respectable elderly man, entering an old-fashioned gloomy house, that *there* was a Roman Catholic, or that Roman Catholics lived there; and the passers-by would peer inside the heavy iron gates with intense curiosity, wondering and speculating as to the strange, mysterious rites which no doubt went on between the walls of the gloomy-looking building.

Daily Mass was of such infrequent occurrence as to be almost unknown until Cardinal Wiseman re-established it. The priest habited himself like a parson, whereas in our day the parson has adopted the garb of a priest. Only among the affectionate poor—the Catholic Irish—was he known as "Father"; to the rest of the world he was plain "Mr." There was but little intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. In some respects,

however, this state of affairs was not without its advantages: Catholics married Catholics only; there was deep reverence for all things spiritual; there was hardly a Catholic family of any importance that did not furnish a priest to the Church in each generation.

Low-necked dresses were things unheard of at Catholic parties; the waltz was unknown. Catholic young men danced only with Catholic girls, because to them their acquaintance was strictly confined. Among the devout, it would have been considered very unbecoming to attend church in anything but the plainest bonnet. It was a time of "plain living and high thinking," such as is never likely to return again until after the passage of that socialistic, perhaps bloodless, but more probably bloody, revolution which, whatever may be its injustices, horrors, and atrocities, will winnow the wheat from the chaff, the false from the true; till, after the days of persecution are passed, a new order shall arise on the ruins of the old, and Christ shall come to His own again.

But there was culture and learning in those earlier days of the nineteenth century; erudite Catholics, hard-hitting controversialists, who perhaps have not received their meed of credit for the part their learning played in the inception of the great Oxford Movement.

There was Dr. John Milner, sturdy champion of the Church from 1800 to 1826; antiquary as well as controversialist; strong, clear, judicious, and uncompromising, yet of the simplest and most childlike piety; the pioneer in England of that close devotion of mind and heart to the Holy See which some call Ultramontane. He was also the earliest advocate in England of the now universal devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There is at the back of a little shrine at Old Oscott College a circular stained-glass window placed

* Especially Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A., and Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne.

there by him, on which is portrayed an image of the Sacred Heart.

There was Dr. Walsh, long Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District, whose memory carried him back to St. Omer, where he suffered from the excesses of the French Revolution, being thrown into prison with some of his fellow-students.

There was Bishop Briggs, of whom it has been said that he was "a truly venerable and interior man,—a man of prayer; patient, meek, and childlike; never breathing an uncharitable word against any one; caring nothing for himself; giving away everything he got, ...having a mind which rested on Eternity."

There was Butler, Dr. Milner's *bête noire*, than whom there are few more interesting figures. His versatility was remarkable. Besides being deeply read in the law, he was an elegant and accomplished writer, a controversialist, a scholar, politician, and speaker.

There was Dr. Challoner, author of "Think Well On't" and "Hell Opened to Christians." And Dr. Lingard, who, as a historian, holds the scales level, even to the prejudice of not a few noted Catholic churchmen; exciting the wrath of some, the respect and confidence of others among his readers.

Among the laity may be noted James Burns, the founder of the present well-known publishing firm of Burns & Oates. He was also a musician of some celebrity and a fervent Catholic. When sacred music was at a very low ebb in London, he gathered a choir of young men and boys in his employ, and was wont to make with them the rounds of the different churches.

How exclusive was the Catholic position may be further learned from the very trade advertisements. For instance, we find Augarde the hatter, who enjoyed the patronage of the Duke of Sussex, respectfully acquainting the "*Catholic nobility and gentry*"

that he is eager to supply their needs. So with bootmakers and furriers, grocers, coal-merchants, and wine-dealers; the note of religion being a presumable title to patronage and support.

All this was in the old days; but a new order of things was at hand, due in great measure to the personality of two different men—Cardinal Wiseman and his equally great successor, Cardinal Manning. Although they were as unlike as possible, both were learned, cultivated and refined; both were in their respective ways thorough men of the world. Each was also in advance of his time; but this was a potent factor for the good of the English Church, over which they were to rule.

The life of Cardinal Wiseman has been told so often that it would be superfluous to enter here into any of its details. When he came to England, with all the love of ritual and rubric which he had imbibed during his long residence in Italy grown to be part of his ecclesiastical nature, he came to a land almost Protestant in its meagreness of all that appertained to the beautiful ceremonies and observances of the Church that had once peopled it with abbeys and monasteries. But soon everything was changed. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, retreats, missions, the Forty Hours' Adoration,—all these he revived.

Of large sympathies, possessing a highly cultivated mind, an enthusiastic appreciation of art in all its forms, he disliked conflict or struggle of any kind; and was on this account often accused of lack of energy, when it was really lack of aggressiveness. And if the great man sometimes erred, as even the greatest do, it was from excess of mercy and charity.

It is astonishing at this day to read that when he came to England as its first Cardinal since the Reformation,

his methods and measures were looked upon with dislike and distrust even by the clergy—or at least a section of them. They called his new devotions “innovations” and “fancy prayers.” The “high clerical feeling,” as the Cardinal was wont to term it, which characterized the new Oxford converts was one of the best things they brought with them into the Church; far better, indeed, than the intellectuality which was their marked distinction.

The new hierarchy, of which the originator and most energetic supporter was the zealous and indefatigable Bishop Ullathorne, met with considerable opposition from the government. Catholics were accused of disturbing the public peace by their “processions”; the priests were called “surpliced ruffians”; the congregations, “a parcel of dirty people” and “noisome emissaries of Rome.” The ringing of bells was prohibited as “a nuisance.” But, through all the opposition from both within and without the pale, Cardinal Wiseman succeeded in making his naturally cheerful disposition overcome, outwardly at least, all his difficulties.

Gentleness, benevolence, hospitality were among his notable characteristics. All who were guests at his table had reason to value the privilege of his conversation. So courteous and tactful was he that when the company, as often happened, were of various ranks and occupations, he would, with as much good feeling as good breeding, contrive to direct the conversation within the scope of all, so that no one should feel excluded. None could tell a story better than he. Father Faber, it is said, sometimes laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

One story in particular tickled the good Father immensely. It was that of a French priest who, on appearing at one of the Cardinal’s receptions immediately after Lent—the first he had spent in England,—was met by

his Eminence, after the first words of welcome, with his expression of the hope that he had got through his forty days of abstinence without too much difficulty in a climate so much more severe than his own.

“All to ze contraire, Eminence,” replied the Southerner; “I have do most well. I finded a *comestible* that succeed me most good. Your fishmen here, zey do sell an very useful food for ze *Carême*. I ask not better, and I live on ’im all ze time.”

“Ah! potted char, probably?”

“I zink not, Eminence. Zat is not ze name zey call ’im; no, it vos—let me see—how do you say—ah, *brawn!*”

Simple old man, not to have known the fleshly origin of *brawn!*

One day when the Cardinal had some choice plants on the table, some one ventured to ask their names. “I’m afraid I can’t tell you,” answered the Cardinal. “I am sometimes as much puzzled by botanical nomenclature as the old lady who said she couldn’t be bothered to remember all the long Latin names; the only two she had ever been able to retain were *Aurora Borealis* and *delirium tremens.*”

He used to relate with amusement and satisfaction how, on his last visit to Ireland, he had been characteristically welcomed by a ragged native. As soon as he had set foot on Irish ground this warm-hearted fellow pushed his way through the crowd, and, falling on his knees before him, seized his hand, which he covered with kisses, exclaiming at the same time: “Now, thin, by holy St. Patrick, Heaven bless your Immensity!”

There was another story of a young Spanish nobleman he once had staying with him in York Place, whom he observed one morning, to his surprise, in an adjoining room, suddenly snatch up a pair of lighted candles and rush to the window, fall on his knees, and, after making the Sign of the Cross, remain some moments in that devout

attitude. A day or two after he inquired of his host whether there was not a hospital in the neighborhood.

"Why should you think so?" asked the Cardinal.

"Simply," replied the youth, "because I hear the Blessed Sacrament pass so often—ha!" he said, interrupting himself, "there it is again!" And he lost no time in repairing to the window to salute the Blessed Sacrament as before.

The Cardinal found it difficult to maintain his gravity whilst explaining that it was not the Viaticum that was passing, but the—muffin-bell.

Cardinal Manning had hardly been ordained priest when he was freely spoken of as a future bishop. Everyone has read of the long and painful struggle he went through before he could see his way to leaving the church of his birth, as well as of the many sacrifices he made in following the dictates of his conscience. He was one of the most attractive of men. Elegance and refinement shone in his graceful and highly-polished manners; kindness and sincerity in the clear, delicate modulations of his beautiful voice. He possessed an extraordinary spiritual instinct, quick to measure the depth and breadth of the evils around him. His previous training was of highest value in grappling with the needs of the time and applying the proper remedies.

Grown insistent by the carelessness of the rank and file of the clergy, superior in every sense of the word to those among whom he had chosen to exchange the conditions of his late comfortable existence for the rough-and-tumble life of a Catholic ecclesiastic—it could be called by no more euphonious name,—he was looked at askance by the people, and, except in rare instances, was given the cold shoulder by the clergy. And yet within a very short time we find his policy carried out triumphantly and completely. Disinterested and loyal—we dismiss the

suggestion of ambition as not worth a passing notice,—his was a soul with the highest aspirations. He was one of the most selfless and holy of men, not wishing to shine but to work; seeking and expecting no reward in this world for his labors. When the "reward" came, it was weighted with cares, trials and responsibilities, that grew heavier as the years went by.

Work with him seemed to be a passion; and his own individuality became so absorbed in it that he had absolutely no time for the softer amenities and social graces which had made his predecessor so delightful and desirable in general society. He had, however, a strong sense of humor, but confined the manifestations of it to his most intimate friends. One of his stories—a specimen of ineffable Irish wit, for which he had a great appreciation—runs as follows:

An Irish laborer employed on the framework of an edifice was thus addressed by a passing stranger:

"What's that you're building, Pat?"

"Sure an' it's a church, yer honor."

"Is it a Protestant church?"

"No, yer honor."

"A Catholic church, then?"

"Indeed an' it is that same, yer honor."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat."

"So's the devil, yer honor!"

One day his Eminence related this incident. He had been at St. George's Hospital, visiting a dying woman, to whom he had been reading and commenting on the story of the Magdalen. All the time he had been sitting by her bedside he had observed the patient in the next bed intently watching him and listening to every word he said. As soon as he rose from his seat to take leave of his patient, her neighbor addressed to him a supplicating look, to which he responded by approaching the bed and inquiring if she was "one of the faithful."

"No, your reverence," she answered, "but I should like to be one."

"That is a very proper and reasonable wish," said he,—“provided the motive is sincere and well-founded. What has brought you to this desire?”

"Why, I have been listening to what your reverence has been saying to that other woman, and that beautiful story of the bag of *spike nails* made me wish to be a Catholic too."

He had great difficulty, it may be added, in attuning the limited understanding of this poor woman to the necessary knowledge of doctrinal points and matters of faith.

It has been brought forward—very strangely, it seems to us,—as a proof of Manning's coldness of disposition, that he never made any allusion to his marriage, and specially requested that nothing be said of it in any biography that might be published after his death. When he became a convert he turned that page of his life forever. It was, besides, so sacred and personal a thing, especially in view of his subsequent career as a priest of the Church, that it would appear but another phase of the refined reticence which was one of his chief characteristics.

When friends who were nearest and dearest passed away, this same attitude of coldness was often remarked in the Cardinal by persons who had never penetrated beneath the inner surface of his nature. But to those who knew him well, it had a deeper and intensely spiritual meaning. The departed had attained to a better life; they had passed beyond sin and suffering and sorrow; they had reached the end of the road along which those left behind were still struggling. He sought not to perpetuate their memory in the familiar places formerly endeared by their presence; he lingered not around the spots where they had been wont to walk together. He sought them, thought of them, lived anew with them

in the spiritual life of the Communion of Saints.

"Shall I tell you," he once said, "where I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England? It was in that little chapel off the Buckingham Palace Road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion service began I said to him: 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up and, laying my hand upon his shoulder, said: 'Come!' Mr. Gladstone remained, and I went my way. He still remains where I left him." And always remained.

The Touchstone of Life.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

THREE flights up, and just under the roof of a New York lodging-house, a shabby room overlooking the back yard,—such was the home of Mrs. Mary Roberson, to whom life had once seemed to promise the fulness of happiness: a future irradiated with the sunshine of love and abloom with the flowers of good fortune.

To-day, the finely chiselled features and gentle expression of the woman who sat by the window showed that she must once have been unusually attractive. The clear eyes of Irish grey fixed so wistfully upon the green boughs that marked an oasis in the dreariness of the yards of the row, were even more beautiful perhaps than before she had known sorrow and suffering; the soft black hair that at times she brushed back restlessly, if not so abundant as of old, still grew in pretty waves upon the graceful head; and the flush that burned in the thin cheeks gave to the delicate face a certain spirituelle loveliness. She was not more than forty years of age, yet her fragility, and the

little cough that often caused her to put a hand to her side, told that she was an invalid.

What a comfort the solitary tree was to her! Stunted and sparse of foliage as it was, no stately elm or spreading maple of park or forest had ever appeared to Mary Roberson half so majestic. Mrs. Woodward, an old lady who came to see her, said the delicate leaves were popularly named "the Tears of Heaven." The idea pleased Mary. She knew nothing of the Greek myth which endowed every shrub with a living spirit; but her imagination liked to dwell on the fancy that in this tree God had sent a messenger to soothe her loneliness; a pitying angel that wept when she wept, yet pointed ever upward, whether the skies were blue or grey.

All during the day the torrid sun of mid-July had shone down upon the tinned roof; and even now the air of the room was almost intolerably sultry. The small clock on the dresser, with widespread hands as if in childlike delight, announced six o'clock; the whistle of a near-by factory called out the welcome hour of rest for the toiler. As it greeted the ear of the enforced idler, she verified the news by a glance at the clock, smiled, smoothed her hair again, and pinned a bit of cheap lace about her throat. Her attitude lost its weariness, and her face assumed the intent expression of one who listens for an expected sound.

It came before long,—the light step of some one climbing the uncarpeted stair. Presently the step re-echoed in the hall; the next moment the door was pushed open and a young girl entered. With her coming the room seemed all at once pervaded with the joyous cheeriness of youth.

"I hope you have not been very lonely, mother," she said as, having deposited several packages on the shelves in a corner, she turned and,

throwing her arms about the invalid, kissed her fondly. "I am late, but in five minutes you shall have your supper."

"You need not hurry with it, dear; give yourself time to take breath," replied the mother, fondly. "This has been a hard day for you, Madeleine."

"Nonsense! I am well and strong, and there is an electric fan in the office. I only wish you had one here!" rejoined the girl, gaily.

Tossing aside her hat, she drew the table up beside her mother's chair, spread a square of white damask upon it, and, with many dainty touches, set forth the simple meal.

"Now all is ready," she said brightly, as she took her place. "Fruit, bread and butter, and iced tea. Why, even two royal ladies could fare no better on a summer evening. Let us pretend we are dining *al fresco* in some shaded garden of Europe where they believe in living out of doors at this season; only there they do not know the luxury of iced tea."

"Everything is very tempting, dear," answered the mother, gratefully. "You are a wonderful housekeeper, Madeleine. Others would starve on the pittance out of which you provide me with delicacies."

With the wholesome appetite of a young worker, the girl did justice to the humble fare; but the older woman ate sparingly, like a bird; and Madeleine, observing this, checked a sigh as she removed the remnant of the collation. Having deftly washed the china and disposed it on the corner shelves, she moved the table back into the centre of the room, and seated herself upon the hassock at her mother's feet.

For a time the two women sat together without speaking; for Madeleine, in spite of her cheerfulness, was tired after her day at the typewriter; and Mrs. Roberson had found of late that long conversations taxed her strength. Therefore these intervals of

silence, sweet because each understood the other, were not unusual between them.

To-night, however, when twilight came, and from the calm sky a star looked down upon the tree that to these city lodgers stood for a sign of Heaven's pity, the mother nerved herself to broach a subject which Madeleine always strove to ward off.

"My child," she said, drawing her daughter's pretty head closer until it rested against her knee, and caressing the winning face turned toward her with loving solicitude,—“we must look at the truth together, dearie.”

In the half-light she could see that over the mobile countenance before her there swept an expression of terror.

"No, no,—not now!" urged the girl, with the pathos of one who pleads against fate. "The doctor says you are better. If you feel weak to-night it is only because of the heat."

"For your sake, I hope it may be so," responded Mrs. Roberson, by an effort regaining her placidity. "But still I know, my darling, that before long we must part, and there are some things I want to say to you. Will you not hear me?"

"O my dearest one, of course I will!" cried Madeleine, as she broke into passionate weeping, and clung to her frail mother as if challenging even Death to separate them.

"It is of your father I wish to speak, dear," continued Mrs. Roberson, falteringly.

At these unexpected words Madeleine raised her head and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"What of him? Is he not as one dead to you and me, mother?" she exclaimed, with spirited scorn.

"To me, yes," was the quiet reply. "But I have thought of late that he should not be so to you, Madeleine. When I am gone, to whom will you go but to him?"

"To him! Forgetting his marriage vow to love and cherish you, did he not desert you when I was a baby? Did he not leave you to support yourself and me as best you could,—he who was rich and care-free?" cried the girl, bitterly. "Whatever may happen, do you think I would go to him? Never, never!"

"Yet, after all, he is your father," persisted Mrs. Roberson, with the gentleness of one who from the brink of eternity looks back upon the faults of others with a new toleration, so paltry do the disagreements and animosities of life appear in the forecast of the coming Day. "If he saw you now, he could not but love you and be proud of you; for God has given you beauty, dear. Yes, I should like him to see you. I wonder if he would think you look like me? I was just your age when he saw me first."

"I do not want his love; and, no matter how proud he might be of me, I should always despise him for the way he treated you," declared Madeleine, fiercely. "As for beauty, you were beautiful, yet he left you! What, then, would he care for my pink and white cheeks and brown eyes?"

"Your eyes are like his, and perhaps their pleading has helped to win him my forgiveness," returned the mother, musingly. "You know the story of my life in part, now I want to tell it *all* to you.

"At eighteen, dear, I was an orphan and lived with my uncle and aunt on the East Side of the city. They had no children; uncle was a bookkeeper in a large mercantile house, and his home was comfortable. I had been for two years at the Normal College; but as I was not strong, my aunt thought I had better give up school for a while. After the break, I did not want to go back. I was high-spirited too, and resolved not to be a tax upon them. One day I went to Madame Celestine, the fashionable Fifth Avenue modiste,

and asked for employment. She looked me over superciliously and said: 'Well, child, you have a good figure: you may come as a cloak and millinery model.' My duty at her establishment was to receive the customers, and to exhibit the wraps and toques from Paris by trying them on, in order that prospective purchasers might the better judge of the effect of the rich 'creations' of Worth and Félix.

"Every day and all day carriages waited at Madame's door; one morning therefore I only casually noticed when a brougham drove up and an elderly lady alighted from it. A young man sprang out after her, and together they came into the sumptuous parlor. The lady soon withdrew with Madame to be fitted. The young man said he would wait. No one else happened in just then. How well I remember it all now! After wandering about the room to beguile the time, he ventured to speak to me. I was accustomed to repel any such attempts to make my acquaintance; but he was so respectful, yet so frank and boyish, that I soon found myself chatting with him quite as if we were friends. He told me his home was in Boston, but he often visited New York.

"He came again, ostensibly with a message to Madame. No son ever showed more interest in his mother's new gown. One evening he walked home with me, and after this he often called to see me at my uncle's house. We were madly in love with each other, and before long he asked me to be his wife. He was not a Catholic, but he went to see the parish priest, agreed to all requirements, and, with the consent of my uncle and aunt, we were married.

"Not until after the ceremony did I learn that he had neither fortune nor occupation. The only son of a wealthy widow, he was dependent upon her. I discovered also that he had weakly refrained from telling her of our engage-

ment. The marriage came to her, therefore, as a terrible blow. She wrote to him, however, and told him to bring his wife home. I tried my best to win her affection; but, with a mother's unreasoning jealousy, she seemed to think I had stolen Arthur's love from her. Could he and I have had a little house of our own, our lives might have been different; as it was, although surrounded with luxury, we were not happy. I had always been called a ladylike girl, and I soon found I was as well educated as many of the women with whom I came in contact. But of the formalities of society I knew little. My mother-in-law seldom failed to chide me before my husband for any small slip I made in social etiquette, and he began to feel he had married beneath him.

"Then you came, my darling, and life was bright once more. Your father was kind again; even his mother was less stern, until there came the trouble over your christening. On this point, at least, I knew I was wholly right. Mrs. Roberson sneered; your father said there was no need of haste in the matter. Nevertheless, the first day I went out to ride with the nurse and the baby (you, dear,) I stopped at the church and had you baptized. This led to a scene at home; and, being young and foolish, I begged my husband to let me take my child and go away for a short visit to my people in New York.

"He brought me to them himself; and upon my return we were to take a little house in the suburbs of Boston. But at the end of six weeks he had ceased to answer my letters; and when, after waiting in vain for word from him, I returned to the only home he had given me, I found the house closed. For a while after this I had remittances from his bankers. But they ceased; and when I wrote to inquire the reason, I received the reply that my husband was abroad and the firm was not

authorized to make further payments to me. This was the last I ever heard of Arthur Roberson. Haughty old Mrs. Roberson must now be long dead, and the fortune she possessed in her own right must be your father's. Years ago in my pride I resolved to think of him no more; but now I see I was wrong. On your account, Madeleine, I should have sought continually for news of him."

"Mother, you did right! I do not want to know anything more of him," sobbed the girl.

"I feel that he is still living, and through these bankers, or his family lawyers, you may find him; there are communications from them in my trunk," continued the mother, with an effort. "I will not ask you to go to him,—in this I leave you free; and Mrs. Woodward has promised me to give you a home. But I should like you to send him the letter you will come upon in my writing-case; and if you ever see him, dear, tell him I forgive him. I have said so in the letter, but he will like to hear it from your lips."

"Mother, in spite of all, you love him still!" exclaimed the girl, wonderingly.

Although the evening was so warm, Mrs. Roberson shivered and drew a little knitted shawl closer about her shoulders.

"He is my husband, and in spite of all I love him still," she repeated almost in a whisper.

Madeleine closed her lips firmly; and, as her eyes rested on the pallid face of the older woman, now especially wan in the light of the rising moon, she said to herself, between her clenched teeth:

"And because mother loves him, notwithstanding all these years of neglect, I hate him the more that he deserted her!"

(Conclusion next week.)

An Italian Custom.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

BEAUTIFUL as are many of our Catholic churches and cathedrals—poems in stone in their Gothic elegance aspiring heavenward,—in many simple places has the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass been celebrated. In forest glades, with birds for choristers and dark-hued Indians for auditors; upon the wide prairies, with naught betwixt earth and heaven but the cloudless azure of the sky; in the jungle, where stealthy beasts of the tropics lurked amid the creeping vines; under the cold gleams of the Northern Lights, 'midst fields of ice and snow,—

In every land, in every clime, the priest of God has offered up the Holy Sacrifice of Calvary. Seldom has there been a more interesting method of celebrating than takes place during the present month upon the Roman Campagna.

In lovely Italy, olive-crowned and sun-kissed, July is the Month of Bread and August the Month of Wine. In July the peasants reap, in August they gather the grapes for those perfect Italian wines, *Lachrymæ Christi*, *Angelica*, and *Chianti*. The beautiful Campagna, which stretches for many leagues around the city of the Cæsars, is beautiful indeed, but very unhealthy; and, though it is cultivated, it is not inhabitable; so that those who till its soil come to their work from great distances. From *dolce Napoli* and fair Sorrento, from where "calm Capri waits," or the dim mountains of the Abruzzi, the peasants come in merry companies. With the gay laugh and song of their Latin nature, they bring their families and pitch their tents upon the Campagna, like the wandering Bedouin of the yellow desert or some Gitano of Sunny Spain, wandering

TEMPTATIONS not consented to are a means of practising virtue.—*St. Francis*.

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A Will-of-the-wisp, a light o' dream.

Only twenty *baiocchi* a day do they receive for their hard work; but so thrifty are they, living on a crust of bread, a bit of cheese, and a little rice or macaroni, that they carry home a large portion of their meagre earnings. Very hard do they work during the week, but on Sunday they rest; and, good Catholics as they are, they must hear Mass. But how? The nearest church is miles away. But for the willing heart the good God always finds a way, and He put it into the hearts of some pious Italians to provide the means for these poor souls to attend their duties.

In a little wooden church on wheels, drawn by two great oxen, a priest comes every Sunday to the Campagna, provided with everything necessary for the Mass; and here in the odd little portable church is offered the great Sacrifice which in all parts of the world is offered at all times and in all seasons.

Very picturesque is the scene where "the lonely pines of the Campagna wave." The peasants are gathered, devoutly saying their Beads. Here is the gay Neapolitan in shortclothes, his silk tasselled cap on his short curly black locks. Beside him is his wife, in the black dress purchased for her marriage gown and worn ever afterward for church and state occasions; from her ears hang the magnificent antique silver earrings which were her marriage portion. Children of every size are here, and very charming are the *bambini* with their great black eyes and rich olive faces, like the lovely Della Robbia *innocenti* on Firenze's hospital walls.

Hunters and their dogs often crowd around the outskirts of the sanctuary, and the beauty of the landscape makes the scene one never to be forgotten. Above is the impenetrable sky, its

depths of azure flecked with clouds like snowdrifts; the hills to the north are almost as blue as the sky; the brilliant sunlight sheds a golden glory over the peaceful landscape—and all makes a scene more of heaven than of earth. As the sonorous voice of the priest proclaims *Sursum corda!* every heart fervently answers, *Habemus ad Dominum!*

The Montyon Prize.

IN the present condition of unhappy France it is pleasant to revert to one of her customs which shows the heart of a French Catholic to be pure gold. The Baron de Montyon was a very rich man, who enjoyed his wealth not only for the comfort it brought himself but for that which it could bring to others. He established eight rewards, called the Montyon Prizes, to be given by the Academy of Science, of Medicine, and the Académie Française. The prizes were awarded annually for inventions in the arts and sciences useful to humanity, as well as for discoveries tending to improve the sanitary conditions of trades and manufactures, for simplifying mechanical arts, for assisting the poor, and—perhaps the most interesting prize of all—for rewarding acts of virtue among the poor.

Exiled from France, the Baron de Montyon went to Switzerland, then to England, and eventually returned to France in 1815, to find that his prize for virtue had been suppressed by the Revolutionists, to whom, perchance, virtue failed to appeal. He at once re-established this prize on a firmer basis, leaving it protected by his will; and ever since that time the prize has been awarded annually to some poor but heroic soul.

Several of the instances of this are interesting and pathetic, but the most touching is that of a seller of old

clothes, a peasant called Joseph Bécard. During the stormy days of the Revolution, one Monsieur de Chavillac, a noble of Aras, was denounced to the Committee of Public Safety, imprisoned, and finally guillotined and his property confiscated. Years afterward his widow came to Paris to endeavor to recover something of his property. Her attempts were in vain, and she fell into the deepest poverty; alone and unfriended in the great city, she was in a pitiable condition.

Joseph Bécard had been a servant in Aras, and had seen Madame de Chavillac at the house of his master, the Marquis de Steinfort. He found her blind and destitute in Paris, and befriended her; aristocrat though she was, seeing in her but one of those "poor, naked, hungry, sick, and in prison," of whom Our Lord said that kindness to them was as kindness shown unto Him.

He begged coarse food for his own dinner, that he might buy fresh meat for her; he slept in a chair for months, that she might have his bed; he waited upon her day and night as though she was his mother. Her sufferings were severe and they did not sweeten her temper. She was often fretful and peevish, but he treated her always as though she were of the blood royal, and for eleven years was her devoted care-taker. When the old woman died he gave his savings to have Masses said for the repose of her soul, and with his own work-worn hands carved a wooden cross to place upon her grave.

These were the virtuous actions which came to the ears of the Académie Française, and caused them to bestow the Montyon Prize of fifteen hundred francs and a gold medal upon Joseph Bécard, a humble Catholic of Aras.

EVEN earthly affections are perfected by absence and crowned by death.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Notes and Remarks.

When certain intense clergymen lifted up their voices in angry denunciation of the Church at the Methodist General Conference in Los Angeles recently, we were disposed to pass the incident without comment, because the bigots were so promptly rebuked by the larger and better element in the Conference. It is just as well, anyway, that the violent gentlemen did have their innings; for they afforded the secular press of the country a stimulating text for a sermon on Christian charity and temperate conversation. Perhaps the strongest and sincerest piece of writing inspired was this by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, himself a citizen of Los Angeles and equally distinguished as an author and editor:

It was rather pitiful that in such a gathering of the next-most-numerous Christian church in the United States there were men whose employment of their privilege on the program was to blackguard the Christian church that is most numerous. It is more pitiful that these belated mental troglodytes were not deported from the platform. Aside from their contempt of Christ's mandate as to charity, aside from the brutal historical ignorance of them,—their blindness to humor recalls Tom Corwin's cynical advice. He had just encountered a jury of their kind; and to a young lawyer who asked him how to succeed, he growled: "Be solemn, sir! Be solemn as an ass!"

One gentleman—it need not be said that he is a missionary to "convert" a certain country (whose language he can not speak) from one Christian creed to another,—one gentleman told us that the church whose members he is trying to alienate is "the biggest fraud on earth." A man who had respect either to humor, to God, or to human nature, would have refrained. The church of this one missionary has eighteen million communicants in the world: the church he attacked has two hundred and thirty millions. Either Providence and mankind are "Easy Marks," or this lone zealot is one. He reminds one of the fabulous Quaker: "All the world's queer but me and thee, Ruth,—and sometimes I think thee's a little queer."

Mr. Lummis himself is of Methodist persuasion; though his own creed is

that it doesn't matter half so much what a man believes as how hard he believes it. The position is an illogical one, to be sure; but it has been forced on him and many another by the bickerings of theologasters whose spiritual forefathers began with a contrary, but equally illogical, position—that it doesn't matter what a man does so long as he believes.

In the early days of the eighteenth century one Paul Dudley, attorney-general of Massachusetts, established an annual lecture at Harvard College on "The Corruption of the Church of Rome." The lecture was faithfully delivered until 1890, when Archbishop Keane was invited by the president "to speak for the hitherto undefended Church of Rome," as the *Pilot* recalls. Last month a direct descendant of Paul Dudley, Father George Searle, was elected Superior-General of the Paulist community, which has for its distinctive object the conversion of America. Father Searle is a convert, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, and the author of one of the most widely-distributed controversial works in the language—"Plain Facts for Fair Minds."

No wonder that a learned man is highly esteemed in Japan! An American missionary, Father Walter, writing from Osaka to the *Annals* of the Propagation of the Faith, thus explains why art is long—so peculiarly long—in that country:

A great difficulty to be met in Japanese education is the employment of Chinese characters. It takes ten years of study with four or five hours of work a day to learn the characters which are in common use in daily life. This fact places the Japanese student far behind the college man of the West. A university course in Japan can scarcely be completed before the age of thirty.

Owing to Buddhism, Chinese characters have become an integral part of the Japanese literary language. And indeed they render a certain

service which may explain the fondness of the nation for them. They have given to the language a precision which those of Europe lack. As years are devoted to committing them to memory, this faculty is developed to a marvellous degree. The study of them constitutes an excellent mental gymnastic for the finding of different ways to express the same idea; it is a good training for oratory, and in this department the Japanese show themselves the equal of the peoples of the West. If they do not excel in depth of thought, they are more proficient in the use of words. Finally, the Chinese characters have contributed not a little to give the Japanese that finesse in little things which they possess; that quickness in grasping all sides of a question as soon as presented; keenness in detecting the slightest flaw in an argument, as well as their marvellous ability to observe the smallest details of an object,—an ability which has enabled them to put forth masterpieces of miniature art.

However, let it be understood, it is not necessary to know the Chinese characters in order to live in Japan. They are written only, and not spoken. The spoken language, the language of the people, is easily learned, very sonorous and harmonious. In fact, after a year's residence missionaries preach and hear confessions in Japanese.

Though Father Walter does not make mention of it, there is no doubt that the current of tendency has set strongly toward the adoption of English letters in Japanese writing, and that it is only a question of a few years until the study of Japanese literature will be common enough among Western peoples.

The Irish Industrial Exhibit is one of the most notable features of the St. Louis Exposition. For the first time in history Ireland is represented at a world's fair by a separate industrial exhibit. Hitherto she has had her little village and her Blarney Castle to show; but it is only now that she is in a position to set up the products of her looms and factories side by side with her round towers and her ancient ruins. It is only a beginning, to be sure; but among the multitudes of people who will seek it out in the midst of more splendid displays will be many thousands who have been accustomed

to think of the Old Land as a country with a past rather than a future. And many a kindly stranger, too, as he looks at the exquisite lace-work and shining marbles and delicate artistry in stained-glass and metal-work, will see in the Exhibit a token that the most distressful country is emerging from the gloom of ages to take her place, according to Emmet's prophecy, among the nations of the earth. But the chief duty of the Exhibit will be to demonstrate that Ireland is to be emancipated through industry rather than oratory, and to fill the friends of Ireland in America with confidence in the success of those true patriots who are working so energetically to create an industrial Ireland.

If the newspapers are to be trusted, a Protestant Porto Rican will have the royal obligation of the King of England to change his religion with his dwelling. His Majesty is an Episcopalian while dwelling in England, but becomes officially a Presbyterian when he journeys to Scotland. The statement is published in *Everybody's Magazine* for June that in Porto Rico "religious territory is divided between the different denominations.... Baptists can not build or work in Congregational or Methodist territory, and so on." Meanwhile the Church of Christ will continue to "teach all nations" one Lord, one faith, one baptism,—in all parts of Porto Rico, as in all other parts of the world.

No special revelation was needed to assure the country that corruption and bribery are rampant among legislators in all our large cities; nevertheless, the cold-blooded confession of a St. Louis alderman last week makes a stench in the nostrils of all good Americans. According to his confession, the alderman himself was one of a combine

of nineteen members of the House of Delegates who have systematically peddled privileges and sold legislation and plundered the people of St. Louis for the last seven years. The method employed was simple and effective. When a bill was proposed for enactment the combine met and fixed the price to be paid by the corporations proposing it,—the price ranging all the way from \$75,000 in some cases to a few hundred dollars for certain minor privileges. "From my intimate knowledge of dealings with this combine, and from information secured on what has been going on here for the last quarter of a century," says the alderman, "I make the positive statement that there is hardly a corporation in the city of St. Louis of \$250,000 capital and over that has not either been held up for bribe money, or has bought official action from the combine in the House of Delegates."

Not all the glory of the World's Fair will avail to cover the shame which these words reveal in the government of St. Louis; but let no one imagine that the saintly city is a solitary or a singular offender. It has been proved by special students that in the bright lexicon of politicians and office-holders, federal and municipal, honesty is an obsolete expression. And there is small comfort in the reflection, so soon after the Fourth of July, that people generally have the sort of government they want and deserve.

The sudden death of Archbishop Guidi came as a great shock to the people of the United States,—to Catholics because he had been so influential in the reorganization of the hierarchy in the Philippines under American sovereignty; to non-Catholics because he had conducted the delicate negotiations for the sale of the friars' lands so successfully as to provoke no violent criticism by the partisans of either side.

This notable achievement was a fitting close of a career which was apostolic as well as official and diplomatic. It is a remarkable fact that few ecclesiastics have been trained especially for ambassadorial work since the loss of the Temporal Power. Among the cardinals that elected Leo XIII. there were many such; in the late conclave most of the electors were men who had had the training and experience of parish priests. Born in 1852, Archbishop Guidi attracted the attention of Pius IX. as a young seminarian; and it was largely by direction of that Pope, who had so many painful dealings with governments, that his face was turned toward the career in which he subsequently became so distinguished. *R. I. P.*

In spite of the fact that there are a number of old Catholic families in England who remained faithful during the long night of the penal woe, and in spite of the tide of conversions that set in with the Oxford Movement and has continued ever since, the fact remains that the majority of "English Catholics" are Irish by birth or descent, and that to Irish priests has fallen the lion's share of missionary work in "the tight little isle." It is, therefore, entirely appropriate that the first bishop consecrated in the new cathedral at Westminster should be an Irishman—the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenton, titular Bishop of Amycla and auxiliary to the Archbishop of Westminster.

Van Diemen's Land (so called from Anthony Van Diemen, governor-general of Batavia in the seventeenth century) figures not without reason in some of the most lugubrious of Irish ballads; for to that island were sent, according to the austere rules of British justice a hundred years ago, such hardened criminals as hare-snarers, rabbit-trappers, and the boys of '98. Since 1856,

however, the colony has been known as Tasmania, after Tasman, the Dutch discoverer sent out by Van Diemen in 1644. When a penal colony was first established at Hobart, the chief city of Tasmania, a hundred years ago, the unfortunate Catholic convicts—most of them, as we have said, transported for petty crimes—led a miserable life under barbarous restrictions and disabilities. The *New Zealand Tablet* is well within the truth when it says that attendance at Protestant worship was enforced "first by imprisonment, next by reduced rations, and afterward by the public flagellator's 'cat': twenty-five lashes for the first refusal, fifty for the second; and for the third, transportation to the 'living death' of the convict 'hell-of-the-damned' of Norfolk Island. As to the children of Catholic convicts, they were then and for thirty years afterward compulsorily brought up in the profession of the dominant creed."

At the celebration of the centenary of Hobart recently, in spite of these bad beginnings, the census of Tasmania showed thirty thousand Catholics,—about one-fifth of the entire population. There is an Archbishop in Hobart, the venerable Dr. Murphy; and a coadjutor, the efficient Mgr. Delany. There are over sixty churches, every one of them with its Catholic school with more than thirty-three hundred children, who are emphatically not being "brought up in the profession of the dominant creed"; and there are all the aids and instrumentalities of a well-organized diocese. Verily the Catholics of Hobart had good reason to take a joyous part in the centenary festivities.

"Reputable Protestants," says the *Boston Pilot*, "will not be complimented by an advertisement for summer boarders from a New Hampshire town. 'Protestants only; no children,' it cries, appropriately subscribing itself 'Shady Nook Farm.'" It would seem as if

modern civilization were in a conspiracy against the child: he may not go into the country for refreshment, and he can not remain in the city flats. Recent press reports tell of a New York woman "of refinement and education" who is seriously ill as the result of repeated and unsuccessful efforts to rent a flat for her family. "Is it a crime," she asked pathetically, "to have children and bring up a family as God intended that mothers should do? I am discouraged and broken in health and spirit by the treatment I received in looking for a home for my little ones. I have tried eighty-seven different flat-houses, and I have been turned away from every one because I have children." "*As God intended*"—these words should impress flat-owners and their clients who find children so noisy and troublesome.

"The modern five-room flat," said the Rev. Cyrus T. Stimson, of Kansas City, in an address to the Congregational ministers of Missouri, "is an enemy to family life. Owners of such property have placed a premium on small families. It is the duty of ministers of the gospel to preach to their flocks early marriages and large families, and to set the example." Brother Stimson is right: the ideal Protestant clergyman is the "Rev. Walpole," with whom and his "nine little rollicking Walpoles" the Bird Center cartoons have made us pleasantly familiar. By word and example the Protestant clergy ought to exert themselves strenuously against race suicide.

What on the face of it appears to be a judicious criticism of some of our public school educational methods was the address of President Hall, of Clark University, recently delivered to a high school association of Illinois. "We subject our high school pupils," he said, "to the study of Latin and four or five other languages, attempt to

teach them to speak several tongues, and do not lay any stress on English. Latin has become a perfect neurosis. It is totally absurd and wrong that Latin should control our language. It is 'baby' Latin in our American high schools, and can not be translated into ringing English."

Very few practical educators will dissent from the proposition that the study of four or five—or, for that matter, two or three—languages other than his own is a task quite disproportioned to the intellectual calibre of the average pupil of the high school; and none will contend that a pitifully scanty smattering of Latin is worth attaining at the cost of a fairly perfect knowledge of English. The trouble with a good many superintendents of education seems to be that they consider the high school the immediate anteroom to the great university; whereas it should not be, and in strict justice can not be expected to be, more than the vestibule of the smaller college. Judging from the experience of unnumbered employers in this country, high schools would be doing a work in which a good many of them are patently defective, if they should make a determined effort to teach their pupils the elementary art of spelling correctly. It is getting to be a lost art, it is said.

Catholic visitors to the World's Fair in St. Louis will be specially interested in the old bell sent from New Mexico by Governor Otero. It is doubtless the oldest bell in the United States, having been cast in Spain in 1355, and brought to the New World by one of the Franciscan missionaries who accompanied Coronado. Its history is said to be well authenticated. Although antedating the discovery of America by almost a century and a half, this old bell is still in good condition, and has been in constant use.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Rhymes Worth Remembering.

ALTHOUGH the author of the following lines is unknown, the advice they contain should be known to everyone:

If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears would save from jeers,
These things keep mildly hid:
"Myself" and "I" and "mine" and "my,"
And how "I" do or did.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.—WHY THE SANDMAN WENT AWAY.



IT was indeed the Sandman who, with lowering brow, stood awaiting the little party on their return to the castle. He addressed a short, sharp rebuke in some foreign tongue to Katrinka, who actually cowered and seemed to wither away with fear; and he waved the flame-colored handkerchief ominously, as he always did when he was angry. He said nothing at all to the boys as they came up the steps with reluctant feet, afraid to face that awful presence.

When they had reached the top, however, the Sandman by a quick, imperious gesture, motioned Teddy to follow him into the study; the hunchback lingering in the rear, uncertain what was to happen, and peering with wistful face in at the crack of the door. Teddy's eyes were dazzled at

first, and he could not distinguish the objects in the room. But presently he perceived what seemed to be a bundle lying upon the sofa. It lay still and motionless, and yet both boys—Teddy inside and the hunchback outside the door—realized all at once that it was a child, and to the mind of each came the same thought:

"He's been stealing children!"

It was certainly a child; for very soon it stirred, yawned, rubbed its eyes and sat up, its mass of golden hair falling over its face. Teddy started forward with a cry:

"Kitty!"

In a moment he had his arms around the little creature, who clung close to him and whispered:

"Oh, me is so frightened!—me is so frightened!"

Poor Teddy was frightened too, finding his little sister in the clutches of the terrible Sandman, brought to live here in this uncanny house, where it was impossible to tell what might happen next. He realized his own helplessness with great bitterness of spirit. Yet he was delighted to see her again, and to hear her pretty, lisping accents, which so charmed him. The tears fell slowly down his cheeks and on her shining hair. Then, ashamed of his emotion, he tried to master himself; while the hunchback's eyes were wide with astonishment, and the Sandman stood observing the scene curiously.

Teddy finally turned upon the latter, in a heat of indignation, which banished all fear.

"So that was what you went for—to steal her away?" he said, angrily.

"Steal is not a pretty word, my Alexieff; and it is for your sake and to make you happier here that I have

brought you this pretty little Narka."

"Her name isn't Narka: it's Kitty!" cried Teddy. "And I won't have her called by any outlandish name."

"Softly, softly, my boy! It is my will that rules here, and that you might have discovered before now."

Kitty, raising her head from Teddy's shoulder at this juncture, looked quite defiantly into the man's face, saying:

"Bad, bad Sandman!"

A smile which broadened into a laugh crept over the saturnine face of the master of the house at this address.

"Ah, the little Narka! She has her brother's spirit, though her eyes are blue and her hair shines," he said, in quite a friendly tone, which surprised the hunchback. "And you must not say I am bad, since I have done what you asked of me, and brought you to your brother."

As he spoke he rang the silvery chime of bells, which distracted the little one's attention and seemed to afford her the greatest delight. Katrinka appeared immediately, as was her wont.

"Let the child be fed," he ordered.

"Yes, master, she shall be fed."

"And afterward put to sleep in the pink room."

"It shall be done as you command, master."

Kitty at first refused absolutely to leave Teddy, and shrank away from Katrinka; but, after a closer inspection of the woman's face, she stretched out her arms and allowed Katrinka to take her,—Teddy following, however; and the hunchback still lingering in the rear. Katrinka took the child to the dining-room and installed her solemnly at the table, putting cushions upon an armchair to make it high enough, pouring out milk for her in a silver mug, and providing her with slices of bread and butter, and sweet biscuit strewn with nuts.

Kitty, who was ravenously hungry, enjoyed all these things, looking about

her with wide-open, wondering eyes. She showed Teddy the plate which Katrinka had put before her, saying that it was "pretty, pretty." And it was in truth a very pretty plate,—painted in rich colors and with a deep band of gold around the edge, such as the child had never seen in all her little life. Teddy encouraged her to eat, and played with her curls, and called her by all the pet names with which he used to coax her when he had her in charge, as a somewhat self-willed baby, and when Miss Sarah Tompkins was out of the house for the day, earning a little money by doing plain sewing for a select circle of patrons.

When Kitty had finished her repast, she held out her arms to Teddy to lift her down from the pile of cushions; and Katrinka immediately seized her and carried her away,—Teddy hastening after them two steps at a time, and the hunchback bringing up the rear. They passed up the stairs and along the passage which went by the yellow room that Teddy occupied, also by the room devoted to the hunchback, until they came to a small door at the end of the hall,—so small that they scarcely perceived it at first.

When this door was thrown open, the boys saw a tiny apartment which would remind one of the inside of a seashell, and which had also something of the appearance of a nest. The prettiest pair of pink curtains shrouded a dainty bed with a pink coverlet. There were chairs covered with rose-strewn chintz; a sofa which, judging from its size, might have been made for Kitty; and a white bureau and mirror, shrouded also in pink, and just high enough for the child. The bureau had half a dozen little drawers, which Kitty, ignoring everything else, began at once to open and shut. The carpet on the floor suggested a garden strewn with rose leaves.

The boys were lost in admiration; and Katrinka stood smiling at their wonder, and waiting till Kitty should tire of her new occupation. This she did after a while, sitting down upon the tiny sofa and resting her head upon her hand. Presently her eyelids began to droop and her curly head to nod. Katrinka then motioned to the boys to steal away, which they did; she now softly closed the door,—leaving a crack, however, through which Teddy peeped in, and presently saw Kitty safely ensconced in the little pink bed, with the curtains drawn to screen the light from her eyes, which almost instantly closed. The child gave a deep sigh of satisfaction, and, turning upon her side, was soon fast asleep. Katrinka then put out all the light, save one tiny spark—lest the child should wake and find herself in darkness,—and, coming out of the room, accompanied the boys downstairs.

“If she wakes in the night, there’ll be a nice time!” observed Teddy, doubtfully. “She always slept in Aunt Sarah’s room.”

“She won’t wake,” replied the old woman, confidently.

“But if she does and there’s no one to hear her?” persisted Teddy. “We’ll be all asleep (I *never* can keep awake), and she’ll just cry her eyes out.”

“Katrinka sleeps not,” said the old woman, grimly. “She will keep watch.”

The boys looked at her with awe. There was something awful in fancying her wandering about the house, as they had heard her upon that memorable night when the Sandman was away. And they took her assertion literally that she never slept.

Next morning Teddy awoke with the lark. At first he could not remember what had happened; but when it came into his mind that Kitty was actually there in the very same house with him, he sprang out of bed at once, and made his way as soon as possible to

the pink room, where he found the little tot already up and dressed, and at that moment upon her knees lisping her morning prayer,—a practice she had been carefully taught by Aunt Sarah.

Katrinka did not seem to notice this act; but she eyed with disfavor the frock, severely plain in shape and color, in which the austere Miss Tompkins had clothed her niece; having only once in her life, as Teddy remembered, purchased for her, at his solicitation, a pink dress. It had been that particular garment which the little thing wore upon the afternoon when Teddy was spirited away; and whether Miss Sarah had argued that the too gaudy color had been of evil omen or whether her own lowness of spirits had guided her choice of tints, it is certain that she had ever since clothed the child in garb so sombre that it would have harmonized well with her own faded and dingy complexion, but was totally out of keeping with Kitty’s exquisite coloring and rose-leaf face.

“After breakfast she shall be clad,” said Katrinka, sententiously.

“She is clad now!” replied Teddy bluntly, eyeing the neutral-tinted frock.

Katrinka shook her head.

“You shall see,” was the mysterious answer.

She led Kitty down to breakfast, where the same silver mug and richly painted plate awaited her. The Sandman had already breakfasted and gone, and that was a pleasant meal. For Teddy had recovered his usual spirits, and was really delighted to have Kitty there; while the hunchback laughed at his jokes, and meekly accepted from Kitty’s hand a portion of her biscuit, which she broke off and insisted on giving him.

Katrinka spent some time after that clattering about in the kitchen, no doubt washing her dishes and tidying up; for the premises she occupied were always immaculately clean and neat

Then she knocked at the door of the Sandman's study. He answered, telling her to enter; and he looked up in an abstracted way as she crossed the threshold.

"Master," she inquired, "do you command me to clothe her properly?"

"As you will," answered the Sandman, indifferently.

"May I open the great trunk?"

A strange expression crossed the old man's face. It was as though fire had leaped from an extinct volcano, or from the ashes on the hearth. He was silent a moment, then answered:

"Open it, if you are so minded; but I had not thought of *that*. I had not meant to put her in another's place."

"Having opened the trunk, may I take some of its contents?"

"Wherefore disturb me? Wherefore rake up the dead embers? Go take what you will, do what you will, but leave me in peace."

Katrinka withdrew instantly, and stood outside the door for a few seconds, as if listening, with a peculiar catlike expression upon her face. Then she stole away with a soft, sliding step, which might have seemed impossible to her large, clumsy feet.

She went into the dining-room, where the two boys and Kitty still lingered. Kitty was tapping a spoon upon the table playfully, and bestowing sundry sharp raps upon the hunchback, which he took in good part, and rather, indeed, as if they had been royal gifts.

"Come!" said Katrinka, raising Kitty in her long arms; and the child promptly seized a strand of the old woman's hair in her pink and white fist and gave it a vigorous pull; holding on to it, moreover, as they mounted the stairs, as though it were a species of sheet anchor. Katrinka did not seem to resent this peculiar mark of attention any more than if her head had been made of wood; she pursued her way stolidly up the steps, which the boys

knew so well, and to the foot of those identical attic stairs up which they had fled in their panic a night or two before.

At this point Teddy planted himself in front of Katrinka and demanded: "Why are you taking her up there, and what are you going to do?"

Katrinka did not answer.

"I hope *he* isn't up to any of his tricks?" continued Teddy.

"Let me pass, lest the child fall," observed Katrinka, dryly.

"No, I won't either, till you tell me what you're going to do."

Katrinka, suddenly releasing one of her arms, while she held Kitty firmly with the other, put Teddy behind her with that wonderful strength which he had before experienced in her, and began to mount the stairs with long strides, laughing her deep, gurgling laugh.

"You can't prevent her, whatever she's going to do," whispered the cautious hunchback; "and there's no use getting into trouble yourself, and making her angry with the little one."

This idea served to keep Teddy quiet, as he pressed closely after Katrinka up the stairs; and he soon found himself in that large, open space which he and Johnny had so very dimly seen on the occasion of their previous visit. There were the corners, under the eaves, overhung with thick festoons of cobweb, into which they had crept in their needless fear of Katrinka. And there were numberless objects — furniture, trunks, packing cases, discarded toys, as well as portraits which stared up at the children, from their places on the floor, like real people, and as if they were asking what had brought them to this abode of the neglected and the forsaken.

Katrinka set Kitty down upon the floor, and the child immediately toddled over and seized a doll which lay upon the heap of toys. The doll, which was of real wax, had a queer, old-fashioned

look, not at all like present-day dolls. It wore a plaid silk dress, with rows of buttons up and down; and had a shawl grandmother-fashion about its shoulders, with a cap upon its head. Kitty did not seem to notice these peculiarities, but fondled and caressed the strange object, taking it, dust and all, into her arms. Katrinka, with an exclamation, snatched it away, dusting it vigorously with a corner of her apron; while Kitty extended her little hands, piteously begging that it be given back to her. The old woman, having restored it to something like cleanliness, placed it once more in the child's arms, eyeing her the while with a sombre and almost lowering expression.

Then Katrinka went slowly over to the most distant part of the attic, where stood a large black box, or trunk. She looked at it for a moment, then she threw wide the shutter of a window in the room. Not only the light came in, and a whiff of pure air, refreshing in that close atmosphere, but a branch of a tall tree obtruded itself through the aperture, as though it were inquiring how fared it with all inside.

Katrinka took from her apron pocket a huge bunch of keys and began to sort them over, picking out at last a large one, which seemed to be made of copper and shone out brightly from amongst the others. Kneeling down upon one knee, she applied the key to a lock in the black chest. Kitty, still clasping her doll, toddled over and stood gravely by; and the boys watched the scene with interest and curiosity. The key turned readily enough, and the lock clicked, but Katrinka made no effort to open the trunk. She knelt in front of it with bowed head; while Teddy and the hunchback drew near with irrepressible curiosity, almost leaning over the old woman's shoulder.

"I hope she's not going to put her in there!" whispered the hunchback, pointing to Kitty.

This was a gruesome thought; and on the strength of it Teddy at once put his arm round Kitty, doll and all, and held her very tight.

"Oh, I guess not!" he whispered back, trying to speak confidently, though his voice trembled. "She wouldn't have asked us to come up with her; and I don't think she's wicked."

"No, but she was speaking to him before she came up," persisted the hunchback.

"So she was,—I remember! And he's up to almost anything bad," assented the poor boy.

"Perhaps that's why she keeps her head bent down so: she doesn't like to do it."

"Look here!" cried Teddy, who was becoming irritated. "You're a regular Job's comforter, Johnny!"

"I don't know what that is," observed the hunchback, meekly.

"Well, *I* know: it's a fellow that's always making the very worst of everything."

The hunchback reddened under this rebuke, and the tears came into his eyes; but Teddy, who had been stung to impatience by the awful possibility which his companion suggested, went on, without noticing:

"I don't believe he'd have taken the trouble to go all the way to New York and steal her, if he was going to shut her up in a black box. He could have chucked her into the river or lost her in the streets, if he wanted to get rid of her."

Kitty was meanwhile talking to her doll and rocking herself backward and forward in quite a grandmotherly fashion; and Katrinka suddenly began to speak, pouring out a very torrent of words in a foreign tongue. Kitty looked frightened and ceased her lullaby to the doll. The boys could not under-

stand a word of what the old woman was saying. It sounded like a wail or a lament.

"I'm sure she's going to do it!" whimpered the hunchback, undeterred, in the terror of the moment, by the snub he had already received. "Else why in the world would she be going on like that?"

"You shut up, Johnny!" cried the irate Teddy,—trembling all over, however, with the horrible fear which the hunchback so persistently put into his mind. He was on the very point of seizing Kitty and flying with her downstairs and out, anywhere, into the open air of heaven, away from this uncanny house, where everything was strange and weird, and danger seemed to lurk in every corner.

But Katrinka, as if divining his intention, ceased her lament, and, with a long-drawn sigh, roused herself from her abstraction as one might wake up from a deep sleep. She rose, restored her bunch of keys to her pocket, and bent to raise the lid of the chest. The boys, divided between fear and curiosity, watched her with straining, wide-open eyes; and Kitty, clinging to her brother's side, likewise gazed at the great black chest. The lid creaked and groaned, as if it objected to being opened, as Katrinka put it back against the wall, and the contents of the trunk, at least those on top, stood revealed.

(To be continued.)

For God to Look at.

(*Boston Herald.*)

Little Anna was out walking with her father, and as they were gathering wild flowers he noticed that she left many of the prettiest ones.

"Why don't you pick them all?" he asked.

"I let some of them stay for God to look at," she answered.

Charlemagne's Bible.

Carefully preserved beneath a glass case in the British Museum, where any visitor may see it, is the volume known as the Bible of Charlemagne. This great King invited from England the learned Alcuin, made him his companion, employed him to write in the defence of Christianity, and founded an academy over which the English scholar presided. Alcuin presented his illustrious pupil with this magnificent folio copy of the Sacred Scriptures.

"It is bound in velvet, the leaves are of vellum, and the writing is in double columns. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colors. It is enriched with four large paintings, besides seals, historical allusions, initial capitals, and emblematical devices, which well represent, not only the state of the art at that early date, but also the undoubted reverence that was then paid to the Holy Scriptures."

This precious manuscript was sold in 1836, by public auction, for £700.

The Porpoise.

The big and clumsy fish that we call the porpoise did not own that name until a Frenchman was looking at the awkward gambols of one of these finny creatures. Struck by the resemblance of its back to that of a pig, he exclaimed, "*Porc-poisson!*" (pig-fish); and from that came the word porpoise.

The Thimble.

The name of the thimble is said to have been derived from "thumbell," having been first worn on the thumb, as the sailor's thimble still is. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1605, by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Especially useful for choirs should be a late issue of the Fischer Musical Publication Co.—namely, "Hymns in Honor of the Blessed Sacrament." This collection is made up of the *O Salutaris* and the *Tantum Ergo*, each in six different forms by Gubing, and arranged for four parts by the Rev. L. Bonvin, S. J.

—The author of "My New Curate" is about to publish, through Longmans, Green & Co., a new story, or rather drama, entitled "The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise." This will make Dr. Sheehan's fifth volume classed as fiction; he has also published besides a collection of Marian sermons, a book of poems, and a collection of detached reflections.

—The Convent of the Visitation, Roselands, Kent, England, has lately published a second and revised edition of that excellent spiritual aid, "A Devotional Exercise to Prepare the Soul for Death." The pious and inspirational meditations and prayers are edited by the Rev. V. Hornyold, S. J.; and throughout there is evidence of the experienced hand.

—We have often had occasion to call attention to the excellent school publications of the American Book Co.; and their efforts to deal fairly with Catholic schools and Catholic subjects have been favorably noted by the Catholic press in this country. This firm have lately opened a special department, with headquarters in New York, for the convenience of Catholic teachers; it is under the direction of Miss Helen T. Goessmann, who will be pleased to give any information desired regarding books along educational lines.

—Mr. W. A. Pinkerton, of the famous detective agency, declares that "yeggman"—a word often met with in periodicals—originated with the gypsies. "When a particularly clever thief is found among a gypsy tribe he is selected as the Yegg, or chief thief. This expression is now adopted by the better class of thieves among the tramps, or Hobo element, of this country. As late as twenty years ago, one tramp meeting another and wishing to be sure of his identity as a professional tramp, would address him as 'Ho Beau.' This expression subsequently developed the word Hobo. If a tribe or band of tramps found among their number a particularly persistent beggar or daring thief, they, using the expression of the gypsies, called him a Yegg. Then came the name of John Yegg and finally the word Yeggman." Mr. Pinkerton's address on the desperate character of the yeggman and on his mode of operations was delivered before an international convention of police officers in St. Louis. It is worthy of note

that of the dangerous yeggmen "about one-half are natives, one-quarter of foreign birth, and one-quarter of foreign descent"; and that "many are well educated and can intelligently discuss topics of the day." By natives Mr. Pinkerton obviously means members of the old American families.

—The death of Mr. Clement Scott deprives English dramatic criticism of its most authoritative exponent. The son of an Anglican minister, he entered the Church in later years and was ever after rather aggressively Catholic both in his social and professional activities. He was the author of a dozen or more books. *R. I. P.*

—Mr. B. Herder has lately published an English version of a well-known German play—"The Three Holy Kings," by the Rev. F. Ebersweiler, S. J. The subject, as the name implies, is the Epiphany of Our Lord; and the characters include the Magi, Herod, holy Simeon, and the Holy Family. The setting permits much in the way of elaboration.

—Reviewing a work of laborious research by Dr. J. E. Sandys, dealing with the history of classical scholarship from the sixth century B. C. to the end of the Middle Ages, a writer in the *Athenæum* remarks: "For a long time Ireland was the centre of culture in the British Isles, and we are only beginning to realize how wide that culture was. Nor must we forget that we owe to the Irish foundations of Bobbio and St. Gall the preservation of the chief remains of Latin literature."

—From the English Catholic Truth Society we have received "A Little Book about St. Joseph," containing a series of hymns and antiphons in honor of the foster-father of the Christ-Child, and some considerations on the necessity of a return to the simple life, as exemplified in the customs and manners of the time of the Holy Family. "Simple Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord," by the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, of Ampleforth, is published by the same association; as is also a collection of "Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon," selected by Lady Amabel Kerr. These unambitious publications are fruitful seeds, and need only good soil in which to fructify.

—The failure of a dreadful conspiracy to entangle us in an Anglo-American alliance without our knowing it, is recounted by the editor of the *Bookman*: "Some time ago such of us great ones of the earth as are mentioned in *Who's Who* received a letter from a fellow-inmate proposing to organize us into a glittering company on the

strength of that distinction. It was to include also the subjects of the English *Who's Who*, and so bind the two countries together by a sort of fellowship in glory. We are powerful men, as is evident from our biographies; and at the first threat of war our whole might would be put forth against it, for who would strike a brother in *Who's Who*? The only outward sign of enrolment was to be a badge or a button—a mere modest button; and that is probably the reason why the plan did not succeed, for many desired a complete uniform; and we, for our part, struck out rather obstinately for plumes. At all events, nothing seems to have come of it, and you can not tell a *Who's Who*er from a common citizen, except, perhaps, by something kingly in his mien. So fades the dream." After this playful opening, Dr. Peck proceeds seriously to tell the inmates of *Who's Who* what's what. We can not help believing that he is needlessly alarmed about the alliance, however; we venture to think that a majority of the voters in this country is still made up of men whose names do not figure in *Who's Who*.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.25.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. Wilfrid C. Robinson. \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. John Gerard, S. J. \$2.

The Two Kenricks. John J. O'Shea. \$1.50, net.

Modern Spiritism. J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. Countess Zamoyska. 75 cts., net.

Carroll Dare. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.

Woman. Rev. N. Walsh, S. J. 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. Rev. L. P. Gravel. \$1, net.

A Year's Sermons. Preachers of Our Own Day. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same*. 60 cts., net.

Non Serviam. Rev. W. Graham. 40 cts., net.

Varied Types. G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. Lady Rosa Gilbert. \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. Honor Walsh. \$1.

A Precursor of St. Philip. Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. M. S. Dalton. \$1, net.

Belinda's Cousins. Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.

The School of the Heart. Margaret Fletcher. \$1.

Divine Grace. Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. S. L. Emery. \$1.50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. Very Rev. W. J. Kelly. \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. Victor Rose, O. P. \$2.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. Rev. Alfred Mulligan. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. \$1.35, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Dom. Paul Raynal, O. S. B., Rome; Rev. Peter Paul Shahan, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Edward Duffy, diocese of Buffalo; and Rev. P. Callahan, O. P.

Mr. W. T. Parsons, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Richard Lewis, Jamesburg, N. J.; Mr. T. D. Egan, New York; Mrs. Clara F. Squires, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Neil, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. M. J. Shern, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. H. Kelly, Jamestown, Dakota; Miss Frances Bartlett, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. Charles Stuart, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. F. Baily, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. John Enright, Norwich, Conn.; Mrs. Anna White, McKeesport, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Murphy, Miss Susan Flanagan, and Miss Mary McGunley, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. James Stack, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Jennie Leche, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Peter Elliott, Fargo, Dakota; Mrs. Ida Buckley, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. George Wauk, Cleveland, Ohio. *Requiescant in pace!*



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

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NO. 3.

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The Holy Grail.

MEN sing of the Holy Grail, O Queen!—

The cup of emerald clear
That caught the precious tide of blood
That followed the soldier's spear.
And only the pure of heart might see,
So ran the legend old,
The cup that was hewn of emerald clear,
That priceless gift to hold.

But thou art the Holy Grail, O Queen!
That held the Blood Divine,
Thy heart the chalice where first gleamed
The sacrificial wine.

And even the sinful heart may turn
A pleading look on thee;
For the Precious Blood thou once didst bear
Was spilled to make us free. ***

Random Reminiscences from Various Sources.

II.—OTHER CELEBRITIES.

IT is impossible to omit from any account of Catholic life in the last half of the nineteenth century the dominant figure of John Henry Newman and his wonderful personal influence. It was unvested with authority, yet all the same was its remarkable effect as irresistible as it was unrecognized by superior powers, who, nevertheless, found themselves constantly in conflict with it.

There is no portrait of the time that so attracts the eye and fascinates the soul as that of Newman. Classical, imposing, virile, yet surprisingly tender

and delicate in thought and expression; spiritual, intellectual, ascetic,—the personality of the man stands alone in its dramatic individuality. He has been likened to St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, and those who so likened him have not gone far astray.

He always said what he thought, undismayed by tradition or custom; it was only when the strictest and final authority bade him be still that he withdrew his opinions. His logical mind could not understand the compromise which Truth sometimes makes with its opponents for the sake of peace. And from the time he left the Church of England until the day he found rest in the bosom of the God he had served so faithfully unto the end, his existence was a continuous struggle; he was a man whose days were troubled and stormy, whose acts were often unappreciated, misinterpreted, misunderstood.

Between Cardinal Manning and himself there was but little sympathy,—they were always in conflict. It was not, however—as those unfamiliar with the story of this conflict might judge,—a personal one, but a struggle of principles and policies as natural, unavoidable and interminable as the characters and dispositions of the two men were unlike.

Not long before his death, Lord Beaconsfield said that from the blow of Newman's secession the Church of England "still reeled." Mr. Gladstone was of the same opinion. It was because of the freedom and inde-

pendence of Newman's character that Cardinal Manning feared what consequences might eventually ensue. These fears were totally unfounded; for Newman was as orthodox as himself. The one was a Roman of the Romans; the other, an Englishman to the heart's core, with views large and liberal.

His elevation to the cardinalate was tardy; but, though he cared nothing about it save as a recognition of his standing as a true son of the Church and an indefatigable laborer in her vineyards, it must have been to him a pleasant and grateful recognition.

Regarding Newman's relations with Kingsley, the one who probably caused him more hours of bitterness than all other opponents, the following letter, written after the Canon's death, has been a revelation to many:

"The death of Mr. Kingsley, so premature, shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger toward him: it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. Much less could I feel any resentment against him, when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me of vindicating my character and conduct. I heard, too, a few years back, from a friend that he chanced to go into Chester cathedral and found Mr. Kingsley preaching about me kindly. And it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was, as it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part. And I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death."

Dr. Newman, in his "Apologia," declared that if he were asked to point out a straightforward Englishman, he would instance Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham; and the praise was

no more than just. He remained a steadfast friend and warm admirer of Newman during all the period of storm and stress that characterized the greater part of his Catholic life.

Dr. Ullathorne's early years were passed far from intellectual pursuits or seminaries of learning. As a boy he went to sea, but always preserved his Faith; saying his prayers devoutly, and testifying to his religion whenever the occasion presented itself. He spent several years in Australia, and was forty years Bishop of Birmingham. He was always engaged in some good work, and received into the Church with his own hands, so to speak, over one hundred of the Anglican clergy.

He had a fine knowledge of character. "It is well," he would say, "after thinking over persons and things, to let them rest together for a while; you can then come back to them fresh and unentangled with fixed ideas. It is remarkable how often, when you take time to think a matter over, you come back to your first impressions. When this is the case, you may usually trust those impressions, as it proves pretty clearly you have thought the subject all round. A solution always comes, if you are willing to wait for it." "We are apt to mistake the bringing out of evil with the evil itself, whereas it is the cessation of evil. Don't be too anxious about results. Be sure of this, that no harm ever comes of doing what is right." "Never let a trouble get inside of you; as long as you keep it outside, you command it, inside it commands you."

Bishop Ullathorne was a sterling, if somewhat rugged, character; his autobiography makes very fascinating reading.

Bishop Grant, of Southwark, was another of the remarkable men of the time. His whole life seemed to belong only to God, and the duties the service

of God entailed upon him. He was ever ready to *waste* his whole self—his strength, his time, his life—when he saw an opening for doing some good to souls.

In 1854, at the breaking out of the Crimean War, it was through the influence of Bishop Grant that Catholic military chaplains were appointed to the army; also the prompt dispatch of Catholic nursing Sisters to the seat of war was due to his efforts. From this time we may trace the beginning of the good feeling which has since prevailed toward them. There is a story that when the French nuns of St. Vincent de Paul first came to Westminster, they were followed by a howling, jeering mob. But as they passed Wellington Barracks, the soldiers at the gate, recalling that their trusty nurses had been nuns, rushed out and dispersed the mob.

Bishop Grant died of cancer, that most painful of diseases; yet he remained at his post till almost the moment of his death. "A saint," wrote Dr. Ullathorne, "has departed from this world. The singleness of his heart and purpose was the same from innocent childhood to his innocent departure. He was a child of prayer and a slave of duty and charity."

Another of the great apostles was Father Faber, who was of an altogether different type from those whom we have previously sketched. He had a passionate zeal for the salvation of souls. His was a very picturesque nature—that of a true poet; the friend and admirer of Wordsworth, who said he was a more diligent and accurate observer of nature than himself; a vivid writer of prose; deeply skilled in the direction of souls. In him there seemed to be a revival of the old contemplative spirit,—he was a true son of St. Philip Neri.

When he had fully decided to leave

the Anglican Church, he announced the fact from his pulpit, took off his surplice and went home. Some of his churchwardens and parishioners followed him, imploring him to change his purpose; saying that he might teach them anything he chose, if he would but remain with them. When he left, early in the morning, every window was opened, and the poor people waved their handkerchiefs, crying out: "God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go!"

To Protestants, Father Faber was ever kindly and unaggressive, suggesting in many ways St. Francis de Sales. To Christians in general, he was tolerant and clement,—so much so that he once declared, laughingly: "They say I send people to heaven *lolling on a sofa*." Another time he remarked: "I believe many will be saved who never gain admittance to the Catholic Church. Such souls do the best they can in their circumstances."

As a rule, however, English piety has more robust methods than Faber's. His Italian methods and sympathies conflicted with practical Anglo-Saxon sentiments. His numerous books, once on the top wave of popularity, are not now generally read, either in England or America; yet they contain many pearls of great price.

No greater proof of the truth and sanctity of the Catholic Church can be adduced, it appears to us, than the humility and lowly station of those who spring from her bosom as apostles and instruments of her most stupendous works. Among these may be found many saintly women, as practical as pious. Common-sense in the religious life is always refreshing. Nowhere is it so necessary as in the direction of religious communities; and never, it may be said, within the fold of the Church has one such community been founded where it did not exist.

The life of Mother Margaret Halahan

is an instance of these powerful forces for the good of large numbers. It seems a reproduction of medieval times. She was only a servant-girl, working for years among the poorer classes. She had a special gift for attending invalids, yet all the while longing to do something better and greater for God's service. After a long probation she was allowed to enter a lay Order, and later was destined to found a Congregation. She trained hundreds of religious women, established convents, built churches, hospitals, orphan asylums, and schools for all classes.

She was altogether downright and uncompromising. A Protestant clergyman once began to enter into a little argument with her. "Well, well," he said at last, "I trust, in spite of our differences, we shall both one day see the Lord Jesus."—"No, sir," she replied, "you'll never see Him unless you are a Catholic; for there is no salvation out of the Catholic Church." This, he said, was severe. "Well, sir, I can't argue: I have not the power; but that is the truth. You'll never see God unless you are a Catholic, and I have nothing more to say." He did become a Catholic, and used to say that this plain-speaking had much helped him.

A poor Protestant woman came to ask to have her child taken in at the schools and get some "learning." Said Mother Margaret: "Do you go to any place of worship?"—"No, ma'am."—"Does your husband?"—"No, ma'am."—"Do you know that you have a soul and must take care of it?"—"Yes, ma'am."—"Then bring your husband with you and come to see me again. I want to talk to you. And *I'll take the child.*"

To have accomplished results like the following, must have been a sweet reward even in the midst of her earthly labors. A rescued orphan, four years old, had but one idea—the love of God. In his reading lessons he would search

out these three letters and kiss them with rapture. Shortly after, when, near his death and about to be confirmed, he was told to choose the name of some saint that he loved, he exclaimed: "Then let me take the name of *God*, for there is nobody I love like Him!"

Some of Mother Halahan's sayings are very pithy and well bear reproduction. A favorite maxim of hers was, "We can not know Christ unless we *practise* Christ." "The world," she was wont to say, "has become a large madhouse, every one living in public, and all excitement and worldliness." When a priest was leaving a place where piety was not flourishing, she shed tears and said: "When he is gone the Blessed Virgin will not have a friend left in the place."

In striking contrast to the personality of Mother Halahan is that of Mother Henrietta Kerr, a religious of the Sacred Heart. She was the daughter of Lord Henry Kerr, and was of remarkable beauty and most attractive manners. From her childhood, gay, happy and full of affection as it was, she was drawn to the religious life. It cost her family a bitter pang to part with her; but the high principles of her father, a convert, would not permit him to oppose her. Very pathetic is her own account of their interview regarding her final plans.

They were riding together, and suddenly she became aware of how bitterly he was grieving. "He couldn't get on with it at all; and then he pulled out his little *À Kempis* and tried to read a verse or two to help himself. And I heard he wasn't reading very well, and then I saw he was crying so that he couldn't."

Perhaps it is only those who have, like him, given a beloved daughter to God that can appreciate the pathos of this little anecdote.

(To be continued.)

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XIX.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TWO days later the rehearsals began. There is nothing more amusing than the rehearsing of a play by a company of amateurs. After a little these actors are seized by the "demon of the stage"; they assume the airs, the petty jealousies, the little tricks, and the technical language of professionals. A society woman once remarked to an intimate friend who was repeating a scene with her: "Don't look at yourself in the glass like that, my dear: you attract the attention of the audience, and spoil the effect of my speech."

The actors at Marcilly were not so intense in their rivalry; indeed, they sinned in the other extreme, for there was no spirit of emulation amongst them. Fortunately, an incentive came from an unexpected quarter. A sister of M. Désormes, Madame Barrois, had been chosen as prompter. She was sixty years old, with a piercing eye, a genial humor, and of a frankness so bluff, so refreshing that it gave offence to nobody.

As she was enormously stout, a great armchair had been placed for her before the stage which had been erected in the large hall; and there she established herself at the first sound of the bell. With utmost deliberation she adjusted a pair of formidable spectacles, opened the book, prompted in the most professional manner; and, the rehearsal over, solemnly rose, exclaiming in a tone that forbade any attempt at contradiction: "You are all equally bad!"

That was her method of encouraging and developing talent! That this method was not devoid of merit we shall see later on. Little by little the comedians tried to disarm a severity

which was perhaps a little excessive. At the fourth rehearsal Madame de Barrois paid this doubtful compliment: "Madeleine is less deplorable than the rest."

At the fifth she added:

"Monsieur de Chazé is getting into form."

The next day Madame de Barrois announced a fresh verdict:

"The Vicomte will do marvellously well as Mauléon, only he is cold as ice. As for you, Raymonde, I must be just; you speak well, but you do not know how to walk, to sit down, nor to rise. And *you*, Monsieur de Lizardière,—it is impossible to make anything out of you!"

John, although by this time accustomed to very frank criticism, reddened with anger. He had a special reason for being offended. Before condemning him, Madame de Barrois had partially acquitted M. de Cambry. Now M. de Cambry seemed to take a special delight in teasing John.

Vicomte de Cambry, whom we have already presented to the reader, had the most correct and distinguished manner. John knew well how famed he was for his exquisite politeness and his knowledge of the world. He had formerly taken the Vicomte as a model; but he was not pleased that he should now be present to hear Madame's unkindly criticism.

In the charming scene where he bowed to the heroine of the play, saying nothing but evincing the profoundest respect, M. de Cambry contrived to mingle a flattering personal admiration. This it was which annoyed John,—not because it was a question of Raymonde (his feeling would have been the same if it were Christiana or any other woman); but because a gentleman does not like to see about the woman he respects another man incessantly playing the gallant. Moreover Vicomte de Cambry was a tease,

and he was bent upon exercising his talent.

In "The Fairy" there is one especially poetic scene where Aurora de Kerdic sings a sort of cantilena before Henri de Commings, who lies asleep:

"At dusk beneath the oak,
Who sleeps so quietly?
'Tis Roger Beaumanoir,—

A captain young is he;
While his Danish hounds, so lithe, so strong,
Run hither and thither the trees among.

"Dreaming, he scatters there,
In the crystal streamlet clear,
Flowers of *marjolaine* fair;

While his Danish hounds, so lithe, so strong,
Run hither and thither the trees among."

Raymonde stopped at this point.

"There is a third verse," observed M. de Cambry, taking up the play and reading:

"The flowers you strow to-day,
Thus spake the blue-eyed fay,
'I weave in a garland gay;

While your Danish hounds, so lithe, so strong,
Run hither and thither the trees among."

The good Countess, who was present, hastened to explain:

"I advised the omission of that stanza, because two are enough, and all that is necessary to produce the desired effect."

M. de Cambry stroked his mustache and looked at John as if to say:

"They would have kept the stanza if *I* had been in your place."

Again, at the end of the play, Aurora reappears in the garb of a fairy; but she is no longer the old witch of Brocelyande, no longer Aurora de Kerdic: she is Jeanne d'Athol, the bride whom Madame de Commings has chosen in her heart for her son. Jeanne, with her brother's advice, took the disguise in order to spread a snare for the young madman who is courting death; and when she appears, radiant with grace and beauty, Henri falls at her feet to beg her pardon. John simply touches Raymonde's hand.

De Cambry took occasion to remark:

"The author in the play indicates some stage-work here. 'Henri, as though to conceal his emotion, places his forehead on the young girl's hand.' Why is all this suppressed?"

"I considered that bit of stage-work superfluous in a rehearsal," replied the Countess. "At the public performance it will be carried out."

M. de Cambry bowed again, but his expression seemed to say:

"It would not be *I* who would wait until the public performance,—not *I*!"

At the end of the rehearsal John, very much annoyed, walked out on the lawn with Christiana and Raymonde.

"Madame de Barrois is right," he said: "I could never make an actor."

"Do not mind her," said Christiana. "Try to understand your part better. If you wish, Raymonde and I will rehearse alone with you. Raymonde ought to know both parts thoroughly, so she can study yours by reading it with you."

Raymonde demurred a little; but the Countess made short work of her scruples, and handed her the book.

"The Fairy," like all the work of Octave Feuillet, is written in a peculiar style. While there are no startling emotions bursting forth in ardent phrases, there runs through it all what might be called a passionate vibration. The language is delicate and graceful, and full of a subtle perfume like that which assails the senses while strolling in a garden of roses and violets.

Raymonde had read this paragraph in the rôle of John:

"This strange avowal burns my lips: Whoever you be, Mademoiselle, there are moments when my brain grows dizzy in trying to fathom the mystery. Whoever you are, I dare not say I love you,...but never again will woman inspire me with so profound a respect, so passionate a yearning to be worthy. I do not *love* you,—rather I *adore* you. Yes, in return for this one evening of

simplicity, of calm, of truth, which I owe to you, I would devote my new-found spirit,—I would fetter my soul and my whole existence at your side,—no: at your feet.”

The young girl hesitated more than once while reading this harangue; and stopped often—much oftener than the stage directions stipulated.

“You go too slowly,” said Christiana. “Let me try.”

The Countess began to read with her deep, warm voice.

“It is your turn now, Monsieur de Commings.”

John repeated the difficult passage, and it was evident that he was making progress. He gave to the words, “I dare not say I love you,” a somewhat different rendering from that given by either of the ladies.

The lessons went on thus for a week. At the end of that time John played his part to perfection. He even had the pleasure of hearing Madame de Barrois exclaim:

“Monsieur de Lizardière is the best of all!”

The day of the performance arrived at last. It had long been talked of in every château from Mans to Tours, and from Tours to Angers. The relatives and intimate friends of the Count and Countess de Chazé were anxious that the affair should be a success, and resolved to assemble in full force. The castle, the park, and the avenues were illuminated. M. Désormes had brought from Paris a cargo of Venetian lanterns, Bengal-lights, and pyrotechnics of every description. At nightfall work was begun, and by nine o'clock the castle was in a blaze. Garlands of lanterns and colored lights twined about the donjon, the enormous wings and the dome of the chapel, and threw their light over the trees in the park. The guests, driving up from miles around, could see the illuminations long before their arrival.

The guests were numerous, so much so that the immense salon could hardly contain them all; but everybody was in high good-humor and accommodating to the last degree. The fair dames of Tours, Mans, Noyant, and Saumur could display their fine toilets at their ease,—a fact which doubtless inclined them to be indulgent in their criticisms of the actors. Indulgence, nevertheless, is uncertain at a theatre. As the amateur actors become veritable ones in thought and feeling, so an invited audience very quickly becomes a public one. Only what pleases is applauded; and between actors and audience there is established a nervous strife which gives to the first performances so intense an interest.

The players of “The Fairy” did not escape these emotions of suspense and anxiety; but good luck favored them. The first applause was for the Count, who opened the play. He won the audience immediately. M. de Cambry gained the approbation of all the ladies for his perfect elegance and grace. Madeleine, in her peasant's costume, brought down the house, and was cheered till the hall re-echoed again and again. John and Raymonde did not so easily win their laurels. It was against them that antagonism, invisible and silent, united its forces. Raymonde was too beautiful and too wealthy not to have an enemy here and there. The remark of the Duchess de Sablé on arriving was repeated betimes.

“Mademoiselle is so kind as to act for us! How very amiable! But is it not a little presumptuous?”

John also had his secret enemies, who could not forgive his sudden leap into fame and fortune. Raymonde and he instinctively felt that the audience was against them; but, being true artists, they were determined to succeed.

Raymonde in the great banquet scene was charming. The modesty of the young girl was visible beneath the

witty and piquant play of the actress. She was enthusiastically applauded, and the Duchess de Sablé could not refrain from saying aloud:

"She is positively fascinating!"

Fascinating indeed,—so much so that John forgot the audience, to gaze upon and listen to her. He allowed himself to be carried away by the situation. The famous tirade which he had so lamentably bungled at the first rehearsal, he now delivered with an emotion, a concentrated passion, which astonished and swayed the most determined of his enemies. At the close, by the stage directions, he placed his burning forehead on the young girl's hand. When he raised his head, in the midst of the most enthusiastic plaudits, his glance met that of Raymonde, and he felt his heart beat backward,—the ethereal lightning had flashed that mysterious ray which, in this world, passes but once from soul to soul.

The affair was pronounced a great success. But if the author of the little drama was Octave Feuillet, the author of the climax, which escaped the notice of the audience, was Christiana de Chazé. Seated in the front row and attentive to everything, she alone had caught, as on the wing, the rapid glance exchanged between John and Raymonde; and when both approached her to ask, "Frankly, are you satisfied with us?" it was with her sweetest and most profound smiles and her most gracious manner that she replied:

"Yes, my children, I am satisfied."

The guests now scattered about the grounds to admire the fireworks. Then there was a dance, and a supper that lasted until almost dawn.

Just as the sun was peeping over the dusky hillsides, farewells were said, and the castle and the village of Marcilly relapsed into silence.

At Christiana's earnest solicitation, M. Désormes had consented to leave Raymonde, she being fatigued after the

evening's triumph. But it was decided that when his daughter returned to Bruyères she should bring the whole *corps dramatique* to pass the day with him,—an invitation that was cheerfully accepted by all.

When there remained at the castle only its usual occupants, the Count, weary in spite of his vigorous health, gave this paternal advice:

"My dear children, let us all say our prayers, and go to bed and sleep till lunch time."

Before returning to his little home, John wandered from hall to hall, like a general who revisits the field of battle after a victory. Musing as he went, he finally found himself on the second floor, near the chapel, the door of which was half open. He entered reverently, but paused on the threshold as he perceived Raymonde, still in her stage costume, kneeling on the steps of the little altar.

John, holding his breath lest he should disturb her in her prayer, and with feelings that can not be analyzed, gazed from the painting of our Blessed Lady over the altar, to the young girl pleading with the Heavenly Queen, the consoler of those who love as well as of those who suffer. Then he rose very softly and retired like one in a dream.

Had Raymonde seen him? Had she heard him? It is impossible to say.

(To be continued.)

A Psalter.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

IN the leaves of an oldtime Psalter
 Three roses lie at rest,
 And my trembling fingers falter
 As they turn the pages blest.

For hidden away in that Psalter
 Where the wealth of my soul is amassed,
 Of a garden, a grave and an altar,
 Three roses speak out of the past.

A Romance of Real Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH."

ONE day when riding to Cluntymore I was a witness to a touching scene. A party of strangers, three in number, were inspecting with much interest and curiosity the ruins of a house on the roadside. They were a man, grey-bearded and of gentlemanly appearance, and two ladies, whom I judged—rightly, as will appear,—to be his wife and daughter. A post-car from a neighboring town was waiting for them on the road. There was a cross-wall with the chimney of the ruined house still standing, together with part of the west gable; the other walls were almost levelled to the ground.

I was not a little surprised at first to find visitors interested in such an unsightly ruin, and my curiosity was aroused to know what attractions it could possibly have for them. What, then, was my astonishment to notice that the elderly gentleman wept silently as he gazed at the old kitchen fireplace, whilst the ladies' moist eyes proved that they also were not unmoved by the sight of the mouldering ruins?

When they observed me they saluted me respectfully, and came to speak to me. I could see at once that they were Americans. They introduced themselves to me as Mr. and Mrs. D—and their daughter. The object of their visit to the ruined homestead was soon told. It was the spot where Mr. D— was born, and where more than twenty years ago a merry wedding party assembled to welcome his fair young bride. I could now understand the cause of their emotion.

I invited them to call to my house—which was not very far distant,—and they kindly accepted my invitation. It was then I learned from them the

particulars of their strange, sad history. No wonder that brave man's hair was almost snow-white at less than fifty; and no wonder the sunny expression of their beautiful daughter was somewhat clouded by a gentle melancholy, which was deeply engraved on the features of her mother.

And yet these refined, well-bred people seemed quite happy,—calmly and peacefully happy. In the case of the parents, the melancholy expression referred to, although frozen by long and bitter years of sorrow and repining, was gradually disappearing under the genial influence of a new-found joy,—a joy too great to be even yet fully realized; and, in the case of their daughter, it was the effect probably of heredity, or sympathy with a mother's secret grief.

The story told me by those chance acquaintances impressed me deeply. I learned further particulars about them from people in the parish who remembered their marriage—in fact, were present at it,—and I shall set down in my own words this romance of real life.

It was the verdict of the village that a handsomer couple than Tom D—and Mary M— never stood before the altar of Killanure chapel. Both belonged to the small-farmer class, and they were married just a few days before they started for the El Dorado of the West, America, with no other prospect before them than simply to seek their fortune, on the truly Hibernian principle of, "Sure God is good."

The wedding in the old homestead of the D—s, for fun and frolic and joviality, was not surpassed by any other in the annals of the parish. Indeed, it was partly an "American wake" as well as a wedding, as the young couple left two days after their marriage. Thus their journey across the Atlantic might be regarded as a honeymoon trip, in one sense; and in another, as a "leap in the dark," or a bold bid for fortune. Could they,

however, have foreseen the trials in store for them, assuredly they would have preferred to live on a dry crust at home rather than emigrate.

The newly-wedded pair landed in New York, with little money indeed, but with a wealth of high hopes, health and mutual affection that bade defiance to the cold, selfish world which they were going to face—and to fight if needs be. He was twenty-three, tall, broad-shouldered, with a merry, laughing eye, and hair black as the raven's wing. She was only eighteen, fair-haired, with soft blue eyes and velvety cheek that rivalled the ripe peach, 'twas said, in its rich hue of health and beauty.

They settled down in quiet, cheap lodgings; and he proceeded to seek employment, but with very ill success. He found the labor market oversupplied in every department. Trade happened to be slack at the time; so that, with the exception of an odd temporary job, he got few chances of laying hands on the "almighty dollars" with which the simple Killanure folk imagined that the streets of New York were paved. So day after day he tramped the streets, with hands itching for work; and returned to his lodgings in the evening footsore, weary and dispirited, feeling to the full "the sickening pang of Hope deferred." Frequently he found that if he had come just five minutes sooner he might have secured this job or that; but, somehow, the prize was always eluding his grasp. However, the sunny smile of his gentle child-wife and her hopeful words would charm away despondency, and stimulate him like new wine for the next day's search.

At last, however, he decided on joining a party of adventurers who were going "out West" to prospect for gold in the newly-discovered mines. Some of Mary's small marriage portion still remained, and thus he was enabled to meet the expenses of the journey. It was

a last resource, and, worst of all, one that would necessitate a temporary separation from his gentle young wife. Of course he could not think of bringing her with him to live in a camp of rude miners. No, he would leave her in their present lodgings until such time as he had secured a home to bring her to; and that he fondly hoped would be soon—very soon.

She did not shed a tear as they parted at the depôt in New York, lest any exhibition of weakness on her part might unnerve and dishearten the generous man who was going to brave unknown difficulties in order to win gold for her. But Tom's watchful eye of love, as the train moved away, caught sight of her face buried in her handkerchief; and then the lump in his throat, that had wellnigh choked him as he said "Good-bye," rushed up again so that he could not swallow it, and the strong man sobbed like a little child.

"Boys," he said to his companions, "don't blame me for my weakness. She is my wife, and we're not three months married yet. Maybe I'll never see her again."

Poor fellow! his words were half prophetic. Ere he should see again that fair, fresh face, it would be wan, and faded with grief rather than years; and his smooth cheek of youth would be deeply furrowed with care and sorrow, and his raven-black hair almost white. Often and often in after years did the form of his weeping, desolate wife, as he last saw her with her face buried in her handkerchief come back to him with haunting remorse, and he felt as if he were a criminal who had cruelly deserted her.

The incident, instead of lowering, rather raised the young "greenhorn" in the estimation of his comrades. There were some among that rough, reckless party of gold-seekers who really envied him those tears, and who could say with Childe Harold to his weeping page:

Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

Tom D— was as unsuccessful in the Far West mining camp as he had been in New York. The magic gold still eluded his grasp; and the prospect of making a home was, after three months, still unrealized. However, he frequently sent his wife small sums of money out of his scanty, hard-won earnings.

Meanwhile she had been watching and answering the advertisements in the newspapers for servants, and at last procured a situation as housemaid in a quiet suburban villa. For reasons which she herself thought were both wise and prudent in the circumstances, she concealed her marriage from her new mistress, and gave her maiden name, Mary M—, when making application for the situation. Fearful lest the deception might be traced, she also misled the landlady of her lodgings on the matter, saying when leaving that she was anxious to join her husband out West. Fearing, too, that her husband would not approve of her going out as a servant, she concealed the true state of the case from him also, saying when writing to him from the old address, for the last time, that she was about leaving there for another lodging, from which she would write in future. She hinted that she had got some work to do, which would enable her to support herself, instead of living in idleness as heretofore, and dependent on him:—

“Don't write again until you hear from me from my new address, when I'll tell you all particulars. I have prayed long and fervently every day lately, in St. M—'s Church, for light what to do; and I think God has directed me, since I have no one else here to ask advice from in my difficulties. God bless you, Tom,—God bless you! I'll wait and hope, but I must do something to relieve you of the burden

of supporting me.” Thus, poor innocent thing, she wove a web of mystery around herself that years could not unravel.

She was about writing to her husband from her new address, when a circumstance occurred that was fraught with the direst consequences to two people, as undeserving of such a cruel blow of Fortune as could well be imagined. But God's ways are not our ways, and He knows what is best for us. It was a newspaper paragraph that wrecked her happiness.

She was about a week in her new situation when the newspaper heading, “Sad Mining Fatality in Idaho,” came under her notice. She was arranging and putting by the week's issues of her master's morning papers—he had a hobby for preserving them for reference,—and the number containing the fatal news was dated a full week back. Briefly it related how some half dozen miners while engaged in running a drift in a deep shaft were killed by the collapse of a passage roof, which crushed and mangled some of them almost beyond recognition. The first name on the list of victims was Tom D—. The later issues gave further particulars, and dilated pathetically on a sad circumstance relating to one of the victims. It was a blood-stained letter found in his vest pocket which proved to be from his wife in New York. Still later news went on to say that, although wired to more than once, she had not been heard from. A peculiar thing about the letter found with the dead miner was that it was unopened. The explanation of this fact was that the letter-carrier to the camp had delivered the letters only a short time before the catastrophe occurred, and so the poor fellow was waiting for his dinner hour in order to read the dear message at his leisure. The last item in relation to the fatality mentioned that D—'s

wife had not been heard from before the funeral of the victims.

Dazed and blinded with tears, Mrs. D— read all these particulars. Why the telegrams had not reached was easily explained. She had succeeded in getting lost. So her brave husband was dead and buried, and it was by accident she had learned the news at all! Simple, unsophisticated country girl that she was, she seldom read a newspaper; and henceforth she could scarce endure the sight of one.

The effect of this intelligence on the young wife can be better imagined than described. It was a hard stroke, and almost broke her heart. She could not tell her mistress her story without probably losing her situation, so she resolved to bear her burden of sorrow alone. When inquiry was made regarding her grief-stricken appearance, she merely said that she had received bad news from home.

The combined result of grief and anxiety on account of another matter, which in the near future would place her in a peculiarly distressing position, brought on an attack of brain fever, which left her a helpless patient, in one of the public hospitals, hovering 'twixt life and death for many weary weeks. On her recovery, she told her history to the young nun that nursed her—a gentle, angelic Irish girl, not long over from the old country. She at least fully believed Mrs. D—'s sad tale, and understood her reasons for having passed herself off as Mary M—, the name under which she was entered on the hospital register when she was brought there, in a semi-delirious condition, from the house where she had been employed as housemaid.

There were some, however, among the inmates of the ward—poor erring ones, chiefly—who discredited her story, and regarded her as a sister in misfortune. Hence when her little girl was born—

for, on the advice of the good nuns, she remained in the hospital to await this event,—she was obliged to endure the bitterest ordeal to which a pure and good woman could possibly be subjected. The cruel and unjust suspicion cost her tears almost as scalding as those she shed on reading the news of the dread mining fatality in Idaho. That her child should be born in a "poorhouse" was hard and humiliating enough for one brought up as she had been, and taught to regard that institution with feelings of horror; but to lie under an imputation like this—ah, that was hard to bear! But perhaps this new trial served as an anodyne to lull the pain of the first and greater sorrow. In course of time the kind Sisters procured employment for her in a large orphan asylum conducted by their Order, some distance away, and there she found a home for herself and her child.

But the strangest part of the story is to be told. Notwithstanding the evidence of the letter found in the dead miner's pocket, he was not Tom D—. Tom D— was not in the fatal drift at all on the occasion of the catastrophe. True, the band engaged there was his band, and the dead man supposed to be he had taken the letter from the carrier to keep for Tom D— who was absent from his gang that day. He had gone away farther west to another camp, to prospect for gold in a newly-discovered mine, as the claim the party were then working was giving only a poor return. His intention was to return after a few weeks to his employers, who had delegated him for this mission. No one knew of his absence but those whose lips were now sealed forever in death. He knew nothing of the calamity to his companions until his return, as newspapers did not circulate in the wild, remote region where he had been. To his indescribable amazement and

horror, he found that he had been counted among the killed on what seemed indisputable evidence. The explanation of the unopened letter also seemed perfectly reasonable. Of course it at once struck him that his wife might have seen the account of the dreadful accident,—or, rather, *must* have seen it; for the sensational paragraph about the blood-stained letter from the fond wife found in possession of the dead miner went the rounds of the press. This ill-fated letter had been sent to the address in New York from which it was written.

The contents of the returned letter were, of course, made known to Tom, as also the fact of his wife having been communicated with at the time of the catastrophe and not heard from. As soon as possible, after realizing his share of the gold dust, he returned to New York. To his intense disappointment, when he called at the old address he found that not only had his wife left, but Mrs. T—, their former landlady, had also changed to another residence. It appeared, on inquiry, that she had got into some financial trouble, and had gone no one knew where.

Of course he availed of all the ordinary means of getting information in these very peculiar circumstances of his dilemma. He sought the assistance of the police, had notices and advertisements inserted in all the city papers, made inquiries at the servants' registry offices; and, in addition to all this, he wandered through the streets by day and night seeking for his loved and lost one. After a fortnight's search he failed to find her. He found Mrs. T—, however; and that, too, without the assistance of the detective department, which, from being simply sceptical about his story at first, finally became convinced that he was the victim of illusions.

The missing landlady's statement

that Mrs. D— said, when leaving her lodgings, that she was anxious to join her husband out West, brought Tom D— back to Idaho as fast as he could travel—to be disappointed, however; for his wife, as we know, had not gone there.

He came at last on what he was convinced was the true clue to her mysterious disappearance. On a date which tallied with the fifth day after her leaving Mrs. T—'s, there was an accident to a Westward-bound train; and among the seven killed was a young woman, supposed to be married from having worn a marriage ring, and in whose possession was found a white silk handkerchief with the words "A present from Queenstown" in one corner, and in the other, worked in green thread, the name "M. D—." Tom D— had purchased at Queenstown the day they sailed exactly such a present for his bride. Neither the police nor railway porters could give a very accurate description of the young woman, as she was very badly injured about the face in the fatal collision.

No one appeared to identify her at the inquest, although the circumstance of the handkerchief with the name on it was made public through the newspapers. Tom had not, of course, seen them, as he was at the time out in the wilds prospecting for gold; but the evidence that his dear wife had come to an untimely end in going to join him, after failing to secure the situation referred to in her letter, as he supposed, seemed likely enough, although not absolutely conclusive. D— was a very common Irish name, and the victim might not be his wife, after all.

He did not neglect to write home to Ireland for information, but she had not been heard from. An orphan brought up by an uncle, who died two months after their arrival in America, she had few relatives to correspond

with. All this time, she had hid herself away from the world in the quiet retreat of her convent home, seeing no newspapers and living like a religious. Hence she never heard of the search made for her. She never once thought of the possibility of her husband being then alive, the evidence of his death in the Idaho fatality being so conclusive.

Tom D— prospered and became rich in the Western gold fields, although he was quite indifferent as to whether he succeeded or not. He paid periodic visits to New York, as well as kept up correspondence with Mrs. T—, in the still cherished hope that he might find his lost treasure. Nigh twenty years elapsed ere the tangled skein of their destinies was unravelled. The circumstances of his discovery of his wife and daughter would furnish a splendid chapter for a sensational novel, but we forbear to dwell on them. Suffice it to say that, on one of his visits to the city, Providence led him to a hotel of the humbler sort, of which his wife was then the manager, and his daughter Mary the bookkeeper. As soon as he saw the latter in the hotel office he recognized the speaking image of the Mary M— he had led to the altar in Killanure in the far past. To her, when he had made due inquiries into the matter, he broke the news gently of his return to life, and she in turn broke it to her mother.

Well, the meeting of the lost ones may be much better imagined than described. I shall not attempt to depict such a scene. When her daughter was grown up and educated in the convent that had offered them a home, Mrs. D— procured, through the influence of the nuns, the situation in which her husband found her.

The happy reunited family soon after left the scene of so much misery to spend the rest of their days in holy Ireland.

The Touchstone of Life.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

A FEW weeks later the foliage of the tree that Mrs. Roberson once called her pitying angel had begun to fade, and the pensive face of the invalid no longer looked out at it from the window; for Madeleine, brave and patient Madeleine, was motherless.

True to her promise to the dear one gone, she tried to send the letter to her father; but it was returned, by both his former bankers and the lawyers, with the information that they knew nothing of him. In Mrs. Woodward's pleasant home the girl found shelter and protection, but she continued to earn her bread. To pay off small debts incurred during her mother's illness, she rented a typewriting machine, and worked after hours also. And it happened that through this extra toil, perhaps as a recompense for her filial devotedness, there came to her the temporal gift of God most precious to a woman's heart—the love that uplifts and strengthens and ennobles.

Richard Page was a rising manufacturer who brought her typewriting work.

"He is a fine man, my dear, and a good Catholic," said Mrs. Woodward, when Madeleine mentioned his name to her. "I knew his parents: they were charming people; and everyone speaks well of the son."

The old lady was, accordingly, pleased when the acquaintance of the young people became friendship; and the romance of her own early life seemed renewed when Richard frankly told Madeleine that he loved her, and won her love in return. Their engagement was not prolonged; they had a Nuptial Mass, a quiet wedding breakfast, and, after a short trip to Washington, began

housekeeping in a pretty apartment not far from Morning Side Park. Well mated, they were ideally happy. In the course of time their home was blessed by a little son, and Richard's business prospered.

An attack of malaria from which Madeleine suffered early in the third summer after her marriage, caused her physician to prescribe a change of air. "She needs the bracing atmosphere of a New England summer resort," he said. A short time later found the little family in Boston *en route* for one of its neighboring beaches.

During the day they drove about the city; and among the streets of Beacon Hill Mrs. Page imagined she identified the house where her mother as a bride had received so grudging a welcome. The search brought back old memories, and she reflected bitterly that her father was doubtless still spending his fortune abroad, like a prince. She thanked Heaven she did not need a penny of it, and marvelled that her mother could ever have continued to love so selfish and unworthy a man. Did his conscience not reproach him sometimes for having abandoned his wife and child? Alas, the conscience of a rich man often grows callous! She prayed that Richard might never become so rich.

In the evening, to dispel her unwonted sadness, her husband proposed a visit to the theatre. The play was a light opera whose bright and pleasing melodies were linked together by the slightest thread of a story. Madeleine was only half attentive, but she was happy because Richard was with her for a short holiday. At the close of the second act, manlike, he grew restless.

"I'll go out and smoke a cigarette," he said, and disappeared into the foyer.

Leaning back in her chair, she fanned herself with her program. She was not sorry to be alone for these brief moments. The orchestra ceased to play during the intermission; still, the glare

of the lights and the murmur of conversation about her was wearisome.

She closed her eyes, but presently opened them wide to stare in incredulous surprise at two ladies who sat in the next row, and almost directly in front of her. They were society women, no longer young, but, artificially, well preserved. Apparently up from the shore for a day's shopping and an evening's entertainment, as their escorts had vanished also, they exchanged choice morsels of feminine gossip.

It was a name uttered by the more loquacious of the two which caught Madeleine's attention, causing her to arrest the motion of her improvised fan and to sit erect as a statue,—the name had been her own before she married Richard.

"I assure you there is no mistake," persisted the complaisant scandal-monger, in response to some doubt expressed by her companion. "I know the history of the Robersons root and branch. They were family friends of ours; in fact, when I was a girl he was one of my admirers, and people thought it would be a match."

"And why was it not?" asked the other quietly.

"Well, I met Jack; and about the same time Arthur Roberson fell in love with a girl in New York,—a shop-girl they say she was, and pretty as a picture. Mrs. Roberson the elder was dreadfully cut up about it; but they were married. In a little more than a year, though, Arthur was separated from his beauty. After his mother died, he went through her fortune by dissipation and unwise speculations. I always feel that I had a narrow escape, although I must admit he never offered himself to me. For several years he lived on the generosity of his friends, but now they are tired of helping him. They say he has a daughter somewhere, and she is well married. But the story goes that he deserted his young wife;

so if their child is really living it would not grieve her very much even if she knew that her father, who was once accounted a millionaire, is now a pauper in the city poorhouse."

Chatter, chatter, — the woman's tongue ran on to other themes, but Madeleine heard no more. At the ringing up of the curtain, her husband returned to find her faint and ill.

"O Richard, take me back to the hotel!" she pleaded. "I shall go mad if I stay here."

Long before, she had told him her mother's story and her own. Now, when they reached their rooms at the "Touraine," she excitedly repeated to him the conversation she had involuntarily overheard.

"Do you think it can possibly be true, Richard?" exclaimed the young wife, as she sank into a chair and strove in vain to control her tears.

Under his breath Page execrated the communicative dame whose gossip had so distressed her.

"Well, even supposing it is true, dear," he replied, soothingly, — "if the man who abandoned your mother in her young beauty and you in your babyhood has lost all he possessed, what is this but retributive justice? He is certainly nothing to you."

"He is my father," she faltered, unconsciously using the same argument with which her mother had once tried to move her.

Richard, who had been pacing the floor of the little parlor, stopped short before her.

"Do you mean, Madeleine, that you wish to extend a helping hand to him?" he asked in astonishment. "Why, I have repeatedly heard you say you could never forget his neglect of your mother, — that you loathed the very mention of his name!"

"Yes, yes, I did say this when I thought him prosperous, happy!" she cried with vehemence. "But now

when he is poor, a social outcast, it is different. I will not ask you to give me of your substance for his sake, but there is still the little sum in the bank which represents my small savings when I was a working-girl. You have never let me touch it; now I can give it to him."

"Madeleine, what I have is yours, and I will not refuse you anything in reason," answered her husband, firmly. "But I insist that you let me make inquiries first. When I find your father, it will be time enough to arrange to take you to him."

"You will not deceive me?" she begged.

"Dear, have I ever deceived you?" he replied, with reproachful tenderness.

"No, no! I trust you," was her penitent response.

Nevertheless, Richard Page was in no enviable frame of mind the next morning when he set out upon his quest. What if Arthur Roberson had sunk so low that it would be impossible to present him to Madeleine as her father without destroying her peace of mind forever? In this case, what should he do?

That Richard found a way out of his dilemma may be inferred from the fact that two days later he stood on the deck of a small harbor steamer, with Madeleine by his side. Brightly danced the blue waters beneath the sunshine; a stiff breeze filled the white sails of the yachts and fishing schooners as they pointed out to sea or sped before the wind toward the metropolis. Gracefully the little steamer threaded her way among the picturesque islands of the bay until she reached the most beautiful of all, Rainsford, where the city has provided a home for her hapless citizens who in their age have none to care for them.

As the visitors reached the hospital ward of the building, Richard whispered to his wife:

"Remember, he has not been informed of my inquiries. You may make yourself known to him or not, as you choose."

Then he left her to go in alone, thinking she might prefer it.

The room had but one occupant, who was sitting by a window at the farther end. Madeleine caught her breath as her eyes rested on the figure of a grey-haired man, whose ruddy face still wore an expression of careless good-nature, and whose air, despite his shabby clothes and his presence here, was that of a gentleman.

Feeling as if she were in a dream, she started across the floor; but straightway he turned his gaze upon her, and she paused as if under a spell. For a moment he regarded her in dazed astonishment. Then he attempted to rise from his chair, but fell back, with an exclamation not only of dismay but of physical pain, which told that he was a prisoner of rheumatism.

Recovering herself, she would have advanced, but he waved her off.

"My God, Mary, have you come now, in reality, to reproach me?" he cried, hoarsely. "For years in my thoughts you have stood thus before me with accusing eyes that burned into my soul. No: Mary's eyes were grey, and she would now be older—much older—than you. Yet if you are not Mary, who are you, woman?"

Madeleine made a step forward.

"I am not indeed that woman whom you loved, married and deserted, Arthur Roberson," she answered, impetuously, half in grief, half in indignation. "But I am her daughter—*your* daughter. O father, father, how could you do it?"

When she began to speak, a glad smile shone upon his face; and at her cry of "father" he stretched out his hands toward her; but as she concluded he dropped his head upon them with a despairing sigh.

"I had thought of you always as a child, Madeleine; but now you will

always seem to stand with that other at my elbow to accuse me too," he said, remorsefully. "It is only just that you should witness my humiliation, my punishment. Having seen it, now in mercy will you please go away?"

"No, no," she said brokenly, drawing close to him.

He felt her touch upon his arm, and her voice was sweet as exquisite music as she continued:

"No, no! Mother forgave,—she made me promise to tell you she forgave; and, in comparison, what have I to forgive? I have not come in anger, but to help you, to take you away from here. You are my father, and in your need you have a claim upon my love and duty."

He caught her hands, pressed them between his own, and, bowing his prematurely white head, kissed them with passionate tenderness, while his frame shook with emotion.

"Madeleine, my child, this moment gives me hope of God's forgiveness," he said. "You do not shrink from me, yet you are ignorant of what I may have been. God knows I do not seek to justify myself; but, to make the burden easier for you, dear, I will tell you that, although I have led a reckless and careless life, it has not been either a dissolute or wicked one. Nor did I deliberately desert my wife and child, as Mary, and you too, naturally believed. When she took you and went home to visit her people, I resolved to enter seriously upon the practice of my profession,—for I had studied law. Scarcely had I tried to work, however, when I was taken ill with a fever. I asked that my wife be sent for; but the nurses said my illness was contagious, and I should not endanger her life. When I was convalescent, they made some other excuse, which I was too weak to combat; and before I realized what was taking place I was on board an ocean steamer,

with my mother, bound for the south of France.

"For two years I was in a sanitarium. When my health was restored and I came back, I sought at once for Mary. But her foster-parents had moved away from the old home, no one knew where; and I was told that my wife and child were not with them. Some one gave me the address of a lodging-house at which, it was said, Mary had been staying. I visited it, only to be informed that a woman and infant answering my description had been removed from there to a hospital. The woman who kept the lodging-house even gave me a little trinket which I knew had belonged to Mary. The clerk at the hospital looked at his book and said: 'Yes, a Mrs. Roberson and her child died here and were buried by her relatives.' I am loath to blame the dead, but I have often felt since that, in the beginning, my mother had more to do with keeping my wife and myself apart than I ever suspected.

"After mother's fortune came to me, it slipped away I scarce know how. Having been bred to idleness with the expectation of abundant means, I had no practical knowledge of business. Nor will I pretend that I was steady, either. When I lost my wealth I had, of course, no need of bankers or lawyers. It was only when, a short time ago, I wrote to the former asking a small loan that, in refusing it they informed me my child was not only living but well married. I thanked God for this, but would never have dared to appeal to you. Since, in your daughterly compassion, you wish to do something for me, a humble provision somewhere is all I ask to make my last days happy."

But this did not satisfy Madeleine.

"Father, my home shall be yours," she said.

And when Richard came for her, he generously seconded her wish.

One morning a month later, on the

veranda of a cottage at Scituate, overlooking the outer bay, were seated a white-haired, amiable gentleman and a handsome young matron; while near them on the sands played a sturdy two-year-old boy, whose adventurous steps the grandfather watched with delight and pride.

"Madeleine," said Arthur Roberson, as presently he turned to his daughter, with misty eyes, "may your child repay you in love and honor for what you have done for me!"

(The End.)

The Vatican Exhibit in St. Louis.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

IN visiting the Vatican Exhibit, which is located in the Administration building of the World's Fair, one must guard against a feeling of disappointment on not beholding the material wealth of display promised by newspaper reports. One must not expect mere gratification of the eyes in the way of gold, laces and jewels. To gratify this desire alone, one might cross the way, and, following the conspicuous signposts, arrive at the Queens' Jewels, dazzling in splendor and in all the wealth of the Orient,—the gifts of rajahs and maharajahs of far India. To reach the Vatican display, one must inquire one's way; and then the eye is confronted by a modest card with the simple inscription "Vatican Exhibit." But on entering, the eyes naturally rest upon some of the most priceless treasures ever bestowed upon the world—gems of art, literature and religion.

Here we find the "holiest Book of the ages," whose sacred leaves have been gathered one by one, and enshrined by the Vatican and guarded by the Church,—thus defended from the vandalism of higher criticism and

religious (?) cults. The rarest of ancient classics are also here preserved, and shown in manuscripts transcribed in the fourth century. Here we see the Roman Virgil of the fifth century, once kept in the Abbey of St. Denis; the Greek Psalter, illuminated with fifty miniatures, the Old Testament written and illuminated in the tenth century. One can scarcely realize that these manuscripts, so exquisitely and clearly transcribed, and the pictures accompanying them, are produced without the aid of modern processes.

One of the most important and interesting of the Biblical manuscripts is the "Roll of Josue," a parchment measuring in length forty-eight feet; it bears the imprint of the fourth century, and describes the final wanderings of the Children of Israel. A striking picture is that of Joshua commanding the sun; also the fall of Jericho and the triumph of the Israelites—their joyful entrance into the Land of Canaan. These drawings are simply executed in strong lines; they are strange perhaps to the modern observer, but they tell the story almost without explanation.

It is perhaps irrelevant here,—but the feminine student is impressed with the figure of a woman, which appears in almost every picture; she is always effectively placed, as if lending courage and inspiration to the warriors. Her attire, strangely enough, resembles somewhat that of modern femininity: graceful, and not at all out of date—save her hat! No present-day woman could be induced to wear one like it. She always clings to the same hat, too; though her garb varies in each picture. It looks like an inverted flowerpot of small size, totally devoid of trimming. No doubt in that day it was a triumph of art—and perhaps other women envied and copied it.

There are innumerable other Biblical and allegorical manuscripts. One of these, of the sixth century, portrays

Moses striking the rock; another, David between Silence and Philosophy; and an exceedingly interesting one picturing the Blessed Virgin enhaloed, surrounded by John the Baptist, Zachary, Simeon, Elizabeth, and Anna.

Passing on from the "Roll of Josue" and the allegorical pictures, we come to the illuminated pages of letters of the thirteenth century, in clear and exquisite script. These are from the hands of Clement VII., Alexander VI., Innocent III., Nicholas IV. and VII.; and briefs regarding Greenland by Nicholas III. and Martin IV. These documents are far more interesting than the papers of the Louisiana Transfer; they contain in them the open sesame to this great and glorious America.

Thus it would seem that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is ordained to show forth not only the inspiration and skill of man and thereby the glory of the Creator, but the life and eternal beauty of the Catholic Church, from the days beyond the Catacombs to this very moment. As a Purchase Exposition, it goes back but a century to the old Catholic founders; and was it not a purchase from a Catholic nation of a Catholic land? Truly there can not be a World's Fair without a Vatican exhibit, or some inspiration in the Church or from the Church. Perhaps in another hundred years our new possessions will be repeating history and celebrating their purchase by the United States; and then again the works of the Vatican and the hidden labors of the monks in the Philippines will add glory to the Church of Christ.

The writer has digressed somewhat from the subject in hand, and must bring the reader back to the exhibits. The most attractive display, to the ordinary observer, are the mosaics, which, on account of their beauty and new charm, are infinitely more inter-

esting than ancient documents. They are copies of paintings and frescoes of classic Rome in the Vatican, of the Renaissance period and earlier; many from the Sala Sistina of the Vatican Library. A Roman artist is here at work fitting infinitesimal bits of naturally colored glass, marble, etc., into a plaster of Paris background, on which is sketched the subject of the picture. After the setting, and the picture is a perfect whole, it is polished with emery, and then submitted to a higher polish by machinery.

The visitor never wearies of watching the artist at his work; it is unique to the American eye. At first sight of one of the finished portraits, the beholder believes he is gazing upon an exquisite oil painting; only on minute investigation does he distinguish the setting of the colored particles. They are perfectly blended in the most delicate tints,—the artist's brush would sometimes fail in the attempt and effect. Even the smallest pictures are perfect in detail. There is a diminutive representation of St. Peter's Church and Square on a festal day; in the vast crowd each mite of humanity is as plainly and perfectly delineated as in one of Meissonier's masterpieces. There is nothing gaudy or inharmonious in the whole; and it is a marvellous revelation to us of an art known in the days of Esther, old in the time of Alexander the Great, but perfected by Rome.

Through this process many masterpieces in pigment have been preserved, and we can imagine the beauty of the dome of St. Peter's when we are told that it is lined with this mosaic work. As the monks preserved by transcription the classics and innumerable precious documents, so the Church in her mosaics preserves the work of the masters before they fade and are in danger of being lost to posterity. These mosaics are not like the crude

Mexican work,—the secret of this perfected art is known only in the Eternal City. When the light strikes on these pictures, there is a strange, beautiful illumination and transparency.

Among the portrait mosaics are: Raphael's Sistina Madonna, the original of which is in the Dresden Gallery, but the mosaic work is copied from a fresco in the Vatican; the "Madonna della Duca," the "Ecce Homo"; St. Peter, from the original of Guido Reni; and gentle, benign Pius IX. In the smaller pieces one observes the Via Appia—"Queen of Ways"; the blue Italian sky; the purple mountains in the distance; the winding path leading past the tombs of the martyrs; the Arch of Vespasian gleaming in the sunlight as though encrusted with emeralds, opals, rubies, and brilliants; the Roman Forum; the Arch of Septimus Severus, and the Coliseum. One could spend many delightful hours in the study of these mosaics; but in this stupendously great Exposition, where so much is to be seen in such limited time, one can not loiter where one wills.

The frescoes from the Vatican are a revelation of beauty and religion; they are the pictures we have loved from childhood: "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Nativity," the favorite "Annunciation," and "The Ascension." Alexander VI. had certainly a rare appreciation of Christian art.

As a result of a visit to the Vatican Exhibit, the Catholic heart feels an exultation over this testimony of the ages to the glory of the Church, from first to last, culminating in the still form of Leo XIII. His death mask is here. While gazing on his features we remember that rare combination of philosopher and saint, poet and ruler, whose love for his children was almost divine. His mask was secured the day succeeding his death—July 21, 1903,—according to a custom of the Church, as the tablet beneath explains. There

is also a separate cast of his blessed hand, so often raised in benediction,—a strong, masterful hand, despite the frail body; it grasps an encyclical, beneath which lies a quill pen and a silver rosary bearing a medal of the Immaculate Conception.

Before turning away from the Vatican display, the attention of the writer was directed to the exquisite manuscripts of the poems of Leo XIII., illuminated, and bound in white and gold. One volume lies open at a familiar poem to the Blessed Virgin, to whom his most exquisite thoughts were ever directed.

All these silent mementos of the ages at the Vatican Exhibit, embodying classic Rome and the Rome of Christianity, are visited by people who seem to realize their significance; they enter the rooms in hushed numbers and with sincere reverence. They are the people of a world then undiscovered,—a language new, but yet the offspring of Christianity.

Just below the Vatican Exhibit, in the same building, is the rush and turmoil of a new world: the press, the telephone, the wireless-telegraphy in full operation, the electric cars whirling by,—the evidences of vast modern progress; but the same old Faith of St. Peter is shown in this exhibit of Pius X., still inspiring and uplifting the world.

A Poet's Patience.

"I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune nor murmured at the ordinances of Heaven excepting once," says the Persian poet, Sadi; "it was when my feet were bare and I had not the means of procuring shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, and there beheld a man deprived of his feet. I offered up my praise and thanksgiving to Heaven for its bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes."

Notes and Remarks.

We are glad to be able to say a good word for the Iowa Grand Lodge of Freemasons. Its committee on fraternal correspondence has put itself into entire accord with the discipline of the Church by issuing a formal statement to the effect that "we are inclined to doubt the advisability of admitting Roman Catholics to membership in the Masonic lodge." True, the reasons which influenced the Iowa brethren are somewhat different from those on which the Popes have acted: "Should he return to his Church, as in the greater number of instances is done, there would be a necessity for penance which would include violation of all obligations. Masonry has no real place for renegades."

We have observed in recent years a marked improvement in the tone adopted by representative Masons toward the Church—much the same growth of toleration that we find in the other sects,—and an eager anxiety in the American fraternity to dissociate themselves from their Continental brethren. But in the present discipline of the Church a Catholic who allies himself with the Masons is a veritable "renegade," and the lodges would act wisely in excluding all such by a general law. A spirit of charity prompts us to assure the Iowa committee, however, that Catholics who return to the Church after making experience of the lodge are nowise obliged to violate Masonic obligations. There isn't much to be revealed, anyway. Priests are not so curious as women.

It would seem that too much credit has been given to the government for the industrial and technical progress so noticeable in Germany. Honor is due rather to the people, especially in the

Catholic district of the country. According to a writer in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, "the more remarkable technical and commercial colleges, the greatest industries, are to be found in the Rhineland, which everyone knows is the most Catholic part of Germany. The exhibition of Dusseldorf, which was a purely local exhibition, was one of the most remarkable that the world has ever seen. The machinery hall covered five acres. Yet it was an exhibition of the Catholic Rhineland products, and in Dusseldorf the Catholics are seven to one. An American machinery expert, with whom I had a chat, told me that he sold six of the high-grade machines in the Catholic districts for one that he sold in the Protestant. This little fact is an awkward one for those who ascribe industrial and economic shortsightedness to the influence of the Catholic Church. I am the more enamored of the German methods because this magic change was begun by the people and wrought out to a successful issue by the people. Those who never travelled in that land say that all was due to the government. Well, even to-day the government only pays half the expenses of the technical education of the country. In the beginning nearly every technical school was started by private enterprise."

Speaking of a heresy-trial in which a minister with lax views about Inspiration was set upon by other ministers who felt obliged to save the Bible, the brilliant editor of *Out West* observes: "No one who can read the Book as it was written (in Hebrew and Greek) ever thought to save it,—the most exquisite impudence ever invented by man. The ungodliest scholar that ever pondered that wonderful book respects it more than any man can respect it who thinks it needs reinforcements from

his tumblebug mind." The sentence is cleverly turned; but, all the same, there will be need of heresy-trials so long as error exists among men. When *Out West* calls attention to a mistake in multiplication in Jones' Arithmetic in the course of a book review, it is really holding a sort of heresy-trial, though it may not know it; yet no sane man suspects *Out West* of thinking it has a mission to preserve the integrity of mathematics. It is only Prof. Jones' eccentric figuring that it aims at correcting,—a duty all the more important as Prof. Jones sets up as a guide for those who would study mathematics. Another professor, however, who should hold that there is no right way of multiplying, and that one method is as correct as another no matter how different the results, would hardly have the right to abuse Prof. Jones for following his own way of figuring; and we may so far agree with *Out West* as to admit that one sectarian clergyman berating another for private judgment of the Bible may well be described as displaying "the most exquisite impudence."

The deplorable situation evolved out of labor troubles in Colorado has been a fruitful theme for moralizing; and the fact that the public as well as the press passed severe judgment on the strikers is significant of at least one pleasant fact: that lawlessness wins no sympathy in this country even when it is invoked in the service of the poor. On the other hand, the judicial temper would suggest that the extenuating circumstances of the strikers be taken into account. One of the wisest reflections yet offered on the subject is this by Robert Ellis Thompson:

There are some people who are ready to urge that acts of violence on the part of the strikers justified any extremity of severity in dealing with them. They want things done wholesale in all such cases, just as the lynching mobs want

things done with dispatch. But it would be wiser to ask first what provoked the acts of the strikers, and to seek to bring about social peace by removing the grievance. The Sheffield Outrages of forty years ago in England far exceeded in atrocity anything done by the Colorado strikers, and the cry was raised, "Stamp them out as we did the Cattle Plague!" But Mr. Gladstone said: "Englishmen do not resort to such practices unless they have some grave provocation." And he set himself to find what the provocation was. The result was the law to protect Trades Unions in their rights against English courts and judges, and there have been no more such outrages in England. It is a pity that not statesmen but excitable politicians are ruling Colorado.

It is surely no disloyalty to law and order to say that in Cripple Creek as in Sheffield there may be "some grave provocation" not easily visible at this distance; and that it is the duty of the Federal Government to examine into the causes whose tragic results make martial law and deportation necessary in the State of Colorado.

A memorable occasion in Montreal, Canada, was the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the historic convent of Villa Maria, which was attended by some five hundred old pupils from various parts of Canada and almost every State in the Union. It was presided over by Archbishop Bruchési, who pontificated at High Mass in the morning; and during the afternoon celebration, for which an elaborate programme was prepared by the present and former pupils, he delivered a most graceful and effective address, concluding by the reading of a cable dispatch, conveying the Papal Blessing to all concerned. There was a large attendance of clergy, regular and secular, and of the religious of other convents; while a representative of almost every prominent Canadian Catholic family was to be seen amongst the assemblage. The eminent scholar and pulpit orator, Abbé Lecoq, superior of St. Sulpice, preached the sermon of the

day. An elaborate luncheon was served at midday, which afforded an opportunity for the meeting old friends and the recalling old memories. The first day's proceedings closed with a grand Benediction and intoning of the *Te Deum*; while on a following morning a solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered for deceased teachers, pupils, friends and benefactors. A testimonial of love and loyalty from the alumnae took the form of a purse for the erection of a memorial chapel to the Immaculate Conception, in remembrance of the twofold celebration which marks this year—the world-wide Jubilee of Mary Immaculate and the family celebration at Villa Maria.

The historic community of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the foundress of which is so intimately connected with the foundation of Montreal, is to be congratulated not only upon the growth and extension of their most celebrated boarding-school, but upon the loyalty and affection so unanimously expressed by those present and those prevented by circumstances from being there.

Last year 28,005 marriage licenses were issued in Indiana and 3,763 divorces granted. The record is not exceptional; for the proportion of divorces to marriages in the State has for many years been about as one to eight. If one citizen out of every eight were to die of smallpox each year, the health officers would doubtless consider the commonwealth in a state of chronic epidemic, and no precautions would be considered too extreme which promised to restore the normal healthfulness. Yet here is the institution which even pagans and atheists acknowledge to be the corner-stone of civilization visibly crumbling away before the eyes of statesmen, and the best they can do in the direction of reform is to append a feeble exhortation to the report of

the State statistician! One marriage in every eight a failure! Verily the Mormons do not all live in Utah! Verily if every senator and representative elected by polygamists' votes were ejected from Congress, wild foxes might safely disport themselves on the commons around the Capitol.

It is probable that the first step toward a satisfactory school system will be the establishment of denominational schools by the more vital of the sects. Writing in the *Churchman* (P. E.), Mr. E. D. Ward, an earnest Episcopalian, says:

I never pass one of the Roman Catholic Church's many institutions for the education of her children without doing inward obeisance to her wisdom and faithfulness in regard to this all-important duty; or without an ardent longing that our own beloved branch of the Church Catholic could have her eyes opened to the great work that she could and should do in the same field.

In the public schools we are confronted by the problem, "How much and what religion can be taught?" The sacred beliefs of the Christian clash with the heresy of the Jew and the unbelief of the atheist. Consequently, religious instruction, or even observances, have to be done away with or reduced to the minimum. With what results? We have hardly begun to appreciate them yet, though they are already clearly visible around us.

The Roman Catholic Church regards this state of things, and makes her protests; then, quietly and without loss of time, goes to work to do the only thing that is to be done—erects her own schools and provides her own educational equipment. With what results? Clearly are they, also, visible in her growth and vigor. She reaps abundantly that which she has wisely sown. Do we need to hear again the saying of the wise man of old, "Give me your son till he is ten years old, and you may have him for the rest of his life"?

Do we of the Protestant Episcopal Church think it a small matter that the youth of the Church or the nation be trained up in schools in which the Christian faith is not taught as the all-important element of education? Or is this the time that religious instruction in schools can be safely done away with, when the demands of business and society are making heavier and heavier drafts upon the time of parents; and

the burden of all instruction, moral and spiritual as well as mental, is being cast more and more on the "teacher and master"?

Mr. Ward urges his coreligionists to establish Episcopalian parish schools as the remedy for the evil of secularism, and we trust that his counsel will prevail. The conviction that some degree of religious instruction and practice is necessary for school-children is now so general that we believe Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian leaders would meet with little opposition in the attempt to build up such a parochial school system as Catholics, and in many places Lutherans, have reared. If such a thing were done there could be no doubt what its effect on public opinion would be. Good Baptists, who should then be paying double for the education of their children, would see no disloyalty whatever in a demand for such a reconstruction of the public school system as would enable denominational schools to receive payment for the secular instruction they impart.

The evil of divorce and the inability of the courts to check it were never, perhaps, more strikingly illustrated than in the Morse-Dodge case, the curious complications of which were recently set forth by Judge Truax, of the Supreme Court of New York.

'Mr. C. W. Morse suddenly lost his wife a few months ago, by a judicial finding that her divorce from Mr. C. F. Dodge, her first husband, had not been valid. Dodge, after remaining in quiet for five years, had turned up and instituted a suit to have the first divorce set aside on the ground that he had never been served with a summons in the case. His success left Madame the reputed wife of two men, and she immediately obtained an annulment of the ceremony that had made her Mrs. Morse. Meantime it was proved that Dodge lied in saying that he was never

served with a legal summons in the first divorce suit instituted by the then Mrs. Dodge. Whatever his motive in thus entangling the courts, he fled to Texas and has not yet been extradited. Mr. Morse then sued to have the old Dodge divorce reinstated on the strength of evidence which seems sound, and has won. This takes Mrs. Dodge once more into the status of a divorced woman, and the next step will be to reinstate her as the lawful wife of C. W. Morse. It is doubtful if any other woman has had quite her experience. She has been Dodge's wife twice, has been divorced from him twice, has been the wife of two men at the same time, has been divorced from both at the same time, and will soon be married a second time to Morse.'

We quote—in part—from the *Springfield Republican*, which remarks that "the affair does not reflect any particular credit upon the divorce courts." We should say not.

If the saying is true that Catholic educational institutions meet more than their share of ingratitude, then St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary of the diocese of Rochester must be the exception that proves the rule. This institution, founded by Bishop McQuaid in 1870, now counts among its alumni ninety priests in the active ministry; and when the administrators recently expressed a desire for a new building to replace the old one that had grown by accretion out of a very humble brick cottage, the alumni readily offered to subscribe more than the necessary funds. The new St. Andrew's is now under construction; and here, under the watchful eye of the venerable Bishop, a new generation of priests will grow up not less loyal, we predict, than the old. The prophecy is a safe one; for we are assured on the very highest authority that "a spirit of unity, of true ecclesiastical temper, and of devoted

loyalty to the very highest interests of religion, prevails in the diocese [of Rochester]. Much of this harmonious training is due to home influence, and to its diocesan seminaries."

A German priest, writing in the London *Catholic Times*, tells about a peculiar rite observed in some parts of Germany; it is described as "beautiful, devotional and impressive," though it is assuredly not in accordance with Roman usage. We quote his words: "On the Feast of Corpus Christi, and on each day of the octave, High Mass is celebrated in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed. After the Sequence, before the Gospel, the officiating priest goes to the predella, and, having incensed the Blessed Sacrament, takes the monstrance and sings, in a rather low key:

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

The people (for, as a rule, there is congregational singing) answer:

Factus cibus viatorum.

Vere panis filiorum,

Non mittendus canibus.

Then the priest intones the *Ecce Panis*, in a somewhat higher key, a second time; the congregation answers correspondingly. The third time the priest uses a higher key still; and whilst the people answer as before he makes the sign of the cross with the monstrance, and having incensed the Blessed Sacrament, resumes the Mass."

An important step in the right direction has been taken by the directors of the Ursuline Seminary at New Rochelle, N. Y. With the approval of Archbishop Farley, they applied for a charter under the regents of the University of the State of New York. The application was favorably received, and the institution will be known henceforth as the College of St. Angela. It was thus named in honor of the foundress of the Ursuline Order.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

How Tom Allen Ran Away.

BY L. W. REILLY.

WHEN the Allen family moved from Key West, an island at the southwest corner of Florida, and settled on one of the four creeks that drain the Big Cypress Swamp, on the mainland of that State, into Chokoloskee Bay, they felt terribly lonesome, not only because of their longing for the friends they had left behind them, but also because there were then no neighbors for them in their new location. They were the pioneer settlers. But the land was fertile, the creek swarmed with fish, the woods were full of game, there was nothing to pay for a homestead, and a living could easily be made from the sale of peltry and mullet in Key West.

The member of the family who seemed to feel their homesickness the most was the eldest child, Tom, who was then aged fifteen. He pined for a sight of his boy chums. His father, mother, two sisters and little brother did not supply his need of comradeship. He hated the new home—an unpainted cabin on an inland creek, where there were only two narrow strips of dry land along the banks, and then only wet flats, ponds, and mangrove swamps. There were no roads and no way to get around except by water; no houses, no stores, no streets, no crowds, no school,—nothing but loneliness, stillness, poverty, and hard work.

“Father,” Tom said, about a month after the family had moved to the creek, “I don’t want to live here. It’s too lonesome. I’d like to go back to Key West.”

“Nonsense!” answered the father. “You’re needed here to help me fish and hunt and raise a crop.”

But Key West still pulled at Tom’s heart. Day and night he thought with love of his former companions. Day and night his aversion grew for life on the creek.

At last Tom resolved to run away. What duty demanded, what obedience required, what the love of his own folk exacted, were set aside. He would follow his feelings.

“I can’t stand it here any longer,” he said to himself. “I must get back to Key West.”

How to return was now the question. If he could only make his way to Tampa, there was a line of steamers that sailed from there once a week for the Key, and he might work his passage down there on one of them, or earn enough in the town before he started to pay his fare. But Tampa was nearly two hundred miles away,—too far for him to expect to reach it on foot. Yet he might walk to Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchee River, and from that town work his way up.

Even Fort Myers was quite distant—fifty-six miles north and thirty-two miles west of the Allen home, on the creek near Chokoloskee Bay. And the country between was then uninhabited, except by a few bands of migratory Seminoles. True, it was mostly a pine forest, therefore easy to walk through; yet there were many boggy places, ponds and swamps to get around or cross; and these would weary and delay the traveller. Then, there was no food whatsoever to be had on the way—fruits or berries,—except game, like deer, wild turkey and quail.

Tom did not know exactly how far

it was from his home to Fort Myers, nor what sort of a region lay between; but he determined, for love of Key West and of his boy friends there, to try to find his way to that place.

"I 'low I can make it all right in a week," he said to himself.

So, taking only the clothes he had on, a blanket, his shotgun with twenty cartridges, a loaf of bread, a pan of biscuit, a big chunk of "white bacon," and two boxes of matches, the boy set off, starting just before dawn one day early in May.

It was slow travelling. Until he got to the head of the creek, reeds, sawgrass and marshes impeded his progress. After that the way was easier; but he could not follow his northwest course precisely, because of the many sloughs and cypress strands; and he had no compass. His only guide was the sun. He had to wait for it in the morning and to stop when it went down.

Tom was brave enough by day, all alone in the trackless forest; but when night settled down he was somewhat afraid—not of the thick darkness of the moonless nights, nor of the moaning winds, nor of the booming alligators, but of the wild beasts that roamed the woods. To avoid them, he used, when evening approached, to look about for a tree that had two branches pretty close together, about twelve feet from the ground; and after supper he would climb up to them and sleep as best he could, resting on them and holding on to the trunk.

On the sixth day the food that Tom had brought from home gave out. He had saved his ammunition until then, although he had seen a number of tempting shots. Now he had twenty cartridges and nearly a box and a half of matches to ward off hunger until he should arrive at some settlement.

The next day it rained for two hours. The boy got wet to the skin, and made

little progress. He managed to shoot a turkey, which he cleaned and roasted on a spit made out of a palmetto stalk at a fire of lightwood. What he did not eat then, he tied up in his handkerchief and hung up near him when he went to roost for the night.

For the next two days he had no food except one quail; and almost no sleep at night, for a panther came on his track near dusk and stayed near him for about thirty-two hours; and the mosquitoes were unendurable.

After that the lad kept no count of the days, and could not remember what he had to eat; only two ideas were fixed in his mind—that he must get on by day, and that he must climb a tree at night. Through rain, in the fierce heat of the day, across prairies, through shallow sloughs, by forests of cabbage palm, around cypress swamps, across pine flats, he pursued his weary way,—walking, walking, walking, and guiding himself as well as he could by the sun.

On the seventeenth day after Tom Allen ran away from home to return to Key West, he arrived at Fort Myers. His clothing was torn, his body was emaciated, and his mind was affected. Heat, hunger, wakefulness, and the strain of many anxieties had made him almost mad. He was beating off imaginary mosquitoes as he stumbled along, and muttering to himself about his experiences in the woods, always ending with the words:

"But I must hurry on, or I'll never get there alive!"

Seeing the boy's terrible plight, one of the inhabitants of the little town, named Captain Hendry, took him into his house and cared for him.

It took nearly a month for Tom Allen to recover his reason and regain his strength. In his spells of sanity he told his story. The Captain comforted him and offered him hospitality until he should get well.

"You've already paid dearly for your disobedience," said he; "so I won't say a word to you about it. What we must now do is to send news of your arrival here to your poor parents, who must be distracted because of your disappearance."

So letters were sent, by way of Tampa, to Key West, which was then the only post-office in all that lower country of Florida; and the news was also spread to Sanibel, Marco, and other points on the coast, in the hope that it might be carried by fishermen and hunters to Allen's Creek.

Finally, a chance arose to send the boy to Key West on a cattle boat from Punta Rassa. He was taken down from Fort Myers in a wagon. Once on the vessel, health and courage seemed to come back to him marvellously.

"I'm glad and grateful," Tom said to Captain Hendry's boy George, who came down with him in the wagon to the boat; "although I'm mighty sorry for mother, who must have suffered on my account. I wouldn't run away again for a million million dollars!"

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XI.—KITTY AT THE CASTLE.

When the trunk was opened, there was revealed a mass of colors, mingling indiscriminately, but presently resolving into clothing of every description, neatly packed and folded. After a moment's contemplation of the contents of the chest, Katrinka began to take out one garment after another, laying some aside, hanging others over her arm. It was evidently a theatrical wardrobe; but to the inexperience of the boys, and in the baby eyes of Kitty, it was something wonderful, mysterious.

Katrinka, in perfect silence, continued to explore the apparently inexhaustible

recesses of the black box, until she had collected quite a pile which she deemed suitable for her purpose. These she left suspended on the banisters, while she closed up the trunk, locking it carefully and putting the key back into her pocket. Next she drew in the shutter which covered the aperture in the roof, forcibly expelling the intrusive branch of the tree.

The old woman then took Kitty by the hand, leaving the boys to follow. She possessed herself of the pile of clothing which she had arranged upon the banisters, and, hastening downward, led her young charge into the pink room, resolutely shutting the door. The boys lingered outside, beguiling the time with quips and jests, as they had no longer any fear that Katrinka was malignantly inclined toward the little one. In fact, they surmised—which was indeed the case—that Katrinka was about to dress her in some of the finery which had been abstracted from the trunk in the attic.

Their patience was very nearly exhausted when the door of the pink room opened and Kitty stepped forth in a dazzling costume of pink silk profusely spangled and trimmed with silver fringe. It was exceedingly quaint in design, belonging evidently to a past time, and was too long for Kitty; but the bright tint was exceedingly becoming to the delicate, flower-like face which shone out above it, framed in shining curls. The costume would have delighted a dealer in curios and have caused Aunt Sarah almost to weep with vexation. To match it, were a pair of little shoes dainty as the fabled glass slippers of Cinderella, and fitting the tiny foot to perfection; and these Kitty displayed delightedly.

Teddy surveyed his little sister's new finery doubtfully. He did not know much about "girls' things," but it struck even his inexperience that the new costume was odd and fantastical.

However, there was nothing to be said; for Kitty was childishly pleased, Katrinka's wooden face showed odd gleams of pleasure at the transformation, and the hunchback regarded the little girl as though she were a goddess.

"Me dot pretty dress now," observed Kitty; and, pointing to the spangles, she added: "Me dot money on my dress."

"That isn't money," corrected Teddy. "And I guess that dress is rather old for you; but it doesn't matter here."

Then he inquired of Katrinka if they might go downstairs. The old woman assented; but she took Kitty in charge herself, and brought her to the door of the Sandman's study, knocking gently. A voice from within bade them enter; and Katrinka, throwing open the door, pushed Kitty across the threshold.

As the child advanced, her silken garments almost touching the floor, the Sandman, from his place at the desk, stared at her in amaze. Then he did the very last thing which might be expected of him: he covered his face with his hands and wept aloud. Teddy thought at first that he was laughing, and fired up resentfully, his face flushing and his eyes sparkling defiantly. But the sound of grief, especially the grief of the mature, is not long to be mistaken: its accents pierce even the lightest and most careless hearts. Though Teddy could not guess what sorrow, long past and of the bitterest intensity, had been stirred by the sight of the little girl arrayed in ancient finery, he involuntarily respected it, and stood awkwardly silent, beside the astonished hunchback, outside the open door.

Kitty drew near undismayed, regarding the figure by the desk with solemn eyes, and finally touching his arm.

"Don't cry, Sandman!" she said, softly. "You isn't bad."

But the old man wept the more for that gentle touch and the baby words;

and, seizing the little thing in his arms, he strained her to his breast, bedewing her face with tears from eyes which had not shed them for many a long year.

"Poor Sandman," inquired Kitty, when she had been set down on the floor again, "you dot a tootache?"

"No, child, but a heartache,—a bitter, bitter heartache," replied the Sandman, in a voice hoarse with emotion.

Then as the boys stole away from the door, with an instinctive feeling that their presence was unheeded and that these words were not for them, the old man took Kitty gently by the shoulder.

"Go," he said, "go out into the sunshine. It is fittest for such as you."

"Yes, me go into the sunshine," said Kitty, pronouncing the long word with singular distinctness, as children so often do, and turning at the door to cry out: "Dood-bye, Sandman!"

The wistful eyes that looked out from a deeply furrowed face watched the little figure, in its quaint habiliments, treading a cautious way to the top of the steps, where Teddy waited to give her a helping hand. From that day forth the little girl was installed, in some sense, as the queen of the Sandman's Castle. And he was ever gentle with her, however harsh and stern he might be to the boys; seeming almost to make up by increased severity toward them for his softness in her regard.

Kitty, having reached the foot of the steps under Teddy's guidance, perceived the hunchback standing near, and to him she extended a gracious hand.

"You dood boy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Johnny's all right," answered Teddy,— "only he's a pagan."

This was beyond Kitty, who continued to observe the boy gravely, as the three went along together toward a bit of greensward under the shade of great trees, where her attention was distracted by the sight of dandelions

uprearing their golden heads amongst the vivid green. She sat down on the grass and presently filled her lap with the bright petals, the boys sitting on either side and helping her to weave them into garlands. Teddy's hot and nervous hands were of little use for the work: he merely broke the slender stalks and caused the flowers to fade and droop. But the thin, slender fingers of the hunchback plaited away deftly, till he had fashioned a crown of the yellow stars and laid it with something of reverence on the child's head. Kitty laughed aloud with delight.

"You're a queen now," said the hunchback, timidly.

He had never in his life spoken to a girl, big or little; and this dainty child abashed him, especially since she was clothed in the old-fashioned finery.

"Yes, me is a keen now," Kitty assented; and, with some association of ideas in her childish mind, she added: "Me make one now for Holy Mary."

"Who's that?" asked the hunchback.

"Holy Mary!" repeated the little girl.

"I don't know who she is," said the deformed boy, helplessly.

Teddy whistled.

"I told you he was a pagan, Kitty!" he cried. But Kitty remained undisturbed by the information.

"Holy Mary, dood, dood!" she exclaimed. This was her highest form of commendation. Her vocabulary was limited.

"She's the Mother of God," explained Teddy. "It seems so queer, Johnny, that you don't know about her."

"I can't help it," said Johnny. "I never was taught any of those things. You promised to teach me, though."

"That's so!" agreed Teddy. "And after Kitty says her prayers to-night, I'll try to teach you the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary.' God, you know, made everything,—all the world."

Teddy waved his arm to illustrate

his meaning; and the hunchback, with troubled eyes, looked about him, as if the scene had taken on a new aspect.

"Did He make the sun?" he asked.

"I guess He did!" replied Teddy; "and the moon and the stars and the grass and the trees and—but we'll have to go slowly: learn just a little bit every day."

"But where is God?" persisted the hunchback.

"He's everywhere," responded Teddy.

"But why don't we see Him, then?" asked the boy, awestricken.

"Because He's a spirit and we've got bodies."

"Can He see us?"

"Yes, He can see us, and everything we do and think," said Teddy, warming to his subject. "And He will reward the good and punish the wicked after death."

The hunchback was visibly terrified. To his darkened mind, upon which the light of faith had never shone, it was as though a golden sunbeam had penetrated in to one who had long inhabited a dark room. It dazzled and stunned him.

"I'll tell you about all that, and how He sent down His Son to die for us and gain heaven."

Teddy rattled out the words, narrating the tremendous truths, with which he had always been familiar, with a certain carelessness. But the hunchback seized upon them with the same eagerness that a famished man would show in gathering up crumbs of food. And long afterward, when he began to understand what the Incarnation, the Redemption, and the other truths of faith really meant, he pondered upon them in the solitude of the night; and his eyes filled with tears as he repeated over and over, in the boyish language in which Teddy had imparted his information, that God had come down and suffered and died to win us heaven.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The employment of women as composers is not, as many persons suppose, a modern innovation. Within half a century after the invention of printing, nuns were busy setting type at the Ripoli Monastery Press, in Florence.

—It is a gratification to announce that Dom Gasquet, the well-known historian and scholar, will come to this country next month. He is to lecture at the ecclesiastical seminary in St. Paul, the University of Notre Dame, and St. Mary's Academy.

—In a recent essay Mr. Michael Davitt recalls the fact that the use of Captain Boycott's name to denote social and economic ostracism was first suggested by Father John O'Malley, parish priest of The Neale, County Mayo. The word now exists in French as *boycotter*, in Dutch as *boycotten*, in German as *boycottiren*, and in Russian as *boikottizovat*.

—Dr. J. C. O'Connell's pamphlet on "The Irish in the Revolution and the Civil War" has been revised and so far enlarged as to embrace "the Spanish-American and Philippine Wars and Every Walk of Life." A very high authority recently assured us that one-half the people of the United States have a strain, however slight, of Irish blood in their veins; one gets the impression from reading this pamphlet that the proportion is even higher among the people who have been prominent in our history. We can not resist quoting what seems to be a rare specimen of an Irish bull. Corporal Tanner, we are told, "stood by the deathbed of the lamented President Lincoln. His legs were shattered by a shell at the second battle of Bull Run, which necessitated amputation." Some statements found in the pamphlet are altogether new to us.

—The name Thomas à Kempis is synonymous with his great work, "The Following of Christ"; but he is the reputed author of another treatise designed for religious—namely, "Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ," the first English translation of which goes back to 1663, shortly after the Parliament of Paris had adjudged Thomas à Kempis to be the undoubted author of "The Imitation." Two Protestant translations—one published in 1760, the other in 1892, both crediting the original to the "Little Hammer" (à Kempis' name was Thomas Haemerken)—served to spread the work of the humble, enlightened monk; but omissions and changes take from the value of the prayers and meditations, hence the present new and authentic Catholic version. They breathe the same spirit of faith and devotion to the teach-

ings of Christ's life and death as mark "The Imitation," and move the spiritually-minded to sentiments of piety, and the cold of heart to a renewal of spirit. Published by B. Herder.

—The London *Times* calls Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new book ("Avril: Being Essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance") a great achievement; but waxeth cross with him for writing from a strictly Catholic point of view and for betraying an "anti-Protestant ill-temper."

—All the way from Melbourne (William P. Linehan, publisher) comes a little manual of devotions arranged for the use of school-children. It is entitled "St. Joseph's Prayer-Book," and is the compilation of a religious devoted to the best interests of the young.

—To the impressive list of "Plays for the Catholic Stage" from the pen of Mr. Anthony Matr e has just been added a dramatization of Sienkiewicz's famous historical romance "Quo Vadis." The characters which appear in the drama are the same as those of the story, except that Our Lord is very properly omitted. Of plays, as of text-books, a conscientious critic can have little to say, as so much depends on personal taste; but there are so few dramas suited for production under religious auspices that schools and societies would do well to procure Mr. Matr e's list.

—Interest in Dr. Barry's book on Newman, we are glad to observe, is deep and widespread. The editor of a leading daily newspaper in this country writes to a Catholic friend: "It is a remarkable book. . . . The perusal of it has almost persuaded me to join your great Church." We quote the following from a thoroughly appreciative review in the *Athenæum*:

This book is, on the whole, the best thing that has been written about Newman, or rather it marks the close of the epoch of personalia and the beginning of that of history. . . . It is time for the historian. . . . We are glad, however, to see that, if the "Apologia" was a good thing, the evil which produced it is in this work (the first attempt to anticipate "the serene and impartial judgment of history") unhesitatingly condemned. Too many praise the "Apologia" with an afterthought. Even Mr. Lang says there remains a suspicion that Kingsley was right, after all. To our thinking, the meanest part of all Kingsley's discreditable behavior was his final refusal to reply, on the ground—save the mark!—of Newman's ill health, with the added insinuation, "He was too clever for me." The only excuse is that Kingsley was in this, as in other matters (*vide* a review recently published by J. R. Green), hopelessly muddle-headed. . . . He stated that Newman had said what he never had said. He gave as a ground for the charge a reference simply *pour rire*. Finally, under cover of a withdrawal, he reasserted the original charge in a yet more odious form. In our opinion conduct like this needs no characterization. It is only to be surpassed by that of a man who, knowing the controversial skill of the Papist, chooses to wait till death takes from him

the power of reply in order to reassert substantially the same charges with a resort to disingenuous reasoning for which one of his own schoolboys would have suffered in corpore vili.

But enough of this triviality. Newman raises other thoughts than these, which would not be here but for insinuations recently made. We have said that Dr. Barry's book marks a change. It is the first attempt of which we are aware to give to Newman his true orientation. It puts, if it does not answer, the right questions. What the place of Newman in history will ultimately be neither Dr. Barry nor any one else now living can say. All he can do is to lay down the lines on which the question must be answered. . . . If we ask what Newman effected, we can but answer that he enormously widened the horizon of the educated Englishman. He made that possible which nobody without him would ever have believed possible. Outside the circle of those who believe that all educated men must, *ipso facto*, be Agnostics, or at any rate non-Christian, nobody now of any real culture is particularly surprised when an educated man accepts the Catholic horn of the eternal dilemma between liberty and authority. The smug Protestantism of Newman's youth has indeed given way to an Anglicanism which, if a little less Philistine and a little more touched with the historic sense, is none the less smug, ignorant, and *borné*. But the moral and intellectual narrowness, the suburban self-sufficiency of Warburton or Paley or Dr. Cumming, has gone from the educated world—we hope forever.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. A Kempis. \$1.35, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. Wilfrid C. Robinson. \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. John Gerard, S. J. \$2.

The Two Kenricks. John J. O'Shea. \$1.50, net.

Modern Spiritism. J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. Countess Zamoyska. 75 cts., net.

Carroll Dare. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.

Woman. Rev. N. Walsh, S. J. 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on 'the Apostles' Creed. Rev. L. P. Gravel. \$1, net.

Non Serviam. Rev. W. Graham. 40 cts., net.

A Year's Sermons. Preachers of Our Own Day. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. The Same. 60 cts., net.

Varied Types. G. K. Chesterton. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. Lady Rosa Gilbert. \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. Honor Walsh. \$1.

A Precursor of St. Philip. Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. M. S. Dalton. \$1, net.

Belinda's Cousins. Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.

The School of the Heart. Margaret Fletcher. \$1.

Divine Grace. Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D. 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. St. Thomas Aquinas. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. S. L. Emery. \$1.50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. Very Rev. W. J. Kelly. \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. Victor Rose, O. P. \$2.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. Rev. Alfred Mulligan. \$1.10.

Elements of Religious Life. Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I. \$1.35, net.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

The Gift of Pentecost. Rev. F. Meschler, S. J. \$1.60, net.

Lex Orandi. Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. \$1.75.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Lenarkiewicz, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. John Baptist, O. S. B. Mother M. Catherine, of the Order of the Visitation; and Mother St. John the Evangelist, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. John Stanton, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Thomas Purtill, Toledo, Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Oliphant, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Thomas Fox, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Ivers, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Anna Finney, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. William Spencer, Santa Cruz, Cal.; Mr. James Quinn, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. John Irving, Troy, N. Y.; and Mr. Francis Kinsella.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Leo and Pius.

BY S. M. R.

AS one by one the passion-flowers
Fall withered from the vine,
New blossoms clad in purple hue
Keep up the royal line.
The fallen flowers in their death
Give strength to mother earth,
And from the ashes of their grave
A stronger life has birth.

Thus is it in the Church of God,
Immortal and divine:
Though death may claim a kingly soul,
Unbroken is the line
Of those who hold the keys of power,
Of those anointed of heart,
On whom the royal mantle falls,
Its virtue to impart.

A Leo dies, and all the world
Its meed of mourning brings;
A Pius reigns, and all the earth
The Pontiff's glory sings.
In each the children of the Church
Immortal and divine,
Behold a new and fruitful branch
Of Christ, the Living Vine.

The Music of Worship.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



OUR Holy Father Pius X. has recalled us to the higher idea of the important part that music has in the service which the Church, the mystical body of Christ, in union with the divine Head, has to pay to the Eternal Majesty. The effects of the new legislation should be an increase of the true spirit of worship, a closer union with God and a greater reverence in the house of prayer. It may be of help to many if the principles that underlie the Papal legislation are set forth. When our minds are duly orientated we shall see that there is more to be considered in the question than mere personal prepossession, and that our likes or dislikes are not the true measure by which such a subject as the music of worship is to be regulated. If a creature, just because he is a creature, is bound to serve God as his Maker wills, and not according to his own wish, so a child of Holy Church has to put aside his own whims and fancies and take up, zealously and lovingly, what she decrees as the right and fitting method of approaching the Throne of Grace.

The music of worship or the worship of music is a dilemma which fairly well sums up a perennial source of controversy; it puts the whole matter

FAITH precedes repentance. Hope, not despair, is the mother of godly sorrow. The goodness of God is before the badness of man. The divine forgiveness antedates the human sin. It is not until we see the light shining above us that we begin to loathe our dark estate and receive strength to rise out of the gloom and climb upward.—*"The Story of the Psalms."*

into the proverbial nutshell. Which is to be paramount? Worship or music? Is music to be the handmaiden or the mistress? Let us try to get things into the right focus; we may then hope to obtain that sense of proportion which is too often forgotten when men allow themselves to be guided by personal likes or dislikes rather than by reasonable principles. If we get down to some elementary ideas we shall be in a position to make our foundation solid and sure. There is no use in building upon the sand.

I want to inquire what are the foundations of worship, what it includes and what it excludes; for I think it is possible that in these days, as well as in the past, the true idea may have been lost among the generality of folk. To make regulations about church music without touching the cause of all the difficulty seems to me like trying to cure symptoms while leaving the disease itself untouched. Now, the malady which at present concerns us is, I think, the neglect of the true spirit of worship. Certain modern exhibitions of sentimental piety, or perhaps I had better say of pious sentimentalism, have to a large extent changed the direction of the spiritual pole.

What is our usual form of prayers? The prayers of the Church, where all is sober, restrained and direct, do not appeal to the modern mind which has been trained upon the extravagances, unrealities, and verbosity of that meretricious form of so-called spirituality which France, once the home of liturgy, sends to our shores. I remember that that great seer, Cardinal Manning, one approved of by God and man, noted that modern French devotional books were, with theatrical music and pulpit oratory, the three greatest evils of the Church to-day. They are bad enough in their own language, but become worse when

translated (?) into English. If the modern mind has never been taught how to pray as the Church prays, we have an adequate solution of the religious problem which vexes us to-day. Prayers now are mainly concerned about our own miserable selves. We weary ourselves and others with petitions for this or that or the other; always asking, and, like Martha, solicitous about many things.

I must not be misunderstood. The prayer of petition, even prayers for our own petty needs, have their place. But this is not *all* prayer, as a modern tendency would suppose. It is only a very small portion of it. What about adoration and praise? What about lifting our heart and soul to God, making use of our faculties to adore Him and praise Him, to love Him and thank Him; and, in silence deep and tremulous with awe, prostrating ourselves before the Throne of Glory, content to gaze at the Vision and burn with love? Does this sort of prayer enter into the minds of most people? And yet it is the prayer that is utterly unselfish, and the prayer that gives its value to petition. It is the prayer of the Church.

The name for the great Christian Sacrifice is the Eucharist, which is "a giving of thanks"; and the true idea of prayer is to be found supremely in the Mass, wherein Our Lord adores, thanks, atones and prays for the human race. By the Mass we get at once into the larger world, and escape from the narrow confines of self. Listen to the wide sense of worship in the *Gloria in Excelsis*: "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory." Or that glorious song heard by the princely prophet when he saw the Lord upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple; and one of the seraphim cried unto another: "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of

hosts: the earth is full of His glory!"

As in the Mass so in the Office—which, I may point out, can be properly understood only when taken in its relation to the Sacrifice, to which it is as the setting of a priceless jewel. Take, then, one of the Sunday Vesper psalms: "The Lord is high above all nations and His glory above the heavens. Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high?" Do you catch my meaning? Do you realize the larger aspect of a worship which lifts us out of ourselves? It widens our hearts with the presence of God. Now we run, and no more painfully creep along the way of the Commandments.

This larger view of God and His supreme claim to our worship is eminently the spirit of the liturgical prayer. Those who neglect the Church's prayer and retreat into themselves, looking upon their wants and the wants of others as the one thing necessary, are sure to be the losers in the long run. Selfishness never pays. God deals royally with us, though we have little of the "princely spirit" in our dealings with Him. We, priests and people, are always beggars; we forget that we enjoy a royal priesthood, and are, by His grace, lifted from the dunghill of our nothingness and set among the princes of His people. That prayer in the *Gloria* is not, 'We thank Thee for giving us so and so'; but, "We thank Thee for *Thy* great glory." God is the true object in prayer, not ourselves. He is to be sought, for this is righteousness; and once He is obtained, 'all things else shall be added to us.' Again, the *Pater Noster* teaches us the order of prayer. First His love and His kingdom, then His glory and the accomplishment of His will; then our wants, with forgiveness and freedom from danger. But we leave the divine Teacher and follow guides, blind but blatant, who lead us stumbling along into the darkness, while the glad

sunshine of God's love and presence is within our easy reach.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this point, for I have reason for fearing that it is unrealized by too many Catholics. On all sides I see evidence that in many instances the true idea of worship seems to be missed. Even the supreme act of worship, the Mass, is not always brought home to the conviction as it should be. Let me take an example which, to my own knowledge, is not an exaggeration. What idea of worship and of the proper way of assisting at Mass does a child get who is taken on a Sunday to what is called the Children's Mass, and, as soon as the priest begins the Sacrifice, starts singing, "O Mother, I," then goes on with "Hail, Queen of Heaven," follows with "Dear Angel, ever at my side," and winds up with "Faith of Our Fathers" or "All Hail to St. Patrick"? I say here nothing more about these hymns than that they do not appear to be appropriate while the divine Victim of Calvary is being offered to the Eternal Majesty, and the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world lies in mystic death upon the altar. What idea of worship does the child get? How is the meaning of the Mass brought home to the soul by such music or such hymns? Do they teach the child to pray, to enter into the intention of the divine Victim, and to come down from Calvary striking the breast and, like the centurion, saying, "Truly, this was the Son of God"?

Now I will take another case. The child grows up, and preserves enough of the practice of Catholic life to go to Mass on Sundays and to the sacraments occasionally, but he has never been taught how to pray. He likes the music at his church, and enjoys it as such. The tenor has a golden voice, and his mezzo singing is delicious; the boy's voice is clear and silvery and true; the bass is round

and full, sonorous and grand. As to the alto, he is like the rest of his tribe: when he is good,—well, he is passable; but when bad, that's hardly the word for him. Poor alto!

The composition heard to-day was fine. That introduction to the *Kyrie* was very solemn, and the fugal movement well worked out. How elegantly, too, was the *Christe* elaborated! What a burst of triumph in the *Gloria*! And, for pure melody, can the *Gratias agimus* be surpassed? The *Credo* was bustling and ingenious with many a tone-picture; the *Et incarnatus*, sweet and haunting, with its interwoven melody for the alto. The *Sanctus* was majestic; while the *Benedictus* was simply delightful, though at times rather reminiscent of tambourine effects. The grave *Agnus Dei* skilfully contrasted with the brilliant pages of the *Dona*, which alternated drums and trumpets with vocal passages and cadenzas of marvellous beauty. Our friend has thoroughly enjoyed the music, which has been excellently performed, and hums his favorite melodies as he goes back to his Sunday dinner. He has shuddered over the same composition when it has been executed or murdered by incompetent and ambitious singers.

Now, I want to know where has been the worship of a creature to his Maker in all this music? Has it lifted his soul to the Throne of Grace? Has it united him more closely to the saving Victim? Has it stirred his being to any real thankfulness that God is God and that we are His people? Has it stirred him to a saving consciousness of sin and of forgiveness? I am speaking only of the average man. I do not deny there may be some who, understanding the words as well as the music, come under an influence not altogether unsatisfactory; though I might be inclined to ask whether emotionalism did not play too great a part. I do

not for a moment deny that, like all the powers of our being, the emotions have to be used in the service of our Master. But mere emotionalism is not religion: it is a degeneration of the divine idea when it is not firmly under the control of reason.

I ask, How are most people affected by such music as I have described? I have often heard persons expressing their delight at the Sunday's music, and saying how much they enjoyed the Mass; but I never recollect hearing them say that they had felt the divine Presence closer, or had been lifted to greater personal union with God, or realized His Infinite Majesty more clearly. If this be the case (I am giving only my experience; others may, perhaps, differ from me), I contend that something has gone wrong. Instead of aiming at the music of worship, we have devoted ourselves to the worship of music. This seems to me to be the natural result of a loss of the true notion of prayer and the general neglect of the liturgy. The Church sets God before us as the object of prayer: modern degeneracy in pietism puts self first. The Church uses music to help us in our worship: modern pietism worships that which pleases self. The world has invaded the sanctuary, and demands music that shall please us and make assistance at Mass something less of a compulsory task. This, I think, is the true position. But if we get the real sense of worship, the proper kind of music will follow of its own accord.

Now I am going to make a little confession. I love and admire Mozart and Haydn; the grandeur of Cherubini and Beethoven appeals to me, and the beauty of Gounod is delightful. I know the "masses" off by heart. I have sung in them, played them, taught them, and conducted them times out of number. They are my earliest recollections, and are bound up with some of my most cherished memories. I

have written about them and defended their use; I delight in them now, and can hear them with pleasure as ever fresh and charming. There is, however, only one time when I do not care to hear them, and that is during the Mass. I have come to the conviction that an orchestra and Calvary are ideas that do not sort well together; and that Mozart and Haydn, with the rest of the tuneful choir, are no real help to worship, but a distraction from the higher things. I am led away by the material beauty of the composition which absorbs me. In fact, I am concerned with the worship of the music, and not with that of God. Am I singular in this? Or is Mozart a great spiritual force drawing the rest of the congregation toward God? Is he a preacher of righteousness? Does he convince the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment? Or is he simply the charming artist, most gifted of melodists, who set the Mass to music in what was the acceptable fashion, at a period, too, when religion was at a very low ebb?

And here I will say a word in defence of the master. Almost all his music for the Church was composed before his marriage, and at a period when he was a practical and a devout Catholic. He was deeply impressed with the important function that music has to play in divine worship. If we remember that the ideal of the times was a low one, and that his employer was a prince-bishop with a secular court, the style of Mozart's music for the Church can easily be understood. It was that of the day transmuted by his own genius. But it is perfectly false, and a gratuitous insult to his memory, to say that the illustrious master ever palmed off on the Church music which was not of his best, or that he ever used a single line of it for his operas. Those who read his letters know that Mozart was far too great an artist to give anything

that was not, according to his judgment, worthy both of its object and of his own sense of beauty. He himself says: "I have made church music my *peculiar* study from my youth upward." It is also fair to say that two of the most popular masses connected with his name (Nos. VII. and XII.) are not his composition at all. I do not say that all that Mozart wrote is unfitting for its high purpose; but if times have changed, and we no longer hold the masses of Mozart and others of that school to be fitting music for worship, let us at least respect the memory of men who gave us of their best freely and generously.

Having delivered my mind about the "masses," I must now come down to the "classes," or at least to what is called the classical school—that is, the purely vocal school,—of which we may take Palestrina as the supreme example for Italy, and William Byrde his equal for England. These are masters for all time, and stand head and shoulders above all other composers of the school. Taking the principle that the true church music must be the music of worship, I want to see whether this classical school accords with it. If music is to help the worshiper, it must in some way appeal to him,—it must in some way act upon his soul and lift it up toward God. Now, in this purely vocal school there is a most subtle melody,—or rather, I should say, an interweaving of melodic phrases managed with consummate art. The effect is undefinable, intangible, ethereal. One voice follows another; a hint is caught up, developed, lengthened or shortened, turned as it were upside-down or inside-out, with all the mechanical devices of the contrapuntal art. A musician skilled in such art is ravished at the effect, and is delighted with the life and movement of the composition.

But is not this kind of music exposed to the same danger as the other? Does

it not tend equally to be the worship of music? I do not say that the Palestrina school is unsuited to the Church, but I wish to draw attention to the fact that it is not free from the danger I have indicated. Then, I ask, does it really mean anything at all to the ordinary hearer? Does he truly appreciate it and find in it a help to devotion? Or does he follow the current fashion and pretend to admire what is beyond his understanding?

One thing about the purely vocal school—I am speaking solely from the point of view of worship—is that it does not savor of the world. It is quite unlike secular music of the present day; and, so far, it is fitted for church purposes. But does it influence the worshiper in the right direction? If it does not appeal to the soul, I do not see its use. And I doubt very much whether it means anything at all to the ordinary worshiper. To the artist it is ever an intellectual delight; but, then, the world is not made up of artists, but of poor creatures whose musical sense can be adequately influenced only by the mysterious effects of melody easily felt and recognized. Therefore it seems to me that, in its way—though to a more limited degree, as it appeals to fewer people,—the purely vocal classical school may be open in many cases to much the same objections as can be sustained against that of Mozart and his compeers—viz., being the worship of music instead of the music of worship.

We must not lose sight of the fact that melody pure and simple has a wonderful power of lifting up the soul and of drawing out the inner meaning of words, and of making them, for the time at least, part and parcel of our being. Recite a psalm: the words do not penetrate so easily into our souls as they do when we sing the sacred text. The mystery of music is one of those that we shall solve only when

the eternal harmony of creation is completed and when, with the sons of God, we shout for joy in the “new song” before the Throne.

Moreover, is there anything essentially spiritual in counterpoint? Take the *Benedictus* of the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, by Palestrina. What is this but the worship of music pure and simple? Everything is calculated to exhibit the skill both of composer and of singers. The words are altogether secondary, and are only syllabic phrases useful for ingenious vocalization and canonic treatment. Palestrina wrote in the fashion of his day. Sing one of his secular pieces—say a madrigal—and then one of his motets: does the ordinary hearer detect the slightest difference in style between the two? This leads us to a conclusion which I will state as follows—viz., that to “the man in the nave” Palestrina’s music sounds religious because it is in a style which does not recall the music heard in the world to-day. Its archaicism is its religious quality; but when the music was fresh, had it that quality which now affects the general hearer, and did the ordinary uncultivated hearer of the sixteenth century listen to it with our ears? Worship is for all God’s children, not only for the refined and cultured. Archaicism, I know, is a great force in worship; and I think its power comes from the fact that it calls us out of everyday life, and quiets the busy hum of the world which pursues us even into the presence of God.

We want something else for the worshiper of all ages and all ranks. This I can find only in the Plain Song. Here we have, *in the purer parts*, simple melody that is unworldly in form, rhythm, and tonality; that leaves the words standing out in prominence, and exerting their own force with just that help which music should give. The words are not lost in the sound, but

the sound is wellnigh forgotten in the words. It is not the beautiful melody that matters: it is the meaning of the words that come before us when the worshipers sing the pure Plain Song. Eminently congregational, it sorts well with the act of worship offered by and in the name of all "the holy people of God." This is the only true music of worship, the only strain that does not jar on the soul when assisting at Mass. To sing it is to pray; for it is only a simple musical recitation of the liturgical text.

Before concluding this part of my subject I must take notice of a specious argument. It is said that we must give to God's service the best we have. Of course. But is not the "best" a relative term, after all? What is best in one respect is not always best in another. Music, for instance, that may be exquisite and appropriate as dance music and fit for a royal ball would be out of place at a funeral service. The showy and stirring music of a military band may be of the best in its own place in the open, but surely not in a hospital. I can imagine a patriotic Highlander claiming the music of the pipes to be the best music ever invented; but even he would pause before introducing it into his church.

So with sacred music—or, rather, with music for worship. That is the best which answers the most perfectly to the end for which it is used in worship—namely, to help us to pray. As I contend that parts of Mozart or even of Palestrina fail in this respect, so I hold that, so far as music for worship is concerned, some of their compositions are not of the best, and therefore judgment has to be used even in these. Hence the value and necessity of the episcopal commissions which the Holy Father orders. Of course there are pieces of all schools which are full of dignity and true religious feeling. Against these there is no law.

On the other hand, as the Plain Song, *in itself*, is admirably adapted to increase the sense of worship, I hold that it is the best as required for the service of God. In this manner I answer the objection.

But I must note that even the Plain Song itself is not altogether free from the danger of the worship of music. There are parts of the Gallican Chant brought out by the Solesmes monks which are written seemingly for the glorification of the singers. The Graduals especially, with their wealth of detail and exuberance of ornamentation, require a subtle art before they can be rendered with due effect. Then, putting aside all historical grounds which tell heavily against its claim to represent the pure Roman Plain Song, the Gallican Chant is a trimmed edition of a simple original. A musician will tell you how easily a melodic phrase can be added to by well-known devices. Compare, for instance, the ferial Preface or the *Pater Noster* with the festal settings. Here, of course, the elaboration is very slight, but it will show how the process is carried out.

Again, after a close study of the matter from an historical point of view, I have no hesitation in saying that the Solesmes version presents to the students so many difficulties, intrinsic and extrinsic, when one considers its claim to be the pure Gregorian, that it can be accepted only as representing the form of the chant as it existed at the beginning of the eleventh century in the Monastery of St. Gall, four hundred years after St. Gregory's revision and two hundred years and more after the Roman books were sent to Charles the Great. There is too vast a gap of time (at a critical period in the history of the art of music and in a place subject to non-Roman influence) to allow this version to be regarded as representing the pure Chant of St. Gregory. All the historical evidence points in the direc-

tion of a Gallican version, with editions and elaborations superimposed on the Roman books. I will ask but one question: What did St. Gregory know about the twenty-four Sundays after Pentecost or the *Commune Sanctorum*?

This, then, is the way I answer the question, What is sacred music? It is that kind of music which is truly fitted for the purposes of worship. All music that takes the hearer's attention away from God to its own excellence and beauty is not worthy of the name of sacred music. It is not the sacredness of the words alone that sanctifies the melody: there must be a relationship between the two. If the music be the servant of the words, then the text, the word of God, does its real part in raising the soul to her Maker. But if the strains overpower the words and play the master, the sense of proportion is lost; and, so far, it ceases to be the music of worship or, in any liturgical sense, sacred music. I might use the old scholastic terminology and say, as the notes or tones are the matter and the words the form, so sacred music consists in the due natural and reasonable relationship of one to the other. Shakespeare was not far out when he wrote:

The Plain Song is most just; for humors do abound.

THERE is a disease called "touchiness,"—a disease which, in spite of its innocent name, is one of the gravest sources of restlessness in the world. Touchiness, when it becomes chronic, is a morbid condition of the inward disposition. It is self-love inflamed to the acute point. The cure is to shift the yoke to some other place; to let men and things touch us through some new and perhaps as yet unused part of our nature; to become meek and lowly in heart while the old nature is becoming numb from want of use.

—Henry Drummond.

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XX.—THE VISIT TO BRUYÈRES.

LOVERS may be divided into two classes: the expansive and the concentrated,—the expansive, who can conceal nothing, who take the whole world for confidant, and carry their affection as conspicuously as a drum-major does his plume; the concentrated, who jealously guard their thoughts and dreams, and who would not impart them to the most intimate friend.

John de Lizardière belonged to the latter class. Christiana, with her woman's tact, tried in vain to draw him out: the young man, in a sort of panic, refused to speak of a love which he would not confess to himself. But he wore that troubled, anxious expression which a woman's eye is so quick in detecting, and Christiana said to herself:

"Most assuredly he loves Raymonde in a manner worthy of her, but he is fighting against himself; and perhaps he may continue to do so for some time."

John was fighting as Christiana supposed; all the more because until then love had been a stranger to him; he knew not by what signs one may recognize it, and he was querying in good faith whether or not the trouble at his heart were really love.

"Do I love her?" he said to himself. "And why should I? Have I not, on the contrary, a hundred reasons for not loving her? Can one love a woman who does not return one's affection? Why should she love me? What have I done to please her? Was I not harsh and almost cruel to her at first? How she has changed since then! How haughty she was the first time I saw her at the Lizardière! Christiana has done all this. O my dear Christiana,

my sweet cousin, or rather my sister, you did it all for me! I comprehend! But what you have not been able to do, what is not in your power to do, is to make Raymonde love me. No, she does not love me; but I think she no longer dislikes me. It is not enough not to dislike the person whom one marries! Marries! Her! No, no, I should never be willing,—never! She is too rich. It would be said that she had bought my name, as she first bought my castle and my lands. And herself,—if she were to suspect me of mercenary motives I should die of mortification.”

John said all this to himself, but he never continued his thought,—he dared not; for at the bottom of his soul deep-rooted pride of race was struggling against budding love. Mysterious treachery of human affection in which our petty vanity still asserts itself!

“I should be the first of my line who ever married outside of *sangre azul*. I should not care so much, but *she* would feel it. There would not be wanting some kind friend or other stupid enough to tell her of it occasionally. War of escutcheons and millions, in which Raymonde would be victim! The Americans are wise to ignore these customs and prejudices. But this is not America. Still, these prejudices have lost much of their force; the true name of an illustrious man is his fame. Monsieur Désormes is a very superior man; he might easily be baron or count if he wished. ‘A baron of the Empire!’ Madame de Lublé would say, with that little disdainful shrug of the shoulder which is so well known. But, after all, what matters it what Madame de Lublé and her set think? If Raymonde loved me—but it is impossible! She was very beautiful in her fairy costume. How gentle her voice has grown of late! It is like music. And her face is so fine! And she is bright too, and has sound common-sense. Is it really true that I love her? Is this what loving

means? Yes, it must be. The idea of my not liking blonde hair and black eyes! It was absurd. She is too rich, though. There are times when I would give my marquisate, all the marquisates in the world, if she had no millions.”

John passed his days in the ebb and flow of sentiments—fears, hopes, and contradictory desires. He was unhappy, dissatisfied, almost irritable; and all the more because Raymonde had left Marcilly and gone to Bruyères to arrange for the party of which her father had spoken.

On the appointed day the Count and Countess de Chazé, with Madeleine and John, accepted the Senator’s invitation. John was not alone in expecting a magnificent reception. Christiana herself was afraid that M. Désormes might make the entertainment an opportunity for the display of his enormous wealth. But her fear was quickly dispelled.

After the luncheon, which was very simple, M. Désormes invited his guests to visit his model farm as well as the agricultural and penal colony under the immediate supervision of his son Raoul. The colony at Bruyères was organized on the same plan as that at Mettray, which was the extinction of vice by labor. A discipline, regular but not austere, governed the colonists. Instead of the stupefying solitude of the prison, the strengthening and wholesome labor of cultivating the soil was imposed on the young convicts. These youths, of whom a blind and mistaken government would have made prisoners, an intelligent and paternal discipline transformed into laborers and artisans. Workshops open to the breeze, granaries in which the fragrant hay was heaped, stables into which the young man entered driving before him the small Breton cows, the church adorned with field flowers, the dormitory where hung the portrait of one of the colonists of Brèche decorated for his heroism at Sebastopol,—all

this was good for mind, soul, and body.

M. Désormes was in his element. He gave a detailed explanation of everything regarding this village of labor and repentance which he had founded. M. de Chazé, John, Christiana, and even Madeleine, listened with astonishment and an ever-increasing interest. It was only on emerging from the colony walls and seeing the enormous fields of beets and potatoes, that John ventured to say:

"I admire all you have achieved here, Monsieur. Nevertheless, there is one thing that I regret: the great forests which you have cut down to make room for beets and *sainfoin*. It is a symbol. Beets belong to the future; oaks, to the past."

"There's a nice sally," responded M. Désormes, laughing, "which deserves a long speech in answer, my dear Marquis. I never make any in the Senate, but I will take my revenge on you. Raymonde, let me know when I get tiresome."

"Rest assured, father!"

"Well, we will sit down—I do not say under the shade of the trees, for there are scarce any to be seen; but I will say in the shadow of the wall,—and then do me the favor to listen. Yes, we cut down oaks, I regret to say; but before giving men shade we must give them bread. Now, population in France as elsewhere is constantly increasing; and if the oaks and elms were not cut, soon there would not be one bushel of wheat apiece for Frenchmen. Emigration would be necessary. Now, more than ever before, we need men to defend the soil. To-day is the 16th of July, 1870; try to remember the date. To-morrow perhaps we may have war; and if not to-morrow, then at any moment—"

"Well, in that case," interrupted the Count, "we will go into Germany, as our fathers did."

"If the Germans do not come into

France as *their* fathers did," observed M. Désormes, sadly. "France has the fatal destiny of being a battle ground for the nations."

"Why, sir?"

"My answer will make you smile, I dare say. In my youth I was something of a Saint-Simonian; and if from the religious point of view I differ from my old friends, in philosophy and politics I am still with them. At the bottom of my soul I am neither Royalist, Imperialist nor Republican: I am *progressive*. I believe in the eternal progress of humanity,—that is to say, the development more and more of the spirit of God in the hearts of men. I bless those who work for progress by peaceful methods; I abhor those who wish to gain it by violence. Unfortunately, the latter class have days, years and centuries wherein they rule. Civilization advances from the East to the West, and modifies the laws and customs of each country through which it passes. Then, having accomplished its work, it continues its march Westward.

"France is the last station of European civilization, and has been so for some time; and the peoples who come from the East and the North augment the incumbrance, for which there is no outlet. This time civilization has mistaken its road: the East and the North are wrong in coming toward the South and pushing us toward the Atlantic Ocean. They should go to the extreme East or to America, and they *will* go some day. But in the meantime they impose themselves on us. We must defend ourselves. How? By a very simple means, but one extremely difficult to apply: by the union of the different classes,—in the United States, not a difficult feat to accomplish; in Europe, in France, it is the lifting of a mountain. Every ancient society which seeks to renew itself has a heavy load to carry—the past; and a fear which torments it—

the future. It dreads reactions and is afraid of revolution; but it would act more wisely if it rendered revolution unnecessary or impossible. We shall succeed in the end; but the aristocracy must lose its prejudices, and the democracy its hatred. It is the work of the middle class to assist them. It must offer a hand to the right, where it finds tradition which preserves; and to the left, where it finds power which creates. I myself am of that class, and I try to do the double duty."

M. Désormes ceased speaking; and his auditors, John especially, were filled with the respect which loftiness of thought and strength of conviction invariably inspire. After a moment John observed:

"I fear, Monsieur, that the tradespeople, the middle class, may meet with many obstacles to that great work of union."

"Doubtless, my dear Marquis; and to vanquish such obstacles I advise the employment of a force much more powerful than it is generally thought to be,—the most legitimate of all. I mean religion. Since I am making public confession, as in the early ages of the Church, I will say that there was a time when I was a skeptic as to religion; but, having studied so weighty a subject, I have come to the conclusion that Catholicity is destined to be in France as elsewhere the great promoter of social equality."

John, much interested in the conversation, and charmed by M. Désormes' manner, was about to ask several other questions in order to draw him out, when a servant entered in haste, bearing a telegram.

M. Désormes turned pale as he read it.

"I did not think my prediction would be so soon verified. France has declared war with Prussia!"

"War!" cried the Count. "I am ready for it, and we will beat those Prussians; won't we, Monsieur Désormes?"

"Let us hope so; but if we lose the opening battles, the entire nation must rise, and we will march against the enemy—nobles, tradespeople and peasants."

"Of course, Monsieur Désormes!" exclaimed De Chazé.

"As for me, Count, I go at once to Paris to fulfil my first duty; but I shall return when I can. Permit me, Madame la Comtesse, to leave my daughter in your care? Oh"—his eyes filled with moisture,—"you have been so good a friend to her, and she loves you so much!"

"I shall go with you to Paris, if you are willing, Monsieur. I shall volunteer at once."

"As you please, my dear Marquis. I will recommend you to the Colonel of Zouaves, a special friend of mine."

While M. Désormes was preparing for departure John took leave of his relatives. No resistance was offered to his plan. Mademoiselle Raymonde was pale and trembling when he bowed to her. She half extended her hand—then timidly withdrew it—then boldly offered it.

John, equally moved, mastered himself. But nature proved stronger than conventionality; he clasped her hand, bent over and reverently kissed it.

An hour later John and M. Désormes were travelling toward Paris at the rate of forty-five miles an hour; and Raymonde was being driven to Marcilly with the De Chazé family.

(To be continued.)

Lines beneath a Crucifix.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY
ELMER JAMES BAILEY.

COME ye who weep,—more dark His woe than
yours;

Come ye who suffer,—lo! His word will heal;
Come ye who fear,—His smile of comfort feel;
Come ye who die,—forever He endures.

Random Reminiscences from Various Sources.

III.—FOREIGN ECCLESIASTICS.

PÈRE LACORDAIRE was one of the greatest preachers the Dominican Order has ever produced. He had been a man of the world—had for some time lost the practice of his religion—before the Spirit of God spoke to his soul, causing him to turn his back upon the pleasures and follies of life, and to seek, for himself and others, the kingdom of the Lord and His justice.

The holiness of his life joined to the charm of his personality and of his preaching was what constituted his wondrous success in winning souls to God. When he delivered a sermon at Notre Dame that vast edifice was sure to be crowded from the door to the sanctuary. Every available corner was filled, packed, so that one might have walked about on the heads of the audience as on a pavement. It was impossible that in such a crowd the stir of feet, the rustle of garments, the movement of chairs, the hum of subdued voices, should not have made the human presence distinctly perceptible.

But—all at once a sudden lull! In a moment a deathlike stillness! No more sound, no more movement. The great edifice, teeming with life, had, as if by some supernatural agency, become as soundless as the grave. The sharp staff of the beadle was heard on the paving-stones,—short, quick, at sudden intervals as it approached. Those who could see knew what it announced. Père Lacordaire had left the sacristy, he was on his way to the pulpit; and with breathless eagerness every head was stretched forward, every eye was fixed on the spot he was about to occupy. Had they but dared, there was not one in that vast assembly who

would not have loudly acclaimed the distinguished and admired Dominican with enthusiastic applause. As it was, the congregation contrived to contain themselves; and, albeit impatiently, they waited till he had reached his place, till he had uttered his prayer, till he had faced them with his handsome, intelligent, benevolent countenance, apparently unconscious of the vast concourse that hung upon his lips.

At length came the expected words, "*Mes frères*," and every ear within hearing distance prepared to drink in the words he was about to utter, and for which all had been so eagerly waiting. He spoke with conviction, with command. His prestige was immense: even those who did not sympathize with him were carried away. His tone was persuasiveness itself; his whole presence breathed an irresistible fascination. There must have been some magnetic influence which, pervading the majority, at once laid its hold upon the rest—the minority—who came expressly to criticise and to cavil.

Lacordaire had depth and subtleties in his preaching which were calculated to make—and did make—a singularly profound impression. On occasions, assuming the *allures* of an *advocatus diaboli*, he would suppose himself to be speaking in the character of an infidel capable of bringing forward the strongest arguments to overthrow the doctrines of Christianity. Of course he knew what he was about; but so powerful was his reasoning against belief that the simpler portion of his audience began to tremble for the holy cause. On one occasion a faint-hearted auditor was so shaken by these simulated attacks on the Faith that he started from his seat and, to the wonderment of all present, exclaimed: "*Mais prenez donc garde, mon Père! Vous n'en sortirez jamais.*" (Take care, Father! You will never get out of that.) The great master of theological

eloquence, however, soon turned upon himself and triumphantly knocked over all the objections he had formulated. A murmur of approval swept through the vast multitude; and if there were any dissentients no one knew it.

It can not be denied that the *appearance* of the Dominicans is not without its effect in the pulpit. This external influence is a very powerful assistant in attracting and holding the attention of the hearers. For instance, can anything be more picturesque than an evening service of the kind in almost any European cathedral? The waning daylight making the vast interior appear still more vast; far away in the depth of the chancel the glimmer of the solitary sanctuary lamp, glittering like a distant star in the darkness of space, yet illumining nothing. The only other light within the broad and lofty interior coming from the pulpit, lighting up the figure of a Dominican or Trappist monk, whose white habit forms the only bright spot within the church; the crucifix reared beside him coming within the illuminated centre. The huge columns and lofty, groined arches are so faintly indicated as to be rather felt than seen; for the light catches here and there only a projecting curve. The aisles are in darkness,—broad, silent, mysterious darkness.

Standing near the entrance, all that can be heard is the confused tones of the preacher's voice, followed by an echo still more confused. But scattered on the pavement round the pulpit, within a radius of perhaps thirty feet, are collected a number of listeners, seated on low rush chairs, and forming an irregular dark patch on the spacious floor, impressively diminished by comparison with the vast dimensions of the venerable edifice. A more inspiring or impressive sight could scarcely be imagined than that presented by this interior scene.

Another preacher universally admired for his winning and persuasive eloquence was the famous Jesuit, Père de Ravignan. Its power lay in a softness, calmness and delicacy of tone, of sentiment and of diction, which proved as irresistible, though in another way, as the firmer and more pronounced style of his contemporary, Père Lacordaire. The effect of his sermons was greater *after* he spoke than while he was speaking; it was not merely his voice, but his own genuine interest in what he was saying. Thus when once preaching on the Mother of Sorrows, he described the scene of Mary at the foot of the Cross, pointing all the time to some imaginary spot, as if he saw all he was delineating, till he made each person see it too.

A Jesuit preacher of an altogether different stamp, but of equally powerful influence in the world into which he carried his labors, was the beloved Père Milériot. Never was a preacher better adapted to the class he was wont to address. He was particularly interested in the rank and file of the army, who clung to him with affectionate admiration. His style of preaching was exactly suited to those men, recruited for the most part from the peasantry. There were always sparkling little passages in his discourses which tickled the ears of the listeners, and successfully appealed not only to their sense of humor but to their consciences.

"If," he would say, "you knowingly omit one single sin, you vitiate the whole confession, and there is nothing to be done but to come back and start afresh. For instance, it is as if in fastening the thirty-six buttons of my soutane I should miss one. You see, when I reached the end the vestment would be all crooked. Ah,"—with an expressive shrug—"if you do not believe me, try it on your own waistcoats!"

Père Ratisbonne, the story of whose conversion is too well known to be further alluded to here, was a remarkably handsome and attractive man. His features and complexion clearly betokened his origin and bespoke the Oriental Israelitish type; and his thick, crisp beard was splendid. There was something more than good-humor in his expression: it might almost be rendered by the word "jolly." This is different from the popular acceptance of his personality. From the circumstances of his life and conversion, the inclination would be to consider him pensive, even melancholy.

The sacerdotal cut of his outer garments differed sufficiently from the conventional English "tailor-made" coat to give a certain picturesqueness to his appearance. One day, in London, he had gone, as all foreigners do, to Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition. While there he sat himself down on the ottoman beside the clockwork figure of Cobbett, and probably fell into a reverie. At all events, he was very still when three girls came past, and, after contemplating the effigy of the quondam Quaker, and commenting on its movements, one of them inquired of the others in a half-awed whisper whether they did not think the priest beside him wonderfully lifelike.

"Not more so than the rest of the figures," said one.

"I can't help thinking he *is* alive," rejoined the other.

"Oh, no!" said the first. "He's very natural, but you can see he's only wax."

"I believe he's a live man," repeated the skeptical one, resolutely.

"Touch him, then!" exclaimed the other two, defiantly.

"I don't mind if I do," was the answer; and thereupon, albeit with some hesitation, the girl advanced a finger and laid it on his shoulder.

How Père Ratisbonne kept his countenance without betraying his vitality

during this altercation it is difficult to imagine; but he asserted he never winced. However, the moment he was touched he rose as if suddenly brought to life; and, with a clockwork jerk, but without saying a word or appearing to notice his observers, walked away, simulating a mechanical action, to the terror of the bewildered girls.

Mgr. Darboy, the heroic Archbishop of Paris, martyr of the Commune, was a most intelligent and extremely courteous man. Literature had always been his favorite pursuit; and though he did not speak English, he read and wrote it well. He was one of the most conscientious of men; with the fidelity worthy of a better cause, he refused to abandon Paris, and remained within the city during the siege. On the 4th of April he was arrested and detained as a hostage, being relegated to the prison of Mazas, with Abbé Deguerry, President Bonjean, and others.

As for the popular Abbé Deguerry, curé of the Madeleine, who had often been accused of a weakness for the rich and for the softnesses of life, he showed himself throughout these trying times a man of energy and courage, and far beyond the class of worldly clerics to which some seem to have thought he belonged.

The famous Theatine, Padre Ventura, was a remarkable man. His idea of Catholicism was that it had attained its most perfect development in the Middle Ages, and that the ideal Church was of those times. He was called the Italian Bossuet, and bore some resemblance to Cardinal Wiseman, but this was merely personal. He lacked the dignity, delicacy and refinement of the Cardinal; though he possessed a command of language and a wealth of imagery, the effect of which was little short of magical.

He had an extraordinary gift—that of pronouncing the most severe

rebukes without giving offence. Having been invited to the Tuileries on the occasion of a grand reception, while crinolines were being worn and the *mode décolletée* was at its height, he was trying to make his way between two rows of fashionable ladies; and, as the progress was difficult, one of them, drawing back her very ample train, apologized, saying: "Pardon, Father! But those dressmakers use so much silk in our skirts!"—"Ah," answered the priest, "that is probably the reason there is so little left for the corsages!"

There have been many distinguished French preachers, but Italy is the land of facile oratory. The rhythm of the language, the natural gesticulations, bear the hearer along on the waves of resistless sympathy. And often there is matter as well as manner. Here is an example. A preacher, after descanting in detail, in the most placid and even way, on the marvellous fitness of the various parts of the human mind and body, suddenly stopped short, and, starting back into a wild and not ungraceful attitude exclaimed at a pitch measured to contrast vividly with the previous softness of his voice: "And then in the midst of all this harmony there is thrown—a *bomb*—the passions!"

Padre Gallerani was the most graceful and at the same time the most incisive of preachers. One could almost think he took a pleasure in enunciating the most dreadful things in the blandest tones and with the softest movements.

On the other hand, Italian preachers, especially those who speak to the lower orders of the people, often study to wed dramatic art to their sermons and discourses. A certain Padre Gaudenzio, a Passionist, was wont to describe the Resurrection in broken English in the same manner as he had done in his native land. He would say:

"My brethren, we know zat as long as ze body is alive, ze 'ead is attached to ze body. Now, Christ is ze 'ead, and ze Church is ze body. As ze Church is alive, we know zat ze Lord must be attached to her. Now, when Our Lord, ze 'ead, died, vot did He do? He let Himself be buried and He rose again; it is evident to all of you zat vot ze 'ead did ze body must do.

"Zis is vot Our Lord did,"—and now he lowered himself completely out of sight below the level of the pulpit-desk, but continued speaking. "Here, my brethren, you see ze figure of ze burial of ze 'ead of ze Church; now you shall see His resurrection." With this he raised his head, and no more, above the level of the pulpit. "Every one of you, I tink, knows zat when he see my 'ead rise ze rest of my body will follow it,"—and slowly and gradually he arose to his full height, which was commanding, saying as he did so: "Zus you can have no doubt zat so it will be wiz ze body of Christ, which is ze Church. All zose who are attached by faithful communion wiz ze Church must, after zey are buried like Christ, rise from ze dead, as He did. For you see ze 'ead can not come up wizout drawing ze body after it."

However out of place this might seem to an Anglo-Saxon audience, in Italy it would excite attention—no mirth or irreverence. Domenichino knew how to demonstrate the soul of his figures and to color them with life. Almost as great praise is due to these uncelebrated preachers.

(To be continued.)

Leo XIII.—A Memory.

BY MARY TERESA WAGGAMAN.

BLEST Gardener of God, beneath thy care
The world waxed sweeter with the mystic fumes
Of many million radiant Rosary blooms,
Till all Time's borders fragrant smoked with prayer.

La Ville Sonnante.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
 Quaint old town of art and song!
 Memories crowd thy pointed gables,
 As the rooks around them throng.

IT is early summer in Coventry; the roses are in bloom in green city gardens; the noontide chimes are playing as they have played thrice daily for generations, earning for the oldtime city the title of La Ville Sonnante (the Ringing Town). The three tall spires, so famed in song, point upward like stone fingers to the clear blue sky. Fairest, tallest of the three is St. Michael's, the beautiful church built by the Bottonner family in the Age of Faith. As the old rhyme puts it:

Adam and William built the spire,
 Mary and Anna built the choir.

How lovely is this same spire! Of a verity it is a poem in red sandstone. All round it are images of saints, cowed monks, mitred abbots,—each in his proper niche. On them have beaten the rains and shined the suns of centuries; round them the birds have flown for generations, even as they are flying now. Fretted by time, washed by rain, they have looked down on the lime walk, which divides God's Acre into two, ever since the long ago; and as I note the amber blossoms falling softly like benedictions on grassy graves, it seems as if the bells are saying over and again: "Thou hast given them a long life, even forever and forever."

Fronting the west door of the old church is a building with deeply-set, barred windows, nail-studded oaken doors, and queer, goblin-like gargoyles. This is the guildhall, with its faded tapestry (whereon hands long cold have depicted Henry of Windsor, Margaret of Anjou, and Cardinal Beaufort, at church on Palm Sunday); its carved hautboys' gallery; and its scutcheoned

windows, on which, in rose, amethyst and amber, are painted the town's arms—the elephant and the castle.

Standing in the banqueting hall, I mentally see a man in black velvet tunic and berret cap, in which gleams a balas ruby. He sits at the high table, and drinks out of the loving cup with the mayor and chief citizens, whilst the hautboys in the minstrels' gallery opposite play sweet music. In years to come this man will enter the town as Richard III., the husband of sad Anne of Warwick,—as the Macbeth of English royalty.

We read in old records how this learned bishop or that holy abbot retired from his high office and became a "priest of prayer,"—that is to say, entirely shook from him the dust of the outer world and, like the anchorite in the desert, gave himself entirely to communion with God. I like this quaint old phrase, and could wish that we moderns when speaking of a pastor who has ceased from active labor might say: "Father Placid or Father John has become a priest of prayer."

Let us stroll down this long street and look at the Tudor and Queen Anne houses in it. From these long, straight, gabled windows Mistress Purnell and Madame Henriette have witnessed numerous pageants. Kings and queens, in cloth of silver and of gold, have ridden along this highway in pomp, with fanfare of trumpet and loyal acclaim.

This is where the noble monastery of the White Friars once stood,—that fair place which Pope Honorius III. denominated "the Family of the Blessed Virgin at Couventre." Its foundation was laid by Richard II. Lazarus sleeps in the long dormitory, and silver-haired Darby and Joan dine in one of the red sandstone cloisters. This is preferable to its use by a private family,—at least in the eyes of Catholics.

Notice this quaint old structure,

known as the Salutation Inn, on whose signboard two powdered Georgian beaux greet each other under a spreading tree. In olden times a red sandstone turret, called the Tower of Our Lady, faced where this hostel stands; and priests, pilgrims, and townfolk while passing it repeated the Angelic Salutation,—that Salutation which was the Church's trumpet call, which declared war against the devil and his legions for evermore.

Speaking of the Salutation Inn reminds me that a number of old hostels have names which carry one back to medieval times; such as the Black Prince, the Old Friar, the White Friar, the Rose, and the Green Man; not to mention the Turk's Head, whose sign—a painted and turbaned Turk—reminds you of the days when many a Christian slave served the Moslem; and "Bluebeard" himself was always depicted as one, black as soot, with rolling eyes and drawn scimitar.

At the corner of Hill Street stands the lantern-towered Church of St. John (Bablake). Past it rush motor car and swiftly-revolving cycle, fit emblems of modernity. Yet if you pause a moment and peer through the open iron railings, you will see the worn flagged walk in the churchyard and the weather-fretted stones. Inside the edifice are dark wooden three-decker pews, and over the antique pulpit is a wooden baldachin. Here and there hang shot-riddled flags.

A quaint church, this of the Knights of St. John. It was founded and endowed by that Isabel of France who lived long lone years of penance in far-off Castle Rising, where the plover and curlew cried, and the winds keened round her fresh from the German Sea. Verily it was sackcloth for purple, O wife and mother of kings!

Adjoining the church is a long low building, with oriel, diamond-paned windows and a paved quadrangle, in

which "serge-gowned auld, auld mer." sit smoking or chatting in the sun, or pace beneath the limes. For this is Bablake Hospital, the resting-place of aged freemen of the city, who here spend their last days in peace.

It is in truth a home of ancient peace; and yet if the stones could speak they would tell of tragedy,—of an aged brother, of Georgian days, who envied his senior brother some small privileges; who listened to the tempter's subtle pleading in his little cell or in the sunny quadrangle: 'Why should not *you*, my brother, sit in this man's place and do this or that?' So the old man listened; and when the chief brother fell ill and it was his turn to nurse him, he slipped poison into his posset, and he whom he envied passed away. Then came the turn of the still, small voice: "Where is thy brother?" And the aged Cain, finding no rest to his soul, became his own accuser, and died on Gibbet Hill; and he was buried, with a stake through his body, where four crossroads meet.

At the other end of this same street is a beautiful Catholic church, St. Osburg's, built by the late Archbishop Ullathorne when head of the mission here. Let us pass under the lychgate, walk up the gravelled pathway, with its flowered borders, and go into the temple. As we enter we kneel before the Rood and repeat the glorious "Anima Christi"; then we pass onward to the Black Madonna, crowned with whitest roses. A good old Irishwoman is here already, telling her beads with all but ecstatic fervor. Here also are some Children of Mary, some white-aproned watchmakers, and the silvery-haired "good physician" who has been one of the most ardent supporters of the mission from its earliest days. Truly our Mother is black but comely. We will kneel humbly with the rest of the faithful and say our *Ave Maria*.

The Saint of Bannockburn.

BY E. BECK.

FEW battles have been more celebrated in song and story than that great victory which, on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, 1314, gave Scotland her independence; and few readers of Scott's "The Lord of the Isles" have failed to reread his description of Bannockburn, and of some events immediately preceding it. The army under the English King numbered, it is said, one hundred and fifty thousand men on foot, besides some thousands of horsemen; and with him also was the very flower of the English nobility. The force at Bruce's command did not exceed thirty-four thousand; and yet, in spite of this disparity of numbers, the Scotch won a most complete victory. The battle eve was spent by the English in "wassail revelry," according to Scott.

While from the Scottish legion pass
The murmured prayer, the early Mass.

The celebrant of the early Mass was Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray; and he bore with him to the battlefield a most precious relic. This was a portion of the arm of that St. Fillan alluded to by Scott in various poems. To this saint Robert Bruce had a particular devotion; and the Abbot gave Bruce the shrine of silver in which the relic had lain. He feared that some accident might place the holy relic in other hands than Bruce's during the battle. When the shrine was handed to Bruce a strange thing occurred. It opened and shut of its own accord, and the Abbot found that the relic had passed from his possession to its former resting-place. In some ancient Scottish manuscripts Bruce's address to his army is given, and it begins thus: "God has now schawin to us His favor by mirakle of St. Phillane."

As King Edward viewed his forces previous to the battle on that bright midsummer morning, he saw the entire Scotch army kneel; and he cried to that gallant knight, Ingelram de Umfraville—who is Argentine in "The Lord of the Isles,"—that the foe had knelt to sue for his pardon.

Aye, but they bend to other powers
And other pardon sue than ours.
See where yon barefoot Abbot stands
And blesses them with lifted hands.

Argentine answered, and almost instantly the fight began. From the first success was with the Scotch. The English archers broke before the impetuous onset of Edward Bruce's cavalry. Fifty thousand English perished or were made prisoners; and the King himself but narrowly escaped with his life. One hopes that it is true that Argentine died with his hand in Bruce's kindly grasp. The Scotch King attributed his victory to the intercession of St. Fillan.

Many lives of the saints have been written, and, naturally enough, these are often contradictory. The biographers of those distant days had many difficulties; and the fact that Ireland's ancient name was Scotia was confusing. It is quite certain, however, that St. Fillan was born in Scotia Major, or Ireland, in the latter half of the seventh century; and it is equally certain that he died in Scotia Minor in the early half of the eighth. His mother was St. Kentigerna, who in her widowhood left her native land and retired to an island in beautiful and historic Loch Lomond, where she died a holy and happy death. His father's name was Feradach, and Fillan was brought up under the care of a holy monk named Mundus. Afterward he was given in charge to St. Congan, who resided in Glendochart in Perth, and who appears to have been a brother of St. Kentigerna.

The chief scene of Fillan's apostolic labor in Scotland was Perth, though

a cave is yet shown in Fifeshire as being his place of abode for a long period. It bears the name of Pittenweem, or Pettinnine. Among the miracles recorded of the saint we hear of a brother monk who peered into Fillan's cell at night and saw him writing without any artificial light. His work was done by the radiance surrounding his left hand.

The saint is said to have died at Glendochart, and his staff and crosier were long preserved there. These relics were called the "Coygerach"; and King James III. of Scotland, in a royal letter written in 1487, enjoins on all "to intend and obey to the said Malise Doire in the peaceable broiling and joicing of the said relic." Malise Doire was at that time the keeper of the "Coygerach," and therefore entitled to enjoy some special privileges, one of which was the holding of certain maintenance lands.

Many places in Scotland are called after the saint. At Strathfillan there are the remains of a ruined church, in one corner of which is a spot known as St. Fillan's Bed. Quite near the church is a pool which also bears the saint's name. To this pool insane persons were often brought; and so lately as the beginning of the last century wonderful cures are said to have been effected through the intercession of the saint. It was to this miraculous spring that the Palmer in "Marmion" journeyed:

Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel.

The staff and crook used by the Abbot Maurice at Bannockburn are now, it is said, in Toronto, Canada. A certain Bishop MacDonnell bore the relic with him to Upper Canada; and the *Toronto Mirror* of November 25, 1859, says: "It was used at the consecration of the Right Reverend Bishop Lynch, in the presence of a vast congregation."

The Oldest Bell in America.

FROM the old mission lands of the Franciscans in the West comes an antiquity of more than mere historical value; for it tells of high heroism and simple faith which history often fails to record. This treasure is a bell. For hundreds of years its voice has spoken to the children of the wilds, calling them to the service of their Creator. Morning, noon and night it has pealed forth the sweet message of the Angelus. Forgotten and unknown, save in far Algodones, New Mexico, where it has been in active service, its value would never have been realized by the outside world were it not for the efforts of Father Coudert, the present missionary of Bernalillo. Governor Otero, of New Mexico, when furnished with the unique data by Father Coudert, numbered it among the most valuable acquisitions for his rare exhibit at the World's Fair.

This bell is five hundred and forty-nine years old. It was brought from Spain in one of the early expeditions to Mexico by Father Juan de Padilla, a Franciscan who accompanied Coronado. It was first placed in a mission church in one of the seven cities of Cibolla. After a time it was carried to Gran Quivera, whence it was again transported to another church, the ruins of which still remain. Like a veritable missionary, it again went on its way, preaching faith, sacrifice, hope and love to a new people in Algodones. Father Juan de Padilla suffered the missionary fate of those early days—he was murdered by one of his guides. At last his bell has come to the great mission field of America; and, like an old missionary, resting from its labors, with its tongue momentarily silent, its very presence is most eloquent.

Cast in Spain in 1355, it was baptized "Maria Josefa,"—the inscription runs:

"Maria Josefa, anod 1355." A delicate cross is traced on the side. The letter *f* is inverted in Josefa, and the *s* and *e* are transposed,—probably a mistake in the mold. Thus it was made one hundred and thirty-seven years before Columbus discovered America, and was brought to this continent in the sixteenth century. It weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds, is about two and a half feet in height; the bell metal has a rich copper color where it is worn: it is believed that it contains much gold. In those days of faith which prompted Isabella to sacrifice her jewels, many another heart, prompted by an impulse of faith and love, cast into the molten metal of the sacred bell offerings of the purest gold. This is one reason that is offered to explain the sweet, mellow tones of the old mission bells.

"Maria Josefa" is far from being incapacitated, and is ready for another mission field. Kneeling on the floor the better to view the inscription, one feels that one is in an appropriate attitude; and, in defiance of the vigilance of the custodian, one feels a strong temptation to call forth its music. It is as firm as the faith in our hearts. Spain has no other exhibit at the Fair,—but this is quite enough.

The mission bells of Spain are scattered throughout America, one even being in actual service in St. Xavier's Church, St. Louis,—brought by the Jesuits from the mother country. They all repeat the same olden and beautiful story of Faith.

As the visitor to the World's Fair comes upon the adobe building of New Mexico, seeking for its treasure, the words of Bret Harte, the poet of the West, come to the lips:

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With colors of romance!
I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,

As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.
Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest nor lust nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.
Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream, and last!
Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.
Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.
O solemn bells! whose consecrated Masses
Recall the Faith of old;
O tinkling bells! that lulled with sweetest music
The spiritual fold.
Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

Son and Mother.

(Ug's Meditations.)

It is no easy matter to find Jesus apart from His Mother. The three Wise Men found the Child in her virginal arms, and their joy was thereby increased; for it is a twofold pleasure if we not only find a treasure but find it in a receptacle which is itself most valuable. It was from Mary's arms that St. Anthony received the Infant Jesus, and she herself gave her Divine Son into the hands of St. Felix. Now, if it happens that for a long time you strive, with no small exertion to yourself, to find Our Lord in prayer, in meditation, in the sacraments—that is, to find His grace and consolations,—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 Jesus.

Notes and Remarks.

It is safe to say that Mayor George B. McClellan, of New York, has no desire to see the parochial schools of the city disestablished. Asked recently to name "the problem confronting the mayor of a great municipality," he answered: "The hardest task that has confronted me since the 1st of January has been to provide sitting for all the public school-children of the city. At the present time there are 90,000 children of school age who are in half-time classes. Already we have more than 600,000 children in our schools, and the natural increase annually is between 35,000 and 40,000. Since the 1st of last January \$12,000,000 has been made available for the purchase of school sites and the erection of school-houses. All our energies now are being directed toward making temporary arrangements to accommodate on full time all the school-children by the time the schools open in the fall. With the provisions now being made for the future, we hope in about two years to catch up with the tide, so that full accommodations may be provided for all children."

Just what his Honor would do if the hundreds of parochial schools in Greater New York were to close their doors, it is useless to guess; let us merely suggest that the Catholic conviction about religious education must be a great comfort to the administrators of the greatest city on the Continent.

The late Theodor Herzl was somewhat distinguished in journalism and literature, but his chief claim to attention was his connection with the movement known as Zionism, which he founded and of which he remained till the end of his life the leading spirit. "Back to Zion" in the literal sense was the slogan he sounded; but the sea-

divided Jew who had grown prosperous in Christian countries was inclined to turn a deaf ear to appeals that had merely a sentimental value. It was the Christian, rather than Dr. Herzl's own people, who hoped for the success of Zionism. Such momentum as the movement attained was due almost entirely to Theodor Herzl's impressive personality; and now that he is gone the signs of decadence that many persons thought they observed for some time past will doubtless appear more unmistakably. Dr. Herzl failed of his picturesque object, but he succeeded in winning for himself a paragraph in every future history of the Jewish people.

Whoever is condemned by his office to read many newspapers must have been often saddened by the narrow spirit of sectarian journals as compared with the secular press wherever there is question of the Church. The Pope's protest against the visit of the French President to the Quirinal is one of several recent instances in point. That pious Methodist monthly jocosely called the *Record of Christian Work* refers to the Pope's "insulting comments on President Loubet's visit to the King of Italy,—an insult which has justly caused the withdrawal of the French ambassador"; and other religious papers, Jewish and Protestant, generally have uttered themselves in the same spirit. The sane and fair comment of the ungodly *Mobile Register* is in striking contrast. It says: "From the outward appearance of the case, the French government seemed to be just a bit afraid that the explanation might prove satisfactory; and, having determined on a quarrel, formulated not only the question but the answer it desired to have."

It is only justice to say that most of the influential newspapers of the country took a similar view; and that even those who could not unravel the

intricacies of the Combes duplicity completely avoided the unfairness of the sectarian sheets. Thus the *New York Evening Post*, which considered the Pope's action a serious indiscretion, gave prominence in its next issue to a correspondent who declared Pius X. to be "as fine a character as the world has ever seen," and who particularly admired his plain speech. The correspondent was permitted to add:

Verily, it is good to hear plain language from a plain man of the people. And a nation like our own, where a rail-splitter and a tow-boy on the canals were raised to great dignities and proved worthy of the trust, need not look askance at the utterances of the Italian peasant boy recently elevated to his post of responsibility as pilot of the *Bark of Peter*. More plain-speaking, rather than less, would be better all around.

The most picturesque figure in American political life for a generation was the late Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, Ohio. Born of poor parents in Wales fifty-eight years ago, and inured to hard labor almost from boyhood, he became a wealthy man early in life. Other men have done so in America, but the remarkable fact about Mr. Jones was that his good fortune made him a capitalist without lessening by one jot or tittle his sympathy with labor. Prominent everywhere throughout his factories might be read the motto, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you"; and with so much sincerity, disinterestedness and courage did he prosecute the policy expressed in the motto that he came to be known throughout the country as "Golden Rule" Jones. Then he entered politics in Toledo and was four times elected mayor of that city, though he scornfully repudiated parties and platforms and announced that his policy would be a strict enforcement of the Golden Rule. Of the man's perfect honesty not even his political enemies ever suggested a doubt; and though his favorite convictions—

municipal ownership, direct legislation, the abolition of caucuses, parties, etc.,—are still far from triumphant, it was not so much because his convictions were eccentric as because a good many modern methods are hard to harmonize with the Golden Rule. Mayor Jones was a remarkable man; and were it not for the power of wealth on the one hand and the feebleness of ignorance on the other he would undoubtedly have revolutionized our political methods and purposes.

It is a curious and significant fact that hearsay makes both of the prominent candidates for the presidency partial to Catholic servants. We remember hearing that a certain bishop expressed astonishment to President Roosevelt at finding so many of his domestics at Oyster Bay to be Catholics. The President's reply, as reported, was a strenuous expression of preference for Catholic servants for positions of trust about his children. Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate, is himself a Ritualist of somewhat dizzy proclivities. The *Chicago Tribune* (Republican) says of him that "personally he observes at service most of the extreme ceremonies of the Episcopal 'Catholic' element,—from which element usually comes a considerable contingent that yearly goes over to the Roman Catholic Church." The *Daily News*, in an account of the Judge's home life at Esopus, assures us that "his domestics are all Roman Catholics, and he has them driven to their own church regularly." From all this it would appear that the people who used to be members of the A. P. A. will have some difficulty in finding a candidate to vote for.

The *Catholic Universe* presents some extracts from an interesting letter addressed to a clerical friend in Cleveland by the Rev. Dr. Farrell, of that

city, who lately visited Rome in company with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann. They afford a graphic description of the Sunday afternoon sermons preached by Pope Pius:

While the music swelled through the court and cloisters, the Holy Father walked to the platform through the dense crowd. You can imagine the enthusiasm displayed. The children had little flags and waved them while they cheered. Pope Pius came forward on the improvised balcony, smiling in welcome. For five minutes the acclamations lasted. Then he spoke.

The discourse was a simple homily on the Gospel of the day—on the word of God spoken by the Church from the bark of Simon Peter, and our obligation of hearing and obeying. His voice is clear but not strong, his manner most pleasing, his gestures profuse and perfect. It was the talk of a kind father to trustful children, without display or ostentation, but full of feeling.

I stood at the foot of the platform, about twenty feet from his Holiness, and I heard every word. At the end he gave his benediction. . . . This was given in the simplest way, evidencing his distaste for display or ceremony, as the very fact of his presence there manifested the humble parish priest of the Province of Venice, still eager to gain all things for Christ, though clothed in the royal white of the Bishop of Rome, and burdened with the cares of his high office.

At the close of the discourse the band struck up the Pontifical hymn, the crowd cheered, the children waved their little banners, and a number of carrier pigeons were released from the centre of the cortile; while Pius X. sat on his throne, smiling and happy. . . . I shall never forget the scene.

In spite of Japan's declaration that missionaries shall be fully protected in case her supremacy is established in the Far East, many Catholic missionaries make no effort to conceal their dread of the consequences of Japanese victory over the Russians. Bishop Guerts, writing from his vicariate near the seat of war, says:

China remains neutral. She has lined the frontiers round our vicariate with thousands of soldiers to keep off (?) the Russians and to maintain order among the inhabitants. Such is the "official" purpose. Europeans, however, put very little trust in this declaration of hers; they fear lest sooner or later she may throw in her lot with Japan, . . . and then we should find ourselves here in a very awkward position. For

our own sakes, then, and the sake of our holy religion, we do not wish to come under any other rule than that of China; otherwise our liberty, and consequently our progress, might be greatly restrained.

Father Steichen, of Tokyo, who has published a valuable study of racial and religious questions in the Far East, is quite in agreement with Bishop Guerts, both as to the aspirations of Japan and the readiness of the whole Mongolian race to follow her leadership. He has recently written these words: "They [the Japanese] will one day be the leaders of the whole yellow race, and drive out all the white people, no matter to what nationality they may belong. The Chinese, Tonquinese and Siamese rejoice over their victories and are only awaiting an opportunity to join them."

Despite the shadows that gathered about him in his last years, the name of Paul Kruger, who died in Switzerland last week at the age of seventy-nine, will long be revered in many lands as the symbol of another Lost Cause. A man of rugged physique, inured to privation and adventure from boyhood, he loomed before the popular imagination in South Africa as the hero of a large collection of Homeric stories, and it seemed as if only the inevitable had happened when he became the leader of his people in their aspirations after independence. That he was a great chieftain of men is seen not only by his success in administering the precarious South African Republic during three lustrums, but also in his winning the plenary admiration of the late Cecil Rhodes himself. When that great enemy of the Boers had at last succeeded in hurling the mighty British Empire against the rough colonists, Mr. Kruger grimly announced that the obliteration of the Republic should be bought at a price that would "stagger humanity." At first the prophecy was received as a piece of rare Dutch humor in club-

rooms and at the officers' mess; but so thoroughly had the old hero in homespun prepared his people for the cataclysm that his words were literally fulfilled.

Kruger's religious spirit was of a largeness with his mind and body; his speech was habitually Biblical, and his actions dominated by an unfailing faith in Providence. There were those who found fault with his course when the fortunes of war went against him and his people, but mental and moral qualities such as he possessed are not so common among men that the remembrance of Paul Kruger may be permitted to perish for many a day. To the end he remained a colossal figure, though he was only "a broken-hearted old man waiting for death."

Writing in a non-Catholic periodical, the Rev. E. N. Hardy states his opinion that Protestants have much to learn from Catholics concerning work for men. "In fact," he says, "so carefully has the Church attended to this matter that wise provision is now made through a large variety of organizations for every age and condition from the childhood of the boy to old age. These organizations vary all the way from the social to the intensely religious, and are all under clerical supervision. One of the most universal and devotional of these orders is the Holy Name Society. Though intensely religious, it wins and holds men. There are not less, and probably far more, than a million of the brightest and most vigorous men in the membership of these Catholic orders."

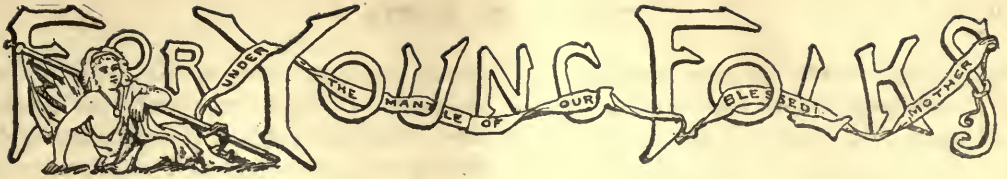
As a compliment in kind, we don't mind admitting that Catholics in this country have much to learn from Protestants, more particularly in the matter of contributing generously to the Propagation of the Faith, or to other funds destined for the support of foreign missions. The average Catholic

could perhaps double his gifts to so laudable a work without materially disturbing the economy of his household or his business. With no admiration for the actual results of non-Catholic missions, we feel genuine admiration for the liberality with which individual members of the different sects annually come to their assistance.

We are more happy than we can say to have been mistaken in stating some time ago that there is no institution for the blind under Catholic auspices in the United States. Our pleasure to learn of the existence of St. Joseph's Home, 81 York Street, Jersey City, N. J., is enhanced by the assurance that in this excellent institution, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, "the blind of all creeds, without distinction as to color or nationality, find a home where they are made happy by the tender, watchful care of the Sisters." There is no partiality whatever. The original idea was to provide a home for blind children and help them to develop any talent which they were discovered to possess; but the Sisters could not resist the appeals of others, especially of aged people to whom blindness is an added affliction to the ills that are attendant upon advanced age.

The simple statement that St. Joseph's Home needs support ought to suffice to remove, at once and forever, all anxiety regarding its maintenance from the minds of those who manage it. Such an admirable institution as this deserves to be mentioned in the wills of well-to-do American Catholics.

Among numerous old instruments to be seen at the Music Loan Exhibition in London this month was a 'cello presented by Pope Pius V. to Charles IX. of France. Which reminds us that an autograph letter of this same sainted Pontiff is preserved at St. Augustine, Florida.



With a Needle and Thread.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

BROTHER MATTEO was making his usual rounds in the environs of Orvieto, praying as he went along. For more than thirty years he had been traversing the same route, as welcome in the hut of the peasant as in the palace of the rich; for no one would have refused an alms to good Brother Matteo; to disregard his petitions would have been, people firmly believed, to invite evil.

At the top of a slight elevation Brother Matteo paused to rest for a few moments before continuing his journey. Seating himself on a projecting stone, he directed his gaze, somewhat sadly, to a house about a hundred yards distant, embowered almost to the top of its red roof in trees and vines. Not long ago he had been accustomed to enter it with joy, welcomed by the mistress and her two daughters with cheering words, and never departing without an alms in his pocket. They were there no longer,—dead all three, in less than a week, of a malignant fever. The poor widower, left alone with his little son, Beppo, had given himself up entirely to grief and discouragement. All day he worked in the fields; Beppo was at school, and the house was closed and silent.

Brother Matteo arose, made his way down the hill, and was passing the deserted place when he perceived that the door was ajar and at the same moment heard a childish voice singing within.

"Who is singing here?" he inquired,

as he pushed the door still farther open.

"It is I, Brother Matteo," responded a little voice; and Beppo stood before him, pale and wan-looking.

"You, my boy? But it must be time for school."

"I can not go, Brother."

"Why not, Beppo?"

"Because—because—see!" With a sudden childish gesture he turned to the friar as he spoke, displaying a pair of trousers the left leg of which was torn from top to bottom. "They would make fun of me," he continued. "Saturday my father will be paid for his work, and he will buy me new trousers. But until then I can not go out."

"Poor Beppo! But your trousers could be mended a little."

"I can not sew, Brother Matteo. I do not know how. Since mamma died no one sews here."

"And what do you do all day?"

"I sing, I sleep a little, and I get awfully lonesome. In the evening I light the fire to make the polenta. When my father comes we eat supper, go to bed without a light, because we don't care to sit up after dark now; and in the morning it is the same thing over again."

Brother Matteo looked sadly at the child. He did not know what to say. Beppo returned the gaze with a wistful glance, indescribably pathetic. Suddenly his eyes brightened.

"Brother," he said, "I want to give you something. Mamma made me promise never to send you away empty-handed. Wait a moment, please."

He ran to the chicken coop and returned with an egg in his hand.

"Thank you, Beppo!" said the friar. "God reward you. Now run and find

me a needle and thread. I am going to mend your trousers."

Beppo went for his mother's work-basket.

"Come and sit near me, Beppo, while I mend your trousers," said Brother Matteo. "Bring your book and read at the same time. You must go back to school as soon as possible."

The boy brought the book and sat down.

"Now read aloud—your last lesson," said the friar, as he began to repair the torn trousers.

"I do not care to go to school any more, Brother," answered the child. "I want to be a shepherd, and one does not need to be learned to take care of sheep."

"It may be very good to be a shepherd, Beppo. Indeed it is. But before you are old enough and strong enough to take care of sheep, it will be necessary for you to learn many things. For instance, you should become acquainted, as far as possible, with your religion. It will sustain you in many trials. It was the joy and comfort of your dear mother and sisters, the source of their happiness and content. It taught them how to live, it gave them strength to die. And above all you must not get into the habit of being idle; for idleness is the parent of all vices. Who knows, moreover, what God intends you to become one day? Listen, Beppo. Instead of hearing you read I am going to tell you the story of a little shepherd who became a great saint."

The child laid down his book, opened his large eyes to their fullest extent, and sat a rapt listener while good Brother Matteo related the history of St. Vincent de Paul. Then, his labor finished, he told the boy to put on his trousers again; and, taking him by the hand, conducted him to school.

After this, every week as he passed by the cottage, it became a regular

thing for him to stop long enough to receive an alms and recite once more the story of the saint of whose life and labors little Beppo never tired of hearing. In imitation of the shepherd boy of Dax, the child made himself a little chapel in the crevice of a rock, and often shared his food with the poor children of the neighborhood. He studied well, made a fervent. First Communion, and a little later, through the influence of Brother Matteo, found employment with a shepherd in the vicinity of Orvieto.

II.

Soon after this Beppo's father died; and the poor boy, all alone in the world, sat one evening watching his sheep, his head on his hands, the salt tears trickling through his fingers to the ground. The Angelus bell pealed forth sweetly through the valley; but Beppo, unmindful, still kept his sorrowful position, his face buried in his hands.

"The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary," said a voice behind him.

Beppo looked up and saw Brother Matteo.

"And she conceived of the Holy Ghost," answered the shepherd; so together they recited the Angelus.

"You must never forget it again, Beppo," said the Brother. "Here, as you guard your sheep, the holy Mother of God is guarding you likewise."

Then they went down the hillside with the sheep to the fold; and as they were about to separate Brother Matteo said:

"Beppo, you are too much alone, and yours is a nature that can not endure loneliness. You ought to enter a school to have companions, employment, studies, amusements. You are bright and industrious: you ought to learn Latin, music, and then—who knows?"

"Yes, I should like that very much, Brother," replied Beppo. "I find that the life of a shepherd does not suit me as well as I imagined when I was

younger. But it is impossible. I have no money,—I can not go to school."

"Providence will take care of you, Beppo. I know a rich lady who will pay your expenses. That is what I came to see you about this evening."

"And my sheep? What will become of them?"

"I have a little fellow whom I shall propose to your master. It is Giulio. You know him?"

"Oh, yes, Brother! He will take good care of them. I could not leave my kind master without putting some trusty person in my place."

"You like this plan, Beppo?"

"Oh, very much, Brother! I shall perhaps study hard at the seminary, and learn some of the wisdom of St. Vincent de Paul. You will see, Brother."

"If it be the will of God, my child. To-morrow I shall arrange everything. God bless you, Beppo!"

Soon the boy took leave of his master and went to the little seminary, where, after having made great progress in his studies, the grace of a vocation to the priesthood was accorded him. On the day of his ordination years afterward Brother Matteo sat beside him at dinner, and to him, before all his friends, the new priest gave credit for the good fortune which had befallen him.

"After St. Vincent de Paul, it is to you, dear Brother Matteo, that I owe everything," he said. "If you had not planted in my heart the good seed, which was fructified and watered by the great saint whom you taught me to love, I should to-day probably be an idle, worthless lad on the hills of Orvieto; or at best a poor ignorant shepherd, with no higher aspiration than my labor from day to day."

"I do not think so," answered the good Brother, thoughtfully. "I may have been a humble instrument in the hands of God; but I have often reflected upon the subject, and long ago came to the conclusion that it was really to

the charity of your pious mother we owe these blessings. If you had not bidden me to wait that morning, telling me that she had made you promise not to let me go away empty-handed—if you had not asked me to sit down,—I should never have thought of trying to mend your torn trousers. As you placed that new-laid egg in my hand, my eyes fell on your mother's work-basket, and the thought came to me that I might perhaps be able to repair the long rent that obliged you to keep within doors. God employs strange means to carry out His wondrous designs, and this time I can not help thinking He made use of a needle and thread."

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.—A HOLIDAY.

During the conversation between the boys Kitty had played with the dandelions, undisturbed; and, occasionally catching a word, she would say:

"God dood! Jesus dood!"

"Even this little girl knows all about God and heaven," Johnny reflected, "while I don't know anything!"

For at that moment it seemed as if the grammar and arithmetic and geography, and the correct habit of speaking, and all those other things which the Sandman had taught him, were as nothing.

Kitty presently made a diversion by giving a little scream and an exclamation of horror. A toad had come hopping up to join the group, and the child, who had never seen such a creature before, regarded it with undisguised terror. Even the friendly look in the bright dark eyes did not reassure her.

"Bad! bad!" she sobbed.

"The toad isn't bad," said Teddy. "See, it loves Kitty!"

"No, no!" cried the child. "Not pretty,—bad, bad!"

Teddy thereupon gave the creature a prod with a stick, which sent it leaping away; and the enemy having, so to say, turned tail and fled, Kitty's terror of it vanished, and she laughed through her tears at its ungainly movement. She seemed to think the queer speckled object was giving a special performance for her benefit. And she laughed still more when the hunchback began to pelt it with dandelions, one of which landed on the shining back, and adhered there for an instant in quite a rakish fashion.

Katrinka now appeared with a tray, upon which were a jug of sweet milk, three mugs and a plate of cookies. This was in honor of Kitty, who, nothing loath, partook of the proffered treat. And as she regaled herself with the cake, she broke off crumbs to throw to the toad; while Teddy poured a little milk into a leaf, from which the toad drank as though it were a saucer.

Then Johnny told a pretty little story which he had heard from Katrinka. It was about a toad that used to come out of its hole in a hollow tree every day and hop over to a little girl who sat in the sunlight taking her bread and milk. She always shared this refreshment with her humble visitor, who was not really a toad but was enchanted. One morning he whispered mysteriously to the child to lay a clean white cloth upon the ground. This she did, and the toad brought out from the hollow of the tree a tiny crown of gold, beautifully wrought in filigree and all studded with pearls. Each day after that he brought some little present to his friend; until at last a cruel man, who was passing and saw the toad so close to the child, took a stone and killed it. The little girl, deprived of her strange com-

panion, pined away with grief and died.

Kitty followed this story, or as much of it as she could understand, with the greatest attention; and announced at the end, pointing her rosy fingers at the toad:

"Me not kill it,—no, no!"

"I will!" cried Teddy teasingly, seizing a stone and raising his arm; but Kitty made such an outcry that he quickly desisted.

Teddy was very happy that day in the recovery of his little sister; and, with the cheerful optimism of his age, he guessed that she would be all right in the Sandman's Castle. She was too small to go to church; but they would continue to say their prayers together, as they had always done at their home on Fourth Avenue. And perhaps it would be really better for Aunt Sarah to be relieved of their burden. Then when he himself grew bigger he would look for a job. He might go and find that strange man who had appeared so mysteriously in the forest tower and who called himself X Y Z. He would probably give him a job, so that it would be easy to set up house-keeping with Kitty. His plan extended so far, in the cheerful exhilaration of that day, that he was resolved to take Johnny away too; and possibly even Katrinka, if the Sandman would let her go,—though that was not very likely.

During the afternoon, however, it made him feel quite lonesome to think of Aunt Sarah left all by herself in the house on Fourth Avenue where he and Kitty had lived. He recalled the place with a curious feeling, as if years had passed since he saw it; and he wondered if the cars still ran by the door, and if the fellows on the way home from school still stopped on the corners to talk, to engage in a dispute, or to swap tops, penknives or pencils. He thought of Aunt Sarah coming to tuck him in on cold nights, and very often scolding him the while for his

misdeemeanors during the day; holding up his clothes before him, as he lay prostrate in the bed, to point out the mud which had gathered upon them, or the rents which he had made and which meant much patient mending for her.

Somehow, her scolding and the sharp things she used to say did not seem so very bad, now that he remembered them at a distance; and he had quite a softened feeling toward his relative, and a real desire to see her once again. Suddenly, however, he remembered the conversation which the Sandman had overheard in the grocery, and he hardened his heart against poor Miss Tompkins, rejoicing that at last she was set free from both those children whom she had found such an encumbrance.

He resolved more firmly than ever to stay where he was and try to do his best. Now that Kitty was at the Castle, it would be harder than ever for him to get away, even if he were badly treated there; and, after all, with the exception of the days in the green room, he had fared very well. If only the Sandman would allow him to go to church, he felt certain that he could obey him in other things and learn his lessons just as well as Johnny. He told himself that he wanted to learn, as education would help him to carry out his dream of "getting a job."

Meanwhile his active mind led him quickly from one subject to another, and so in the very midst of his good resolutions he began to wonder about the trapdoor, concerning which the hunchback had thrown out such dark and mysterious hints. Teddy wondered where it really was and what sort of place it led to, and whether any boy had been actually put down there. The idea haunted him, till at last, turning suddenly to Johnny, he asked him if there really was a trapdoor. The hunchback answered that there

certainly was one, and that Katrinka had showed it to him.

"I should like to see it," said Teddy. "Where is it?"

"Oh, it's over there, in the unoccupied wing of the house!" replied Johnny.

"Let us go and have a look at it," said Teddy, jumping up quickly from the ground.

Katrinka had taken Kitty and put her in bed for an afternoon nap,—not without some strenuous resistance from that young person, who objected to the process of being divested of her finery and enveloped in a light woolen wrapper. She had, however, finally yielded; and, as the room was darkened and the downy bed soft and comfortable, she had finally dropped off to sleep.

The boys were now quite free to do as they pleased. They had been dispensed from lessons that day in honor of Kitty's arrival, so the hours had somewhat dragged. It was the old story of Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do; and Teddy, despite his valiant resolutions, boldly set to work to overcome the hunchback's scruples and persuade him to show him where the trapdoor was.

"But *he*," objected Johnny, pointing toward the Sandman's window, "forbade any one to go near it, or into the wing at all. The day Katrinka showed me the trapdoor she said that if her master caught us there he would break our necks."

"Fudge!" cried Teddy. "She was just bluffing. She knew very well he wouldn't break *her* neck. She's too useful to him, I guess. And he wouldn't break yours either, Johnny; for where would be the use of his catching boys if he killed them?"

"He might put me down there if he caught me at it," said the hunchback, shivering at the thought.

"If he did," persisted Teddy, his imagination taking fire, "it would be

rather fine,—just like those robber stories and things, or like explorers going into caves and places.”

“You wouldn’t like it if you got down there once,” said the hunchback. “I’m precious sure of that.”

“Well, no one is going down,” argued Teddy. “I only want to see the door with the iron ring, and that wing of the house that he keeps shut up. He wouldn’t forbid people going there if there wasn’t anything to see.”

The hunchback still held back, but Teddy urged him onward.

“Come now, there’s a good fellow! If you don’t hurry, Kitty may wake up and then she won’t let me out of her sight. Come on, or I’ll never speak to you again.”

This threat was too much for the wavering hunchback. He hated to disoblige his friend, who completely dominated him. Perhaps in his secret heart there was something of the love of adventure. But in any case he yielded; and so it came about that Teddy, who had been full of good resolutions, and had just made up his mind to obey the Sandman in all things lawful,—Teddy, who should have supplemented his religious teaching to the hunchback by the force of good example,—deliberately plunged into mischief, and incurred, as shall be seen, the anger of the terrible master of the house.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady’s Light.

Bequests for candles to burn before Our Lady’s image were common in olden times. Lands given for this purpose were called lamp-lands and light-lands. Sometimes cows and sheep were left for the support of Our Lady’s light; and we read that one Golfrey Gilbert, in 1524, left a swarm of bees, with instructions to devote the honey to that purpose.

A Knight of Old.

It was a universal custom in old England to burn votive candles before the image of Our Lady. From the day that William Earl of Salisbury received the belt of a knight he vowed a wax taper daily, to be burned during Mass before the Blessed Virgin’s altar. To this practice he attributed his escape from shipwreck; for during a violent storm at sea a large wax light was seen at the masthead, enabling the sailors to discern the rocks and escape destruction. The next year the Earl died. As he was being borne from his castle to the church a terrific storm came up; but the lighted candles by his body, although unprotected, burned bright and clear in spite of rain and wind.

How She Came Down.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

A young woman downtown was entertaining callers one evening when her little sister came down the stairway in a noisy manner.

“Frances,” said the annoyed elder sister to the offender, “you came downstairs so that you could be heard all over the house. Now, go back and come down properly.”

Frances retired, and in a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

“Did you hear me come downstairs this time, Marie?” asked the little girl anxiously.

“No, dear; this time you came down like a little lady.”

“Yes’m,” explained Frances, exhibiting satisfaction at having outwitted the mentor: “this time I slid down the banisters.”

BEAR a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass can not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

—Longfellow.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is announced that the Rev. Andrew Clark is preparing for the Early English Text Society the fifteenth century translation of the charters and deeds of Godstow Nunnery. The *Athenæum* states that they are eight hundred and fifty in number, and contain many items of interest.

—At the Mayo Feis, Dr. Douglas Hyde made the interesting statement that "four years ago the sale of [Irish] journals, etc., was only a few hundred; now it is up to a quarter of a million." This is a striking way of describing the astonishing momentum attained by the Gaelic language movement within the past few years.

—A staff correspondent of the *Literary World* tells of a department store that has been "cutting prices on A. P. A. books." The reader is not to infer that there is any unusual demand for anti-Catholic literature, however. The new A. P. A. is the American Publishers' Association, a union of leading publishers for the purpose of protecting the regular bookseller from the competition of undue price cutting. The members agree not to supply books to retailers "who sell at a greater discount than twenty-eight per cent from the published price of what are called 'regular' books within a year from the date of their issue."

—It may be worth recording that the "Lucretia Borgia" of Gregorovius—the third edition of which has just been turned into English—represents that celebrated lady as by no means the vicious creature that romantic historians have made her out to be. In its review of the book, the "Thunderer" (if the London *Times* still deserves that nickname) admits that "the hideous charges against her were made by her personal foes." She is described as "a devout and God-fearing Christian" by envoys sent to spy on her conduct; and, as the *Times* notes, these envoys are more trustworthy and better worth quoting than the world of fashionable authors "who would make her out a very miracle of wickedness."

—The Rt. Rev. Patrick Delany, coadjutor to the venerable Archbishop of Hobart, is a man of initiative. Convinced that both catechists and children in the archdiocese were "unnecessarily burdened for want of a simpler form" of catechism, the Bishop himself set about supplying the deficiency. The result is a little text-book that runs a closer parallel to Bishop Bellord's catechism than any other we have seen. The matter to be "memorized" is notably less than in other text-books, the judgment is more frequently called into play, while the paragraphs intended for

careful reading make the instruction comprehensive enough. A particularly admirable feature, it seems to us, is the absence of both exhortation and apologetics. Bishop Delany evidently believes that the purpose of a catechism is to impart dogmatic teaching.

—The recent death of M. Anatole de Barthélemy removes one of the most eminent of French scholars. His report on some ancient monuments of the Loire (1842) was the first of a long list of learned works, while his "Essai sur l'Histoire Monétaire du Prieuré de Souvigny" (1846) began his many publications in numismatics. His handbooks of ancient and of mediæval and modern numismatics have long been recognized as standard authorities. He wrote also much on history, including several books on Brittany, and was a diligent contributor to various periodicals.

—We have always found it hard to believe that one who led so busy a life as Lope de Vega—he was one of the most prolific authors the world has ever known—could have been the profligate he is represented to be. His latest biographer (Dr. Rennet) does not shrink from exposing his frailties; we are assured that his reputation is "ruined beyond hope of whitewashing." All the more pathetic, then, seems that exquisite sonnet of his so exquisitely translated by Longfellow:

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blessed approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still To-morrow.

—A Maynooth student "with the ingenuous audacity of youth" once wrote to Cardinal Newman requesting some hints on the writing of sermons, and with characteristic kindness Newman replied. The letter has been carefully treasured, of course; but was never published until Monsig. Gerald Molloy offered a copy of it, which he had been permitted to make, to the first number of *St. Peter's Magazine*. The hints were these:

1. A man should be in earnest—by which I mean he should write not for the sake of writing, but to bring out his thoughts.
2. He should never aim at being eloquent.
3. He should keep his idea in view, and should write

sentences over and over again till he has expressed his meaning accurately, forcibly, and in few words.

4. He should aim at being understood by his hearers or readers.

5. He should use words which are likely to be understood. Ornament and amplification will come spontaneously in due time, but he should never seek them.

6. He must creep before he can fly—by which I mean that humility, which is a great Christian virtue, has a place in literary composition.

7. He who is ambitious will never write well; but he who tries to say simply what he feels and thinks, what religion demands, what faith teaches, what the Gospel promises, will be eloquent without intending it, and will write better English than if he made a study of English literature.

It is not only seminarists and young priests who will find these suggestions helpful. The substance of them comes near being the unteachable secret of good writing.

—It is now announced that the Irish-English Dictionary which is being compiled for the Irish Texts Society will be ready next month. We are assured that not only Gaelic books but magazines and newspapers have been ransacked for uncommon words and meanings, and the proofs have been read by numerous Gaelic scholars. "The Dictionary," says the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, "will be essentially of modern Irish. It will contain a far larger number of words used in the living Irish language and in the more modern written compositions than any Irish dictionary yet published. It is the first analytical dictionary of the language."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *A Kempis*. \$1.35, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson*. \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea*. \$1.50, net.

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman*. \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert*. \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska*. 75 cts., net.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel*. \$1, net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham*. 40 cts., net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day*. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same*. 60 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton*. \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert*. \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh*. \$1.

A Precursor of St. Phillip. *Lady Amabel Kerr*. \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton*. \$1, net.

Bellinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan*. \$1.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher*. \$1.

Divine Grace. *Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

St. Patrick in History. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.* 55 cts.

The Religious State, the Episcopate, and the Priestly Office. *St. Thomas Aquinas*. \$1.

An Apology for the Religious Orders. *St. Thomas Aquinas*. \$1.60, net.

The Inner Life of the Soul. *S. L. Emery*. \$1 50, net.

The Velled Majesty; or, Jesus in the Eucharist. *Very Rev. W. J. Kelly*. \$1.60, net.

Studies on the Gospels. *Victor Rose, O. P.* \$2.

Sick Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. *Rev. Alfred Mulligan*. \$1.10.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1 50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. De Regge, of the diocese of Rochester; and Rev. Patrick Creighton, diocese of Brooklyn.

Mr. A. B. Roth, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Cooper, Flandreau, South Dakota; Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Barbara Vogel, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Martha Brewer, Brewer, Mo.; Mr. Weir Coffman, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Thomas Morris and Mrs. Eliza Anderson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Michael Garvey, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Mertens, Cumberland, Md.; and Mrs. Marguerite Primm, St. Louis, Mo.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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The First and Last Gift.

BY DENIS ALOYSIUS McCARTHY.

They found the Child with Mary His Mother; . . . they offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh.*

And they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh; but He took it not.†

WHEN Christ a Babe on Mary's breast
Lay fondly folded close to her,
Came Kings from out the distant East
And offered Him their gift of myrrh.

And when, upraised against the sky
In after years on Calvary's hill,
The Son of Man was nailed to die,
The gift of myrrh was offered still.

The First Years of the Blind.

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

ONE of the most pathetically interesting entertainments at which we have ever been present was given, early in 1903, by the pupils of the Halifax School for the Blind. With the laudable desire of creating a fund for the material enlargement of his school accommodations, Dr. Fraser, the energetic if sightless principal of the institution, had set out on a tour of the chief cities and towns of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, taking with him about a score of his pupils, and giving to the general public a practical illustration of the instruction that may be imparted to those who lack what Addison declares

to be "the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses."

The proficiency displayed by the pupils, whose ages ranged from thirteen or fourteen to nineteen or twenty; the excellence of their music, vocal and instrumental (the latter culminating in a full brass band); and the facility with which they read by touch instead of sight, was much like a revelation to the average audience before whom they appeared; while the almost incredible rapidity with which they performed operations in mental arithmetic went near to persuading at least one professor of mathematics to advise certain of his students thereafter to put away pads and pencils, shut their eyes and do their problems "in their head."

The interest aroused by this novel *séance* has recently been reawakened by the perusal of a notable study of blindness,* the work of one who is not only a practical and thoroughly capable instructress of blind children, but the inventor of a system of stylography for the sightless which we fully expect to see very generally, if not universally, adopted within the next decade. Our readers will surmise that we are referring to a French lady of whom brief mention was made in a late number of THE AVE MARIA †—Mlle. Mulot, of Angers; and we feel sure that a somewhat more extended discussion of this devoted woman's work and ideas than

* St. Matt., II, 11.

† St. Mark, xv, 23.

* "Les Premières Années de l'Aveugle. Dans la Famille—Dans l'École Maternelle." Par Mlle. L. Mulot.

† "A Benefactress of the Blind," Vol. I. viii, p. 755.

has as yet been presented to them will both interest their minds and touch their hearts.

In the first part of Mlle. Mulot's brochure, she draws the broad, general outlines of the blind child's psychology. It is clearly demonstrated therein that the lack of sight ordinarily brings about, or rather is accompanied by, certain deviations in a child's whole nature—physical, intellectual, moral, and social. The author affirms, however, and produces solid arguments wherewith to back up the affirmation, that these disorders are not the inevitable consequences of the little one's affliction, but are results which in strict justice should be imputed to a false education, or to a lack of education. Her logical conclusion is that it is quite possible, though not particularly easy, to develop in the blind a thoroughly well-balanced human life. The principles and practical methods of the education that can effect such development form the subject-matter of the second, and to us more interesting, half of her book. The introduction to this second part is well worth reproduction:

"Several times already we have stated what is in our opinion the true, and the only true, aim that one should propose to oneself in undertaking the education of the blind. We repeat it here. The education of the blind child should have for its aim the making of him, as far as is possible, into a man like other men. As a matter of fact, the blind are first of all men; and their affliction, while depriving them of numerous notions and emotions, bereaves them of nothing essential to human nature, but leaves them susceptible of a normal and harmonious development of all their faculties other than sight. It need not be affirmed that their educators must take account of the enormous void which cecity makes in their life; but these educators will work in the line of combating

the influences of the void; of so correcting or supplying it that it shall have the least possible echo in the life of the blind; of seeing to it that the absence of sight shall neither destroy nor diminish any physical or moral quality; and especially (for this is the most unfortunate and yet the most frequent consequence of the void in question) of preventing its making the blind man an isolated being in society.

"It is by a natural and rational development of the humanity of the blind that this result will be achieved. The loss of sight tends to depress their manhood. By developing their humanity, education will more and more effectively destroy their blindness,—that is, the disastrous influences of sightlessness, more grievous in a certain sense than is the blindness itself. Accordingly, our primary aim in the education of the blind is not different from that proposed in the case of those who see: as far as is possible we design to make of them complete men. Such differences as exist will occur in the adaptation to the special condition of the sightless of certain means employed in the accomplishment of the work.

"More than once, in the first portion of this book, we have insisted on the fundamental means of educating the blind in infancy and childhood,—the means which to our mind is absolutely necessary and outside of which nothing solid can ever be built up: the *companionship of the seeing*. We shall now give the conditions that will make such companionship profitable. For it is therein, and only therein, that the sightless one will meet what will correct in a natural fashion the absence of sight and will supply its lack. It is therein that he will, so to speak, recover 'his eyes' in the eyes of the children with whom he is associated, and who by their movements, their explanations, and so forth, will soon

make him 'see' and act like themselves.

"In their company his physical nature will acquire strength, mobility, elasticity, and the sense of direction in the variety of movements which he will be led to make; his emotional nature will find diversity and multiplicity of sensations with feelings of sympathy, humanity, and sociability; his intelligence will make the gain of curiosity with images and ideas in abundance; and his will, the gain of pluck and energy in struggle and effort. All this will be acquired in a natural manner, in real life, from perpetual contact with persons and things outside himself.

"Certain special means for his instruction must, of course, be adapted to his peculiar state; but we must see to it strictly that in these means *there is nothing artificial that can draw the blind one aside from the natural and the human*. We must always seek to employ for our instructing means as conformable as possible to those used for the seeing; and even among these we should always give preference to the most natural and the most favorable to the development of humanness.

"One can readily understand both the delicacy of the duties which the educator owes to the blind and the nature of the general qualities with which he should be endowed. In the first place, there is needed *devotedness*; for the task is often a thankless one. It is a constant struggle against nature; a struggle that can not be kept up without genuine disinterestedness as regards self, a great desire for the good of the blind, and a real sympathy with them in their misfortune. In the second place, the educator must possess *intelligence*; for the work is certainly a difficult one, in which every detail is of importance. This intelligence should be a mixture or combination of a psychological knowledge of the condition of the blind and a profound spirit of observation.

"Apart from the general conditions that we have signalized, there is nothing indeed more diverse than the numerous tendencies, habits, convulsive movements, ties, and so forth, that seek to establish themselves in the nature of the blind person. One must divine and anticipate them to prevent their appearance or their acquiring strength. Then, when they are destroyed, one must see that they are replaced by other and better habits and tendencies; must take care that progress in one direction or in one detail does not become an obstacle to the general and truly human development; must so act that nothing shall arrest legitimate effort in each personality. The educator must at every moment take account of all these considerations, and must conform his practice thereto, if he desires really to dominate and direct the habits of the blind.

"It must fairly be confessed that, despite all the devotedness already lavished and the progress already realized, we have not yet made of the blind man what he can and what he should become. The reason, in our belief, is that we have not given to his earliest education all the attention which it demands; that we have not sufficiently studied or understood his psychological state; and that we have hitherto failed to discover the real practical means of giving to his habits the character of ours, of associating his physical exercises with ours, of increasing his activity through the resources of our own, and of thus making him live our life by making him love it in the pleasure of our society."

In the "maternal school" for the blind—for the general establishment of which this book we are discussing is a persuasive plea—Mlle. Mulot would place all sightless little ones who have attained their third year. Even before that age, the preliminary work of education demands special care from

mother and nurse,—a care which in practice it would seem is very generally wanting. Our author states that at the age when children commonly enter French institutions for the blind—that is, about eight years—they are very far from possessing that formation which is essential to their best interests and relative happiness. Ignorance as to the real mental condition of the sightless and the proper method of rearing them, the profuse pity lavished upon them, and other drawbacks, have arrested both their physical and moral development.

The blind child at eight years has very often a frail constitution, an agitated, nervous system, with certain maniacal tendencies,—a nature altogether concentrated upon its interior self; and has, moreover, already become the slave of depressing habits without the slightest power of reaction. Given such conditions, the educator is too heavily handicapped and his duties are too complex to permit of his achieving the most satisfactory results.

Mlle. Mulot insists strongly on the establishment of maternal schools where sightless little ones from the age of three years shall be brought up in accordance with principles conformable to their condition,—principles calculated to correct their evil tendencies and promote their normal development. She would have the child, while its nature is as yet new enough and supple enough to be moulded advantageously, subjected to the vigilant direction of an experienced teacher who, without inspiring any false fear or repressing the fullest physical liberty, will excite its activity, shield it from every danger, and above all preserve it from every bad habit.

In the programme which Mlle. Mulot traces for such schools, especial stress is laid upon individual training; and the reason is self-evident. In the case of the blind far more than in that of

ordinary children, personal and peculiar aptitudes, tastes, habits, and dispositions must be carefully noted and bargained with. The attempt to run a whole school through the same unvarying mould is daily attended with lamentable failures, even among boys and girls blessed with the gift of sight; and such a plan applied to children bereft of that blessing must prove still more inadequate to the achievement of any real success.

In general characteristics, of course, all blind children resemble one another. As a rule, they belong to one of two categories: they are “reverists” and dreamers, or are given to active and sprightly movements. With regard to both classes, the observant teacher discovers much that needs repression, direction, management, if these natural tendencies are not to degenerate into injurious rooted habits. The same teacher will remember that the surest way to destroy the very germs of bad habits is to replace them by good ones; and that much of his work in caring for the blind consists in arousing and developing the energies of his individual pupils. The point never to be lost sight of is that, if in one respect a blind child is an abnormal creature, it is, nevertheless, in most respects and in itself a normal human being susceptible of mental and moral growth and perfection.

These general observations as to facts concerning children bereft of sight are supplemented in Mlle. Mulot's book by specific directions for the practical prevention of evil habits and the rapid acquisition of good ones. As the primary cause of a host of evils, our author instances isolation; and she insists time and time again upon the necessity of overcoming the prevalent desire among such children to keep apart from others, to hold themselves aloof and live in the fantastic world of their own imagination. As a

cardinal principle of judicious training of the blind, she prescribes their companionship with children who see. For the inequality in physical conditions between the two categories, she makes a compensation by advising that blind children from three to ten years of age associate with seeing children from three to seven at the oldest. Such instruction and education as can be imparted to these youngest little ones, from three to five years old, is of course of the kindergarten variety; but experience has shown how important the freedom of movement, the interest in exterior things, the participation in the games, walks, races, of their more fortunate playmates, prove in the subsequent development of the physical and mental powers.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of this excellent study is that in which the author explains her system of stylography, and, by pointing out the defects in the methods hitherto in use, more than justifies the superior plan which she has followed with such remarkable results. She very properly attributes to writing a capital importance from both the physiological and the psychological point of view; and the excellence of her own system of writing for the blind is chiefly notable for its enabling these unfortunates to hold communication on paper with the world at large, and not merely with the restricted number of those who have made a special study of the oldtime method of writing by points. Mlle. Mulot's pupils, and all those who study penmanship for the blind on the lines which she lays down, write in ordinary characters legible to all.

"He writes the same as every one else!" exclaimed a Parisian father who went to the Sorbonne recently, while his son was undergoing the written examinations for the baccalaureate, and who inquired whether it was true that among the candidates for degrees

there was a blind student. "You are 'jolly' me," said he to a professor. "A blind boy writing like ordinary folks! I'll believe that when I see it."—"Very well," answered the professor; "you may see it at once. That student on the second seat of the third row from the rear is totally blind, although you can not perceive it; and here is a sample of his writing, which, as you see, is not different from mine or yours,—unless indeed it be that it is a good deal more legible." The student in question, a young man named Vento, underwent the same examinations as the ordinary candidates, and took his degrees in due season, as do many of Mlle. Mulot's pupils.

As in our day nothing succeeds like success, it is safe to predict that this new system of stylography will make its way into all institutions for the blind both in Europe and America, until it eventually becomes universal. Did space permit we should like to say a word or two of the manner in which arithmetic, grammar, geography and history are taught in the maternal schools for sightless children. The plan is admirable in conception, thoroughly practical in execution, and admittedly successful in the results achieved. We have room, however, for no more than a final paragraph on the basic difference between Mlle. Mulot's methods in general and those of her predecessors in the same field of endeavor.

This difference is well set forth by herself. "The methods in use are designed almost exclusively for instruction merely: ours is an eminently educative one. The methods in use aim simply at giving to the blind person a profession, a trade,—at putting into his hand a tool that permits him to make his living: ours seeks to develop his nascent powers, to augment the sum of his being,—to give him the strength and the skill to make use of the tool which later on will be placed in his hand."

There is a surplus of *instruction* and a dearth of *education* in most schools in France (and some other countries as well); and the blind children who are subjected to such training as this devoted woman proposes enjoy a blessing of which many of their seeing brothers and sisters are, unfortunately, deprived. What Mlle. Mulot's system in its last analysis means may best be judged by the statement of Dr. Voisin, who, after a prolonged visit to her school at Angers, declared: "One-third of your pupils would be idiots, or treated as such, were they not *educated* as you are educating them."

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XXI.—THE WESTERN VOLUNTEERS.

IN the 2d of December the Western Volunteers—formerly the Pontifical Zouaves, who had shed their blood in defence of the Holy See—took up their position in the town of Terminiers. Some Mobiles of different battalions had joined them. They waited, rifle in hand, listening to the thunder of a battle that was rapidly extending itself in their direction. The 15th, 16th and 17th corps of the army of the Loire were in mortal combat with the Bavarians and Prussians, under command of the Duke of Mecklenburg, reinforced by the troops of Prince Frederick Charles. General de Sonis commanded the 17th corps, by order of General Chanzy; and the Western Volunteers formed part of this corps.

Among the Western Volunteers and the Mobiles were four of our friends—M. Désormes and his son Raoul, Gaëtan de Cambry and the Count de Chazé. The Count wore the uniform of a sub-lieutenant,—he had not been willing to accept any higher position. The

other three men were privates. All four quietly chatted—the booming of the cannon momentarily approaching nearer—as though they had been in the parlor at Bruyères or on the porch at Marcilly. M. Désormes, M. de Cambry, and Raoul were somewhat graver than usual. M. de Chazé, on the contrary, was in his very gayest mood. The smell of powder fairly intoxicated the old African warrior.

"I say, Désormes"—he had suppressed the "Monsieur" since they had been in camp,—"it's all very well for you to wear a uniform, considering you are well on the shady side of fifty; but, nevertheless, old fellow, I have one regret."

"What is that, Chazé?"

"It is that you did not bring your old costume of a Saint-Simonian. I think those cursed Prussians and wild Bavarians would beat a retreat at sight of anything so fantastic."

"You may laugh, my friend; still, there is some sense in what you say. Fighting for one's country is a great power for the unification of opinions and castes. There are here representatives of the old French nobility, the tradespeople, and the peasants; and the noblest is the bravest."

"So there are only nobles here, then? I do regret that John is not with us. Poor boy, he was made prisoner at Sedan, and he is now in the depths of Germany. His last letter was from Magdeburg."

At this moment an officer, followed by an orderly, dashed up at a gallop. It was Captain de Prouleroy, the same officer who a few days later, at the encounter of Baulle, coolly walking in the hail of Prussian bullets, remarked to his soldiers: "You see, boys, what bad shots these Prussians are!"

"Gentlemen," said Captain Prouleroy, "you are the Pontifical Zouaves?"

"Yes, sir," replied Captain Gonidec.

"Go quick, attack, take, and occupy

the village of Gommier, which is now menaced by the enemy. This is by order of the General."

"It shall be done, Captain."

"And, gentlemen, I leave you another comrade. It is the Marquis John de Lizardière, who has just arrived from Prussia, having made his escape through the Tyrol into Italy. He was told that you were here, and begged to be allowed to fight shoulder to shoulder with you. Adieu, gentlemen!"

John was received by his friends with intense joy. But there was little time for talking, as the troops started for Gommier almost immediately. The Germans did not expect them; routed by the hot fire from thirty pieces of French artillery, they quickly retreated to the north.

Nevertheless, the victory was not for the French. The wily Prussians easily reentrenched themselves in the village of Loigny, the key to the position. It was necessary to rout them before nightfall. General de Sonis took upon himself the responsibility of so difficult a task. He found the Zouaves and the Mobiles ranged in line of battle before the Castle of Villepoin, and he shouted:

"Long live France! Long live Pius the Ninth! Forward!"

Colonel de Charette deployed his men: the Zouaves in the centre, the Mobiles at the right, the Franc-Tireurs of Blidah and Tours on the left, the General and Colonel mounted behind the first-line riflemen. M. de Verthomon carried the new banner presented to the Zouaves by the General; and these eight hundred men advanced to attack an entire division, entrenched in an almost impregnable position, and protected by numerous batteries.

There are fifteen hundred metres of slightly undulating land between Villepoin and Loigny. At the extremity of this plain there is a piece of copse three hundred metres long by thirty in depth. On the right of the wood, on the

end that leads to Loigny, stands a large farm-house called Villours. Behind the wood there is another open space, rising by degrees to the village. On the farm of Villours were two Prussian battalions; in the village, the main body of the enemy, flanked by batteries on the right and left of the plateau.

These eight hundred French soldiers were about to renew the heroic folly of the English cavalry at Balaklava. But no: it was not folly to prove that, by throwing themselves upon the artillery, resolute soldiers might diminish its effect; it was not folly to teach others how to die well.

They started out as sharpshooters, calm, and with the *sang-froid* of old troopers on a parade ground. Silence reigned; for the officers knew well that these men needed no encouragement.

The enemy, perceiving the battalion of sharpshooters, covered it with a shower of shot and shell. But few of our soldiers fell. They thus approached the grove, whence issued a brisk fusillade. The balls made less noise but did more work than the shells.

M. de Verthomon fell, crimsoning with his life-blood the colors, which were instantly seized by the Count de Bouillé. General de Sonis was shot in the knee, and near him fell Captains Trousure and de Moncuic. The others still advanced, gun in hand. When they were within a few steps of the trees Colonel de Charette shouted: "Fire!" Instantly followed the volley of musketry, and the men dashed into the wood at a charge.

The work was terrible and rapid. Very soon the Prussians retreated to their intrenchment in the village, or, flinging themselves on the ground, appealed for quarter.

In the middle of the wood, however, the Count de Chazé, followed by Désormes and John, suddenly came upon a young officer, who covered him with his revolver. The Count rushed

at him, crying in a voice of thunder:

"I wager that you will miss me!"

The officer fired, but the bullet passed between the arm and the chest of the Count.

"I told you so, you rascal!" yelled the Count, as two of the Zouaves dashed up and made the officer prisoner.

But the ball, if it missed the Count, was not, unhappily, without its mark. It passed through the arm of John, who followed De Chazé, and broke the shoulder of Désormes, who stood two paces to the rear.

Désormes rolled over; and John rushed to him, mingling his blood with that which ran from the shoulder of Raymonde's father. De Chazé, turning, saw that they were both wounded, and wished to render assistance.

"No, no!" said Désormes, firmly. "Go to the enemy!"

The Count accordingly followed the Zouaves, who, after having forced the Prussians to fly, took the farm-house of Villours with the same dash. There they halted for a moment, awaiting reinforcement; but it was a useless delay, and they threw themselves alone on the walls and gardens and outlying houses of the village, filled with Prussians who were firing from ambush. Colonel de Charette, whose horse had been shot under him, led the charge on foot. Unfortunately, he was badly hit, and fell. His men succeeded in breaking into several houses; but the enemy so far outnumbered them that they were repulsed, and it became necessary to sound the retreat.

At this moment De Chazé was endeavoring to force the door of a house, while De Cambry was trying to scale the window. A Prussian from a story above, taking deliberate aim, fired, and De Cambry fell dead, his last words being:

"Good-bye, cousin! May God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Now from all sides the Prussians rushed out of the village, seeking to surround the handful of French and capture them bodily. The Count, revolver in one hand, sword in the other, in the midst of a cloud of dust, on ground that was ploughed with bullets, calmly retreated; turning from time to time to fight those who pressed him too closely. He succeeded thus in reaching the little wood, where he found Colonel de Charette, his brother, and many more of his valiant companions, wounded and dying. De Chazé, perceiving the Colonel, bellowed, while exhibiting his shoulders and arms:

"Colonel, I can carry you,—aye, and another with you."

"No, friend," said the Colonel, simply.

"I am very well off here. You will still be able to fight for France."

It was De Chazé's place to obey. He entered the wood, but could see nothing of Désormes or John. Night was falling, and it was possible for him to reach the Château of Villepoin without being seen and pursued. There he remained, beheld the village of Loigny in flames, listened to the last roarings of the battle; and when the loud hurrahs of the victors went up, the brave old man burst into tears and cried like a child.

When, at Patay, he called the roll of the first battalion of Zouaves of 300 men who had marched off that morning, it was found that 207 privates and 11 officers were dead, wounded, or in the hands of the enemy.

The Count learned at Patay that Raoul Désormes, like his father and John, had been wounded, but toward the close of the fight. Nothing further was known of them; and the Count, devoured with anxiety, was compelled to depart with the remnant of his heroic battalion, to follow the retreat of the army through the valley of the Loire, in the direction of Poitiers.

Censer Smoke.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

WHEN through some cathedral olden
 From the oriel red and golden
 Streams the flood of iris light,
 Dazzling on the altar's riches,
 On the statues in the niches,
 And the choir boys robed in white;
 Mingling then with the intenser
 Screen lights, upward from the censer
 Lightly the white smoke-wreath soars
 At the feet of martyrs sainted,
 On the lofty windows painted,
 Dying even as it adores.

So 'mid grander offerings proffered,
 Nobler homage heavenward offered,
 Lifelong martyrdoms sublime,
 All the glorious consecrations,
 All the mighty aspirations,
 Winged beyond the realms of Time;

From the poet-soul then burning
 With an unrest upward yearning,
 The white breath of song doth rise;
 'Tis but smoke in reverence lowly
 Wafted to the throne all-holy,
 And adoring as it dies.

 Random Reminiscences from Various Sources.

IV.—FAMOUS LAYFOLK.

OF the distinguished Catholic laymen who were part and parcel of the dramatic procession which characterized the last century by its talent and versatility, it may be interesting to state that most of these entertaining personalities were tinged with a certain eccentricity—or what a prosaic world would be likely to name as such.

Augustus Welby Pugin is entitled to a prominent place in the list of those artistic natures whose gifts and aspirations were far in advance of their day and generation. This was partly due to his French extraction. Dowered with an ardent, artistic and impulsive

nature, his exertions in favor of a higher standard of ecclesiastical architecture were upheld by many who shared in his opinions, and combated by others who had neither his taste nor his genius.

That he was to a great extent one-sided in his views can not be denied; and he was as obstinate as singular. He was impatient of contradiction, and not a little scornful in his denunciation of those who did not agree with him. He condemned without mercy every style of architecture except the Gothic, which, when all is said, if it can be consistently carried out in all its parts, is certainly the highest and most impressive form of ecclesiastical Catholic monumental devotion.

Pugin's reform extended to every detail of church decoration and ornamentation. The principles of his art were almost a part of his faith. On one occasion he was invited by a committee of bishops and laymen to submit a set of plans for a grand cathedral. He did so, adding a convent, schools, and cloisters. The designs were much admired, when it occurred to some one to ask the probable cost, time of execution,—some practical questions, in short. Pugin made no reply, but, quickly gathering up his plans, took his hat and left the room, disgusted at the modern spirit which could limit the expense and the period of construction of so grand a temple to the worship of God as that he had designed, and which he had supposed was the intention of the committee to erect. "Who ever heard," he said later when questioned as to his conduct on that occasion,—“who ever heard of a cathedral being built in the lifetime of one man? The old ones took centuries. Then how could I tell the cost?” This little anecdote shows his independence and adherence to his unalterable principles.

Another time a bishop wrote to him

about a church he wished to have built. "It must be *very* large, as there is a large congregation. It must be *very* handsome, for there is a fine new church close by. And it must be *very* cheap, for they are very poor." So when might they expect the design? Pugin replied: "My dear Lord, say thirty shillings more and have a tower and spire at once."

An amusing story is told of him concerning the Abbé Ratisbonne's conversion, which Pugin was assured took place in the Church of S. Andrea at Rome. "The story is false," he said. "He *could* not have prayed in such a hideous church as that. Our Lady would not have chosen such a place for a vision. The man could have had no piety to have stayed in such a church at all." The friend then remarked that Ratisbonne had complained of the ugliness of the church. "Is that so? Then he *is* a man of God! He knew what chivalry was, though a Jew. I honor him. Our Lady *would* have come to him anywhere."

In spite of his wonderful artistic temperament he was guilty of many inconsistencies. For instance, he had nothing but Gothic furniture and decorations in his own house, rectangular in all its lines, as London houses invariably are. It was a matter of wonderment among his friends that he did not see in this the very unfitness and want of harmony against which he was continually protesting. He carried this craze even to the plate, china, and the jewelry of his wife, which were all in Gothic settings. Her dress, too, was fashioned after the costume of the Middle Ages.

He was married three times, though he died at the early age of forty-one. It is now generally conceded that to his inspiration is due all that is best in the Palace of Westminster, though he received but little credit for it at the time.

Charles Waterton, the celebrated naturalist, was one of those men whose influence reaches far beyond the period of their earthly lives. A thorough Catholic and withal a thorough Englishman, he demonstrated the fact that religion and loyalty are not incompatible.

His was also an eccentric character. Perhaps, in the vulgar sense of the word, no one could ever have been more truly called a "bigot"; and yet no one had more respect for his Protestant friends,—and he had many of them. As an illustration, in his museum of natural history might be found hideously if ingeniously constructed figures, compounds of various animals stuffed and joined together, which he had labelled "Old Mother Damnable," and so forth; meaning by these terms the English Church or Queen Elizabeth.

He was a pleasant companion and an admirable friend, yet he led a wonderfully ascetic life; having a block of wood for his pillow and a rug for his bed, even during seasons of the most piercing cold. He rose at five every morning in the year, and passed two hours in his chapel, which was in the house. Breakfast was at eight o'clock; and though he had a houseful of servants, and his guests were abundantly provided with everything they could desire, he always made his own slice of toast at the dining-room fire; of which, and the basin of hot water containing a single spoonful of tea; his breakfast invariably consisted.

He was never tired of relating anecdotes concerning the persecution of Catholics in England; and he related them with a sort of humorous bitterness which showed how deeply he felt the injuries that had been inflicted upon them,—his own ancestors never having swerved from the Faith. There was a story he used to tell of his mother, who at the period when Catholics were subjected to the most humiliating indignities was one day out driving

with four horses. At the first turnpike she reached she was peremptorily refused a passage by the toll-keeper, who informed her she was defying the law of the land, Catholics not being allowed to drive *four horses*. The spirited lady remained seated in her carriage by the roadside, while her servants unharnessed the horses and took them back to Walton; returning with *four bullocks*, with which she continued her drive to Leeds.

Charles Waterton's marriage was a most romantic one. While in the West Indies he had made the acquaintance of a Scotch family of ancient descent—the Edmonstones of Cardross, Dumbartonshire. He became much attached to them; and a third daughter having been born to Mr. Edmonstone during his sojourn, he made the singular request that she should be baptized a Catholic, brought up in that Faith and according to his ideas, and that when she had attained the age of eighteen she should become his wife. This strange proposal having met with the approval of the parents, who were his sincere friends, the father only stipulated that the bargain should not be carried out unless the young lady herself were willing when the prescribed time had arrived. Young Waterton seemed to have no fears on that score, and the result proved he was right.

From her earliest infancy he directed the education of his future wife, who pursued part of her studies under his supervision in a convent at Bruges. Therefore he had frequently seen her during her childhood and girlhood, and there had always been correspondence. When she arrived at the age of eighteen she was perfectly willing to fulfil her part of the compact, and they were married. One year of perfect happiness was accorded them, and then earthly felicity for Charles Waterton was over. She died in giving birth to a son, and it was the desire and inten-

tion of the stricken man to enter a monastery. But he was advised not to do this, on account of the duty he owed to his little Edmund; and wiser counsels prevailed.

This son was the direct opposite in every respect of his father. They did not have, it would appear, a single taste in common. Edmund Waterton loved luxury in every shape, and surrounded himself with every appliance which could minister to self-indulgence. At the same time it was not a sinful self-indulgence, for he was a most exemplary Catholic. He seemed to have no love for nature in its wild or picturesque forms, took no interest in animal life; and his wife shared this temperament. Yet the father and son were devoted to each other; and, so far as could be known, the former never regretted that the latter had not inherited his affection for all living things.

The great naturalist had several delightful old Catholic customs, one of which was the annual blessing of the fields. Nothing could have been more picturesque or devotional than the celebration of Rogation Days on his estate. Fancy a delicious morning in spring, both air and sky breathing hope and promise, and the people assembled piously to take part in the ceremonial handed down to them by their forefathers. The priest, preceded by the cross-bearer and attended by two acolytes, walked first, sprinkling the soil with holy water and chanting the litanies, the responses being taken up by the tenants who followed. Round and round the land they wended their way till all had been passed over and blessed. Then they betook themselves to their homes, heart and soul in unison with the spirit of faith and piety.

One portion of the large farm was dedicated to St. Joseph. A tenth of *all* the revenues of the estate went to the poor, but the largest portion of "St.

Joseph's Acre" was also appropriated to pious uses. It is a curious fact that the crops from this portion of ground were always of the finest description.

While the most hospitable of entertainers, Squire Waterton held some rules inflexibly, and it annoyed him very much to have them departed from. He was once heard to say: "If the Queen, God bless her, liked to come to Walton, she should have the best of our substance and the best of our homage; but I should have to intimate to her Majesty that one o'clock dinner, and high tea at seven, are the hours at the Hall."—"But how if it were the Holy Father, Squire?"—"As soon as his Holiness has set foot on British soil I'll let ye know," he answered, warily.

He surrounded himself on his large estate with all kinds of domestic animals; and his greatest care was their pleasure, comfort and liberty. So fearless were these creatures of their master that it might almost be supposed he was endowed with that sixth sense certain individuals are credited with possessing. Like St. Francis, he had the faculty of attracting to himself beast and bird. When he walked in the woods, they would come forth at his call and follow him over long distances.

It has been stated as an actual fact that when he died, and his body was being conveyed in a boat across the lake to the spot where his father was buried, and where he also wished to be laid in a sequestered nook of the park, a flight of birds suddenly appeared, increasing in numbers as they went, and followed the boat to its mournful destination. Did the birds know that their benefactor was leaving them forever? Or were they aware of his presence beneath the closed coffin lid, through that subtle, inexplicable sympathy which even death could not destroy? The answer is not with us.

One invariably associates the names of Henry Kenelm Digby and Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, a detailed sketch of whose life but recently appeared in these pages. They were both converts, both men of the highest aims and ideals, both "browsers" along those antique and simple paths so far removed from the highways of modern life. "The Broadstone of Honor," by Kenelm Digby, is a most astonishing and beautiful production, which a well-known writer of the last century has characterized as "that noble manual for gentlemen; that volume which, had I a son, I should place in his hands, charging him—though such admonition would be needless—to love it next to his Bible."

Our own days are too practical for such men as Phillipps de Lisle and Kenelm Digby. We have not time, in the midst of our material and sordid lives, to pause and commune awhile with such noble, chivalrous spirits. The old scholarship which was theirs must be shaped for us in new and modern patterns. Religion was the most vital thing in life to men like these, whose number, always small, is rapidly growing smaller. "Society" is the watchword of our time, the pivot upon which all else turns. Its claims are all-engrossing. Men and women have little time for reading and much less for study. Books we have enough, and too many. They are a delusion and a snare; because, for the most part as empty as pretentious, they hardly give food for even surface thought to their hurried and bewildered readers.

There is charity and benevolence in our day,—at least we vaunt it loudly; but it is only the surplus that the rich man casts abroad. Who ever hears now of any one crippling himself in the cause of religion or charity, unless it be some overworked laborer or overburdened washerwoman?

Hope-Scott was another fine and noble character. In the beginning, like so many others of the Anglican converts, he used all his efforts to reconcile the discrepancies of doctrine in the church to which he belonged; but, finding this impossible, he took his fate in his hands and came over to Rome.

He was the son-in-law of Lockhart, therefore the husband of the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. He came into possession of Abbotsford, and was the inheritor of great wealth, which he used generously and wisely. In a summary of his life and character Newman said: "He was one of those rare men who do not necessarily give a little of their increase to their God: he was a fount of generosity ever flowing. It poured out on every side—in religious offerings, in presents, in donations, in works upon his estates, in care of his people, in almsdeeds. As all his plans were upon a large scale, so were his private charities."

And yet the greatest trials and sufferings were inflicted upon him; but he bent beneath the rod of chastisement with the most Christian resignation. His was one of those happy souls who, putting their hand to the plough, never looked back but fared steadily onward.

In the early days of the general movement toward the Catholic Church there were a number of ladies whose zeal in good works was commensurate with their high rank and condition. Foremost among these, perhaps, was Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the daughter of Earl Granville.

Her father was ambassador to Paris; and it was while there that she met and married, in 1833, a young Irishman, Mr. Alexander Fullerton, an officer in the Guards. Although a native of the north of Ireland and belonging to a bigoted family, he became a Catholic, and his wife soon followed

him. The loss of her only son, while it shadowed her life, brought out all the finest qualities of her nature. Henceforth she belonged to the poor and suffering.

Lady Fullerton was a most talented and accomplished woman, as her novels, once very widely read, bear witness. These were all written with a high purpose; and it is said that the most popular among them, "Ellen Middleton," is really an account of the process going on in her own soul at the time she was writing it. Very soon afterward she entered the Church.

Mrs. Craven, the author of several attractive books—the first of which would entitle her to the gratitude and admiration of posterity,—was a friend of Lady Fullerton, though of an entirely different cast of mind. Her story recites no tale of self-sacrifice or devotion to charity, but her life had also its trials and abnegations. She was pre-eminently a woman of the world—living in it and loving it,—but religious to the heart's core.

Her principal work, "Récit d'une Sœur," translated under the title of "A Sister's Story," was at once unique and beautiful. It made the most profound impression at the time it appeared, as being a true history, yet written in a fascinating and incomparable style, such as few novelists have attained. It is the history of her own family—or a portion of it,—of people living in the world according to its actual ways, yet whose inner existence was as mystic as that described by Thomas à Kempis.

Mrs. Craven's biographer—Mrs. Bishop—herself a talented and cultivated woman, writes of it thus: "Mrs. Craven believed in a response from conscience at a time of what Montalembert calls 'robust incredulity,' and she got it. It was but the story of a love exalted by suffering and

sacrifice,—the story of six deaths; of lovers bound closer than those which human passions can forge; of parents to whom their children are gifts from God; of children to whom their parents seem guardian angels.”

The book, after passing through numerous editions, and being read the world over by Catholic and Protestant alike, was crowned by the French Academy.

It is to be desired that some Catholic publisher with cultured taste and necessary prominence, either in the United States or in England, would issue a uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Craven. We question whether they are well known, or in the majority of cases known at all, to the Catholic young people of this generation. Issued in attractive form, without that plethora of cheap paper, hideous illustrations, and superabundance of cheap gilding, for which our publishers are mainly distinguished, they ought to sell, and would help as antidotes to the silly, not to say harmful, trash they see spread out before them every day.

Will some one not try it? It seems to the old foggy writer of the present sketch that a Christmas or birthday or premium gift of one or all of Mrs. Craven's interesting and admirable stories ought to go very far toward revolutionizing the deplorable taste now evidenced in many Catholic homes, where the dwellers cling to the letter, and are even proud of it, but seem to order their lives in a manner entirely foreign to the spirit of the Church for which their ancestors endured, battled, suffered and died, in days not so far distant from our own.

(To be continued.)

Tim Darney's Recovery.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

ALTHOUGH Tim Darney had always been called half-witted, and really was, in some respects, different from other people, there was nothing about him to which the most critical could object in his habits, morals, or daily life. On the contrary, he was of a pious disposition, with a most kindly and amiable temperament. The children all loved him, and Tim was never happier than when surrounded by a group of little ones.

His father had been a small farmer, who when dying had left all he possessed to his other son, Dan, who, though several years younger than Tim, was in full possession of all his faculties, being known as a thrifty, industrious and capable man. There was no fear in the mind of the dying father but that Dan would do his duty by Tim; and the young man, faithful to his promise, made everything comfortable and easy for his brother as long as he himself remained unmarried.

Four years after the father died, however, old Peggy, who had kept house for the Darneys since the death of their mother when they were both children, was called upon to pay the debt of nature, and the brothers were left alone. If it had not been for this circumstance it is unlikely that Dan would ever have married. But, feeling the need of a woman about the house, which had been so neatly and comfortably kept for many a year, Dan began to look around for a wife, whom he soon found in the person of Mary Daley, a middle-aged spinster who had come from Dublin to visit her cousins in the village. She was rather good-looking, and public opinion, while it wondered why Darney had not chosen some one nearer home, was unanimous

ALL understanding of history depends on one's understanding the forces that make it, of which religious forces are the most active and the most definite.

—Lord Acton.

in deciding that Dan had found a helpmate who would increase rather than diminish his store.

The first misgiving Dan felt was when Mary said to him, about a week before the wedding:

"And what about the poor idiot brother, Dan?"

"Sure Tim isn't an idiot, Mary!" Dan hastened to answer. "He is not all there, to be sure; but he's smarter than many that are credited with all their wits."

"He has a queer laugh," continued the prospective bride. "It sends the shivers through me. 'Tis the laugh of a child from the throat of a man. And he seems *always* to be laughing, Dan."

"And isn't that better than if he'd be cross or cranky?" asked Dan. "He's always as you see him. Not a bit of bad temper has Tim, poor fellow!"

"And he'll be living with us still?"

"Where else would he live, Mary? Half of what I have is his by rights, and 'twas my poor father's dying word that I'd never forget to look out for Tim,—though there was no need of it, God knows!"

"In America, and even in Ireland now, Dan, there are places where people like him stay. They're never safe. One can not tell when they'll break out in rank craziness. I'm not used to that kind of people about me. I've half a mind—"

"Is it to break off the match, Mary?" interrupted Dan, rising to his feet. "If so, I'll not try to hold you. To choose between renouncing my brother and taking a wife will make very short work. God would punish me if I let such a thought as putting Tim away enter into my mind. While I have a roof over my head that roof shall cover my brother Tim."

But the astute Mary had never contemplated such a contingency. She had merely wished to sound Dan on the subject; intending, if their views

did not coincide, to abide by the decision of her future lord as gracefully as she could. Very gently, therefore, she laid her hand upon Dan's brawny arm as she replied:

"Now, Dan, don't be so wrathful. Whatever you say will be law with me. I merely thought 'twould be well to come to an understanding about all things before the words were said. No doubt but I'll get used to Tim in a few days. Is he clean with his food, Dan?"

"Clean with his food? Of course he is. Tim Darney could sit at table with the finest in the land."

"And is he in any way useful?"

"Useful, is it? I don't know what I'd do without him at all, Mary. He milks the cows and takes care of the fowl; he's a good hand at thrashing and mowing; he's an all-round helper."

"Well, well, now! Who would have thought it? I've always been told that those kind of people weren't to be depended upon."

"Mary, you have a wrong idea of the boy entirely," said Dan. "You've hardly spoken to him; you don't know him. In the house he is like a good, biddable child."

"Yes, I'm beginning to understand. It will be all right. Don't be vexed, Dan,—it will be all right, I'm sure. And now we'll talk about the new furnishing."

That night as Dan was taking a smoke before going to bed he said to his brother, who sat on the other side of the hearth, also pulling at an old pipe:

"Tim, it's settled that Mary Daley and I are to be married the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday."

"Yes," replied Tim. "I was preparing myself for it. I've heard the neighbors talking lately."

"And what do you think of the girl, Tim?"

"If you want the truth, Dan, she has

too long a nose and too sharp a chin to suit me; but she looks like a clean, tidy woman, and no doubt she'll keep the house comfortable for us."

"That she will, my boy."

"Will I be giving up my little room, perhaps, Dan?"

"And for what?"

"Oh, I don't know! I thought maybe she'd be needing it."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Dan. "That room is yours, Tim, as long as the house belongs to the both of us. If we ever need more room than we have now 'twill be easy to build."

Six months from that night Dan Darney lay in his coffin, killed by a falling tree. The widow mourned loudly, if not long; but the sods were not yet green on his grave when she informed Tim that her brother was coming down from Dublin to manage the farm for her.

"Very well," said Tim. "It needs a master, Mary. Poor Dan was a capable man. I'm doing my best, but that best isn't much."

"And—Tim," added his sister-in-law, "I'll be needing the little room. My brother has a wife and two children, and we'd be crowded."

Tim looked at her and asked:

"Where shall I go, Mary? What is it you want me to do?"

"There's a good barn; the loft is higher than the ceiling here—in the middle; and there's a good floor."

"You're right, Mary. 'Twill serve me well."

"And, Tim, my brother's wife is a delicate woman. She was born in America and has very nice ways."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mary," said Tim in his usual quiet tone. "'Twill be very pleasant for you to have her. And now what more were you wanting to say?" he continued, with the acuteness characteristic of his kind,—an acuteness with which his sister-in-law was by this time very well acquainted,

and which often made her feel rather uncomfortable.

Her swarthy face flushed darker as she answered:

"'Twouldn't be a great deal of trouble for you, Tim, and it might be more pleasant for the whole of us, if you'd do your own cooking after this. There's plenty of room in the loft. I'll buy you a little stove, and you can have some of the saucepans, and a frying-pan for the bacon. There are plenty of vessels and dishes."

"Thank you!" responded Tim, dryly. "It's all the same to me. Persons want to be to themselves, I know. Strangers are often in the way."

Glancing around the room as he spoke, his keen eye seemed to be taking in every article of furniture it contained, in each of which the woman before him knew very well he owned a half-interest.

"To call *him* an idiot!" she mentally soliloquized. "I wonder would he ever try to make trouble for me? He might now; but in case he did I could have him committed as an incapable, and myself appointed guardian."

Their eyes met; hers lowered before the long, keen glance of his. She waited for him to speak again. In a moment he remarked:

"I'll move out as soon as I can get the loft settled, Mary. It needs a good cleaning, then my little things won't take long to straighten."

She did not reply, and in a moment he shuffled from the room.

The next morning the removal was accomplished. On the following Friday the brother came with his wife and children.

Tim continued to do the chores as formerly, until the fault-finding of the newcomer made it almost impossible for him to perform them without reproof. Still more avaricious and cruel than his sister, his aim was to rid the farm of Tim, with the hope that he

might drift away and forget the possessions which were actually his own.

Tim bore with the tyrant meekly, but his patience under persecution only seemed to exasperate his tormentor. One day he was sitting under a tree at the outskirts of the village, making kites for the children gathered about him, when the latest tenant of the Darney farm came jogging by. That night, as Tim sat on the step of his new abode quietly smoking, his sister-in-law came to him.

"Tim," she began, "my brother James says you neglect your work, the way you're fooling with the village children."

"That I do not," answered Tim. "My work for the day was done when he passed me to-night."

"It's a small thing for a grown man to be playing that way," she resumed. "James thinks that a cousin of ours, one Thomas Flynn, would do twice your work—"

"At twice my wages, Mary?" Tim interrupted.

"Wages! Who's talking of wages? Isn't the place half yours?"

"Is it, Mary? Sure I didn't know it."

"Didn't you, now?"

"I thought 'twas Dan's."

"And so it was, to speak right. But in law wasn't the half yours?"

"I don't think it was. Why should it be? What would my father be thinking of to leave the half of it to a poor creature like me? He bade Dan take good care of me; and so he did, God rest his soul! The place belongs to you now, Mary, I'm thinking."

"Is that the law?"

"I think it's the law."

"And you don't claim right or title in the place?"

"I don't."

"Will you sign a note if it's put in writing? My brother James has brought some money into it, and it would be a hard thing if anything

should happen to the both of us and his wife and children be left in the lurch."

"It would that, Mary," said Tim. "I'll sign anything you say, provided you let me stay where I am. I can earn enough outside for the bit and the sup, only don't put me off my father's land."

Mary turned and went briskly into the house. In about an hour's time she returned, accompanied by her brother, who brought a paper, which Tim obediently and gratefully signed. By its premises he renounced all claim in his brother's estate, but there was no provision made with regard to his remaining on the land. Of this omission, however, Tim in his simplicity was not aware.

Several months passed, during which life was made so unpleasant for Tim that one morning the widow and her hard-fisted and hard-hearted brother awoke to find him missing. In a few days they learned that he had taken service with the parish priest, and their anxiety with regard to his welfare was at once abated. They had never been neighborly, and the farmers about them now kept more strictly aloof from them than before. But they went on accumulating pounds and pence, and were rather pleased than otherwise to be left to themselves.

At the expiration of three years a much desired farm adjacent to their own became vacant. To unite the two pieces of land began now to be the ambition of Mary's life. However, money which she had placed at interest could not be suddenly recalled, and not a day passed that she did not fear some one else would get hold of the piece of land. She could neither sleep nor eat for thinking of it.

One evening as the family sat at table her brother asked:

"What has become of Tim? I saw a new boy grooming Father Keveny's horse to-day."

"I don't know and I don't care," she answered tartly. "He'll not be greatly missed, wherever he's gone."

With this remark the subject was dropped.

Six weeks later Mary met Father Keveny on the road. He reined up his horse to speak to her.

"I was on my way to your house, Mrs. Darney," he said, "to tell you the good news."

"And what is that, Father?" she inquired.

"Tim has been up to a hospital in Dublin, and he's quite cured of his slight infirmity."

"Of what infirmity, your reverence?"

"Well, you know he was supposed to be a little queer."

"More than a little, your reverence. I wonder you could put up with him."

"I never had any fault to find with him. And a friend of mine, a celebrated doctor, down for a little vacation with me in the summer—a great man for new discoveries, by the way,—thought he could cure him. It was some depression of the skull, and he *did* cure him. He's as well as any of us to-day, thank God!"

Mary's face grew white. What if Tim should begin to assert his rights now? But she had the paper safe and sound in her strong box at home. Do what he might, he could accomplish nothing.

"I'm thinking, your reverence," she replied, feeling called upon to say something,—“I'm thinking maybe half of it was shamming all the time.”

The priest waived argument. He had further news to impart.

"But there's something else, Mrs. Darney," he went on. "Did you ever hear your husband mention an uncle, another Tim Darney, who went to America in early days?"

"No, Father, I don't recall it."

"I myself remember him, though I was but a small boy when he went

away. He died there two or three months ago, and left his namesake Tim three thousand pounds."

Now Mary's face went red.

"Three thousand pounds!" she repeated,—“three thousand pounds!”

"Those are the figures, Mrs. Darney."

"And we never to hear of it, your reverence!"

"You hear it now. It was to be kept a secret till it was known how the surgical operation would turn out. If it had not been successful, Tim would have had to have a guardian, you know."

"Yes, your reverence. "And where is Tim now?"

"At my place. Perhaps you and James might like to call on him and congratulate him on his good fortune."

"He's not working for you still, Father?"

"Oh, no! He's quite the gentleman now, Mary. He has a fine suit of clothes—and—but wait till you see him. Still nothing could change Tim's true heart,—neither money nor the lack of it. I thought you would be glad to hear the good news, Mrs. Darney."

To this day Mary Darney could not tell whether Father Keveny was quizzing her or not. She hardly knew whether she were awake or dreaming. With a pitiful attempt at a response, she said:

"Yes, your reverence, to be sure 'tis good news. Maybe you'd ask him to come down to the house to us. He's more light-footed than we are."

"I'll give him your message, Mrs. Darney. Good-morning!" said the priest, riding briskly away with a smile on his countenance, which told how well he had enjoyed the woman's discomfiture, surprise, regret at the course she had taken with "the idiot," as she had called him within hearing many and many a time.

That night a council was held at the farm, and next day the oldest boy was

sent with a laboriously penned note to the house of the priest. The note was for "Timothy Darney, Esq.," and was delivered to him in person.

"Tell Mrs. Darney I'll be there," said Tim when he had read it.

With the hearth swept and garnished, a neat little supper prepared, and the family in their best clothes, they sat that evening before the fire waiting for a knock at the door. It came at last, and Mary Darney the widow answered it. There stood Tim, in a neat gray suit, cap in hand, his hair trimmed, his face grave but kindly in expression, looking ten years younger than when he had last crossed the threshold of his father's house.

"God save all here!" he said.

"God save you!" answered Mary, extending her hand and giving his a cordial shake. "'Tis welcome you are again to your father's hearth," she said with effusion. "'Tis welcome you are, and thankful and glad the whole of us at the good news of every kind the year has brought you."

"The same says myself," blurted out James, also shaking hands with the visitor. "Come up to the fire, Tim: 'tis a trifle cold. And, Aileen, here's Tim come home to us again."

Aileen, his wife, now emerging from the bedroom, came forward more timidly than the others had done.

"Mary," said James, "put on the supper: we'll have a bite together."

"I thank you kindly," interposed Tim. "I had my supper an hour ago. I'll sit at the fire while you eat. Don't delay on my account."

He spoke pleasantly, but no persuasion could induce him to partake of the repast,—a circumstance which made the others feel rather ill at ease. But there was no help for it. This was a different Tim from the one they had known; and they felt themselves quite unnerved for the task they had set themselves to do.

Tim did not refuse a pipe, however; and when the dishes were cleared away, and the women sitting with their knitting near the fire, after several interchanges of glances with her brother, Mary began:

"Tim, since you've been so favored by God in different ways—that is to say in having your brain mended and the money left you,—there's no place so fit or so proper for you to be in as your own father's house. So whenever you say the word—and I hope it will be soon—your old room is waiting for you."

"Is it the loft you mean, Mary?" inquired Tim, with a humorous smile. "I don't think I'd care for it. 'Twas rather long and narrow, and a trifle cold in the winter."

"Go away with you!" cried Mary, with the ghost of a smile. "You know well it isn't the loft I mean, but your own little room, that was yours from a boy in your father's house."

Tim looked slowly about him.

"This isn't my father's house, Mary," he answered gravely. "Heaven, I trust, is his blessed dwelling this night, and poor Dan's also, God rest their souls!"

"Well, your own house, then," said Mary, with another desperate effort.

"And 'tis not *my* house, Mary," he replied, looking thoughtfully into the red coals. "It belongs to you. I wish you no ill, my woman,—nothing but good luck, and plenty of it. But the house was never built that was broad enough or big enough to hold you and me. I'll not beat about the bush, Mary,—and that's the truth. It doesn't matter now. The Holy Mother of God has been very good to me. There was never a day when I was too busy to say the Rosary in her honor, and she did not fail me in the time of need."

He shook the ashes from his pipe and rose to his feet. It seemed to the lookers-on that he had grown in

breadth and stature, so straight were his shoulders, so erect his form.

"O Tim!" cried Mary in desperation, seeing all hope of gain to herself from Tim's legacy melting into nothingness, as he faced her calmly and coldly on the hearthstone of his fathers, from which she had driven him. "Tim *alanna*," she went on, "don't cherish ill-will. Let bygones be bygones. And you know how Dan always craved the Maher farm. It's to let on a long lease, and I've been striving hard to get it; but we've all our money out at interest with the Doyles, and we can't call it in till the time's up. And we're so afraid, Tim, that—that some one will get it ahead of us."

She paused for breath; and her brother, taking up the refrain, as he pushed her gently backward, said in a voice more calm:

"Yes, Tim, we were thinking that maybe you'd lend us the money till we could call our little savings in from the Doyles; and perhaps you'd take a hand in it yourself."

Tim had been slowly edging toward the door as the man and woman made known their hopes and desires. Now, standing with his back to it while he slowly lifted the latch he replied:

"Yes, I know about the Maher farm. Mary and James, I'm afraid you'll both be disappointed. I have taken the Maher farm, and I'm going to stock it and refurnish the house in a week's time, as I'm to be married to Mary Keveny—Father Keveny's niece—on May morning, please God. And now I'll be bidding you all good-evening!"

Without waiting for them to speak—and they could hardly have spoken in their rage and despair,—Tim Darney softly opened the door and went forth, leaving the brother and sister scowling in each other's face. But Tim strode gayly back to the rectory, whistling "Garry Owen" through the still, clear night.

One Red Rose.

IN some parts of the world it is the picturesque custom to pay, as the annual rental for property, one red rose. In 1750 Baron William Stiegel, of Germany, came to this country; and, being a rich and generous man, he built the town of Manheim in Pennsylvania, and appropriated land for a Lutheran church, for which as rent he asked but one red rose each June. The old Baron died in want,—indeed, it is said he was for some time in jail for debts he owed and could not pay; but he would never take more than that one sweet rose. The ceremony of giving it is still kept up; and in the new church on the original site there is a window dedicated to the memory of Manheim's founder, the decoration of which consists of red roses.

In another location in Pennsylvania there is an inn called the Rose Tavern, the site of which was granted by no less a person than the famous William Penn, in return for the yearly payment of one red rose.

In England this peculiar method of paying rent was very common. We read of a Bishop of Ely who let a house, in return for which he was to receive a red rose on Midsummer Day, ten loads of hay and ten pounds a year; also the privilege of walking in the garden and gathering twenty bushels of roses each summer, if he cared to do so. Verily there must have been rose gardens worthy the name in those old days.

IF a man does not exercise his arm, he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul,—no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth.—*Henry Drummond.*

Notes and Remarks.

There is something peculiarly unreasonable in the outcry against the steamship companies who convey steerage passengers from Europe to the United States for ten dollars a head. If it could be shown that in consequence of the low rates imbeciles, criminals and paupers were being dumped into our coast cities to become a charge on other citizens, there would at least be a canny human wisdom in the protests of the press. But as the *New York Sun*, which is not commonly thought of as a poor man's paper, remarks:

There is no reason why a ten dollar immigrant should not be as good a man as one who pays twenty dollars for his passage. Among those who take advantage of the present reduction in rates to come to this country will be many who will develop into sturdy Americans—patriotic, industrious, prosperous and happy; and of such we can not have too great a number, no matter what fare they pay coming over.

It would, however, be good economics to discourage the practice of immigrating temporarily to this country to secure money on which to live comfortably afterward in Europe; it would also be an effort in the direction of conserving morality. Priests who labor among certain classes of these immigrants have assured us that the experience of men who leave their families in the old country while they themselves herd in crowded boarding-houses is injurious both to faith and morals.

Lord Kelvin is a man we like to quote. He always has something to say that is worth hearing. Even his after-dinner speeches are thoughtful, not "mere bunches of words held together by thin cords of humor, and impressive only by vigorous ahems." In proposing the health of the American ambassador at the annual Fourth-of-

Tuly banquet in London, the venerable scientist remarked that ambassadors were the peacemakers and the peace-preservers of the world. Wars were the failures of diplomatists. All that men could do by peaceful negotiations to secure what was just and right had been done by ambassadors. Their endless patience in unravelling the Gordian Knot rather than handing it over to be cut by the sword was a living lesson in practical Christianity sometimes much needed by the people for whom they acted. The sacred functions of the ambassador did not end with the securing of peace: he rendered peace happy for us and permanent when we had it by promoting good will and friendly intercourse among the nations of the world.

It would be hard to name offhand an ecclesiastic more familiar with modern thought than the Rev. Dr. Barry. It would be almost equally difficult to name one with as rare a gift of expression. He knows the time and speaks its language; and this double advantage has for years opened up for him missionary opportunities which are closed to most other Catholic writers. His unsigned essays in the famous *Quarterly Review* and his printed volumes have not escaped criticism among ourselves; but, after all, we shall never lack "safe" defenders who write in the style of "The Key of Heaven," while champions like Dr. Barry, who something venture but also something win, are as rare—and as unappreciated—as Cardinal Newman's. Here, for example, are some paragraphs recently contributed to one of the London dailies by Dr. Barry:

Neither science, art, literature, social activities, nor any of the sects which spring up and putrefy in our sight, has discovered the secret of life; criticism, revolt, the rehabilitation of the flesh leave men where they lay, diseased and impotent. On the other hand, consider this: wherever the individual is brought face to face

with Christ, in prayer, in retreat, by some accident (which is Providence) in his march, if he will take there is something to receive—a power that can change him for the better. That ideal, which no criticism has dethroned, which rises above all moralities and all metaphysics as unapproachably divine, is also real, with a substance and a strength of personality never to be transcended. Religion may die out of the hearts of many, but Christ does not die....

My conviction is that the age of secularism now upon us will be a crucial experiment to mould private character and sustain the public order without reference to God or Christ, or any other world beyond this; that the trial will be made everywhere, as it is now making in France; that it will create—all it ever can create—widespread ruin, moral disorder on a scale never known since the Roman imperial days, and possibly civil wars such as the Reformation and the French Revolution witnessed; but that as a constructive effort it will fail. In the long run it will demand too great a sacrifice from the individual to society, from the many for the sake of the few, from the weak to the strong, and from the miserable to the prosperous. We know how Christianity began and where. It has two motive powers which I can perceive in no other creed of civilization—man's infinite sorrow and his unconquerable hope.

The immediate object of all writing is to get itself read. This hurrying modern time has little stomach for hackneyed formulas of speech, and no leisure for prophets of a stammering tongue. Dr. Barry has written some pages that do not commend themselves to conservative minds; but at least he escapes the commonplace, he achieves freshness, and he is one of the few Catholic apologists that make an impression on the age.

Mr. J. Napier Brodhead, writing from Switzerland to the *Sacred Heart Review*, says:

When the New York dailies kindly advise the clergy in France to give up what they are pleased to call "salaries" and adopt the American system, they merely betray their ignorance of the situation. The French clergy and the Catholics would most gladly sacrifice everything, even to the noble church edifices built and endowed by the piety of their ancestors during long generations, if thereby they could enjoy liberty as it is understood in the United States. But all the

alleged projects of "separation" are merely projects of "strangulation." The articles of these projected laws are absolutely unacceptable, and would render the existence of the Church impossible in France.

Perhaps the greatest mistake we are all making about the French situation is to worry over it. The "good Catholics" of the country abstain from voting and seem to be happy enough; the bad men are on horseback; and a few professional acrobats have the centre of the stage for the time being. It is quite possible that if the international eye were once determinedly removed from both the acrobats and the "martyrs," normal conditions would be speedily restored.

"I have no patience," said President Schurman to the students of Cornell at commencement the other day, "with the college graduates who deliberately elect bachelorhood, whose social circle is the club, and whose religion is a refined and fastidious epicureanism. It would not be worth while maintaining colleges and universities for the production of froth like that." A "refined and fastidious epicureanism" is just the sort of "religion" that would counsel a young man to elect bachelorhood; and the fact that college presidents have been rather conspicuous of late for their admonitions against lay celibacy is proof presumptive that the colleges feel they are graduating bachelors in more senses than one, and, inferentially, that a little more of the old-fashioned religion of effort and sacrifice might profitably be introduced into the curriculum everywhere.

"In all ranks of the [British] navy Roman Catholics abound," says a London daily. One of them, Lord Walter Kerr, has been lately promoted to be Admiral of the Fleet, after five years' service as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty; another, Sir Hilary Andoe,

has been Admiral - Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard; and a third, Rear-Admiral Bickford, is identified as "that nice Captain Bickford" of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Vailima Letters." To this information the London *Tablet* adds: "The daily paper's allusion to the admirals who are Catholics reminds one of its correspondents of the close connection between the great name of Nelson and theological polemics. The nation's hero himself was, of course, the son of a parsonage—that of Barnham Thorpe. The brother who succeeded him was a clergyman; upon whose death, without male issue, the title passed by remainder to the son of Mrs. Bolton, the wife of another clergyman. 'The grandson of Mrs. Bolton,' the contemporary chronicler adds, 'is the present Earl, long one of the chief figures at church congresses. One son of the Earl went to the rectory of Shaw. Another son, destined for the same ministry, together with another brother, and their mother, the late Countess Nelson, have boarded the Bark of St. Peter,'—a feat of spiritual seamanship of which even a Nelson may be justly proud."

"Death, war, disease and divorce are the arch-enemies of the family," said the Hon. W. P. Breen in his presidential address to the Indiana Bar Association convened at Fort Wayne on the 13th inst. The whole address was an eloquent and energetic appeal to the lawyers of Indiana to take high ground on the subject of marriage, to bring about the abolition of laws permitting absolute divorce, and to dissuade litigants wherever possible from entering on divorce suits. We quote one of the many electric passages to be found in President Breen's noble discourse:

If any one asks the question, "What is the best divorce law?" there is but one answer—"There is none." The great profession of the law will not stand in the way of a reform which

is demanded by the sense of our higher civilization, even though the change may affect their emoluments. . . . There may be cases in which it may seem that a husband or wife bears a heavy burden, for the relief of which a divorce seems the only proper remedy; but the greatest good to the greatest number should be the objective point of every law. And individual cases of hardship can not be considered if their consideration involves the retention of a system engendering demoralization of society and the perpetuity of an evil which will not lessen, but will grow to such a force as to threaten the existence of the body politic.

Mr. Breen believes that legal separation without permission to remarry would afford all reasonable relief in cases where marriage is a hopeless failure; also that even that relief would be seldom demanded once the hope of another marriage were eliminated. "Experience will demonstrate that there will not be one limited divorce where to-day twenty-five absolute divorces are granted." From the fact that Mr. Breen's address was received with enthusiasm by both the lawyers and the press of the State, we may hope for some measure of much-needed reform in the divorce laws of Indiana. The Bar Association, under the leadership of a great lawyer like Mr. Breen, can accomplish such reform if it is in earnest.

Supposing the newspaper reports of the case to be correct, the comment of the *Pilot* on the alleged exclusion of colored people from a Catholic church leaves nothing to be desired:

The Baltimore priest who has no room in his church for the Negro is singularly out of harmony with the broad spirit of Catholicity on the race question, and must not be supposed to represent any one but himself. The white, black and yellow students side by side on the benches of the Propaganda, the black priest at the altar of St. Peter's, Rome, with white acolytes it may be, are the Church's profession of faith in the unity of the race and the spiritual equality of all men.

It is safe to say, however, that some distortion of the facts has taken place. It was another Baltimore priest, his

Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, who spoke out most uncompromisingly a little while ago against the discrimination involved in "Jim-Crow cars." If the Cardinal does not object to sitting beside the colored man and brother in the street cars, it is hardly probable that one of the Cardinal's priests would object to the presence of a colored Catholic in his church. It "don't stand to reason nohow."

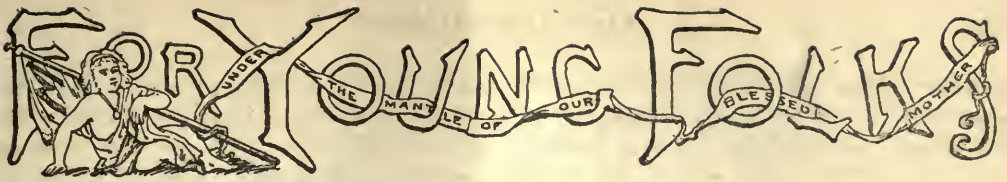
At a recent meeting of the English Archæological Institute Mr. C. R. Peers read a most interesting paper on the White Monastery near Sobag, in Upper Egypt, exhibiting plans thereof. This monastery, founded by St. Shanûda in the fifth century, was one of the most important in Egypt; and its church was held to be one of the largest in the world, and was accounted a substitute for Jerusalem for those who could not make that pilgrimage. The remains which exist at the present day, neglected and desecrated, are sufficient to give some idea of what the splendor of the first foundation must have been; and even in their present condition are architecturally finer than any other Christian building in Egypt.

The monastery consisted of the great church with its enclosure, standing in a large walled precinct planted with trees, and containing all the living-rooms and offices of the monastery. At the present day the enclosure of the church alone is standing—a massive rectangular block of masonry, 120 by 240 feet, with walls some 45 feet high. Within this enclosure is what remains of the church; the triapsal eastern sanctuary and one bay to the west of it alone being roofed, all the rest ruined and built over with the brick houses of the Coptic community who make the place their home. At the back of the northern apse, and entered through a room formerly the library of the monastery, is a fine stone stair, its steps formed of ancient Egyptian ceiling

slabs, doubtless brought here from the ruins of the neighboring ancient city of Athribis. Throughout the building pieces of undefaced ancient Egyptian work are to be found; and in the floor of the eastern part of the ruined nave is a pavement of marble and granite slabs, many with hieroglyphic inscriptions, which suggests that here was the enclosure of the choir when the church was complete with cancelli and ambones like those still remaining at S. Clemente in Rome.

Commenting upon the refusal of the House of Lords to take even the preliminary steps for securing a modification of the terms of the Royal Declaration, the *London Tablet* remarks: "The faith of twelve million subjects of King Edward is to be periodically insulted from the steps of the throne. At the beginning of each reign the Catholics of England must hear themselves publicly branded as idolaters by the sovereign who invites their loyalty and allegiance.... The language of the Declaration is so monstrous and so indefensible—in fact, no one does defend it—that if only the question is kept steadily before the public, the cause of decency and liberty is certain to prevail in the end." Certain! Englishmen may be a little slow, but none are more fair.

In connection with the "movement of petitions" to solicit from the Sovereign Pontiff the introduction of the Cause of Pius IX., we may mention that only three months after his death (in May, 1878) the bishops of Venetia, many Italian prelates, and the episcopate of Spain joined in an eloquent appeal to Leo XIII. to begin a canonical process having in view the beatification of his predecessor. Their appreciation of Pius IX. was thus expressed: "A martyr in patience, a confessor in firmness, an apostle in charity, and an angel in his life."



The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—HOW THE SANDMAN TOOK KITTY.

IT may not be amiss to take a glance at the house on Fourth Avenue and discover how it was that the Sandman captured the little girl, as well as the manner of his return, and one or two incidents in connection with these circumstances.

After Miss Sarah Tompkins had found that there was nothing further to be done toward discovering Teddy—after she had haunted the station house for dreary days and weeks, with futile inquiries on her part and no less futile promises on the part of the police,—she had finally given him up for lost and set her whole heart and mind upon Kitty. She scarcely suffered the child out of her sight for an instant; she dressed her with exceeding care, though in a severe and unattractive fashion; she fed her with her own hands, and strove by an extra softness to make compensation to the little one for the loss of her brother, to whom she had been always passionately devoted.

But Kitty, who already gave promise of unusual force of character, could not be consoled. With a tenacity of purpose rare in a child of her age, she daily repeated her lament for Teddy, and in her baby language made Miss Sarah understand that she was going sometime to find him. This made the aunt redouble her precautions, lest the child might actually stray away to try to get back her brother from "the bad, bad Sandman."

It occasionally seems, however, as if human efforts are set at naught in a most astonishing manner; and so it chanced that on the very day that the Sandman had come to town and, spiderlike, laid his plans to catch the unwary Kitty, Miss Sarah Tompkins received an urgent call to the office of the lawyer who managed her small estate. It was too far to take Kitty, and she reluctantly left the child in charge of the woman next door, earnestly begging her to be careful.

This the neighbor promised, and she honestly meant to keep her word; but, naturally enough, she was far less anxious than Miss Sarah, and she had never put much faith in the theory that Teddy had been kidnapped. She had always been disposed to think that Miss Sarah had drawn the reins too tight, and that the high-spirited boy had simply run away, going to sea or taking a position in some distant place, and that he would come back as suddenly as he had gone. She had had many a discussion with Miss Sarah upon this very subject, remaining, as people usually do, totally unconvinced by any argument.

Hence it had not seemed to her any harm to let Kitty play out upon the front steps, even though she herself was occupied in one of the back rooms of the house and could not keep a watch upon her little charge. Two or three times she went to the front door to assure herself that Kitty still played in the sunshine; and she took the precaution of fastening the child by her sash to one of the posts, lest she should be tempted to stray away. Her work became engrossing and she presently forgot all about Kitty, who sat contentedly amusing herself with a

tea set, while the Sandman spied upon her from an opposite street corner.

He had expected to have to wait days and even weeks before he could accomplish his purpose, and he could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the child sitting quite alone upon the doorstep. He did not at first perceive that she sat not upon her own steps but upon those of a neighbor; and he feared to make any movement, lest the aunt might be watching from behind closed blinds and suddenly dart out upon him to hand him over to the police.

At last he remembered that the Tompkins house was not the first but the second of two similar ones which stood upon that part of the street, and he was filled with a great joy. He laughed sardonically as he recalled the old fable of the mother bird who had built her nest in a cornfield, and would not move thence, though day after day she heard that the farmer was sending some one to cut the corn. At last the report reached her that the farmer himself was coming; and instantly she called her younglings about her and made ready to depart, saying that when the man had decided to do it himself it would surely be done.

The Sandman argued that this was surely his opportunity: Miss Sarah had evidently entrusted her charge to some one else. He advanced very cautiously, however; and finally stationed himself at the foot of the steps, keeping a watchful eye upon the windows. Suddenly the child caught sight of her formidable visitor and instantly recognized him. Instead of being alarmed, or making an outcry, she at once greeted him with:

"Bad, bad Sandman! Me want my broder!"

Then the Sandman drew nearer and whispered very softly:

"And your brother wants Kitty. Will you come to him, my little dear?"

"Yes, yes, me come!" cried the child joyously, stretching out her arms to the old man.

The latter quickly and deftly untied the sash, and, taking Kitty in his arms, concealed her to a great extent under a cloak which he had purposely donned. He talked to her very gently and caressingly,—never ceasing, however, from his rapid pace till he had got well out of sight of the house. Kitty meantime looked intently into his face and reiterated her demand to be taken to her brother. So the capture was accomplished without the slightest difficulty.

The Sandman, after making a considerable circuit, cunningly boarded a car for the double purpose of proceeding the faster on his way and more effectually eluding pursuit. This pleased Kitty very much, as she had never been in a car before; and she sat contentedly on the old man's knee and beamed on the passengers. She even confided to a kindly woman who sat near that she was going to her brother; and the woman nodded and smiled and said:

"Oh, yes, my pretty dear, you're going with your grandfather!"

No one dreamed of anything wrong, and Kitty herself was delighted with the expedition and with the prospect of seeing Teddy. Her gratification reached its climax when her conductor brought her on board the ferryboat. She enjoyed the motion of the vessel and pointed gleefully to the shining waters below.

"You dood Sandman!" she exclaimed, which pleased the old man greatly.

When the boat reached the landing, the oddly matched pair alighted. There was no carriage or no hunchback in waiting this time; so the Sandman called a cab and got into it with his little companion. This was another new and delightful experience for her; but it proved just a little too much, following upon the excitement of the

afternoon and the fatigue of the expedition. When the carriage had gone but a short distance, she fell sound asleep, with her head against the Sandman's shoulder. He remained perfectly motionless lest he should awake her, sitting stiffly erect, and glancing down every once in a while at the golden hair of the little sleeper, while only her regular breathing broke the silence.

As the vehicle rolled along, he looked forth upon the familiar landscape with a serene and undisturbed countenance, rejoicing in the speedy success of his plan. He felt no remorse. It never occurred to him that Miss Sarah Tompkins had grieved and worried herself almost to death over Teddy's disappearance, and that the loss of Kitty would prove a veritable heart-break. He had formed the opinion, from the conversation he had overheard, that the aunt was a harsh, unfeeling old maid, worn out with the struggle for existence, and continually repining at the burden which had been laid upon her in the maintenance of the children. He felt that he was doing her a positive service in ridding her first of the brother and then of the sister, and providing them with a comfortable home.

He meant to be very kind to the little girl. The severity he had practised toward Teddy and some other boys would not be required with this tiny mite; and he had no very definite ideas of the education of girls one way or the other, where religion was concerned.

It was a strange sight to behold the pair—the old and wild-looking man and the unconscious child—speeding together through the silent, swiftly darkening landscape; the threads of their lives, as it were, intercrossing so curiously. The setting sun at first shed a glory upon the scene, brightening the trees and the grasses and casting

glimmerings and shimmerings amongst the foliage. The birds chirped out their evening song, twittering from bough to bough; and the air blew fresh and cool about the travellers, with the blended fragrance of many flowers.

Presently the sun sank in the west, and it was very nearly dark when the Sandman dismissed the cab at a certain point on the road, and carried the still sleeping Kitty in his arms. For it was his custom to keep strangers as far as possible from his domain, and on no account to permit them to obtain anything like an exact idea of his house and its surroundings.

When seized in this somewhat unceremonious fashion, the child stirred uneasily and muttered some unintelligible words; then her head fell down again on her conductor's shoulder, whilst he strode on over the country, taking a short cut once through a clover-scented meadow, watching the twilight darken and star after star glimmer out in the heavens. The house was reached just as the moon arose pale and white-faced, showing every object with distinctness.

The Sandman was astonished to find the house all dark. Though he was not expected, he presumed that Katrinka would be at her customary post and the boys hovering somewhere about the gallery. He went up the steps, and, finding the door closed, rang a short, sharp peal, which echoed through the house; but there was no answer. He rang again and again; finally he tried the door, muttering to himself strange, foreign ejaculations of anger. The door was locked, but by a sudden inspiration he thought of the peg upon which the key was usually hung on those few occasions when he and Katrinka had both gone out. The key was there, and after some awkward attempts he succeeded in opening the door.

He entered, turning on the lights and

carrying Kitty into the study, where he laid her upon a sofa, carefully covering her up. Then he made his way to the pantry and brought forth cold meat and bread, which he set out upon the dining table, and leisurely regaled himself with the simple fare. He was at all times indifferent concerning the quality of his food, notwithstanding Katrinka's proficiency as a cook; and, moreover, he had a hungry man's appetite.

He did not know where Katrinka had gone; for, in truth, he had completely forgotten about the tower, which the old woman usually visited very early in the morning, very late at night, or at some hour of the day when he was unaware of her absence. Strange conjectures flashed into his mind. Could the boys have persuaded her to abandon his service and go away with them to some place beyond his power? It did not seem probable; and yet as the minutes passed to hours he began to feel uneasy, and, arising, he paced the room. He stopped from time to time listening; or his haggard face peered out into the night, moonlit by that time till it was almost as bright as day.

At last his quick ear caught a sound. It was either Katrinka and the other delinquents or it was some one else; and the face at the window sharpened into more eager watchfulness, and the eyes took on the expression of a wild beast. As Katrinka appeared, trundling her cart, and the boys followed in her wake, his anxiety changed to a cold fury, a ferocity which carried him out of himself. He rushed into the hall to meet the three adventurers. Then he thought of the sleeping child, and suppressed his wrath for the time being.

The Sandman had informed Katrinka of the reason of his departure; and she had supposed that, as in the case of Teddy, he would be absent for days or possibly weeks. She had a wholesome

horror of the Sandman's anger, and was full of dismay when she saw that he had unexpectedly come home. However he said nothing that evening, nor until late on the afternoon of the following day, when, as Katrinka was passing through the corridor, he stood before her with glaring eyes and livid face, almost insane with the fury of resentment, which had suddenly been heightened by the fear that she might have been tempted to betray him. He grasped in his right hand a short riding whip, and, motioning her to approach he dealt her several blows in rapid succession across the shoulders.

The two boys, who were quite near, heard her piteous moans; and, leaving Kitty absorbed with her playthings, hastened to the scene of war. The hunchback was petrified with fear, trembling all over and scarcely able to move; but Teddy, after the first moment of surprise, ran forward, his honest face aglow.

"Say, you stop that!" he cried out. "Aren't you ashamed to strike a woman?"

The Sandman paused with the whip uplifted; and the wretched old woman, clasping her hands, cried:

"Pardon, master! I did not know you would come so soon."

For answer he struck her another blow, which was too much for Teddy. Light and agile as a cat, he sprang at the astonished Sandman and wrested the whip from his grasp.

"You let her alone!" he said.

And the Sandman, to the surprise of both boys, glared at Teddy a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"How would you train a slave, my Alexieff, if not with the whip?"

"There are no slaves in this country!" retorted Teddy, sturdily.

"Ah, but she has come from another country, and I could never have made her the excellent servant that she is without that wholesome discipline!

I like your courage, Alexieff. It is magnificent."

Then he addressed a few words to Katrinka, who slunk away, cowering with fear, and writhing with pain, which she bore uncomplainingly.

"Where did you go yesterday, my Alexieff?" the Sandman asked, beaming benevolently at the boy.

"Into the forest," answered Teddy, laconically. By some instinct he avoided mentioning the tower, which was very wise under the circumstances.

The experience of that awful day was the foundation upon Katrinka's part of a rare devotion to Teddy, of whom she was already very fond. In her own mind she compared him to various knight-errants and heroes of that singular lore with which her mind was stored; while Johnny regarded him with an open and undisguised admiration, as the bravest and noblest personage it had ever been his fortune to encounter. Nor did the incident in any way impair his good standing with the Sandman, who liked him the better, not so much for his defence of poor old Katrinka, which he could not understand, as for the courage which had prompted his intervention.

"Only," said the Sandman to himself, "it will not do to let him grow too masterful. I must take every opportunity to show him that I am master here and that he is bound to obey."

An opportunity was presently offered to him by Teddy's own recklessness and love of adventure, as shall be seen later on.

"I wish I were only as brave as you, Teddy!" sighed the hunchback when discussing the affair.

"I don't think it was particularly brave to snatch away a whip from him. He was half crazed and might have killed poor old Katrinka."

"Oh, I guess she's accustomed to him!" said the hunchback, philosoph-

ically. "I saw him strike her two or three times like that, when he was perfectly furious; but she didn't seem to mind, and was just as good friends with him afterward. Anyway, you know I couldn't do anything."

"No, I suppose not," Teddy assented, glancing at the hunchback's distorted figure. "But if he tries it when I'm around, I'll do the very same thing over again."

The pleasure of Kitty's company altogether diverted the boys' minds from the affair of Katrinka, and she was as smiling and apparently as undisturbed as if nothing had occurred. When Teddy was on his way to bed he met Katrinka in the hall. Without saying a word, she thrust into his hand a large chunk of delicious almond cake, which was one of her specialties in the way of cooking. Teddy was so surprised that he did not even think to thank her, and Katrinka walked off with her swift, catlike tread. It was her way of showing gratitude for his intervention that evening. Teddy waited till she was out of sight, and then, hastening along the corridor in the direction of the hunchback's room, he called softly:

"Johnny! Johnny!"

The hunchback opened his door:

"Why, what is it?" he asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"No," answered Teddy. "I only want to give you some of this cake that Katrinka brought me."

The hunchback eagerly stretched out his hand,—then he withdrew it.

"But your little sister?" he asked, hesitatingly.

Teddy burst out laughing.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" he cried, "you don't suppose a tot like her would be let eat rich cake at night!"

"Oh, I didn't know!" said the hunchback; and, thanking Teddy, he gladly accepted the delicious morsel.

Nick-Sticks.

BY M. F. N. R.

In old times, before the days when every schoolboy knew the multiplication table, and had puzzled his unhappy head over such problems as "if a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in ten days?" very quaint were the methods of keeping accounts. People did not go to bank, neither did they cut off coupons for a living, or financier huge schemes for buying land which never existed with money no one had ever seen. They kept good gold pieces in an old stocking; they worked hard and lived simply, and were happy in their primitive customs,—happier perhaps than the people of our anxious, fretted age.

In England as late as the year 1834 accounts were kept by means of a notched stick, or exchequer tally, upon which even the State accounts were rendered. These tallies were in pairs—one for buyer and one for seller,—the number of notches to correspond on each, showing that a fair record of the sales had been kept. Upon the stick were carved characters, usually in Latin—the language long used as a medium of communication by different countries.

A stick is carefully preserved in the British Museum which has a Latin screeed running its full length, setting forth that it was a record of a State transaction with the East India Company. These sticks were generally made of elm wood splints, and in Scotland were called "nick-sticks"; the baker's boy bringing one every morning to his customers, who put a nick for each loaf they bought.

A curious incident is related of the abolition of these sticks in England. In 1826 it was decided to keep the

accounts of the English Exchequer in pen and ink, notwithstanding that there were many who thought they should be kept as they always had been. But how to get rid of the great piles of sticks? Sensible people said: "Give them to the London poor, shivering in wretched garrets for want of firewood." But no; as a writer caustically remarked: "They never had been useful, and official routine required that they never should be; and the order went forth that they should be privately and confidentially burned."

They were therefore burned in a stove in the House of Lords. Serious as was the battle that was "lost from the want of a horseshoe nail" was the result. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!" The large stove grew hot and set fire to the panelling, the panelling set fire to the room, the room to the whole House of Lords, the House of Lords to the House of Commons, and both soon mingled their ashes with those of the nick-sticks. To-day the cost of the fire is scarcely paid, and the pen-and-ink accounts of the rebuilding of the two Houses of Parliament fill many books.

The Abbot's Light.

The story of the Abbot John is quoted by many writers and told in various ways. There was undoubtedly a holy anchorite by the name of John who lived in a cave about twenty miles from Jerusalem. Before an image of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Child in her arms he was accustomed to keep a candle burning. When he took a journey, either to Mount Sinai or the desert or the tomb of a martyr, he would ask Our Lady to guard the candle during his absence; and he invariably found it burning upon his return, no matter how long he had been away.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Rev. Dr. T. J. O'Mahony, of All Hallows College, has gathered the philosophical and theological verses intermittently published by him into an attractive volume entitled "Wreaths of Song." As these pieces are the product of erudition rather than of inspiration, they will not appeal strongly to the general reader; but old students of Dr. O'Mahony will doubtless be glad to have them in this durable form. Published by the Abbey Press.

—The death was announced last week, at the venerable age of eighty-six, of Father Thomas Alder Pope, of the Birmingham Oratory. He had been associated with the Oratorian community for almost forty years. Like numerous other sons of St. Philip in England, he was a convert from Anglicanism, and had been a clergyman of that denomination. Father Pope was a distinguished classical and mathematical scholar. His most important contribution to literature was an excellent translation of Cardinal Capececiatro's admirable life of St. Philip Neri. *R. I. P.*

—The thoughtful address of the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte to the graduates of the University of Notre Dame this year has been issued in neat pamphlet form under the title: "Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics." A loyal Catholic and a man of large experience in the public service, Mr. Bonaparte has enjoyed some peculiar advantages for the study of his subject, and is thus able to impart unusual freshness to the treatment of it. He is a plain speaker as well as a careful observer, yet the quality most discernible in the discourse is moderation—"sweet reasonableness." One does not commonly look to a serious speech for luxurious reading, more especially in the hot months; but Mr. Bonaparte measures his phrases so nicely and colors them so delicately as to make the reading a delight, even in dog-days. Published by THE AVE MARIA Office.

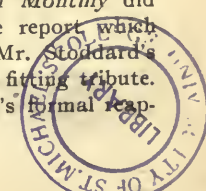
—The phrases of a kindly and conscientious book-reviewer ought to be carefully scanned; he of all persons, it would seem, dislikes to tell the truth brutally. Here, for example, is "The Elwoods," a new novel by Dr. Charles Stuart Welles, prefaced by two pages of "Notices from the English Press," in which most of the reviewers are clearly fighting shy of a plain expression of opinion; yet author and publisher as clearly believe that the cloudy and indirect sentences will pass for praise. The truth, the plain truth, is that "The Elwoods" is the work of an undisciplined mind; that its substance is indigested, its structure amateurish, its style commonplace;

and its views of life, marriage, religion, government, and economics often decidedly eccentric. It would be wise policy for readers to pay no heed to the laudatory clippings which publishers prefix to advertisements, unless the publisher has a reputation for candor. We have sometimes been amused by the dexterity with which an innocent phrase of ours, abstracted from the middle of an adverse review, has been made to do duty as an expression of unmixed delight in some such book as "The Elwoods."

—We are sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Edward Preuss, for many years editor of the *Amerika* of St. Louis, one of the leading German Catholic papers in the United States. He was a convert from Lutheranism and had been one of its ablest champions in Germany. Among several books which he wrote against the Church was an attack on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the ablest refutation of which, strange to say, afterward came from his own pen. Dr. Preuss was a man of deep faith, tender piety, and ardent zeal for the spread of the Faith which he had once so strenuously combated. *R. I. P.*

—In the course of an extended review of the new volume of the gigantic series of Oxyrhynchus Papyri, ably edited by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, the *Athenæum* observes: "We need not tell our readers that early texts of our Scriptures produce no startling results; if our classical texts, which date from the ninth century and later, are found to agree wonderfully with the newly discovered papyrus fragments of the first and second centuries, how much more certain is it that our fourth-century copies of the New Testament represent accurately the earliest copies only 200 years old! And so, in fact, we find it to be. Whatever doubts we may have concerning the authority of the New Testament, the genuineness of its texts as copies of the documents originally selected by the Church as canonical is beyond dispute."

—The following characteristic communication from Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, being a reply to an obituary notice, appears in the current number of the *Overland Monthly*. During his severe illness last spring the report got abroad that Mr. Stoddard had actually departed this life, but it was quickly followed by the joyful news of his rapid convalescence. By some accident the editor of the *Overland Monthly* did not hear a contradiction of the report which had caused so much grief to Mr. Stoddard's friends, and hastened to offer him fitting tribute. The gracefulness of Mr. Stoddard's formal rep-



pearance is in keeping with the gratitude of a host of friends and admirers. It is to be hoped that the final exit of one who would be greatly missed will long be delayed:

Dear Friend, whose Name I Know Not:—

In the Easter number of the *Overland Monthly* you have strewn the flowers of rhetoric upon my not unpremeditated grave. How can I thank you for a kindness—a loving kindness—the breath of which is as fragrant as the odor of sanctity? I was indeed dead, but am alive again! In a spirit of tranquillity, the memory of which shall sweeten every hour of the new life I have entered upon, I received the Last Sacraments of the Church. Do you know how one feels under such circumstances? I feel as if I had been the unworthy recipient of some Order of Celestial Merit.

I know how awkward it is for one to reappear upon the stage when one's friends have said their last adieu; but it was not my fault that I arose from the dead and have clothed myself with this fleshy robe and am in my right mind, as all who have seen me hasten to assure me. It is a reincarnation, with a memory richly stored—a memory that embraces the details of a life led in some other, more shadowy world. The perspective of my past is glorified—I had almost said sanctified,—but I am painfully conscious of the conspicuous anticlimax in the foreground. Anticlimaxes are fateful and hateful, yet this anticlimax I must wrestle with even unto the end. It may be, it must be, that being spared, I am spared for a purpose. In this hope I seek consolation; for I have unwittingly undone what was so prettily done for me. My anticipated taking-off was heralded to slow music; and had I not missed my cue, my exit should have been the neatest act in all my life's drama.

I beg forgiveness for having spoiled the consistencies, and offer the only apology that is left to offer—the prayer that I may be enabled to live up to my epitaph.

I know not what use you can make of this letter, unless you make it public in order that my readers may know that I am I—and not another posing as the ghost of my old self; and that I am yours, faithfully, affectionately and gratefully,

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *À Kempis*. \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson*. \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea*. \$1.50, net.

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman*. \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert*. \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska*. 75 cts., net.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel*. \$1, net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham*. 40 cts., net.

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Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Benedict Menges, O. S. B.; Rev. John Grant, of the diocese of Buffalo; and Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, C. P.

Brother Jeremias, C. S. C.

Sister M. Isaac, of the Daughters of Charity; Sister Loretto, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister Agnes Adena, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Frank Zimmer, of Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Alexander Forbes, Edinburgh, Scotland; Mrs. Catherine Foley, Middletown, Conn.; Miss Matilda Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. William Hughes, Arcata, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Kohl, Blairsville, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Madigan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Gerard Reiter, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Cornelius Droogan, Albany, N. Y.; and Mr. John Cushing, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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NO. 6.

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At Niagara.

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

MY God, the beauty of Thy strength is here!
 I quail not at the torrent's pitiless sweep:
 The crushing triumph of its giant leap
 But thunders music to my reverent ear.
 Without Thee, nature were a hideous leer—
 A mocking dream of beauty and of joy:
 Brute force, producing only to destroy:
 But Thou dost thrill me with a loving fear.
 Thy boundless might with fostering care is blent.
 The Hand that launch'd the wheeling orbs of space
 Feeds the young bird and tends the violet's
 growth.
 Then how could I, a favor'd child of grace,
 Feel atheist here, or recreantly loth
 To meet the smile of Love Omnipotent?

Some Old Irish Shrines, and Chapels on Bridges.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

BESIDES the many ancient churches dedicated to Christ's Blessed Mother, such as Glastonbury, Lavington (near Whitby), Abingdon, and the "round church of Our Lady at Hexham," with its four porticos looking toward the four quarters of the earth—built, or, more correctly speaking, begun by St. Wilfrid of York, and finished by Acca, his intimate friend, afterward Bishop of Hescham,—we find others quite as venerable in Ireland, "where," says a reliable authority on this subject,

"foundations in honor of Our Lady are coeval with St. Patrick"; the Abbey of Canons Regular at Trim, which contained the most celebrated sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin in that country, having been founded by Erin's holy patron as early as the year 432. "To this hallowed spot," we are told by Cogan, "many pilgrimages were made," and there numerous miracles were wrought.

There is an interesting confirmation, dated at Avignon, in the fifth year of his pontificate, by Gregory, of a grant of privileges to the Abbot of Trim by Celestine III., 1191-1198. Again, in 1472, we learn that an act was passed in a parliament held at Naas which confirmed letters patent granting to this same Abbey of Trim "two water mills, with the entire manor of Mathreene, in the parish of Trim, and all the timber and underwood lying thereon, for building the said mills; also the custom and services of the villeins in the manor of Trim, for the purpose of erecting and supplying a perpetual wax light before the image of the Blessed Virgin in the church of the said house, and for supporting four other wax lights before the said image on the Mass of St. Mary; also for confirming the other letters patent granting the sum of £10 to find a perpetual Mass in the said house," and so forth.

The celebrated image of the ever-blessed Virgin at Trim, or Ath-Trim, "which used to perform wonders and

miracles," was, like that noted one at Walsingham, burned by order of the commissioners of Henry VIII.; "and there was not in Erin," says a chronicler of that day, "a holy cross or a figure of Mary over which their power reached, that was not burned."

Again, we find that a greatly venerated image of Our Lady stood in the abbey church of Navan. To this shrine flocked crowds of devout persons from all parts of the island. "Princes and peasants, rich and poor, hastened thither to offer their petitions." And we have abundant proof of the number and popularity of these pilgrimages from the fact that, in a parliament held in Dublin in the year 1454, it was ordered "that letters patent of the King be made, in the form laid down, for taking into protection all people, whether rebels or others, who shall go in pilgrimage to the convent of the Blessed Virgin of Navan."

Another highly esteemed Irish image was that of "Our Ladye of St. Marye's Abbey." The legend concerning the origin of this abbey is too quaint and curious to be omitted. It runs thus:

"About the time that the O'Tooles swayed, an honest goodman named Gilmohollmot lived between the plane called Clonlife, where it now standeth, and Clontarf, by the river. It pleased God to trye the patience of the man and his wife Rosina by visiting them with blindness, which affliction they bore with greate submission and patience, never repining at the said affliction but giving thanks to God....In this state they lived a greate while, disposing very charitably of what God had sent them unto the poore.

"One day," the story goes on to say, "Gilmohollmot, after distributing to the needy as was his custom, sat on a greate logge of wood before his doore, and on a sudden he smelled a very sweet savour. At last he wondered very much to feel a branch that sprang out of the

block of wood; yet feeling again, his hand lighted upon an apple, though it was now winter time." The man, taking the apple, "ate of it and immediately received his sight. Then calling his wife Rosina, he, feeling another apple on the same branch, gave it to her, by which she received her sight also. And another being left, he bethought with himself of Malaghlín, the King of Meath, who afterward was called Malachias the Great, being monarch of all Ireland, who was at the same time blind in the monastery of Timonshall, Tharagh. Being come to where he was, Gilmohollmot gave him the apple; and upon eating the same the said King received his sight and blessed God."

Eventually we learn that Malachias gave Gilmohollmot "twice as much ground in exchange for that place called Clonlife, which he desired," believing it to be a hallowed spot; and, having dedicated it to Our Lady, he built upon it a "monastery for fryars, who were bound to praise God and honour her name." It is remarkable that the image, which was so greatly venerated by pilgrims to this ancient Abbey of St. Mary, is carved out of the trunk of a tree; whilst Our Lord, who is represented in His Blessed Mother's arms, holds an apple in His hand.

This image is mentioned in connection with Lambert Simnel, A. D. 1487. "They say," writes Ware, "that the crown wherewith he [Simnel] was crowned was borrowed from the statue of the Blessed Virgin Marye kept in a church called by her name, situate near the gate called the Danes' Gate, Dublin." This very ancient crown was of silver, and double arched, like those to be found on the coins of Henry VII.

In Walsh's "History of Dublin" (1818) we read that one John White, whose name occurs as Mayor of Dublin in 1424, 1431, and 1432, bequeathed a girdle of the price of twenty shillings to

the image of "Our Ladye the White," presumably Our Lady of the Snows. The fact is in itself a proof that the image in this Church of S. Maria Alba was held in special esteem.

One of the most venerable and beautifully situated religious houses in the whole of Ireland was the monastery of Oirbhealach at Carraig-an-Chinil, at the eastern end of Lochlein, in the diocese of Ardfert, in Munster. This favorite abbey, standing within the demesne of Muckross, whence it has taken its modern appellation, "was founded for Franciscan friars by MacCarthy More, Prince of Desmond (Donnel, the son of Teige, or Cormac)". Amongst the many celebrated chiefs who selected burial places for themselves in this well-beloved spot we find the names of O'Sullivan More and the two O'Donohues. Wadding also notices how, out of love for Our Lady, the faithful earnestly sought to obtain a last resting-place within the beautiful and venerated precincts of the far-famed Abbey of Muckross.

The image of Christ's Blessed Mother there was held in singular reverence. "When the English," we are told, "were devastating the abbey, and had torn down and trampled on the figure of Our Lord on the rood, some of the friars carried off the image of Our Ladye, and placed it at the foot of a dead tree which had lost its bark. Lo! immediately the dead tree revived, and budded forth leaves and shoots, which formed such a thick shelter that the rain never penetrated for a year, and concealed the statue."

In the Dominican Priory at Kilcorbain there was a celebrated image called "Our Lady of the Rosary." This image was doubtless an object of pilgrimage; for we read that it was noted for "miracles."

Whilst speaking of churches either specially dedicated to or containing some famous image of Our Lady, a

few words must be added concerning the chapels which stood on bridges,—those little chapels so much frequented by our Catholic forefathers during the Ages of Faith. As the bridge was, in many cases, the chief thoroughfare, it offered a most suitable and convenient site for a chapel. The bridge, moreover, was a singularly fitting symbol of her who is to lead us across the treacherous and swiftly-flowing river of this mortal life to the glorious city of our God.

Numerous expressions from the Fathers and other spiritual writers who succeeded them refer to the Blessed Mother of God as the Bridge. St. John Damascene calls her the Bridge which leads to the Creator; St. Proclus, the Bridge by which God descends to man; St. Andrew of Crete, the Bridge conducting mortals to heaven; Bernardine de Busti, *Maria....Pons periculosi mundani fluminis*. And thus it is that so many bridges are to be found in Great Britain which even to this day are called by Mary's name; and in by far the greater number of these bridge chapels Masses were said at an extremely early hour for the benefit of travellers.

At Lynn-Episcopi, now King's Lynn, a chapel of Our Lady stood at the east end of the bridge. Wakefield, we are told by a reliable authority, "possesses a chapel on the bridge, which is one of the gems of Yorkshire." As to the foundation of this beautiful little chapel, we find by charter, dated Wakefield, thirty-first year of the reign of Edward III. (1357), that the said King vested a rent charge of ten pounds yearly on William Kay and William Bull, chaplains, and their successors forever, to celebrate divine service in the chapel of our Blessed Ladye, then newly erected on Wakefield Bridge.

In 1398 there were two chantries ordained in this same chapel, "which were founded by William, the son of John Terry of Wakefield, and Robert de

Heth, or Heath, who obtained licenses of the King—Richard II.—to give and assign to the chaplains celebrating divine service in the chapel of St. Mary on Wakefield Bridge ten pounds rent." Leland, referring to this chapel, says: "There is also a chapel of Our Lady on Calder Bridge, wont to be celebrated a *peregrinis*, . . . the faire bridge of stone of nine arches, under the which renneth the river of Calder; and on the east side of this bridge is a right goodly chapel of Our Lady, and cantuarie priests founded in it." "This chapel," remarks a non-Catholic historian, "has been rebuilt in perfect accordance with its original design, and is, perhaps, as pretty a specimen of the style of architecture of the time of Edward III. as will be found within the compass of the three kingdoms."

In 1485 a bridge of three arches was erected across the river Don at Sheffield. This bridge was called St. Mary's Bridge, and on it was a chapel of Our Lady, in which Mass was regularly celebrated. George, Earl of Shrewsbury, K. G., Lord Steward of the King's Household, in his will, dated August 21, 1537, amongst other bequests of a similar nature, leaves thirteen marks yearly to a priest who must sing Mass for his soul in the chapel of our Blessed Ladye of the Bridge in Sheffield, 'for the space of twenty years next after his decease.'

Again, at Bradford, there is a bridge which, though dedicated to St. Osith, or Sitha, still goes by the name of Ive, or Ivy Bridge; and it has been suggested with a considerable amount of reason that the word Ive is merely the modernized form of Ave; thus the Ave Bridge would have derived its appellation from the custom of saluting some statue of the Blessed Virgin which doubtless stood there, though the chapel itself was dedicated to St. Osith.

At Leicester there was a chapel of Our Lady on the Brig, which is men-

tioned in the will of William, Lord Hastings, dated June 27, 1481: "Also I woll that myne executors do make new and edify the chapell of Our Ladye called the Chapell on the Brigge, at Leicester; also that they finde a preste in the same chapell by the space of seven years next after my decease, to say daily Mass in the same chapell, and other prayers as shall be ordeigned by myne executors."

At Blythe there was either an image or a chapel; for in 1347 Alice, wife of John Henriot, bequeaths to the light of Our Ladye on the Bridge of Blye her green tunic with its hood; while Leland mentions "Our Ladye Chapell on Avon Bridge," at Brightstow, the modern Bristol.

At Beccles, in Suffolk, there was a chapel of Our Lady, with an anker, or anchorite, at the foot of the bridge. It is interesting to note that whilst this chapel had an *anchorite*, those at Court-up-Street, in Kent, and Quarry Well (Our Lady of Grace, near Plymouth), each had a *hermit*. We may add, for the benefit of those who perchance are not aware of the fact, that the difference between an anchorite and a hermit is this: a *hermit* might leave his cell, but an *anchorite* never went beyond the threshold of the building in which he had vowed to live and die.

At Aberdeen in Scotland, a town under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, as the armorial bearings—a pot of lilies—sufficiently prove, there were two chapels of Our Lady: one *at* the Brig of Dee, and one *on* the bridge. Of the latter no particulars are forthcoming; but we find mention of the former, which would appear to have been near the bridge,—hence its appellation, *at* the Brig.

On the 7th of July, 1559, Bishop Gordon, the last Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, "gave over the silver work of the cathedral to the keeping of the canons"; and, amongst other articles,

reference is made to "Our Ladye chalice of the Brig chapel," weighing twenty ounces. "Nigh to this chapel at the Brig of Dee," we are told, was a noted holy well, dedicated also to the Blessed Mother of God. Again, authorities on this subject say that a chapel used to stand near the old bridge of the Don, which spans the river Don, near old Aberdeen.

At Perth there was a chapel situated at the foot of High Street, or North Street, near the old bridge; and in this little wayside sanctuary a certain historian says that "no traveller, however wearied, omitted to put up his Ave." Even as far back as the year A. D. 1210, when it was considerably injured by a fearful inundation of the Tay, this chapel at the bridge is described as an old, *old* building. It was afterward re-erected at a safer distance from the river; and subsequent to the so-called Reformation a portion of it was used as a prison—the "Old Prison," as it is called. "With the exception of part of St. John's Church, this is the only remaining ecclesiastical memorial of the ancient hierarchy in Perth."*

A chapel dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin was built, together with the bridge at Leeds, in 1376. It stood at the northeast end, and at the dissolution of chantries under Edward VI. it was made into a school and eventually into a warehouse.

St. Dunstan's "Penitential" mentions road-mending and bridge-building among the good works incumbent on the rich. Old chronicles tell us that many bridges were built out of piety; many, too, were erected by monks and priests. As a matter of fact, the first wooden bridge in London was built by monks, and the first stone bridge by a secular priest. It is to be questioned if

perhaps one in a thousand of those who are so lavish in their praise of beautiful latter-day structures, such as the modern Tower Bridge, London, ever pause to reflect that it is to the cowed and tonsured religious or the humble ecclesiastic, who lived in an age commonly termed "Dark," that we owe so large a number of the comforts and conveniences of our twentieth-century civilization.

In his "History of Wiltshire," Sir Richard Hoare gives a detailed account of the bridge and chapel built over the Avon at Salisbury, where Mass was said at dawn every morning, and to which a hospital for old people was attached. "The mastership before the Reformation," he remarks, "was as profitable as it was honorable, from the vast sums they had daily given for oblations, etc., in the chapel, wherewith divers lands were purchased."

Leland, in his "Itinerary" (II., p. 76), speaks of many bridges which were built as an act of devotion. To give only one instance: "The Bridge at Bedford-upon-Turege is a very notable work, and hath twenty-four arches of stone. A poor priest began this bridge; and, as it is said, he was animated to do so by a vision. Then all the country about set their hands unto the performing of it, and since lands hath been given to the maintenance of it. There standeth a fair chapel of Our Lady *trans pontem* at the very end of it; and there is a fraternity in the town for the preservation of this bridge, and one waiteth continually to keep the bridge clean from all ordure."

The source of revenue by which bridges were built and repaired, and hospitals maintained, was, we need scarcely add, entirely cut off by the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, when, as a well-known writer on this particular subject justly remarks, "barriers had to be substituted on our bridges in the place of

* See "Book of Perth," p. 76. By John Parker Lawson, M.A.

open chapels, and forced tolls instead of voluntary offerings."

In addition to the Ladye chapels on bridges, there are several others, famous alike for their antiquity and for the interest which surrounds them. They were distinct from the chapels in churches, cathedrals, and religious houses; and their number proves how great was the devotion of the pilgrims who frequented them.

Which Shall It Be?

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

ROBERT MERTON threw aside his pen, leaned back in his easy-chair and gave a sigh of relief. Had his mood been a gayer one, he would probably have smiled; but in the last few months he had had so little reason to smile that he could express his satisfaction only by a deep sigh. Perhaps the lines around his mouth and the furrows between his brows were rather less sharply defined than usual. Poor Robert! he had met with many disappointments of late.

The desk at which he was sitting was strewn with the sheets of a manuscript, the last page of which was not yet dry. The eye of the writer rested upon it with an expression of mingled pride and pleasure. After a moment's pause he once more took up his pen and wrote under the last line: "The End. Robert Merton." Then, glancing at an almanac that hung upon the wall, he exclaimed aloud: "It is finished, thank God, and a week before the time!"

He next took up a letter which was lying among the sheets of paper, and read it through for the second time. It ran thus:

DEAR SIR:—I am much pleased with the first chapters of your novel, as also with the plot. It appears to be quite superior to any manuscript which you have submitted hitherto. But there is no time for delay. The whole of your work must be in my hands by the 30th inst., so that, provided the remaining portion corresponds to the opening chapters, I may give orders to begin printing it at once. May I therefore request you to be punctual? It will not be difficult to come to an understanding as to terms.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES HAYWARD.

"To-day is only the 23d," he said in a tone of triumph, regarding the closely-written pages with a look which was almost affectionate.

He carefully arranged them in order, according to the number on each sheet, and wrapped up the whole in brown paper. Then he once more leaned back in his chair, while his gaze wandered idly over the dull and dreary street until it rested on the chimneys of the opposite houses. He could not repress a feeling of pride at having been able to write as he had done, in spite of such mean and depressing surroundings. How easy it must be to give full play to the imagination in a comfortable home, amidst beautiful scenery!

A slight sound in one corner of the small room arrested his train of thought. The expression of his features changed and hardened as, without turning his head, he said in a tone of cold severity:

"Leonard, come here for a minute. I want you."

A boy of about eight or nine years shuffled slowly out of the corner and timidly approached his father, doing so with evident reluctance.

"Dada!" he whispered in a voice that might have belonged to a child of two.

An impatient gesture of the parent, on whose nerves the shrill accents of

his little son evidently had a rasping effect, checked all further utterance.

He gazed in silence at the boy,—at the round, staring eyes, in which expression was totally lacking; at the half-open mouth, and the thin hair which hung sparsely about his prominent forehead. Such was the appearance of his son. What indeed was he but a hopeless idiot? And there were persons who firmly believed in the doctrine of heredity!

The door of the room was opened quickly: the rustle of feminine skirts caused the expression of Robert's features to change as if by magic.

"Dear Helen," he said in a tone of affectionate reproach, "how long you have been away!"

"So you have really missed me?" replied his wife. She had a large basket on her arm and her dress was anything but fashionable or smart.

"Mammy, mammy!" exclaimed the boy in a plaintive voice, awkwardly stretching out his arms to his mother and clasping her round the knees.

She soothed and kissed the child—oh, so tenderly!

"Be quiet, darling!" she said. "See, mother has come home to Leonard. Be quiet, darling!"

"Only think, Helen, I have finished my book! It has been accepted," Robert announced, with shining eyes.

She hastened up to him and assured him that she had always known him to be possessed of no ordinary talents,—to be, in fact, a real though undiscovered genius.

Encouraged by the success some short articles of his had met with in periodicals, Robert Merton had been foolish enough to relinquish an appointment, which, although the salary was small, afforded the family the means of livelihood, in order to devote himself to writing, which he deemed to be his vocation. For the past ten months, however, their sole source of

income had been the modest allowance made to Helen by her father. It would have been much more liberal had he not disapproved of her union with Robert, on the score of the latter's inability to support a wife. As a matter of course, their circumstances had become exceedingly straitened of late; yet their mutual affection had not been diminished by the struggle they had found themselves compelled to wage with poverty.

An only child, Helen had quitted a home in which she had enjoyed every comfort and many luxuries in order to marry the man of her choice. The suitors for her hand had been numerous; for, although her features were not regular enough for beauty, their expression was charming, and she was altogether a very attractive person. Moreover, her father was known to possess a large private fortune. She had from the first endeavored to make herself acquainted with everything that the wife of a poor man ought to know; and, since they now had only her allowance to depend upon, she courageously dispensed with their one maid-servant, doing all the work, with the exception of the roughest, with her own hands.

On the present occasion she had just returned from a shopping expedition, and she proceeded to unpack the capacious basket she had brought with her into the room. Last of all she took out a brown paper parcel, saying as she did so:

"Look, Robert, I have bought a packet of manuscript paper for you, as I thought you must be wanting some more."

"An excellent idea!" he rejoined. "I have only a few sheets left. Now that the tide of our fortunes has turned at last, we must set about finding a more suitable place of abode. You must not resign your post as minister of finance; for it is only your clever little

head that has kept the wolf from our door. Sit down and let me read you the concluding portion of my novel. I want to know if you think it ends well."

Robert spoke with almost boyish eagerness.

"How impatient you are!" she gaily retorted. "If you forget that it is tea time, Leonard certainly does not."

The poor little fellow had been watching his mother's movements with fixed attention. She stroked his head and forthwith disappeared into the adjoining apartment, which did duty as kitchen. Ere long the clatter of cups and saucers announced that the preparations for their simple meal were going forward; and when the table was spread in the sitting-room, Leonard hastened to seat himself at it. The brighter mood of his parents had a sensible effect on him, though his clouded intellect could not have understood the causes of the change. He was extraordinarily sensitive as to the attitude of those about him in regard to himself; and was perfectly aware that his father disliked him, in spite of all that his mother could do to conceal the fact,—which indeed was only too apparent.

The want of toleration evinced by her husband concerning the deficiencies of their only child often caused her the deepest pain, notwithstanding her constant and persevering efforts to find excuses for it,—endeavors which were, however, generally unsuccessful, and more often than not only served to irritate her husband. On this particular evening her mother's heart went out more than ever to her boy, and her eyes were dimmed with tears while she undressed him (for he was as helpless as a very young child) and laid him down in his little bed in the attic where he slept.

"Alas," she thought to herself as she closed the door behind her, after

imprinting a tender kiss on his cheek and commending him to the care of his guardian angel, "would that I could do more for my boy! Would that I could teach him to say his prayers, to love and serve God! Is there no hope that the dormant intelligence will one day awaken,—that the reason, the soul, will assert itself? O Mother of Mercy, look in pity on my poor boy, for the love of Thy Divine Son!"

Leonard was not wholly an idiot. He was obedient and docile; and his fond mother fancied his features assumed an expression of reverence when she made him cross himself or kneel beside her while she uttered a short prayer on his behalf. She had also taught him to articulate a few words, but beyond this her efforts were fruitless. In the impossibility of any religious training she met with no sympathy from the child's father. He had always called himself a liberal Catholic; and since his marriage, to Helen's great distress, he had gradually abandoned the practice of his religion.

II.

In spite of the fortunate turn that affairs seemed to have taken, a vague sense of dread, an apprehension of something terrible about to happen, weighed upon Helen's mind as she descended the steep and narrow staircase which led from the attic to the floor beneath, occupied by the Mertons. She had so long schooled herself to appear cheerful in her husband's presence that he could detect no trace of the depression she felt when she opened the door of the parlor where he was impatiently awaiting her.

"What! two candles, you extravagant man!" she exclaimed, playfully threatening him with her forefinger.

"Well, well!" he said. "On the strength of my success, you must be somewhat more indulgent now. Besides, I really can not see to read my manuscript by such poor light."

He had unwrapped the manuscript and now began reading the concluding portion of it; while Helen, seated opposite to him, industriously plied her needle. Now and then her hands dropped into her lap as some passage of thrilling interest arrested her attention. She was always a lenient critic, and not a very able one, it must be confessed; for her gifts were those of the heart rather than of the head. When he had got to the end he once more wrapped up the closely-written pages, sealing them with elaborate care.

An hour or two later stillness reigned in the house, the lower part of which was inhabited by the landlady and her son. Mrs. Perkins kept a grocer's shop on the ground-floor.

Robert was still in his first sleep when he was suddenly aroused by a sense of breathlessness, a feeling of suffocation. A confused murmur of voices fell upon his ear; a few moments more and he distinctly heard the cry, "Fire! fire!"—a sound which strikes terror into the stoutest heart. Through the smoke which filled the apartment he discerned the motionless form of his wife, who was already half suffocated by the fumes.

"Helen, Helen!" he cried.

There was no answer. Hastily throwing on his clothes, he snatched her from the bed, wrapped a coverlet round her and bore his unconscious burden safely into the street; for the staircase had not as yet been touched by the flames. Friendly neighbors took charge of her, and no sooner did he know her to be safe than an all-engrossing thought took possession of his mind:

"My novel,—my manuscript will be destroyed!" This one idea excluded every other.

Instantly he turned to re-enter the burning house though restraining hands strove to prevent him from rushing as it seemed, to certain destruction. With almost superhuman strength he wrested

himself free from those who sought to detain him. Before he had reached the top of the stairs another thought struck him:

"The child, the child! My novel, my novel!" he repeated, this time aloud. "How can I save them both? *Which shall it be?*"

It has been well said that when confronted with an unlooked-for emergency we are what we have made ourselves, since it is repeated action which prepares us for a sudden resolve. Neglect of religion had blunted Robert's moral sense; it could scarcely be expected that he would have a very strict sense of duty. And now some demon seemed to whisper in his ear: "It is impossible to rescue both: surely you will save your manuscript, upon which your future and that of your wife depends, rather than a helpless, useless being, who is a mere encumbrance, and who has rendered your struggle for the means of subsistence all the more difficult."

Robert had so often yielded to the suggestions of the evil one that he was unable to resist them now. With frenzied force he hurled himself against the sitting-room door, which at once gave way. The heat was wellnigh intolerable; for the oil and other inflammable materials which were stored behind the shop had fed the fire, and short tongues of flame were beginning to appear here and there between the boarding of the floor. Half-blinded by the smoke, he groped about the room, until after several futile attempts he made his way to the side table where he remembered to have placed the brown paper parcel. Eagerly his hand closed on it. Now how should he return? In passing the window, the panes of which were already shattered by the heat, he paused a moment to draw breath; and a shout arose from the crowd assembled beneath as they caught a glimpse of him amid the

volumes of smoke rising from the doomed building.

"He has gone to save his child! He is risking his life for the half-witted boy! Poor Leonard!"

"*He has gone to save his child!*" These words seemed to pierce him like a stab from some invisible dagger. He made for the door of the attic where Leonard slept, but before he could reach it a burst of flame rendered further effort out of the question. With the instinct of self-preservation, he turned to leave the house. Where the staircase had been, now yawned a fiery abyss. He felt that he was lost,—lost together with the precious parcel in order to save which he had sacrificed his child.

He felt himself lifted up by strong arms and borne, as it seemed to him, through the air. Then he altogether lost consciousness, and was not aware that he was being carried out of the burning house into that of the same kind neighbor under whose roof his wife had already found shelter.

(Conclusion next week.)

Contrasts.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE tempest's tumult shakes the firmament,
But greater power is in the silence pent;
The towering forest fills with sound the vale,
But song bides in the tiny nightingale.

The season's flowers illumine the garden close,
But summer's soul is in the wayside rose;
The morning star gleams bright above the dawn,
But sunrise leads the daylight's glory on.

The whiteness of the cloud fills up the eye,
But warmer fire is in the azure sky;
The rank weed only taints the meadow's air,
But fragrance of the grass spreads everywhere.

The mortal lip of man with breath is fraught,
But quicker life is in the throb of thought;
The builded home of man claims all the sod,
But one babe's heart is room enough for God!

The Land of the Pilgrim Poor.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

OF all the countries under the sun, the land that we call "holy" is perhaps the least hallowed. Held by an unbelieving nation, taxed until it has become a treeless, wind-torn waste, rainless save when the winter torrents wash the thin earth from the rocky hillsides, it has not only to support the children of its soil but those other wanderers whom love and faith make natives. From all the ends of the earth they gather on the coasts of Palestine, eager dreamers and tottering students, longing to lie down in their last sleep near the walls of the holy cities; every one of them—Christian, Mohammedan and Jew—a drifting derelict. Sometimes they have a little money,—a very little; more often they are dependent on the charity of far-away friends,—a charity that grows daily more forgetful until at last they are left penniless strangers in a strange land.

A few fortunates come accredited as professional prayer-makers at the shrines: Russians who petition at the Holy Sepulchre for an heir to all the Romanoffs; Turks who clink their rosaries in Omar's Mosque for the sultan's safety; Jews who shout the Lamentations before the Wall of Wailing. And these fortunates receive each morning from their grateful brethren—just their daily rations!

And the others? No one knows exactly what becomes of the others. Sometimes they die with merciful quickness; sometimes they drag their weary bodies to the gates of the great hospices; more often they can only live,—live the long anticipated life now become a bitter reality,—live worn and hungry and cold, eking out a miserable existence through the freezing dank of the winter rains and the blistering

summer heat. From Dan to Bersabee the very soil of the Holy Land is saturated with their suffering; from the Western Sea to the great Eastern Desert they and the curious trades they follow are always in evidence. Since the days of Joshua the woodland and waters of Palestine are free to each man's daily need. Even under Turkish misrule the fallen boughs in the forest, the dates of the village palm trees, the lake or river fish, and the standing crops by the wayside are no man's property, as many a poverty-stricken pilgrim knows to his comfort.

In a country where there is no commerce and little agriculture a day's work for a day's wage is hard to find. There are no horses to hold in the city streets, for the thrifty Syrian rides the humbler ass; no letters to carry, for the Moslem seldom writes; no small field work that the *fellahin* can not do. The victim of forgotten promises must create his own employment, and he does it with the ingenuity of biting necessity. One sees him digging saltpetre from the ancient ruins to sell for making native gunpowder; washing the saline earth as if it were gold-filled. One sees him burning débris, that he may sell the ashes for fifty cents the hundredweight to the soap-makers. One sees him picking mica for the bazaar-keepers, or drying grapes into raisins in the sun. In the intervals of his work he buys a penny's worth of dried locusts from the smokehouse-keeper, and pays a *para* (one-twentieth of a cent) for the right to fry them on a red-hot copper plate. If the day be warm, he pawns his useless coat for a penny and feasts on the value of his raiment, knowing full well that the dealer must allow him to redeem his only covering at nightfall in accordance with the Mosaic Law.

Through heat and cold he stands to his task, taxing his half-starved body to the uttermost: beating wood-

ashes and sand into mortar for days together; rebuilding native houses with baskets of glutinous mud; packing grain in the well-like granaries that undermine the fields, or carrying back earth to the rain-washed terraces. The "dead" land becomes the property of the reclamer, but such as he has neither strength nor ambition to reclaim. It is enough if he can be paid in grain for pulling thorn roots from a ploughed field, or stacking sun-dried dung cakes for the owner's fuel heap.

Perhaps he may be allowed to make his home in a neighboring cave, and to fortify the entrance with a wind screen of palm leaves, or in the watchtower of loose stones that stands in every vineyard. In the dry season a patient pilgrim can soon plait a comfortable shelter out of the twelve-foot reeds of which Syrians make their cattle sheds, furnishing it with a bed of pungent herbage, a squared stone seat, a hive-like clay oven, a huge water jar, light as thistle-down, that is spun by any potter for a farthing; and with perhaps one ewe lamb, abandoned by some passing flock that, by an ancient and unwritten law, is free to graze where it will.

Then will the pilgrim begin to feel like a householder again; to dig broom roots for cooking charcoal, and scrape empty olive oil cisterns for his winter's light; to gather thankfully the sweet crooked husks of the prodigal from the carob tree; to plan for his winter coat of goat's hair and his sandals of thick fish skin. Nor is he of the "poor"; for they alone can never live within town walls again, but only in the open villages where the taint that we call leprosy can do less harm.

Sad and slow as such labor is, it at least returns a living wage in a land where living expenses are reduced to a minimum. Thousands of families make their homes in the old tombs, building their ovens on the empty

burial shelves; hundreds of portable beds line the streets, especially near the gates where the charitable are wont to congregate. Here water-sellers stand with their bloated goatskins, offering a refreshing draught in memory of the souls of the dead; here the débris of slaughtered animals is thrown out as waste; here one listens to the first demand for hirelings and sees the Pharisee's distribution of largess.

About the doors of the hovels these people call home, the rudiments of housekeeping are soon learned. Water may be got by tapping the aqueduct built by one Pontius Pilate of unhappy memory; a short fierce fire of thorns is lighted, and a sustaining cup of coffee made from the husks of the berries in a fragment of a broken jar. These housekeepers churn their goat's-milk butter in a kid's skin, treading upon it patiently until the curd is separated from the whey; and after the same simple fashion cheese is made, by curdling the milk with thistles, flavoring with wild thyme, and swinging the skin on a stick. We Western folk have yet to learn that flour and sour milk form the basis of a nourishing and refreshing drink; and that millet bread kneaded with rancid oil is not so bad as it sounds.

The poor of Palestine live and thrive on bread that is merely flaky flour flavored with wild sage; on beans that are soaked and sprouted; on lentils and peas and succulent grasses boiled in watery vinegar; and on nameless messes made savory with the salt extracted from herbs. The men and women who run to the baker's with sherds of pottery know what it is to be thankful for the refuse of the sieve and the watering of the winepress; to watch with hungry eyes the ungleaned field corners, and the olives that garden owners leave on their trees for the poor. They have eaten raw wheat in the harvest, and parched corn with the

husks just singed off; they have hired a warm night's lodging in a cooling oven, or found a day's fuel in the refuse of pressed olives. They have lived on the dust of the balances, and learned by hard experience the "laws of the poor" set down in Leviticus and Deuteronomy.

When all are half starved, the trades that to us seem childish become important. He who is hungry has little leisure when live sparrows may be sold five for a penny,* reeds pierced for pipes at a *para* a piece, or bracelets moulded of terra cotta that—fragile as bubbles—sell for a farthing. Then there are goats to be fed on vine leaves to flavor their flesh for the epicure; birds to be screamed from the ripening grain; malodorous leather water-bottles to be incensed with oak chips and mastic; irrigating canals to be guarded; bitter springs to be sweetened with sprigs of mysterious long-sought shrubs; seed to be trodden into the ploughed fields; jackals to be kept from the grapevines; honeybees to be hunted in the precipices; even the whitened bones of animals to be gathered from the roadside and burned into fertilizing ashes.

Scores of pilgrims have sat impatient watching the quick-growing Jonah's gourds that are readily carved into cups, or have spent days gathering mallows which are sold to savor the bitter bread of poverty. Harsh tasks there are, that even the Arab villagers leave to the stranger: cow dung to be collected and baked for pottery-making or fuel; green wood to be dried lest it smoke in the burning; and vegetable oil to be macerated from the wild ricinus plant for the night-light without which no man can sleep in peace.

He of the quick eye will be hired to pick black rock scorpions from the crannied walls and tares from the

* St. Luke, xii, 6.

ripened wheat, to guard the fire in the stubble and to count the fruit-bearing trees for the tax. He who is old and infirm can yet earn bread and oil by clearing the hoof prints on rocky roads, blowing the chaff from the corn that runs into the measure, piercing the sycamore figs with an iron needle to hasten their ripening, guarding the boundary stones of the public seeded lands, and gathering potsherds to be crushed for cement.

The pilgrim who is an orthodox Jew can find employment possible to none other. There are branches to be cut for the Feast of Tabernacles, stretches of highroad to be patrolled lest uncovered blood-stains cry to heaven for vengeance; * thorns and splintered glass to be buried after the pious custom; white sinews to be drawn from the legs of sheep for sewing the sacred manuscripts; sometimes even long journeys to be taken carrying a Roll of the Law in the bosom, since it is forbidden to lay the Scriptures on an animal or a cart.

Many a Hebrew pilgrim keeps body and soul together by leading a popular cripple to his begging place, by grubbing up worn-out olive trees, by searching out forbidden leaven, or by hunting bitter herbs for Passover. Many a learned rabbi, beloved and honored in his city, spends his days counting the jots and tittles of each newly written Roll to prove it entirely orthodox; cracking a whip in newly sown corn-fields to scare away the buzzards; or sitting at the water's side patiently selecting the clean fish from the unclean, the scaled from the scaleless, as the fishermen bring them ashore. Indeed, amongst the Jews a hundred Levitical occupations give welcome employment to the pilgrim poor.

As in days of old, the sepulchres are whitened for a warning to the passer,

lest an unwary touch cause ceremonial pollution; and the orthodox but careless Jew who is caught abroad by the beginning of the Sabbath casts aside the burden he would willingly carry. One of the few amusing sights to be seen in that land of sorrows is an anxious rabbi dogged on his homeward way by a less scrupulous Jew, who appraises with avaricious eye the robe and purse, the staff and script that the holy man must drop upon the highway once the Sabbath star is seen.

The Moslem pilgrim stands in far less need of pity; for his compatriots hold the land, and the language of the country comes easily to his tongue. Give him a road to sluice, a screaming camel to tend, a bound brigand to drive from town to town, a donkey whose ears must be sewn upright, or an ass to be shorn into patterns, and with his wage he will buy a handful of fried food for a farthing, cover his head and his feet and fall asleep in the nearest mosque court, well content.

Along the dismal shores of the Dead Sea, whose climate only a turbaned head can withstand, special employments obtain; for here is gathered crude nitre, as well as the rock salt called stone of Sodom, that is good medicine for sheep, although far too bitter for humans; also apples of Sodom, from whose vegetable silk a curious twisted match is made; and that thorny *rukkum* which yields an oily nut that, brayed and boiled, returns a balsam capital for bruises.

But it is the women of a country that bear the brunt of utter misery; and the women who come with poor pilgrims to Palestine—for they never come alone—are martyrs in very truth. Even the Christians go veiled, after the Oriental fashion; but the implied seclusion in no way lessens their hardships. Often they have not only to support themselves, but some one more weak and sick than they, earning the

* Numb., xxx, 3; Levit., xvii, 3; Job, xvi, 18.

pittance given such labor as theirs. Some knead mud for the threshing-floors, or beat the tom-tom during the harvest, their shrill staccato intended to cheer the reapers; others collect the stalks that slip from the binders' arms, or gather beet leaves for the tattooers' poultices. A few make cords of date-palm fibres, or weave rope of goat's hair, fastening the strands to a stone and twirling it rapidly. And those who are fortunate follow odd but easy occupations, appraising the beauty of hidden brides for wary grooms, measuring the path to the nearest town when a dead body is discovered in the fields, and making house keys of yard-long sticks into which a few nails are deftly driven.

Such after two thousand years of our so-called brotherhood is the land that the world calls "holy,"—a testimony to the faith that sustains, the courage that never falters, and the cruelty of broken promises.

Random Reminiscences from Various Sources.

V.—OTHER NOTABLES.

AN instance of a whole family of clever persons is presented by the Doyles, of whom the gifted creator of Sherlock Holmes is one; though, sad to relate, he has renounced or become totally indifferent to the Faith of his forefathers.

For many years the elder Doyle embodied in his own person the entire artistic *Punch* of the day, and never failed to be ready with humorous illustration or witty political cartoon, as occasion or fashion required. His sketching was most admirable; his drawings fill volumes.

His son Richard, the famous "Dickey Doyle," inherited his talent, besides supplementing it with graces of touch peculiarly his own. His fanciful exer-

cises were so profuse and at the same time so delightful that one was apt to forget the immense labor entailed upon their production. They seemed the airiest things dashed off impromptu, as no doubt they were; yet they must have been attended with a great deal of arduous labor, they were so manifold. In his day there was no process for reducing large drawings to miniature size. He performed all this work himself with the greatest accuracy and firmness. He illustrated Ruskin, Dickens and Thackeray. But when *Punch* fell into the practice of ridiculing the Pope and the Church, Doyle, with a high-minded conscientiousness as noble as rare, severed his connection with that periodical, thereby losing a very good income.

It is extraordinary how a contribution of this kind to public principle will endure and is never forgotten. His sketches will pass by, or be little thought of; but this story of his sacrifice to principle is constantly revived, always with a tribute of praise and admiration. In fact, it will be the chief memory associated with the name of "Dickey Doyle."

His brother Henry was also a fine artist, and—unlike the elder, who was a quiet, unobtrusive man—had a faculty of making and keeping friends with people of every degree. He was as welcome and felt as much at home in the company of royal personages as with the familiar friends of every day. Yet there was nothing servile or fawning in his manner: on the contrary, it was charming, perfectly independent; and he took his opinions from no man, saying always boldly, yet tactfully, what he thought.

There was another brother, James Doyle, amiable and retiring, with wonderful knowledge of his special department—heraldry and history. He was a most religious, upright and honorable man. The fourth brother

was Charles, the father of the present author, quite famous as a book illustrator. All the brothers were good, practical Catholics.

One of the most striking personalities of his day was that of John Ruskin. Though never a Catholic, and in his youth, from the trend of his education, bigoted, he became, through his ardent admiration for the Church in her artistic aspect, disposed to do her justice in so far as he knew. Indeed, it was once predicted by the most hopeful that he would enter her sheltering fold before his death. But that gift was not vouchsafed him; in the fullest powers of his intellect he had not taken advantage of his opportunity, or perhaps had not recognized it.

Lord Houghton, better known to the reading public as "Richard Monckton Milnes," was a conspicuous man of that time. He was a finely cultured specimen of the old school of letters, always agreeable and accessible. His delicate ballads, which read as though they sprang fully clothed from a poetic soul, really owed their charm and beauty to the exquisite polish he gave them, touching and retouching until he found them perfect, or as nearly so as his art could make them.

He was quite modern in his tastes, familiar with the classics and loving them; but keeping abreast with all the new literature, which is necessary if one does not wish to acquire and deserve a reputation for being *passé*. He was deeply interested in young men and their work. He had a curious hobby for collecting all the poetry that was published, good or bad, all regimentally uniformed as to size, shape, and clothing, and beautifully bound. In his day he was greatly the fashion. It was also the day of "Annuals," "Souvenirs," and "Keepsakes"; and to meet one without a sonnet or some verses from his pen

was to stamp him with the sign of mediocrity.

Thoroughly unaffected and unassuming, Lord Houghton was yet the *grand homme* in manner and bearing. He took much pleasure in the society of good people. Cardinal Manning was a great favorite of his. Boswell has described Johnson's "bow to a bishop," but more striking even was Lord Houghton's reception of the Cardinal, whom he had not seen for a long interval; his bow being compounded of reverence and pleasure, with even a courteous *simulation* of bending over the ring as if to kiss it. But that far his principles would not allow him to go, though his desire might have countenanced it. He was very simple. "I always strive to be humble," he would say; "but, alas! *I know that I am so.*"

Crossing from England to France in our literary and social peregrinations, we find an embarrassment of riches from which it will be possible to cull only a memory here and there for the entertainment of readers who, knowing some notables only by their writings, and others not at all, may find interest and perhaps a spell of amusement in the recital of a few personalities which serve to bring them down to the level of ordinary mortals.

A passing glimpse of the late Ernest Renan can not fail to be of interest to all who know aught of his disappointing history. His appearance was very unprepossessing, and he was exceedingly careless as to details of order and neatness. But he was a master at subtle argument, and could make an extensive show of erudition because of his perfect mastery of himself and the authority of personal experience he brought to bear on his discourses. He had, besides, when he chose to make use of it—as befitting the quality of his hearers,—a colloquial manner of

speaking, which instantly won a popular audience,—unconsciously flattered by this condescension to their own intellectual level. He had profited to the fullest extent by his advantages of study and travel, and also possessed a command of delicate irony and incisive humor which interested and fascinated his audience.

His arguments, however, did not have the same effect upon the well-informed. For instance, Passaglia, the distinguished Orientalist, wrote, paragraph by paragraph, a refutation of the "Life of Jesus," backed by the strongest references. It is to be deplored that the mass of the public have not been as eager to peruse these and other refutations as they were to devour the attack upon the authenticity of the Gospels which created such a stir in the semi-religious and literary world.

A word as we go on Emile Zola. He was a man of great staidness of aspect, and remarkable refinement of speech and manner in ordinary conversation. There would seem to have been two distinctive identities in him: the one natural and normal, the other presenting all the characteristics of an almost bestial mind.

The Apostle of Naturalism, as he styled himself, saw only what was saddening and base in the phases of life he undertook to portray,—grovelling in the filth created by his own ignoble pictures of human vices and almost all human attributes, prostituting his splendid powers to the description of things revoltingly ignoble.

The worst result of all this has been that Zola may be said to have created a school of depraved literature; for his style has been so widely copied and imitated by hundreds of inferior minds that the moral tone of society novels has everywhere deteriorated. One can not glance over the pages of such books without imbibing some of their

corruption; and though it need not be said that they can never appeal to the cultivated intellect or to the refined and delicate mind, they do their work where it is most effectual—namely, among the half-educated, whose tastes are low and circumscribed, and who more than all others need the influences of moral and wholesome literature.

Ferdinand Fabre, another instance of a seminarist either without a vocation or who had lost it by some infidelity to grace, was in many respects a gratifying contrast to Renan. Though in his very readable novels he dwells at considerable length on the faults and foibles of ecclesiastical life, he has given some very fine pictures of noble and devoted priests; dwelling with yearning on the tranquillity of the life of the model country *curé*, as well as on the devotedness of the self-sacrificing pastor of souls.

Ferdinand Fabre's appreciation of the pathetic, and the tenderness of his mode of expression, lend a charm to nearly every page of his writings; and it passes comprehension how he could combine so much variety with so much sameness. Doubtless it is that the delicacy of his appreciation and intimate knowledge of his subject enable him to apprehend, and also to impress upon the reader, varieties of homely incidents unobserved by the passer-by; just as the flock-owner knows all the faces of his sheep, which to the uninitiated seem cast in one mould.

(Conclusion next week.)

WHEN in the sixteenth century a Polish embassy went to Rome for the purpose of obtaining relics for their churches, Pope Gregory XIII., in granting their request, said to them: "Every handful of your soil might serve as a reliquary, for it is soaked with the blood of martyrs."

Marquis John.

BY HENRY DE BORNIER.

XXII.—THE HOSPITAL.

JOHN, with M. Désormes and his son Raoul, dying of cold and hunger, had been found by some Prussians on the battlefield, and carried to the neighboring priest's house, where a hospital was organized under the direction of the aged Abbé Theuré, curate of Loigny.

The wounds of M. Désormes and of Raoul were less grave than was at first supposed, and both were soon convalescent. But John's wound was more serious: inflammation had set in, and he was delirious for several days.

One morning he was less feverish, though still wandering and muttering short sentences from time to time like one in a dream:

"Dear good Christiana! Monsieur Désormes is quite right—Raymonde—Raymonde. — Too rich, too rich.— She likes Clodion better,—lucky dog! The heath—'The Fairy,' 'The Fairy'!"

He slowly opened his eyes and saw in a corner M. Désormes, his arm in a sling, talking to Raoul. At the foot of his bed was Christiana, while Raymonde stood looking at him. Both women wore the stripe of the Red Cross of Geneva.

"You know us, cousin, do you not? It is I, Christiana, and Mademoiselle Raymonde."

John opened his eyes again.

"Yes, I recognize you both, and M. Désormes yonder with his son. I remember now—the wood where we fought the Prussians. Where is De Chazé?"

"He is at Poitiers, and quite well."

"And Madeleine?"

"At the convent of Marmoutiers, near Tours."

"I have been very ill, have I not?"

"Yes, but it is all over now, and we are going to take you back to Marcilly. We have permission, and our carriages have been waiting several days."

"Good! Let us start!"

"When you are entirely well."

"That will be soon. I am so happy."

He did recover rapidly, as he predicted; and as soon as he was able to bear the jolting of the carriage they set out by the Châteaudun route, following the banks of the Loire. The Lude was reached, and thence they proceeded to Marcilly. But the fatigue of the journey proved too much for John, and as they approached the Lizardière a slight relapse took place, and he was attacked with chills.

M. Désormes perceived it and said to the Countess:

"I tremble for John, Madame, in your great castle, without a furnace, where it takes a whole oak tree to warm a room. You had better stay with us at the Lizardière, where you will be much more comfortable. Don't you think so, Raymonde?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, blushing a little.

"I think so too," said John, in a somewhat troubled tone.

The past doubtless had recurred to his mind; but he said, distinctly:

"Yes, Mademoiselle, let us go to the Lizardière."

An hour later John was installed in a warm room, and he was saying to himself:

"Would I have thought it possible a year ago that I could ever enter this house without anger and bitterness?"

He not only entered, but he remained there six weeks, living in a sweet and fraternal intimacy.

Between Raymonde and himself not a word of tenderness passed. In truth, grave thoughts preoccupied them: the sorrows of France, the news of the siege of Paris, the great town now bombarded and a prey to hunger, a

worse foe than the balls of the enemy. The French armies were in retreat; Prussian soldiers traversed the country in all directions. Even in the valley of the Maulne, where the Germans did not establish themselves, some detachments of Uhlans marched in order, as calmly as in their own country; and the disloyal echoes of the hillsides gave back the horrible songs of the enemy.

When Christiana or Raymonde, John or M. Désormes met soldiers on the road, they glanced at each other in silence and entered their homes with a sadness which sought no consolation. But M. Désormes was the saddest of all. The defeat of France was for him the defeat of modern civilization, the crumbling of his theories, the triumph of brutal forces over progress and the future. Perhaps, too, other matters of a personal nature occupied his mind; for he received letters which blanched his face as he read, and the contents of which were known only to his daughter.

One day, seeing her more than usually anxious, John said to Raymonde, with some hesitation:

"What is the matter, Mademoiselle? You seem sad."

"Yes: on my father's account, not on my own."

She said nothing further, and John respected her silence; still he could not but wonder at the mysterious words.

Another day John received a letter which he read aloud to M. Désormes, Raymonde, and the Countess. Mr. Jonathan Muller wrote from America to say that the stock of the foundry where he had placed John's money had increased five times in value, owing to the large orders received from France.

"A most unexpected fortune, and one which makes me sad," said John, deeply afflicted.

"Why?" queried M. Désormes. "Your money having been useful to France, the source of the fortune is good. Do

not regret this private gain, which may compensate for other misfortunes."

At last God had pity on France. The great, proud nation, vanquished, paid the ransom of its faults and its glories. Peace was signed. When the Volunteers were disbanded our old friend the Count arrived at the Lizardière in search of Christiana and John, the latter being now completely restored to health.

As they were about to leave, Raymonde begged them to go up to the large hall; and there, in presence of her father and brother, and of the Count and Countess, she addressed John:

"My father knows nothing of what I am about to do, but he will approve of my course, I am sure. Without being entirely ruined, he is at present in financial embarrassment. His foundries, his mines in the provinces, his works at Paris, have been destroyed, and he has heavy demands which honor requires that he should meet. My Lord Marquis, hitherto I have refused to sell to you your father's ancestral domain. I have been wrong. Be more generous than I, since it is you who are rich now. Enter and take possession."

"On one condition only, Mademoiselle, and that is that you will remain."

"I will indeed, provided my father gives his consent," she said, with a bright look of happiness in her eyes.

"Of course, of course he consents!" the Count hastened to say. "Why, of course! Did you suppose I knew what was going on and did not tell him? For a year he has been in the conspiracy."

M. Désormes offered his hand to the Count and to John. As for Raymonde, she threw herself into the arms of the Countess.

"Dear Christiana, I owe this to you!"

"A little, yes; but, my darling girl, you owe your happiness to your own beautiful nature, and to praying to our Immaculate Mother for help and strength and grace."

All this happened some decades ago. Except for Clodion and Pieyard, our friends enjoy to-day the happiness which they merited and won. M. Désormes is a senator for life, his son Raoul is a deputy. The Count de Chazé, still captain of the wolf hunt, is the handsomest old gentleman that can be imagined. Madeleine has married an estimable gentleman, the choice of her wise and prudent mother. Christiana's hair is white and beautiful, and she rather likes to show it,—the only vanity which she was ever known to display.

The Marchioness Raymonde de Lizar-dière has six children—two daughters and four sons. On the day of the arrival of the latest born the Count de Chazé seized John in his arms and exclaimed:

"I am perfectly happy now. Old France will have brave boys to defend her honor in the next war."

(The End.)

A Universal Devotion.

SO admirable are the mysteries of religion that they satisfy the most learned as well as the most ignorant of the faithful. While a St. Augustine, a St. Thomas Aquinas, a Bossuet passed their lives in studying them, always finding new marvels in their contemplation, the least erudite of the flock accept them with docility, discovering in their great truths the joy and consolation which faith alone gives to those who believe. With our Lord Jesus Christ, the science of God is the rightful heritage of all Christians, whatever their rank or occupation. If there is any distinction, it is in favor of the poor; for to them was the Gospel first announced.

The Church endeavors to popularize her teachings: she presents the truths of faith in a language accessible to all. Besides this, each mystery has a symbol of its own, which renders it

easy to understand. The Sign of the Cross, for instance, recalls the mystery of the Trinity, the crucifix that of the Redemption; the Angelus bell reminds us of the mystery of the Incarnation.

The Angelus was instituted early in the fourteenth century. It was Pope John XXII. who gave it the form in which we have it at present. Previous to that time, it was customary to ring the curfew bell. Pope Urban II., at the Council of Clermont, enjoined the faithful to say, at the sound of the bell, an *Ave Maria* to invoke the protection of the Blessed Virgin on the Crusaders leaving for the Holy Land.

In 1472 King Louis XI. issued an edict ordering that all the bells in the kingdom should ring the Angelus at midday. In Italy the evening Angelus is still called the *Ave Maria*. Since the fifteenth century the custom of ringing the Angelus has never varied. It is rung in the morning, at noon, and at night. Three strokes, sounded slowly, recall the three passages of the Gospel which recount the story of the Annunciation. Each time the "Hail Mary" is also recited.

There is no devotion, save the supreme Sacrifice of the Mass, which is more universal than the Angelus. When at the call of the bell, whether rising from sleep, pausing in the midst of our occupations at midday, or returning from them in the evening, one may be assured that at the call of the Angelus bell hundreds of thousands of Christians join in this beautiful prayer. Religious men and women, priests and those who live in community, pupils in seminaries ecclesiastical and conventual, together with crowds of humble Christians, whether in city or hamlet, on mountain or in plain,—all celebrate at the same moment the glory of the Mother of God and commend themselves to her holy protection.

It is a beautiful prayer, and simple as beautiful; full of poetry, pathos and

peace. It touches us like a sweetly solemn thought in the midst of the preoccupations of the day. We seem to see that humble little house of Nazareth, the Angel Gabriel and the lowly hand-maiden of the Lord. We seem to hear his message and her reply; we are there, sharing as it were in their conversation. It is a halt in the weary, dusty march of the day; a reminder of our immortal home, a ray from the heavenly temple. The soul is touched by the melodious chime of the Angelus bell; our thoughts and aspirations are turned to the celestial regions; we repose for an instant at the feet of God.

We are all familiar, either in the original or from prints and lithographs, with a picture representing the Angelus. It has had the effect of profoundly moving our contemporaries,—strangers, for the most part, to our Catholic customs. What is there so extraordinary in this picture? Nothing: it is the simple reproduction of a daily and extremely natural occurrence.

A Breton peasant and his wife are working in a field; the labor is hard and the reward but meagre. They hear the Angelus ringing from the tower of the village church. They turn from their occupation; the man drops his spade, the woman her basket, and together they recite the familiar prayers. The man, standing erect, suggests a soldier under the eyes of his chief; his head slightly bent proclaims his faith. The woman prays with more fervor, her lips almost touching her hands, which are clasped. It is all very simple, all very natural. The picture may perish, the scene is for all time.

Travel wheresoever you may through our Catholic countries, you will find no land where the people do not recite the Angelus. Religion seeks them in the fulness of their daily tasks; she calls to them in the middle of their fatigue. "Rest a moment!" she says to them. "Lift your hearts on high,

raise your soul to heaven and think of the God who has created you; of Jesus Christ, His Son, who has redeemed you; of the Virgin Mary, who gave Him to you. Pray, and then return to your labor. Joyful hope! You are the offspring of God, the brothers of Christ, children of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and heirs of heaven."

The Right to Privacy.

TO be or not to be photographed, that is the question which the Democratic candidate for the Presidency has been constrained to face under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. Since his nomination, Judge Parker has been grievously annoyed by the kodak-fiends who yearn for the counterfeit presentiment not only of the Judge and his family, but also of his man-servant and his maid-servant and everything that is his. Mrs. Parker, it is said, was actually obliged to leave home to avoid the annoyance; and Judge Parker finally laid an inhibition on the photographers, saying: "I reserve the right to put my hands in my pockets and assume comfortable attitudes without being everlastingly afraid that I shall be snapped by some fellow with a camera."

The Judge had spoken, but the cause was by no means finished. It will be recalled that a year ago a respectable young woman living in Rochester, N Y., appealed to the court over which Judge Parker still presides for protection against a corporation that persisted in using her portrait as an advertisement without her consent; and that the Judge denied she had any rights to such protection. In a public statement the young woman reminds his Honor that the annoyance was by no means so severe nor so undeserved in his case as it was in hers:

You may recollect that the facts in that case were undisputed; that it was admitted that the

defendants, without my knowledge or consent, and knowing they had no right or authority so to do, had secured my photograph, and, having caused it to be enlarged and lithographed in life-size, had circulated about 25,000 copies thereof as an advertisement of the commodities in which one of the defendants dealt; that the likenesses were posted conspicuously in stores, warehouses, saloons, and other public places, and had been recognized by my friends and others; that my good name had been attacked, and as a consequence I desired an injunction against the defendants, restraining the further use thereof.

You referred to my cause of action as a "so-called" right of privacy; and admitted that such publicity, "which some find agreeable," is to plaintiff distasteful; and that I suffered mental distress, "when others would have appreciated the compliment to their beauty"; and in an opinion sixteen pages long you arrived at the conclusion that I had no rights that could be protected by your tribunal.

I know of no reason why you or your family have any rights of the nature suggested which do not equally belong to me. Indeed, as between us, I submit that I was much more entitled to protection than you. I was a poor girl making my living by my daily efforts, and never had courted publicity in any manner. I had never appeared before the public in any capacity nor solicited any favor at its hands. You, on the other hand, are a candidate for the highest civic office, and that fact makes you a legitimate centre of public interest.

Your candidacy is something more than merely voluntary, and it may fairly be said that you have invited the curiosity which we have both found to be somewhat annoying.

In case Judge Parker is elected to the presidency next November, he can make some amends to the young woman in Rochester by naming her to some judicial post, for which she is clearly well fitted. Whatever the eminent jurist of Esopus may say to her reasoning, moralists at least will applaud this praiseworthy defence of the right to privacy; the more so as the current of tendency all runs toward vulgar publicity and away from the old-fashioned sheltered life. As for the bright young woman in Rochester, the friends of Judge Parker may well be grateful that her distaste for the lime-lights will restrain her from taking the stump against him during the campaign.

Notes and Remarks.

The outcry against the alleged Belgian atrocities on the Congo still continues. The object would seem to be to create the impression that of all countries Belgium has been most inhuman in its treatment of uncivilized natives, and that Catholic missionaries are largely responsible. We are not prepared to say to what extent politics may account for this outcry; but we are assured by one in a position to know that the reports of atrocities on the Belgian Congo were started and spread by sectarian missionaries, who were jealous of the successful labors of Catholic priests and Sisters, and embittered by the comparative failure of their own missions. It is not pretended that there have been no instances of cruel treatment on the part of Belgian officials and colonists; the government has done all in its power to check this, but "superior civilization" will sometimes assert itself. Our informant declares that anti-Catholic bigotry and prejudice explain all the stone-throwing at Belgium, especially by the organs of the English press.

That Father Gabriel Richard, of Detroit, served a while in Congress as delegate from the Territory of Michigan is commonly known; but the very general impression, and the statement we have sometimes seen in text-books, that he was the only priest who ever went to Congress stand in need of revision, it would appear. We learn from the *American Catholic Historical Researches* that one José Manuel Gallegos, for some years parish priest of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was nominated by the Democratic party as candidate for delegate to Congress in 1871, was elected and duly served his full term in the Forty-second Congress. It must be

added, however, that Padre Gallegos had been under ecclesiastical suspension since 1854 and never afterward performed any priestly functions, but rather lived in open violation of one of the most sacred obligations of his state. The unfortunate man was rendered speechless by an accident in 1875, but made certain signs which were interpreted as a desire for reconciliation with the Church before his death, which took place on April 21 of the above-named year. He received Catholic burial privately.

When a statue of Pasteur was unveiled at Paris recently there were present President Loubet, the Cabinet ministers, and a distinguished company of diplomats, physicians and scientists from many countries. Pasteur saw more deeply into those questions of biology that are supposed to estrange scientists from religion than any other man of his generation; yet he once publicly declared that all his studies had only had the effect of leading him to the faith of a simple Breton peasant. "But," he added, "if I had had time for further study, perhaps I should have arrived finally at the faith of a Breton peasant's wife." Presumably it was delicate consideration for the feelings of M. Loubet and Messieurs les Ministères that restrained the speakers from recalling Pasteur's famous declaration.

An interesting account of the leper asylum in Mandalay appeared in a recent issue of the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*. Two hundred and twenty-one male and sixty-five female lepers are housed in this lazaretto, which is now managed by the Rev. Father Lafon, succeeding the lamented Father Wehinger. Twenty Franciscan nuns of various nationalities, and a French lady who has been in the institution since its foundation, serve as nurses, etc.

The lepers are Burmese for the most part, though there are a few Indians and Chinese. A beautiful little chapel is connected with the asylum, and the daily services are attended "not only by the Catholics but by the majority of the Mohammedans and Buddhists, who voluntarily get up and take their places at half-past six, even in the winter mornings."

Our foreign exchanges announce the saintlike death of the venerable Madame de Meeûs, foundress of the community of Perpetual Adoration, of the widely-spread lay association for the same object, and the Work for Poor Churches. She was the eldest daughter of Count de Meeûs, famed for piety and patriotism, and a stanch opponent of the Liberal Party in Belgium. Madame de Meeûs was a woman of extraordinary energy, which seemed never to diminish, and of eminent holiness. She passed away at the mother-house of her community, consoled by the Apostolic Benediction and fortified by the Last Sacraments. No one in our time has done more, perhaps, to promote the honor of the Holy Eucharist than Madame de Meeûs. The institute which she founded will perpetuate her glorious work. May she rest in peace!

One thing that the Russo-Japanese war has made as plain as a pikestaff is that Russia is regarded the world over with extraordinary mistrust and dislike. Whatever the cause, and whether justly or unjustly, the unmistakable fact is that no country within the pale of civilization except Turkey is so cordially hated as Russia; and in these days of frank newspaper expression and highly organized ambassadorial service the Tsar and his people can not but be fully conscious of this unfriendly spirit. It would be a happy result of the war in the Far East if the conviction were enforced on Russia that a country

which obstinately clings to the spirit and methods of the stone age effectively excludes itself from the sympathy of the modern world. Perhaps this is the meaning of the far-reaching reform announced by the Russian press.

Hitherto it has been customary for government officials to condemn political suspects to Siberia or even to death without trial by jury; and the official list of unfortunates thus arbitrarily exiled by little great men during the past century is appallingly large. If the widely trumpeted reform is faithfully carried out, one great cause of irritation against Russia will be removed; but it must be admitted that the world has learned to be somewhat skeptical of promises from St. Petersburg. It is only a few years since another thoroughgoing reform, promising ample religious toleration to all the subjects of the Tsar, was announced with a great fanfare; but the reform seems to have stopped short with the announcement. Naturally, at such a time as this there is much violent writing, more especially in that section of the press which looks to London for its cue; but the best friends of Russia are those who hope most earnestly for a widening of thought and a striking off of shackles in the great Empire of the East.

The Rev. Arthur Lloyd, an Anglican clergyman resident in Japan, and known to our readers as one of the most energetic champions of reunion with Rome, gives an interesting glimpse of conditions in Japan in a communication to the *Lamp* (Anglican). Dr. Lloyd writes as follows:

On the second Sunday after Easter, after attending the celebration at St. Andrew's Church, I went, according to my custom, to the Roman Catholic Church at Kasumi Cho Azabu, for the 9.30 Mass.

I arrived a few minutes before the time; and, going in, found a Japanese priest at the altar, finishing a Mass. I was a little surprised at this. There are not many Japanese priests connected

with the Roman missions in this part of the country. The rule here is that no Japanese is admitted to Holy Orders in the Roman Church unless he is a Christian of the third generation, so that the whole of his life may have been spent in Christian surroundings. There is good reason for this discipline. We are warned against putting authority into the hands of neophytes; and the yoke of sacerdotal celibacy is one which can not, without great danger, be laid on the shoulders of new converts. I concluded, therefore, that the priest must come from the South, where there are large communities of Catholic Christians, who have borne the cross for nigh upon three centuries—men of true fidelity.

At the conclusion of the regular 9.30 Mass I wished to speak to the celebrant, Abbé Ligneul, who has been kindly reading some manuscripts for me; and so went into the garden to meet him. I did not find him; but I found a Japanese soldier walking about, whom I presently recognized as none other than the Japanese priest, the conclusion of whose Mass I had witnessed an hour before. The all-devouring military conscription had laid its hands on him, and he had been obliged to take off his cassock and don the uniform of his sovereign.

A little incident which, nevertheless, reflects great credit on a number of persons—particularly, perhaps, on certain Knights of Columbus—is related by the *Catholic Columbian-Record*. A creature calling himself "an ex-priest of the Romish Church" lately made his appearance in the little village of Wren, Ohio, where there is only one Catholic resident. This solitary individual, however, was better than a host of another kind. Seeing the flaming announcement of a series of "lectures" by "a converted Romanist," he determined to counteract their influence, acting with no less prudence than promptness. He notified the nearest Knights of Columbus, and they lost no time in consulting with their pastor as to what had best be done. The Rev. Father Wilken has the wisdom of the serpent as well as the simplicity of the dove: he knew what to do; and, though Decatur, Indiana, is ten miles distant from Wren, there was no indifference on that account. A Passionist

Father from Cincinnati, who happened to be giving a retreat to the Sisters in charge of Father Wilken's school, was pressed into service; and, in company with Father Wilken, another priest, and two score or more of Catholics, including some Knights of Columbus, hastened off to Wren. They found a large crowd assembled to hear the ex-priest, who, it must be admitted, did not do justice to himself. The presence of so many unbidden auditors was neither comforting nor inspiring.

As soon as the speaker had finished his tirade, Father Valentine arose and asked permission to say a few words in reply. It was most willingly accorded; and the Father, who knows how to say "a few words," made the most of his opportunity. He was listened to with respectful, eager attention, and received enthusiastic congratulation on all sides when he had concluded his address. The pastor of the church—to his great credit be it said—at once cancelled all future dates with the ex-priest, expressed indignation that the good people of Wren had been imposed upon to such an extent, and deep regret that their church should have been thrown open to a wolf in sheep's clothing. His regret, however, was turned into joy by the able address of Father Valentine, whom he invited to "close the meeting" with benediction. Everyone seemed to be pleased save the ex-priest, who was so dumfounded by the strange turn of events that he fled the town without even asking for the receipts of his lecture. We refrain from comments on this little incident, but we feel like congratulating all the participants, not excepting the pastor of the United Brethren Church at Wren.

The loss which the Passionist Fathers in this country suffer by the sudden death of their Provincial, the Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, is overshadowed in the

general mind by the dramatic circumstances surrounding his passing. Father Kealy had finished the regular Sunday sermon in St. Michael's Church, West Hoboken, N. J.,—his text being, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for now thou canst be steward no longer,"—and had returned to the altar to continue the Mass, when he called to another priest and whispered: "Take me away. I am dying." Father Kealy's whole life was one of teaching by example; and those who knew him most intimately found a sorrowful appropriateness in the fact that even his death was an impressive warning against the uncertainty of life, and a concrete illustration of the Gospel he was expounding and of the last lesson that should ever fall from his lips. May he rest in peace!

The repeated declarations of prominent sectarian clergymen that New England is rapidly becoming a Catholic section, form a curious commentary on a document entitled "The Grounds for Settling a Plantation in New England," drawn up in 1629, and found among the papers of an English squire, Sir John Eliot, in 1864. Among the "grounds" enumerated is "the Diligence of the Papists in Ppagating their Religion and Supsticion and enlarging the kingdome of Antichrist." In the same document is found among the reasons for planting such a colony this one: "It wilbe a service to the church of great consequence to carry the Gospell into pts of the world, to help on a cominge in of the fulness of the Gentiles and to rayse a Bulworke against the kingdome of Antichrist which the Jesuites labor to rear up in those parts."

For purposes of his own, the honest old bigot who prepared the document does not scruple to compare Catholic with Protestant missionaries, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter: "It

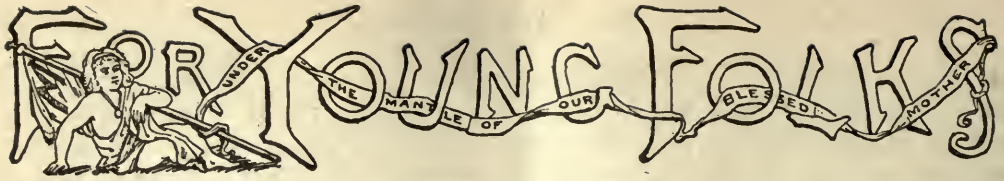
is a reproach to our Religion that when we professe an Intention of Converting those Indians we send nott psons meett for such a worke but such only as wee can well spare & most Comonly those that are a burden to ourselves, while the Papists out of a false zeale to draw them to their supsticion sticke not to imploy their most able and useful instrument." Curious fact—that even in those early days the common type of sectarian missionary to the heathen was men whom "wee can well spare."

The new Bishop of Green Bay begins his episcopate under the happiest auspices. Mgr. Fox is "a man to all the country dear" for his gentle nature, and the clergy of the diocese were undisguisedly happy at his consecration last week. But there was something peculiarly encouraging in the heartiness with which the Catholic laity and the citizens of Green Bay, regardless of creed, entered into the civic celebration in the evening. In the city where Bishop Fox has been intimately known for many years as Vicar-General and Chancellor, and (since the transfer of Archbishop Messmer) as administrator of the diocese, there was an impressive unanimity of sentiment regarding his appointment. The diocese of Green Bay is a rather old one as dioceses go in the United States—it was erected in 1868. The Catholic population is 125,000; and the clergy number 164.

"It has often been stated," writes Mr. Martin Griffin in the July *Researches*, "that when the Rev. Matthew Carr, O. S. A., founder of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, was building the church, General Washington, President of the United States, residing in Philadelphia a part of his first and all of his second term, contributed fifty dollars to the fund being collected for

the erection of the edifice." For many years Mr. Griffin had been on the lookout for some evidence of the reality of the gift, but without success. Recently, however, the Washingtoniana of the late Bishop Hurst (Methodist) were sold at public auction, and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania came into possession of Washington's personal expense book as kept by his secretaries, Lear and Danbridge, during his presidency. In that book occurs the following entry: "November 24, 1796. Gave by order of the President toward building a Catholic church in Philadelphia, \$50." St. Augustine's Church, which Washington thus helped to erect, was burned by native Americans—save the mark!—in 1844.

A remarkable old lady was the late Mrs. Marguerite Primm, of St. Louis, whose grandfather, Amable Guyon, was the first white male child born in that city—in 1764,—his father being one of its founders. In her childhood Mrs. Primm attended the school conducted by Prof. Trudeau, the author of a once-famous poem describing the Indian massacre of St. Louis, which occurred in 1780. This production was sent to New Orleans by special courier, and was the first information that the governor of Louisiana received of the massacre. Mrs. Primm also went to school to the saintly Madame Duchesne, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the foundress of that community in the United States. Another of Mrs. Primm's cherished memories was the visit of Lafayette to St. Louis. In spite of her eighty-eight years she retained her faculties to the end. She was a devout Catholic, and we are gratified to learn that "up to the last week of her life THE AVE MARIA was a source of pleasure and comfort to her,—she herself reading it attentively." May she rest in peace!



Thistle-Down Ships.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

OUT from the meadow-sea's tideless strand,
White sails are drifting on ev'ry hand;
Airy and bright,
Downy and light,—
Fairy ships sailing to Fairyland.

Over the meadow-waves light winds play;
Elfin and fairy sprites dance and sway;
Gossamer bands,
Cobwebby strands,
Lead the wee mariners all astray.

Coming to grief in an alder bush;
Caught on the grass growing tall and lush;
Gossamer sails,
Torn into tails,
Flounder and sink in the noonday hush.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—ANOTHER SUNDAY AT THE CASTLE.

WHEN Sunday came round again—and so many things had happened that it seemed to Teddy there must have been several Sundays since he first became an inmate of the Sandman's Castle—everything went off very harmoniously; for the master of the house had taken his precautions in due time.

On Saturday evening, toward bedtime, the Sandman presented Teddy with an extra cup of coffee, saying that the air was chill. The boy was somewhat surprised, as they had all had coffee for dinner; but he took the cup from the old man's hand and raised it to his lips. At that moment

he caught Katrinka's eye, and he fancied she gave him a peculiar look and made him a sign of some sort with her hands. However, he could not be certain; and the Sandman, standing by, urged him to drink. The beverage was delicious, though it seemed to have an unusual flavor. Teddy wondered, moreover, that none of it was offered to the hunchback. But of late it had suited the Sandman's whim to show him especial favor betimes, and he dared not make any remark.

Shortly after he had swallowed the coffee he began to feel a curious drowsiness stealing over him, and he said to the old man, who was watching him narrowly:

"I guess I'll go to bed. I feel sleepy, and I want to be up early for church to-morrow."

"If you are wise, Alexieff," said the Sandman, frowning, "you will not mention church to me. It is a forbidden topic; and if you go there at any time, it is an act of disobedience and will certainly incur punishment. Try to bear this in mind."

"If I stay in this house," said Teddy, sturdily, "I must go to church. I told you that before more than once. And you have no right to be so hard on me or on anybody."

"Dare you dispute?" cried the Sandman in a terrible voice; then he calmed down and added: "Go to bed, my Alexieff: you are quite overcome by sleep. In the morning you will think better of your project."

"I will be up in time for church," said the boy, obstinately. "I must go to Mass at any cost."

The Sandman waved him away, and Teddy heard a mocking laugh which followed him up the stairs. He found

the ascent strangely difficult that night, his legs were so unaccountably heavy. His head, too, seemed confused, and he had barely touched the pillow when he sank into a deep sleep, and never woke till the sun was flooding the room, turning all its yellow furnishings into gold.

Teddy, feeling giddy and bewildered, sprang to his feet, suddenly remembering that it was Sunday and that he was determined to go to church. He dressed as quickly as possible and hurried downstairs. He saw the Sandman upon the gallery smoking his great pipe, and he smelled some of Katrinka's cookery in the kitchen. Johnny was aimlessly walking up and down upon the strip of lawn, and Kitty sat playing with a pet cat which Katrinka had brought forth to please her. Teddy had often seen this animal rubbing her furry sides against the old woman or purring by the kitchen fire, but he had never before beheld her in the front of the house. There was no sign of breakfast in the dining-room, and Teddy stood uncertainly, until at last the Sandman spoke, after consulting his watch very slowly and deliberately:

"You are late this morning, my Alexieff, so brave were you overnight about arising early. We finished breakfast at least two hours ago."

"Two hours ago!" cried Teddy, aghast. "And I wanted to go to Mass! It is Sunday. What time is it now, please?"

"Just half-past eleven, my young friend," replied the Sandman.

"Why, Mass is almost over," said poor Teddy, in a tone of dismay.

The Sandman laughed sardonically.

"It would not have mattered in the least had you risen at dawn," he declared: "to Mass you shall not go while you are under my roof. I trust sincerely that in time you will give up all the superstitious practices you have been taught. But at least I shall see

that you enter no church. Woe to you if you should succeed in so doing without my knowledge! It will be a sad day for you."

Teddy's face took on that expression which Miss Sarah Tompkins and others who knew him well could have informed the Sandman meant an unchangeable resolution. But he restrained himself, and only remarked, quietly:

"For to-day I must give it up. It is too late for church."

The Sandman did not argue any further. He advised Teddy to procure from Katrinka some milk and bread which should serve him in place of breakfast. This the boy did, eating a slice or two of the black rye bread with caraways, which tasted so good with fresh butter. But his mind was disturbed over the question of church, and he seemed to hear the precept sounding in his ears: "Sundays and holydays Mass thou shalt hear."

He went down to where Kitty sat playing with pussy upon the sward. The little girl was arrayed in a quaint frock of green velvet, which Katrinka had evolved with many others from the big trunk in the attic. She was indeed a picture of childish innocence and beauty.

"Come on, Kitty," he said. "I am going to take you for a walk in the woods."

Kitty arose, nothing loath, with a parting caress to the cat, which ran hastily by the Sandman, whom she evidently feared, and into her favorite haunt, the kitchen.

"Are you coming too, Johnny?" asked Teddy.

"Yes," said the latter,— "I should like to go." And as he spoke he cast a timid glance at the Sandman, who was sending great clouds of smoke into the air and watching their ascent, though apparently he took no notice of the boys and their movements.

So the three walked off together

into the cool greenness of the woods, each boy holding a hand of Kitty, who once in a while freed herself from their grasp in order to catch at the passing shadows with her rosy fingers. When they had gone a certain distance they reached a grove of pines, where all was still save the whispering of the branches overhead, and where the ground was strewn with a thick carpet of pine needles.

"Let us stop here," Teddy said. "I want to read my prayers for Mass; and after that you must say your prayers, little sister. If we can't go to church on Sunday we must do the best we can."

"Me say my prayers," Kitty agreed, addressing the hunchback and nodding her head solemnly.

Teddy drew apart from the others and read the prayers for Mass which were in the back of a catechism he always carried in his inner pocket. The words of the Gospel and Epistle for the day sounded strangely solemn there under the overspreading pines. He had never seemed to realize their full import before, and he felt as if he heard them in some great cathedral.

Then he called his sister and together they knelt down upon the pine needles. Kitty folded her little hands and looked upward, as she had been taught to do, with a grave, reverent expression upon her face, while Teddy began to recite the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." The child repeated the words as best she could, and her brother made her add the old familiar prayer of childhood in her lisping accents:

"God bless auntie! God bless Teddy and make him a dood boy! God bless Kitty! God have mercy on papa and mamma and all the dead!"

As Kitty stumbled over these few petitions, an unseen listener heard from a concealed post of observation and looked with haggard eyes upon the touching scene. The Sandman had

followed the children by a circuitous path, keeping well under cover; for he was not quite sure what might be Teddy's latest move. He stood now in a clump of pines so thick that no one had perceived his presence.

Katrinka, equally unnoticed, had also dogged the children's footsteps by still another path. Her purpose had been to shield Teddy, if it were necessary, from the consequences of some rash act he might have in contemplation. She beheld with a strange awe and almost fear the little one's attitude of prayer, as the big brother knelt near and repeated the sacred syllables which he had learned in childhood.

When Kitty strove to repeat in her baby speech the words of the "Hail Mary," which sounded so singular in the silence of the forest, Katrinka sank upon her knees with a stifled sob. Another scene had arisen before her: a little homestead, very poor and very dingy, far away in a distant land, and a woman kneeling before a simple print which bore the inscription "Holy Mary" in a foreign tongue. At her side was a child being taught to pray. And that child was herself. She also had lisped out those sacred words, so long unsaid and half-forgotten.

The Sandman's first impulse had been to break in upon the scene and put a stop to what he called superstitious practices. But he, too, was struck by a memory. He had once been a Christian, though of a schismatic creed, and had come of Christian parentage. He stood as if rooted to the spot and listened, while the firm and manly tones of the boy, contrasting with the little sister's baby treble, fell upon his ears and touched him strangely. From his eyes stole a tear over the furrows in his cheeks, losing itself in his ragged beard.

Teddy, having come to the end of Kitty's orisons, bade her rise from her knees,

"That's enough for you, Kitty," he said; "but I must finish my devotions. You sit down and pray with these."

He offered her some pine cones, which she eagerly took.

"Teddy," interposed the hunchback, timidly, "you once promised to teach me some prayers."

"Ha!" said the Sandman to himself, with a contraction of the brows.

"Yes," agreed Teddy, "I know I did, and I guess this is as good a time as any other. I guess you can't help it if you're a pagan. That's somebody else's fault. Now, I'm not much of a teacher, and I never thought I'd have to teach anybody prayers, except Kitty of course. I was often the bad boy of the class and I gave Aunt Sarah lots of trouble. So if I teach you, Johnny, it's because there isn't any one else round here."

"I want to learn what she said," declared Johnny, pointing at Kitty.

"All right! Let's go ahead and begin," assented Teddy.

So Johnny came and knelt down beside him, while his companion began very slowly the petitions of the "Our Father." Johnny repeated them with an earnest, deliberate effort to fix each word in his mind. There was no other sound breaking the silence, save the soft whisper of the wind through the pines.

Katrinka still kneeling, and the Sandman standing stiffly erect, heard the prayer as in a dream,—the far-off dream of childhood. It is true that the last named felt once again an almost uncontrollable impulse of fierce anger and desire to prevent Teddy from thus undoing the work of years by implanting the knowledge of God in the breast of the deformed boy. But an indefinable influence, whether in the scene itself or in some association of ideas strongly awakened within him, restrained any overt act as by a powerful hand.

Teddy went over and over the "Our

Father" with painstaking repetition until the hunchback declared that he thought he could say it "by heart"; and this he accomplished, his eyes fixed meantime upon the blue heaven which spread above the pines, with the instinctive looking upward of a soul as yet undefiled by conscious guilt. Teddy listened with eager gravity. He felt the full sense of his responsibility; though he was, indeed, ignorant of the sublime promise that 'they who instruct others to justice shall shine as the stars.'

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Cuthbert.

BY BERTHA E. CASSIDY.

Twelve hundred years ago there was born in a tiny house on the edge of Lammermoor a boy whom his parents christened Cuthbert. Of his infancy we know little, but at eight years old we find him making his home with a widow in the village of Wrangholm and tending sheep on the hillside. He was of a wonderfully imaginative temperament, and as he watched his flocks he peopled the brooks and hills about him with the fairies of which his mother had sung.

As Cuthbert grew, a desire to carry God's word to the heathen folk came to him. Some Irish monks from Lindisfarne had formed at Melrose a mission station, consisting of a few rude huts. Hither he determined to go. The journey was across a bleak, boggy country, wellnigh impassable. The Northumbrian peasantry received him with greater kindness than they accorded his Irish comrades. His speech differed little from theirs and his sweet smile won their hearts straightway. He was himself a peasant and could sympathize with their needs. Hitherto they had been suspicious of the new

Faith. At their King's command they had become Christians, but Christians in name only.

When a storm wrought devastation throughout the land, they saw in their misfortune the displeasure of the offended deities and hastened to offer reparation. But Cuthbert with wondrous gentleness and patience showed them the error of their ways. For his teaching he selected mountain villages difficult of access, from which his less stout-hearted brethren turned aside. The rough, untaught villagers listened to him with gladness. His sturdy frame and his pleading face were all-convincing. He was one of them and had their good at heart.

"Never did man die of hunger who served God faithfully," he told his comrades when night found them without food. "Look at the eagle overhead. He can feed us through him, if He will." His words proved true, for once he stayed his hunger with a fish the bird let fall. Again a snowstorm drove them on the coast of Fife. "The snow closes the road along the shore," they said; "the storm bars our way over sea."—"There is still the way to heaven that lies open," the master replied.

Cuthbert spent some years in mission labor at Melrose, and then left it for Holy Island. Over the moors he carried the Gospel with an ardor that hardship and suffering could not cool. At Holy Island he remained, as the prior of the little company of monks, during the bitter feuds that followed the Synod of Whitby. Their ceaseless controversy taxed even his saintly courage to the utmost, so he fled to a small island not far from St. Ida's Fortress of Bamborough, where his only neighbors were the gull and the seal. Here he built himself a hermitage of turf and stones, roofed over with straw.

But Cuthbert was not to remain in obscurity. So great was the Northumbrians' love for him that they called

him to Lindisfarne in his old age and made him bishop. King Egfrith had gone to quell an attack of the Picts on his northern frontier. Northumbria waited impatiently for tidings from the scene of war. Something told Cuthbert that all was not going well. "Perhaps," he murmured in an effort to allay their fears, "at this very hour the peril of the fight is over and done. Watch and pray,—watch and pray!"

A few days afterward a soldier who had escaped brought the sad news that Egfrith and all his nobles had been slain by the Picts. Cuthbert never recovered from this blow. He returned to his island refuge and lived scarcely two months. A signal to announce his death had been agreed upon; and, as he lay dying, one who had watched beside him ran with a candle in either hand to a spot where the light might be seen by a monk stationed in the watchtower of Lindisfarne. And over the dark sea, beside which he had lived and prayed and taught, the tiny flame bore the message of Cuthbert's death.

Queens of Our Lady.

In what was formerly the diocese of Boulogne, France, a very beautiful and praiseworthy custom exists. In nearly every parish three maidens, selected for their piety and other virtues, have charge of the altar linen and decorations. Before the Blessed Virgin's altar it is their duty to keep fresh wreathed candles burning, which they carry at the head of processions on festal days. These devoted maidens are known as the Queens of Our Lady.

The Celestial Kingdom.

We call China the Celestial Kingdom from the belief of its inhabitants that its early rulers were all deities.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The index to the half-yearly volume of THE AVE MARIA just concluded (January–June, 1904) is now ready for those who bind the magazine. These supplementary pages are furnished gratis, but are sent only to those who apply for them.

—Apropos of the announcement of an English version of an important philosophical work by the Angelical Doctor, the London *Tablet* quotes these words from the recently published volume of "Studies" by the late Dr. J. R. Gasquet, an eminent specialist in the same branch of science: "The psychology of Aristotle, as stated by St. Thomas, is in substantial agreement with the conclusions of modern science."

—The death of Monsig. Ferdinand Moulart, professor of Canon and Civil Law in the University of Louvain, will be widely mourned. He was the oldest member of the faculty in active service, and was well known throughout Europe on account of his important publications. Many good qualities of mind and heart endeared him to a large circle of friends. He was no less venerated for virtue than admired for erudition. *R. I. P.*

—Dr. Edward Elgar, "our greatest modern musician," as the London *Morning Leader* calls him, was not the only Catholic honored by King Edward on his birthday. Albert à Beckett, who has been connected with the War Office for nearly half a century, and Edward Patrick Morris, attorney-general for Newfoundland, were also knighted. Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny had a new Order conferred upon him; and Mr. Reginald Arthur Egerton, of the Post-Office Department, and Colonel Francis Hugh Plowden, of the Indian Army, were made Companions of the Bath.

—Commenting upon the appointment of the Rev. George Searle as head of the Congregation of St. Paul, a community founded by an American convert to combat Protestantism in this country, we mentioned that the new superior-general was a descendant of the Paul Dudley, Esquire, who founded a course of lectures at Harvard College "for the detecting and convicting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish church; their tyranny, usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in their high places; and finally to prove that the church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate church, spoken of in the New-Testament." There is another interesting coincidence in the fact that the tenth discourse in this series—a printed copy of which lies before us—was by "John Lathrop, D. D., A. A. S., pastor of the second church in

Boston." This lecture was delivered "in the chapel of the University in Cambridge, September 4, 1793." Times have changed since then, not only in Cambridge but throughout New England.

—We regret to notice the death at Beyrout, in Syria, of the eminent Franciscan Père Paul de Saint-Aignan, in the eighty-third year of his age. On leaving the École des Chartres, he was for a time secretary of the Préfecture des Côtes-du-Nord, and afterward *sous-préfet* of Belfort. He was a corresponding member of the Académie, and published a number of treatises on archaeological and numismatic subjects. *R. I. P.*

—The Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, who recently contributed to these pages an illuminating article on Pius X. and Church Music, writes on the same subject in the July issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title: "The Pope and the Novelist." The novelist to whom Father Taunton devotes attention is Mr. Richard Bagot, whom his critic describes as a "bored" convert, by which he means one who adopts an attitude of perpetual girding against authority.

—One Robert F. Ditchburn, superintendent of public schools in Tamaqua, Pa., having used the Catholic attitude toward religious education as a target for pop-gun practice, the Rev. Joseph O'Connell, of Port Carbon, in the same State, made a lengthy and comprehensive reply. Father O'Connell has evidently had the good habit of reading Catholic papers carefully and of laying up a store of ammunition against such a skirmish as this. As a result he is able to marshal a long line of eminent witnesses, most of them Protestant, from Washington down to contemporary statesman, in proof of the contention that morality can not be practically taught without religion. There are Ditchburns in plenty outside of Tamaqua, and Father O'Connell's reply, which is issued as a pamphlet, will prove a handy magazine for those who have to deal with them. Published by the author.

—Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D. (Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop), was invited to send a paper on the home life of her father as her contribution to the Hawthorne Centenary celebration at Concord recently. Lovers of our greatest prose writer will regret that Mother Alphonsa was unable to accept the invitation, but the letter in which she expressed her regrets is one of singular beauty; it is also edifying as showing how devotedly this sensitively constituted woman, herself a writer of much charm, has given herself to the heroic work of caring for the afflicted stranger. The opening

paragraph reveals the spirit of the letter: "The reason that I have not sent a paper to be read about my father's life in Concord as I saw it, is that I am no longer free to use my time if the sick need it, as our patients have done for a number of years now. The Order to which I belong, which especially combines the active life with prayer, would sanction my going to Concord for so important an occasion; but as yet the women tending the twenty-five cancer cases whom we harbor in the Country Home are too few to allow any of us to fall out of line for a day."

—One of our oldest periodicals is the *Correspondant*, and few can boast of a more honorable record. It has had distinguished editors and many illustrious contributors. Those who have deplored the lessened influence of our French contemporary in recent years will rejoice to know that it is now under a new management. It is announced that the old programme will be prosecuted with fresh energy: "To rally the defenders of the Catholic cause, whatever their origin, on the wide field of liberty for all; to offer them a common centre, where, leaving on one side differences of secondary importance in the eyes of Christians, they may, each in his way, secure the predominance of Christian ideas in letters, science, history, philosophy, and social 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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *A Kempis.* \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.
Carroll Dare. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

A Precursor of St. Phillip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.

Bellinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

The School of the Heart. *Margaret Fletcher.* \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Emile Cote, of the diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. James Moran, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Peter Hughes, diocese of Wilmington; and Rev. Thomas Rowe, archdiocese of Dubuque.

Mr. Edward Farish, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. W. H. Crawford, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Arthur McMullen, Mr. Henry Peck, and Dr. D. J. Fitzgerald, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Gorman, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Carolyn Savage, Pullman, Wash.; Mr. Joseph Harvey, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. G. W. Clifton, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Teresa Murphy, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. Andrew Roscoe, Benwood, W. Va.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

The Propagation of the Faith:

M. A. M., \$20; M. C. F., M. M. F., \$2; Friend, Buffalo, \$1; J. C., \$2; M. S., 25 cts.; Mrs. B. A. Z., 30 cts.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:
Miss K., \$1; Friend, \$1; Friend, \$1; Mrs. M. E. B., \$1; C. P. A., \$2; Sr. V., \$2.

The Indian and Negro Missions:
Friend, \$5.

St. Mary's Mission, Omak, Washington:

R. J. D., \$2; M. T. B., \$1; Mrs. S. B., \$1; Emma G., \$1; St. Mary's Academy, \$5.



THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
(Florence Gallery.)

FRANCISCVS PISANOVS PINXIT. FRANCISCVS PETRVS SCULPSIT. SANCTAE MARIAE VIRGINIS CORONATIONE.



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

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NO. 7.

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Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

BY S. L. EMERY.

[GIVE myself to Thee,
 My Father and my Friend!
 Whate'er my trial be,
 I trust Thee without end.
 Send anything Thou wilt,
 Be it pain or grief or loss;
 But keep me from all guilt,
 And let me share Thy cross.
 Yes, here Thy cross of pain,
 In peace, oh, let me bear!
 All loss I count as gain
 So I Thy lot may share.
 They know in heaven Thy joy,
 Who knew on earth Thy pain.
 Oh, bliss without alloy
 When we at last shall reign
 Forever one with Thee
 Who here with Thee were one!
 In all things then by me
 Thy holy will be done.

**The Assumption of the Glorious Virgin
 our Lady S. Mary.**

*(Gleaned from the Golden Legend.)**

THE manner of the assumption of the right holy Virgin Mary is showed in a sermon made and ordained of divers sayings of saints, the which is read solemnly in many churches; and therein is contained all that I can find in the world, in narrations of holy fathers, of the departing out of this life of the glorious Virgin Mary, mother

of God, that I have set here to the louing and praising of her.

S. Cosmo, which hath to surname Vestitor, saith he hath learned of his foregoers which did that ought not to be forgotten; and saith that Jesu Christ ordained and disposed the life of his mother to be finished. He sent an angel accustomed, which showed to her tofore the demonstrance of her departing, that the death should not come suddenly and give to her tribulation. And she had prayed him, her son, face to face, when he was here in earth, that she should not see any wicked spirit. He sent then to her the angel tofore with these words:

It is time to take my mother with me; and thus as thou hast replenished the earth with joy, so make heaven to enjoy. Thou shalt render the mansions of my Father joyous. And thou shalt comfort the spirits of my saints. Be not thou wroth to leave the world corruptible with his covetises, but take the celestial palace. Mother, be not afear'd to be taken from thy flesh, thou that art called to the life perdurable, to joy without failing, to the rest of peace, to sure conversation, to refection not recordable, to light not quencheable, to day not evening, to glory not recountable, to myself, thy son, maker of all things; for I am life perdurable, love not corruptible, habitation not

* First published about 1470. Englished by William Caxton, 1483. Additional paragraphs are the only change; but two or three passages, the meaning of which is not clear, are omitted.

recordable, light without darkness, bounty not estimable. Give to the earth without trembling that which is his. None shall ravish thee out of mine hands, for in my hands be all the ends of the world; deliver to me thy body, for I have put in thee my deity or godhead. The death shall never have joy on thee, for thou hast borne the very light....Come thou anon to him which is born of thee for to receive the guerdons of the womb of the mother, and the reward of thy milk for my meat. Come now fast, and haste thee to join thee to me, thine only son. I know well thou shalt not be constrained for the love of another son rather than of me that showeth thee virgin and mother. I show thee a wall of steadfast faith, thou art an arch of salvation, a bridge to them that fleet, a staff to the feeble, a ladder to them that go up and mount to heaven, the most debonair advocate for sinners. I shall bring the apostles to thee, of whom thou shalt be buried right of their hands; for it appertaineth to my spiritual children of light, to whom I have given the Holy Ghost, to bury thy body, and that they accomplish in thy person the service of thy marvellous departing out of the earth.

And after that the angel had recounted these things, he gave to our Lady a bough of palm sent from the plant of paradise, in token of the victory against the corruption of death and clothes of immortality; and when he had said, he styed up into heaven from whence he came from.

Then the Blessed Virgin Mary assembled her neighbours and said to them: I let you wit certainly that I am at the end of my temporal life, and shall hastily depart; wherefore it behoveth that ye wake, for to every each that shall pass out of this world come gladly good angels and wicked spirits.... And there were a great

multitude of women weeping, and said that she should not leave them orphans. And the Blessed Virgin, our Lady, said in comforting them: Ye that be mothers of sons corruptible, may not well suffer to be a little while thence from your children: how, then, ought not I to desire to go to my son, which am mother and virgin, and he is only son of God the Father? And if ye or any of ye had but one son, ye would desire to see him and be comforted in the lineage of him; and I then, that am not corrupt, wherefore should not I be desirous to see him which is life of all creatures?

And whilst they spake these things the blessed S. John, the Evangelist, came and inquired how the matter went; and then when our Lady had told to him of her hasty departing, he fell down stretched to the earth, and said, with weeping tears: O Lord, what be we? Wherefore sendest thou to us so many tribulations? Why hast thou not erst taken away the soul from my body, and that I had been better visited of thy blessed mother, than I should come to her departing? And then the Blessed Virgin led him weeping into her chamber, and showed to him the palm and the vestments which the angel had brought; and after, laid her down in her bed for to be there till her passing. And anon after came a great noise of thunder, and a whirlwind brought a cloud whiter than snow, in which the apostles were brought tofore the gate of our Blessed Lady, like as it had rained, so fell they down one after another.

And as they marvelled of this thing, John came to them and told to them what the angel had showed to our Lady. And then they all wept, and S. John comforted them; and then they dried their eyes and entered in to the Blessed Virgin, and saluted her honourably and adored; and she said to them:

My dear children, God, my son, keep you all! And when they had told to her of their coming, she said to them all their estate, and the apostles said: Bright honourable Lady and Virgin, we, in beholding thee, be greatly comforted, like as we should be in our Lord and master; and we have only comfort in ourselves because we hope that thou shalt be mediatrix for us unto God. And then she saluted Paul by name: God save thee, expositor of my comfort, howbeit that thou hast not seen Jesu Christ in his flesh. Nevertheless, I am comforted, said S. Paul, that I may see thee in the flesh. And unto this day I have preached to the people that thou hast borne Jesu Christ. And now I shall preach that thou art borne up to heaven to him. And after, the Virgin showed to him that which the angel had brought, and warned them that the lights should not be put out till that she were departed, and there were two hundred and twenty tapers.

And then she clad her with the cloth of mortality and saluted them all, and ordained her body to abide in her bed unto her issue and departing. And Peter stood at the head, and John at the feet, and the other apostles were about the bed, and gave laud to the virgin mother of God. And then Peter began the song and said: Enjoy thou spouse of God in the chambers celestial, thou candlestick of light without darkness, by thee is showed the everlasting light and clearness.

The blessed Archbishop of Constantinople witnesseth that all the apostles were assembled at the passing of the blessed Virgin Mary, the right sweet mother of God, saying thus: Blessed Lady, mother of God, thou that hast received of the nature human the death which may not be eschewed, yet shalt thou not sleep, ne the eye shall not slumber that keepeth thee. Thy departing hence ne thy dormition shall

not be without witness. The heavens recount the glory of them that sang over thee in earth, and of them shall the truth be showed. The clouds cry to thee honour, and to him that ministereth to thee. The angels shall preach the service of life done in thee by the apostles which were assembled with thee in Jerusalem. And S. Denis, Areopagite, witnesseth the same, saying, We, as I know well, and they and many of our brethren, were assembled for to see the body of her that bare God. And James and Peter, the right noble and sovereign of theologians, were present. And after, it pleased them that, after this vision, all the sovereign priests sang louings after that each of them had conceived in his thought of the bounty of her.

And S. Cosmo, in following the narration, saith: And after this a great thunder knocked at the house with so great an odour of sweetness, that with the sweet spirit the house was replenished, in such wise that all they that were there save the apostles, and three virgins which held the lights, slept. Then our Lord came with a great multitude of angels and took the soul of his mother; and the soul of her shone by so great light that none of the apostles might behold it. And our Lord said to S. Peter: Bury the corpse of my mother with great reverence, and keep it there three days diligently, and I shall then come again, and transport her unto heaven without corruption, and shall clothe her of the semblable clearness of myself; that which I have taken of her, and that which she hath taken of me, shall be assembled together and accord....

And then the apostles took up the body of the Blessed Virgin and bare it to the monument; and S. Peter began the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Egypto*. And then the companies of angels gave

louings and praisings to the Virgin in such wise that all Jerusalem was moved for that great joy, so that the sovereign priests sent great multitude of people with glaives and staves; and one of them, in a great fury, came to the bier and would have thrown it down with the body of the Blessed mother of God. And because that he enforced him so maliciously to touch and draw down the corpse, he lost his hands by his deserving, for both his hands were cut off by the wrists and hung on the bier; and he was tormented by horrible sorrow, and he required pardon and promised amends. And S. Peter said to him: Thou mayst in no wise have pardon if thou kiss not the bier of the Blessed Virgin, and that thou confess also Jesu Christ the Son of God to be formed in her. And then, when he had so done, his hands were joined again to his wrists, and was all whole. Then S. Peter took a leaf of the palm and gave it to him and said: Go in to the city and lay it on them that be sick, and they that will believe shall receive health.

And then when the apostles came to the Vale of Jehosaphat, they found a sepulchre like unto the sepulchre of our Lord, and laid therein the body with great reverence; but they durst not touch it, which was the right holy vessel of God, but the sudary in which she was wrapped, and laid it in the sepulchre. And as the apostles were about the sepulchre after the commandment of our Lord, at the third day a cloud much bright environed the sepulchre, and the voice of angels was heard sound sweetly, and a marvellous odour was felt sweet smelling. And when our Lord was come and seen descended there, all were marvellously abashed, and he bare the body with him of the Blessed Virgin with much great glory. And then the apostles kissed the sepulchre and returned into the house of S. John Evangelist in

praising him as keeper and guard of so noble a virgin.

And, notwithstanding, one of the apostles failed at this great solemnity; and when he heard so great miracles, he marvelled and required with great desire that her sepulchre might be opened for to know the truth of all these things. And the apostles denied it to him. All said that it ought enough to suffice the witness of so great persons, to the end that lest peradventure the misbelieved men should say that the body were stolen away or drawn by theft. And he then, which was angry, said: Why defend ye to me that which am semblable to you in your common treasures? And at the last they opened the sepulchre and found not the body, but they found only but the vestments and the sudary.

S. Germain, archbishop of Constantinople, saith that he found written in the History Euthimiata in the third book of the fortieth chapter, and the same witnesseth the great Damascene, that as the noble empress Helen in mind of holy Church had made many churches in Constantinople, among all other she edified in the time of Marcian the emperor at Balthernas a marvellous church in the honour of the Virgin Mary; and called Juvenal, archbishop of Jerusalem, and all the other bishops of Palestine which dwelled then in the city royal for the cene [council] which had been holden in Chalcedon; and she said to them: We have heard say that the body of the right holy virgin our Lady is in such a place, in such a tomb in the Vale of Jehosaphat; we will then that for the guard of this city, that the body of that Blessed Virgin be transported hither with due honour and reverence. And Juvenal answered to her, like as he had found in ancient histories, that the body was borne into glory, and was not in the monument; for there was nothing left but the vestments and the sudary only.

And those vestments Juvenal sent then into Constantinople, and were there laid honourably.

And let no man ween that I have made this of my proper head and engine [imagination], but I have set it here which I have by doctrine and study learned of the lesson of them, which by tradition and learning of their foregoers have received it.

Which Shall It Be?

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

III.

It was late on the following morning when Robert Merton awoke. At first his memory seemed to be a blank and he could not remember anything that had happened. Wearily he raised his hand to his aching head, and found that both it and his hand were bandaged. He sat up on the bed and saw his wife seated by the dressing-table, her whole frame shaken by sobs, which she vainly strove to repress. In an instant a flash as it were of lightning revealed the whole situation to him. He lived over again the agonizing moments he had passed in the burning house; he recalled the awful alternative he had been obliged to face,—the monstrous nature of the act he had committed in abandoning his own offspring for the sake of gaining possession of a manuscript. The grief of the bereaved mother overwhelmed him with remorse and self-reproach.

"Helen, O Helen!" he groaned in a faint voice.

In a moment she was kneeling at the side of the bed, while tears chased one another down her cheeks.

"Robert, my dearest husband, with all my heart I thank God that you at least are left to me!"

This was too much for the conscience-stricken man. He could more easily have borne reproaches, even taunts, than the sight of this overpowering sorrow, the sound of these words of tenderness.

"Our child, our Leonard?" he gasped.

"Oh, our darling boy!" she sobbed. "But, Robert, you have the comfort of knowing that you did all in your power to save him; and he is far happier now than we could ever have made him." She could say no more, but buried her face on the coverlet.

Half distraught, her husband gazed at her. Should he tell her everything—*everything*? No, that he could never do; he could not shatter her idol,—he could not rob her of her ideal. For he was aware that she loved him almost before she knew what love really was; that her girlish imagination had made him into a hero; and that a hero he had remained in her eyes in spite of fretfulness and discontent which had made him no very pleasant companion.

He looked round the unfamiliar apartment which he must soon quit, though where to find a refuge he did not know. The realities of life forced themselves upon his attention, putting an end to his gloomy meditations. He espied an object which he fancied he recognized; he held his breath and looked again,—yes, he was not mistaken: there lay the precious parcel!

"My manuscript!" he cried joyously, forgetful of what he had been guilty.

"It is quite safe, dearest!" said Helen, making an effort to control herself, and delighted to see that Robert's thoughts had taken a more cheerful turn.

"My novel!" he repeated, stretching out a trembling hand.

She rose from her knees and gave him the parcel.

"You had hidden it under your coat," she said, as she watched him tenderly stroke the soiled, smoke-

stained packet before attempting to unfasten the string. His hand shook so violently that he was obliged to abandon his task.

"Let me undo it for you, dear: you are very weak."

He leaned back on the pillow and closed his eyes. He heard Helen go to the window, draw back the curtains, and remove the wrapper from the manuscript. For a few minutes there was absolute silence.

"Is it legible?" he queried at length. "Read me a paragraph if you can decipher the writing."

She hesitated to reply and he grew uneasy.

"Do please tell me to what extent it is damaged," he entreated, sitting up on the bed.

She stood opposite to him with the packet in her hand, the expression of her features being so sad that his eyes were riveted upon her face.

"O poor Robert,—my poor, poor Robert!"

"What is it,—what is it, Helen?" he demanded, springing from the bed and staggering to her side.

With one hand she endeavored to keep him off, with the other to conceal the parcel behind her back. With a rapid movement he snatched it from her. One brief glance he cast upon the pages—then there broke from his lips so terrible a cry of rage and despair that she shrank away from him and held her ears. What he had saved was blank paper: his manuscript had perished in the flames!

After the first outburst of disappointment and despair, Robert appeared to grow calm. Without uttering a word, he drew a chair to the table and sat down. Propping his head upon his hands, he stared vacantly at the sheets of blank paper before him. They seemed to mock his misery. Helen, alarmed at the expression of gloom and despondency which his features

assumed, endeavored to console him. She rose and stood by him.

"Come, Robert," she said, "take courage. God, who has allowed this misfortune to befall us, will help us out of it."

As she spoke she laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder. He shook it off angrily.

"Go away!" he cried. "Leave me alone!"

"Do not send me away," she replied. "Take this cup of coffee that the landlady has brought you."

"You are to go away. I want nothing. I tell you to leave me!" he repeated, raising his hand with a gesture of command.

Finding Helen did not quit his side, Robert suddenly sprang up and, taking her by the arm, put her out at the door. She heard the key turn in the lock; and although she knocked and begged to be readmitted, no answer was given. Hearing her name called at that moment from below, she descended the stairs, in the hope of finding a kindly neighbor to whom she could communicate her apprehension,—the terror she felt lest her husband should commit some rash act; what that might be she dared not think.

Robert, left alone, stared wildly round the room. It was an apartment in a house near their former lodgings. The occupant happening to be away, it had been placed at the disposal of the Mertons on the night of the fire. Rage, self-reproach, despair filled the mind of the unhappy man; the evil spirit, to whom he had too often listened, now whispered in his ear: "Why not put an end to this miserable life? Your newly-found hopes are all blasted; nothing but wretchedness, beggary, is before you. Why not take an easy way of escape?"

He looked round for some means of self-destruction. His eyes rested on a crucifix hanging on the wall.

The pathetic expression of the sacred countenance arrested his attention and diverted him from his thoughts of suicide.

"See," it seemed to say, "what I, thy Lord and God, suffered for thee; and thou dost rebel against the suffering thou hast deserved. Thou hast neglected, forsaken Me, yet I have not forsaken thee. In mercy I spared thy life last night, to give thee time for repentance. Behold Me now, thy compassionate Saviour, ready to pardon thee. Wilt thou compel Me to condemn thee, by hastening unsummoned into the presence of thy Judge?"

Then Robert's better self awoke.

"I am a coward," he muttered,—"a selfish, godless fool. What would have become of me if I had perished in the fire last night, like the poor child I cruelly abandoned to his fate? A worse fire—the flames of hell—would have been my portion. I deserve the punishment that has overtaken me."

At that moment hurried steps were heard outside.

"Robert, open the door! Let me in, for Heaven's sake!"

It was his wife's voice that spoke; but other persons were with her, and Robert, in his newly-awakened shame and contrition, shrank from admitting strangers. But Helen repeated her anxious entreaties; and when a stronger hand than hers threatened to force an entry, he unlocked the door without further hesitation.

Helen threw herself into her husband's arms, hysterical laughter mingling with her tears. He felt as if in a dream, and could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses; for behind his wife towered the tall form of old Mrs. Perkins, the landlady, who was holding Leonard by the hand!

Hastily releasing himself from Helen's embrace, Robert darted toward his little son; he hugged him close, he kissed and fondled him as he had never

done before. At first the boy was utterly bewildered; then an unmistakable look of pleasure overspread his usually inexpressive countenance,—a look such as all his mother's tender wiles had never been able to conjure up.

She stood by in silence meanwhile, contemplating the unwonted spectacle. Ever prone to reproach herself, ever anxious to acquit her husband of blame, she was secretly saying to herself: "Alas, how unjust I have been to him! How blind I was not to discover his affection for our child!" She proceeded to relate to Robert an account of Leonard's rescue.

Young Perkins, a lad about sixteen years of age, was really fond of the half-witted child. He pitied him, and often protected him from the attacks of boys in the street, who delighted to tease him and make him the butt of their rough and merciless jokes. He had seen Robert carry his wife out of the burning house; and, thinking he would not have time to save the child also, he had dashed up the stairs, guided by the terrified screams which proceeded from the attic, and was just able to snatch Leonard from his bed, carrying him across the little garden at the back of the house and out into a side street, where he confided his helpless charge to a woman who was a friend of his mother. William was sparing of his words, but always ready to act when occasion required. Like most people who perform heroic deeds, he was quite unconscious of having done anything remarkable on the night of the fire, and appeared somewhat ashamed when Helen lavished on him thanks and praise.

"All our sorrow is now at an end, since God has preserved our child to us in so marvellous a manner," she said, as she finished the tale, and repeatedly kissed her restored treasure.

Robert listened without interrupting her. Then, after a short pause, he said,

in a voice which trembled a little in spite of his efforts to steady it:

"My dear wife, you have always been my good angel hitherto: be my good angel still, and teach me how to return to God, who has been so merciful to us, and whom I have forsaken so long."

Her heart was too full for speech; she strove in vain to find words; a motion of her head was the only sign of assent she could give, while happy tears glistened in her eyes.

"We must now return to more prosy matters," Robert resumed. "There is still a week before the day when I have to send in my manuscript. If you will see that I am not interrupted, and if my memory does not play me false, I will write my novel over again."

With feelings of pride, Helen watched her husband as he took his seat at the table and drew a sheet of paper toward him. With his right hand, which the flames had spared, he inscribed upon it in clear, firm characters the words: "Chapter the First."

(The End.)

The Wasted Hours.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

ALONG life's track they lie—unsightly things!

And every one a two-edged sword that stings.
 Could we but have them back, these wasted hours,
 Though they be heavy with the scent of flowers
 And memoried with idle joys now gone,
 Of midnight wassail and of wide-eyed dawn,
 How grudgingly each moment would go by!—
 We watched them passing once with careless eye.—
 Like to a miser clutching at his gold,
 Each precious one we'd strive to grasp and hold.
 Each moment is a jewel; throw it down:
 One gem the less will gleam in your life's crown.
 Some few are wise, and claim each day their own;
 And some—from dawn till dusk but tares are sown.
 Some bend their brain and body to the toil,
 Nor storm nor strife can their ambition foil.
 Some loiter, drowsy, in their lotus-bowers,
 And reap the barren fruit of wasted hours.

A Festival at Montmartre.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE devout pilgrim who on the 29th of May, 1904, happened to visit the votive church of Montmartre in Paris at an early hour, could not fail to notice that an unusual number of men filled the great basilica. Men were there of all ranks and of all ages,—young and old, rich and poor; men in the decline of life and mere boys; men bearing the historic names of old France and clerks in their Sunday best; magistrates, landowners, lawyers, writers, bankers, workmen,—all united by a strong and invisible bond. With them was a small group of aged men and women, evidently very poor, to whom Montmartre, its lights, its singing and religious pomp, seemed a novel experience.

Mass was said at the high altar, where day and night the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and where the tricolor flags remind us that the church is a national ex-voto. The men present all received Holy Communion; then, after a short sermon, the younger members of the congregation, accompanied by the group of old men and women, proceeded to the "Abri St. Joseph," a primitive hostelry that has been erected close to the church for the convenience of the pilgrims.

All the men present on this occasion belonged to the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and were performing their annual pilgrimage to the votive church of the Sacred Heart. As our readers are aware, this Society, which now extends throughout the Catholic world, was founded in Paris in 1833 by a little group of obscure French students, the leader of whom was Frederic Ozanam. Its object is to relieve the moral and material misery of the poor,

and by so doing its members promote their own sanctification. The different "conferences," as each separate group of members is called, pursue their task with characteristic humility, devoted and persevering charity. Our purpose in this brief sketch is not to give the history of an institution that, placed under the patronage of the most popular of modern saints, is well known and well beloved by all Catholics; but, in connection with the Society's annual pilgrimage to Montmartre, to notice a feature of the work that exists in Paris alone.

It is in Paris only that have been founded, side by side with the conferences recruited among grown men, others that are called the Petites Conférences, whose members are mere lads, all of whom work for their living,—clerks, tradesmen, apprentices, and so forth. These "little conferences," as they are affectionately termed by their elders, were founded as far back as 1845, but of late years they have developed to a considerable extent. There are now in Paris over a hundred of these groups; and those who know them well are never weary of enlarging on the bright, generous, loving spirit that animates their members.

These lads, whose lives are filled to overflowing, whose purses are empty, whose spare moments are few and far between, have the souls of apostles. To each one is entrusted the care of a poor family, generally an old couple, or sometimes a solitary old man or woman. We might fill pages with anecdotes that illustrate the devotedness and the self-denying charity of these good Samaritans; as well as the spirit with which, at the weekly meetings of the conference, they give an account of their *protégés*. In these bright boy-workers may be found the native wit, courtesy, quickness of perception and readiness of speech of the typical Paris gamin, sanctified by

religious training. They have, one and all, passed through the ordeal of the godless and immoral "ateliers." Their faith has been tried by fire; hence the steadfast look on their boyish faces, and the deep current of fervent devotion that lies under their merry words and quick repartees.

This year, for the first time, the members of the Petites Conférences, who of course attend the annual pilgrimage of the Society to Montmartre, had been requested to bring those of their poor *protégés* that were able or willing to climb the steep hill. The old men and women, of whom our boy-workers are the visible angels, responded eagerly to the invitation. The aged dames donned their best attire; one man on crutches hobbled painfully up the hill, but his bright face belied his halting steps. By the side of the young visitors, whose ministrations are often the one joy of their lonely old age, these poor people went to Holy Communion, and, when Mass was over, followed their friends to the Abri St. Joseph.

The scene here was a touching one. At first, as was natural, a little confusion prevailed; then by degrees all the guests found themselves seated before cups of steaming chocolate. Rolls and *brioches*, that essentially French delicacy, were brought forward in huge piles, and a universal feeling of content was prevalent among the motley crowd. The most honored and most carefully attended guests were, as a matter of course, the poorest. The members of the Petites Conférences, faithful to their self-imposed mission, watched closely over their aged clients and ministered tenderly to their wants. They did so with the cheerfulness and boyish gayety that makes their visits so popular; with the keen sense of humor that gives their work a touch of originality and is combined at times with heroic self-sacrifice.

Some of them belong to the Conference of St. Louis de Bercy, where it has been decided that every young member who indulges in a pun during the weekly meeting must put a contribution in the poorbox; others to that of Vaugirard, where once a week a brother assiduously combs and brushes the hair of the infirm old woman who is entrusted to his care. Others again hail from Ménilmontant, where an apprentice, not satisfied with the weekly visit that the rules of the conferences prescribe, finds time every day before going to his work to sweep and clean the miserable room of his infirm *protégé*.

What gives these deeds of charity a special value is that they are performed by hard-working young laborers and apprentices, who, in the haste and hurry of their busy life, give the poor a most precious gift when they bestow on them a spare hour. These bright-faced youths have in their own homes seen examples of sorrow, anxiety, and perchance of dire poverty; and their personal experience of the ups and downs of life makes them peculiarly sympathetic to the woes of others. With instinctive delicacy they realize that, in many cases, to make the poor happy is to make them good; and in this respect the breakfast that followed the Mass at Montmartre had its meaning.

It was pleasant to see the grateful looks that the poor bestowed on their young friends; the tender respect with which the latter waited upon their guests; the thoughtfulness with which, after the repast, they distributed medals of the Sacred Heart to their *protégés* as lasting memorials of a happy morning. "I had some trouble in getting up here," remarked an old man on crutches as he left the table; "but, *ma foi*, I do not regret it! Never was I present at a more cordial gathering." And he hobbled off bravely for his home in the faubourg.

The members of the Petites Conférences were not content with bidding their guests an affectionate farewell: those who lived far away and who appeared more helpless were taken home by their young visitors and safely deposited at their own doors. They are accustomed to be thus cared for. At Clichy the families who are visited by the Petite Conférence receive an invitation to Midnight Mass on Christmas Night. Every brother calls for his own particular family. After hearing Mass, the poor are treated to a comfortable meal, and are then accompanied home by their young guests. At Easter time it frequently happens that an infirm old woman, who for once is able to go to church, may be seen on her way to perform her Easter duties, leaning on the stout young arm of the "little brother" who visits her.

No wonder that the poor whom suffering has embittered are speedily softened and conquered by the affectionate ministrations of the generous lads whose rare hours of relaxation are thus devoted to works of charity. "They are angels!" exclaimed one woman. Others, at the hour when their young friend generally appears, stand anxiously on the threshold of their miserable room till the springing step of their boy-visitor is heard on the narrow staircase. It is certain that these poor creatures are not unmindful of the soup tickets, the warm clothing, the bread and fuel that come to them through the brothers' hands; but the Petites Conférences, whose members are all toilers, have no large sums at their disposal; and their popularity is due in great measure to the brightness, simplicity, and loving sweetness with which their mission is fulfilled.

Upon these lads themselves their work among the poor has a blessed effect, the results of which it is difficult to exaggerate. Their care for the souls of their *protégés* develops their own

spiritual instincts; the self-denial that they practise in order to add their contribution to the funds of the Society teaches them lessons of sacrifice; charity, like a guardian angel, seems to protect them against the evil influences of the Paris streets. The older and more experienced members of this noble work, whose special duty it is to visit the Petites Conférences, are often struck by the heights of perfection to which the persevering practice of charity leads these young apprentices.

In after life, when they marry, the habits of their boyhood are continued. They are no longer the "Benjamins" of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and their step when they ascend the rickety staircases is less elastic than of yore; but their experience of life gives depth to their charity. They continue on broader lines the work to which many of them owe the chief blessings of their lives; and their place in the Petites Conférences is taken by generations of other brave lads, who under the same rule are trained in the same habits of self-sacrifice.

When on May 29 the members of the Society and their fellow-pilgrims left Montmartre, a radiant sunshine bathed the great basilica and the fair, restless city at its feet. Many of the pilgrims remembered with a pang that only a few days previously a member of the French Parliament proposed to suppress the votive church of Montmartre.

The basilica was built as a national ex-voto after the Franco-German war; and the Parliament of that time, a very different body from the God-hating assembly of to-day, sanctioned the undertaking by a special law. What was originally the inspiration of a few holy souls, thereby became a national and patriotic enterprise; it was successfully carried out at the cost of stupendous labor and expense, and rich and poor, noble and plebeian, old and young, contributed to help the work.

It is this noble edifice that M. Combes and his friends are eager to destroy. God grant that their efforts may be vain, and that the white church toward which we often turn our eyes in moments of anguish and anxiety may continue to rise above a city where the extremes of good and evil meet!

If the blasphemous and immoral aspects of Paris often shock the passing stranger, it must be remembered that it has other aspects, less prominently brought forward, but which to those who have studied them are the bright sides of a dark picture. Such, for example, is the heroic work so simply and so humbly carried out by the apprentices and young workmen of the Petites Conférences. Their numbers are daily on the increase; their sphere of action is growing wider; and the seeds that they are sowing broadcast in the crowded Paris faubourgs will surely one day, in God's good time, bring forth an ample harvest.

These thoughts were in our mind as we left the basilica on its imposing height and descended toward the busy, noisy, crowded streets below; while here and there, guided and supported by their boy-visitors, the aged poor were making their way home. In their hearts they were carrying away a new sense of love and joy,—a feeling that God is good, and that if life is sometimes a hard struggle it has gleams of better things. The sweetness, the love and the brightness of which their lonely old age has long been deprived,—these things have come back to them in the shape of their devoted and merry visitors, the young apprentices and workmen of the Petites Conférences.

WHEN I say "Hail Mary" the heavens bow down, the angels give praise, earth rejoices, hell trembles, and the demons take flight.—*St. Francis.*

The Harvester.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

IN the peaceful Irish Arcady where my lot had been cast the familiar noise of a train was never heard, for the reason that there was no railway station nearer than ten miles. The shrill whistle or the labored puff of the locomotive was a sound as unknown in Killanure as the music of the "church-going bell" was in Selkirk's desert island. Indeed, a large proportion of the adult population of the Mountain Parish had never even seen a train, much less travelled by one. However, this is not quite relevant.

The subject-matter of this sketch was suggested to me by an incident that happened while I waited for my train to Dublin at the railway station of A—, on an afternoon in the July of my second year in the parish. A special harvestmen's train came in from the West of Ireland, conveying about seven or eight hundred laborers to the North Wall, *en route* for the English harvest fields. I had an opportunity of taking stock of them while their train delayed; for during the interval a very large number of them sought the third-class refreshment rooms,—those who had "been over" before being conspicuous by their moleskin trousers and their general air of swagger and importance. The whole scene was for me suggestive of sad reflections, and of one sad and pathetic incident in particular of my Liverpool experience, to which I shall presently return. Meanwhile, however, and by way of preface, I may be permitted to give my impressions of this motley crowd of migratory laborers from the "wild West."

To be candid, although there were undoubtedly some fine specimens of physical manhood among them, as a

body they presented the appearance of as ill-fed, undersized, and ill-clad a crowd of men as could be seen anywhere. I believe that in stature and physique they were much inferior to the gathering that assembled, for instance, at the January fair of Killanure. But perhaps in this respect I am over-partial to my dearly-loved mountain-men. Yet, though small of stature, these Western harvesters were all hardy, wiry, well-set, long-armed and sturdy fellows, inured to hardships and capable of great endurance. Most of them came from the seaboard and mountains of Mayo, where the breeze from the Atlantic is as pure and fresh as the breath of heaven itself, and as life-giving as the "vines of Engaddi." Hence, one might reasonably expect them to be of a more stalwart build and ampler girth; and the only explanation I can offer for the seeming anomaly was the positive want of nourishing food in childhood, and partial starvation in boyhood and young manhood. This it was that dwarfed them,—for what else could explain it?

The air in Achill or Erris, which those young men have breathed since childhood, is laden with health and vigor; so much so that crowds of feeble, anæmic Londoners flock there every summer to recuperate their wasted strength and woo back the roses to their faded cheeks. The scenery all round is grand, sublime, awe-inspiring, and calculated to make men poets and dreamers of blissful dreams. Yet the poor peasantry who live amid these delightful surroundings are pale-faced and often sad and listless and apathetic, because, to put it plainly, they can not procure enough to eat—not even of Indian meal and potatoes. Achill or Connemara mutton is no doubt a delicious thing, but the flavor of it is scarcely known to the poor cottiers who raised it. Indeed, it

can be truly said—humiliating though the confession may be—that, besides the expectation of bringing home the rent of his mountain patch of artificially created soil, the Western harvester has the additional lure to draw him away to England of three good meals a day, and that is no slight temptation to a man accustomed to semi-starvation.

I noticed that the simple, innocent youths who were going to England for the first time could easily be distinguished from the swaggering, loud-voiced veterans who had frequently been over before, and whose rich native brogue showed traces of the accent of the Yorkshire yokel,—aye, and of his coarse profanity and utterly un-Irish scurrility, too. Some of them were mere boys, or “gossoons,” who, judging from their greenish ways and their open-eyed, open-mouthed astonishment at everything they saw, had never been far from home before. As I listened to them conversing among themselves in the soft, liquid accents of the Gaelic tongue, I thought that were I rich enough, I should have freely distributed ten pound notes among them to induce them to return to their native villages, where the usual salutation was, “May God bless everything for you!” and the usual rejoinder, “May God and Mary bless you!”

However, I am digressing unduly from the episode of my Liverpool experience which the sight of those harvesters vividly recalled.

One evening, during a walk into the country on the north side of the city, I met a middle-aged, low-sized man, whose face lit up with joy as he saluted me in the mellifluous accents of the Irish brogue. When I told him I was an Irish priest he took off his hat and with bowed head prayed a fervent *an paidir*—for me, I suppose, and for himself, and probably for all men. He wore a grey frieze coat studded with

hay seeds and chaff, a weather-worn *càibin*, and *sùgan* leggings,—the traditional insignia of the Irish harvester. He had his reaping-hook and scythe-blade carefully swathed in straw ropes; and the bundle in the checkered handkerchief, suspended from the scythe-snath which he carried on his shoulder, contained his wardrobe, the presents he was bringing home to his wife and children, and the precious old stocking with his hard-earned wages in it, in gold and silver.

Poor fellow! he looked haggard and ill, and had evidently caught a very bad cold; for during the short time I conversed with him about the part of the country that he came from and the priests he knew there, he was frequently attacked with a painfully distressing cough and a difficulty of breathing, that induced me to shorten our interview. On my remonstrating with him on the danger of neglecting such a cold, he replied confidently:

“Oh, your reverence, I’ll get over it, with the help of God, as I often got over a bad cold before now; for I’m well used to cold and hardship and wet, in sunshine and storm, this forty long year. Faix, then, your reverence, but I think that I was a bit foolish in sleeping under a hayrick last night, in order to save the price of my lodgings—humbly begging your pardon for bothering you with my story! As I was coming along in the dusk of the evening, up there outside Crasby, I saw a cony, comfortable spot under a hayrick by the roadside; and I thought I’d sleep there and save my lodgings. But, as luck would have it, it turned out a teeming wet night, and I was drenched to the skin by morning; and that, with the cold that was on me before, left a shiver on me since.

“Well, after eating a bit of bread and cheese I had in my bundle, I started to walk to Liverpool; and I counted twenty milestones since then, your

reverence. Maybe I should have taken the train, but—God forgive me for being so selfish!—I was loath to break on my little earnings till I'd get to Liverpool. So I started off on 'shanks' mare,' singing a bit of an Irish song in turns to keep up my heart, and praying, too, for strength to finish my journey. And when the shiver came on me strong I used to say to myself: 'Musha, Tom Malley, but aren't you the soft gom of a gossoon, to be beat up so easily after one night's wetting, and you after getting plenty of the best of eating and drinking for the last three months up there at Farmer Swabrick's? Have courage, man, and you'll baffle off this little bout, so you will.'

"By the same token, your reverence, I haven't tasted bit, bite, or sup since morning, and I'm dog-tired and weak this minute. But please God, and with the help of your reverence's prayers, I'll be better in the morning and able to go home."

I recommended him to a good old Irishwoman who kept a cheap lodging-house near the Clarence Dock; and as I shook his horny hand I slipped a half crown into it, telling him to get a good nourishing meal as soon as possible. He refused the money respectfully but firmly.

"I am heartily thankful to your reverence," he said. "Sure I've lots of money in my bundle, and my ticket home, too. I'm rich, your reverence,—richer than I ever was in my life before, praise be to God! And when I get home to my wife and children I'll be able to buy a little cow, I'm thinking, after paying the rent; for—would you believe it?—I've all of seven pound ten going home this time."

He spoke in a solemn whisper as he imparted this secret to me, with a proud air of importance that would be mirth-provoking if it were not so pathetically saddening in its touching simplicity and childish candor.

Shouldering his bundle, he staggered on toward the city, perfectly indifferent to the merriment which his *outré* figure excited in some thoughtless passers-by. He took no notice whatever of their ill-mannered ridicule, nor so much as raised his eyes to admire the splendid equipages of merchant princes or the faultless attire of the votaries of fashion. No: his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away in a cabin in Mayo where wife and children were expecting his return; and he was singing and making melody in his heart at the thought of the joy, pride, and gladness his homecoming would bring when he opened his bundle and poured out on the table the presents for the children, and his "seven pound ten." But man proposes and God disposes. Oh, "how incomprehensible are His judgments, how unsearchable His ways!"

I had a haunting notion, after he left me, that I had seen his face or heard his voice before, although where or when I could not for the moment remember. He mentioned that his name was Tom Malley, and I now recollected that many years ago—it must have been fifteen—my father had a servant-boy whose name was Tom Melia (the Gaelic for Malley), a Connaughtman, who hired with him, and who married our buxom servant-girl and returned to his native place in the West. Could this man be the same, I wondered.

I was not very much surprised when I got a sick call to this Irish harvester next morning. I learned from Mrs. Moran, the good old Irishwoman already referred to, that shortly after his arrival at her house he showed signs of weakness and extreme exhaustion; and after he had eaten a few mouthfuls of the savory meal she had prepared for him, he experienced what he termed "a woful heat," which gave him a nausea for any more food. He was very ill all night, and next day he was visited

by the district doctor's assistant, a kind-hearted young Irishman, who pronounced him suffering from double pneumonia of the worst type. Hence I was called on to attend him. He received the Last Sacraments with that absolute resignation to God's will I have since so often noticed in the Irish poor in the dread hour of mortal illness, and which is still to me, accustomed though I am to it now, a marvel and a miracle of the unseen power behind our holy religion among its simple, unsophisticated children.

"Do you think, your reverence," he said, in a gasping voice, "will I rub out of this bout? Sure I went through so much cold and hardship in my time that I thought I couldn't be killed by slavery of any kind. But I never felt like this before; and I'm thinking, by the way I'm caught in the breathing and the queer feeling all over me, that I have the fever, the Lord between us and harm!"

I broke to him as gently as I could the unpleasant news that his illness was of a very serious nature. He looked at me wistfully for some time; and then, as if reading no hope in my face, he raised his eyes heavenward and said in a tone of pathetic sadness that moved me almost to tears:

"So I'm going to die, after all, in a strange country. But blessed forever be the holy will of God! Sure it was to be, Father jewel! But what will become of my poor wife and children when I'm gone? And they were just expecting me home, the creatures! But I'm going to my long home instead. So, in the name of God, your reverence, prepare me for the journey. But whisper, Father! If anything happens to me, won't you send home to my wife the trifle in this bundle, that I was telling you about,—to Nancy Roche, Tom Malley's wife, of Ballycarra, Ballycroy, County Mayo? And tell her I was thinking of her and the poor

children to the last, and that I'm sorry for the bad news they'll be after getting from your reverence about me. Ah, that will be the sorry day for you, Nancy, *asthore machree*, when you hear that poor Tom is not coming home at all to you—no, never at all, any more!"

The mention of his wife's name, Nancy Roche, confirmed my speculations about his identity. Now I knew he was the same Tom Melia who nursed me as a child, and on whose sturdy shoulders I often rode pickaback. Poor fellow! he had sadly changed in fifteen years; and it was hard to recognize in the care-lined face before me, with its stubbly grey beard, the smooth, fresh cheek of the rollicking young fellow who wooed and won the heart of our good-looking servant-girl, Nancy Roche. Well did I remember the barn-dance on the night of their wedding; and among all that laughing, shouting, singing, light-hearted crowd there was none so gay as he.

By a few pertinent questions I made sure that he was the man I suspected him to be. Then I made known to him who I was.

"Ah," he said naively and with touching simplicity, "sure you couldn't be little J—" (mentioning my childish pet name) "that I used to carry on my back when I went to the grove-paddock in the evening to count the sheep? Ah, can it be,—can it be? Oh, isn't God good not to let me die among strangers, after all; and to send to my deathbed a priest that I nursed as a child? Sure I'll die as peacefully now as if I was at home with my wife and little ones. And, Father dear, won't you look after them when I'm gone? Ah, won't you for the sake of poor Tom?"

I promised him that his wishes would be carried out with religious care; and that I would endeavor to see, so far as lay in my power, that his family should

not suffer want. He thanked me in gasping accents, and seizing my hand kissed it fervently and gratefully, while the hot tears flowed freely. Poor fellow! he was saying in his heart his *Nunc Dimittis* with true Christian resignation.

Having other sick calls and duties to attend to just then, I left him; but I returned in the evening, remaining to the end—and his end was peace. Before becoming unconscious, as might be expected, he was delirious; and in his ravings he mingled my name with the names of his family. That of his youngest child, Maureen, a girl of three years as I afterward learned, was most frequently on his lips, and he often murmured with pathetic tenderness:

“Isn’t that a purty babby [doll], Maureen, that I have for you, *alanna*?”

He died about the time the steamer in which he intended to sail left the Clarence Dock. Just then little Maureen was gaily babbling of “daddy’s” homecoming, as his spirit winged its flight to its true and everlasting home.

I sent the precious bundle to his wife, accompanied by a long letter detailing the circumstances of poor Tom’s death and burial. The writing of that letter was the saddest duty I ever had to perform. The following summer I took my holidays in the West of Ireland, and I paid a visit to Mrs. Malley at Ballycroy. I saw my own letter again, and it was almost illegible—blurred and blotted with tear-stains.

It is doubtful if there is any pang, among the infinitely various sufferings of human life, keener than that with which a young and upright soul learns for the first time that shame has touched it. And if this shame comes through one whom it has trusted and honored, the blow falls with a force that sometimes destroys all faith in human nature.—*Christian Reid*.

Random Reminiscences from Various Sources.

VI.—FAMOUS AUTHORS AND MUSICIANS.

THE high-principled and moral tendency of the works of François Coppée is an oasis in the desert of festering corruption created by the prostitution of some of the best literary minds of France. Considered either as painter or as poet of everyday life, it is well to remark through what different paths his realism has led him from those of the majority of his contemporaries. There are some minds which vulgarize and some which elevate all they approach; that of François Coppée belongs to the latter class. He is partially of Belgian extraction.

The prime place among Belgian authors of the last century belongs to Hendrik Conscience, well styled the Flemish Walter Scott. We doubt if his works are as thoroughly appreciated by the rising generation as they were some years ago by their elders, before inferior novels were turned from the literary mill by the hopperful every week. His work was like that of a conscientious painter who made of it all that could be made. Indeed, there is not a single dry passage in any of his books.

The sphere of his domestic novels may be considered narrow; for Conscience never travelled fifty miles from the place of his birth, and was too true an artist to portray that of which he knew little or nothing. When one learns this, one has a clue to the spirit that pervades his pages, and to the simplicity alike of his plot and his language. He has given us pictures of Flemish life and interiors with which we should never have become acquainted were it not for his delightful pen.

With him conservatism was a sort of religion. He lived and revelled in the past of his country, loving its

language and traditions, and having for the only purpose of his work the desire of inspiring his people with sentiments like his own. He was a great lover of children, and might often be seen sitting or walking with a group of boys and girls, telling them stories and regaling them with bonbons. He was wonderfully popular among his countrymen, being truly an exception to the axiom that no prophet is honored in his own country.

Victor Cousin is a name that stands out in bold, well-defined characters on the pages of the literary annals of the century that has but recently been inscribed on the roll of the past. His was a many-sided character, and he was universal in his capabilities. Statesman, historian, an elegant prose writer, a profound student of German and other philosophies, he was spared the poverty and ill-fortune which so often attend gifted men, being always possessed of a considerable income.

He was a very miserly man in many respects, though he had certain generous instincts. He somehow contrived to lodge at the Sorbonne without paying any rent; and on one occasion, when there was talk of pulling down the old building, he declared his intention of demanding from the trustees another suite of rooms while the college was being rebuilt. He was deeply attached to his faithful valet François. He bequeathed his library to the Sorbonne on condition that this old servant—to whom he also bequeathed an annual pension,—should be made curator.

It is related of Cousin that he had a fine old watch which he had long promised François should become his at the death of his master. One day the watch was found to be out of order, and it was sent to the watchmaker, who returned it in good repair a few days later, with a bill of thirteen francs. "There, François," said Cousin, "you

may as well pay this bill. As the watch is to be yours, it is only fair the keeping it in order should be your concern."

One of the best-known literary men of Paris in the middle portion of the last century was M. de Chantelauze. He was the author of several historical—or rather monographico-historical—works, that on Cardinal Retz being, perhaps, the best. His principal claim to distinction lies in the fact that he was for some time busily engaged on a vindication of Mary Queen of Scots. He had picked out from some manuscripts discovered in an old monastery the authentic diary of Bourgoing, the Queen's medical attendant, who had shared her life in prison. He soon became able to decipher the quaint characters, which he put into modern French. He wrote his comments upon these interesting data with such evident conviction that he won over many of his most prejudiced readers to his opinions.

Madame Swanton-Belloc, grandmother of Hilary Belloc, was a fine type of the literary Frenchwoman of a vanished generation. She was the widow of the distinguished president of the School of Design, and survived her husband many years. Her history is entwined with that of the celebrated Mlle. de Montgolfier, the daughter of Joseph Michel de Montgolfier of balloon celebrity. This lady gave two reasons for not marrying: that she was not willing to be separated from her friend Madame Belloc, and that she could never part with her father's name.

Both ladies were fine linguists and highly educated in other respects. Madame Belloc made some very clever translations of Dickens' novels, slang and all, into French,—a task not easy of accomplishment. She also wrote several original romances and books for children. Mlle. de Montgolfier was

a botanist and entomologist of no mean repute; also a brilliant conversationalist. Her contributions to literature were many and are popular even to this day. She lived to an extraordinary old age, and at ninety-six presided over her household even in the most minute details. At the age of nearly one hundred she was still to be found at her easel painting the most exquisite flowers, with a vitality of the senses and a vivacity of the movements like those of a woman of middle age.

Her years, however, did not reach to those of her mother, who lived to be one hundred and eleven. When she had passed the age of one hundred and ten it was not thought prudent to allow her to go out alone. One day, however, she eluded the watchfulness of her maid and went into the street alone. Amused in gazing in at the shops, she wandered some distance from home, and, sitting down on a doorstep, began to cry. She was asked the cause of her distress by a workman passing by, but could give him neither her name nor her address. "I can not remember *anything*," she said, "except that I am one hundred and eleven years old."—"Oh," said the man, "I know who you are now! You are Madame de Montgolfier and you live in the Cours du Commerce." All Paris knew of the wonderful old lady, and she was at once taken to her home.

Among the musical *artistes* famous in the nineteenth century none were more striking in their personality than the Abbé Liszt. He exerted a magnetic influence which may well be called wonderful; every movement he made was followed with interest and curiosity. A striking and unusual figure in his semi-ecclesiastical coat, with a strangely cut hat and hair hanging almost to his shoulders,—nevertheless, he had a modest air in spite of the sarcastic smile which never left his lips,

and which, when one came to see him often, one felt to be involuntary.

Liszt possessed in an extraordinary degree that extra sense of the true musician in which those outside the pale are totally deficient. There is really nothing else analogous to this sense. While those who do not possess it are deprived, perhaps, of one of the noblest pleasures of life, those who do are distinguished, for the most part, from their fellows by certain idiosyncrasies which make the less gifted also less envious than they might otherwise be.

It takes a long time to educate the general public to the right appreciation of certain styles in the various forms of art. Take, for example, the slowness even of musicians to acknowledge the genius and the *genre* of Wagnerian music. Wild, inharmonious, discordant, extravagant, complicated,—these were the terms in which it was spoken of and often condemned. From the first the Germans were enthusiastic because the genius was a countryman of their own, but it must have taken them some time to relish this new form of composition. In those days, when it was reverently spoken of by its admirers as "the music of the future," many a scoffer would be heard to say: "I hope it will *always* be the music of the future."

An anecdote is told by Percy Fitzgerald—who was from the first a devotee of the Wagner cult—of a certain well-known doctor of music who replied to the praises of the critic: "My dear sir, it is simply ludicrous! You can't consider it seriously a moment. Tum-ti-tum, wee-wee, peet-peet,—up in the moon! Oh, it is too childish, really!" Many years later Fitzgerald met this very professor coming out of Drury Lane after a performance of "Tristan and Isolde." "Well, rather heavy and incoherent. you found it?" queried

the critic.—“Exquisite! all but divine!” exclaimed this now devoted Wagnerian.

And yet the present writer ventures to assert that the Wagner cult is beginning to show symptoms of decline; why it is difficult to say, unless that human tastes are proverbially fickle, like everything else that belongs to humanity. At least it is safe to assert that Wagner no longer holds his own to the extent of subordinating all other music to his arbitrary lines. Always unintelligible except to the earnest student of music, the dilettante will at length weary of the great German; and the musical world is made up largely of dilettantes.

At the same time it is doubtful whether the influence of Wagner will not always control and subordinate the music of the future. He has left an impress upon its development that can hardly be overestimated, because of the intellectual significance of his compositions. And this is well; for, while genius and design are quite unfettered, the productions that follow from a style based upon the outpourings of a reflective mind are far more unhampered by defects than those which are, so to speak, impromptu. Wagner may be considered as having given distinctiveness to the *tone* of his era, as the Meistersingers in theirs. They were prophets in their day, and their prophecies still live in the art of their great disciples.

(The End.)

“To God and Our Lady.”

DURING the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was the rule for all persons making their wills to bequeath their souls to God and Our Lady. An illustrious example of this is found in the will of King Henry VII.:

“My moost mercifull Redemer, Maker and Salvour, I truste by the special

grace and mercy of thi moost Blissid Moder evir virgyne, oure Lady Saincte Mary; in whom, after thee in this mortall lif, hath ever been my moost singulier trust and confidence, to whom in all my necessities I have made my continued refuge, and by whom I have hiderto in all myne adversities ever had my special comfort and relief, wol nowe in my moost extreme nede, of her infinite pitie take my soule into her hands, and it present unto her moost dere Son. Whereof swetest Lady of mercy, veray Moder and Virgin, welle of pitie and surest refuge of all nedefull, moost humbly, moost entierly, moost hertely I besече thee.”

An Epitaph.

EVERYONE has read the beautiful lines from the pen of “rare Ben Jonson” to the memory of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney, the hero of Zutphen. It is impossible to conceive of anything more simple, elegant and beautiful than the praise the poet bestows upon this woman of rarely lovable character. It reads:

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother.
Death, ere thou hast killed another
Fair and learned, good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

It is not generally known that the six lines added to these, altogether inferior in character, were written by the Countess’ son, William Pembroke:

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name; for after days
Some kind woman, good as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

THEY who expect to accomplish a little must hope to do a great deal.

—Bishop Spalding.

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever may be thought in some quarters about the reported diplomatic rupture between France and the Vatican, it would be mere affectation to pretend that there are any very deep regrets among the rank and file of American Catholics. So wide and deep is the conviction that the Church in France will be all the better when the Concordat comes to be abolished that the faithful in this country feel almost grateful to the government of M. Combes. Pius X. may indeed have been indiscreet, as the sapient scribes and pharisees in certain newspaper offices pretend to think; but we venture to believe that his first predecessor would have acted in much the same blundering fashion. The little drama of which this rupture is the climax is a capital illustration of the inherent weakness of the Concordat, which has always been a delicate instrument whose efficiency depended wholly on the good-will of the manipulators. The Holy Father, as a matter of course, demands a free hand in dealing with bishops on matters purely ecclesiastical; the government regards the bishops as paid servants of the State, subject to its jurisdiction as regards their goings out and their comings in. In the present case the Holy Father summoned two bishops to Rome and the government declined to give the customary permission. *Voilà!* The whole Catholic world applauds the apostolic courage of Pius X. Be the consequences what they may, the first duty of the Vicar of Christ is to govern the Church without interference from the enemies of the name of Christ.

The *New Zealand Tablet*, which is one of the ablest and most enterprising of our foreign exchanges, has rendered an important service by compiling a volume—it is a bulky one—of the

prison records and other biographical notices of the so-called ex-priests and ex-nuns that roam over the Australian colonies seeking whom they may entertain and impose upon. The statement that “by far the greater number of them were never, at any period of their lives, Catholics” will be no surprise to persons who have come in contact with such worthies. As a rule they betray an unfamiliarity with Catholic doctrines and life which of itself shows them to be rank impostors.

There is more truth than mirth in Mr. Bryan J. Clinch's saying that “political rulers, be they monarchical or republican, everywhere seem to seek control of the public schools.... Everywhere there is more or less of a contest between the world and the Church for control of the schools.” Mr. Clinch is writing specifically of modern Belgium, where Catholics, contrary to recent cable dispatches, still hold the balance of power, and where the Catholic conviction regarding religious education still rules. The article, which appears in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, affords an interesting glimpse of the religious life of the Belgians:

“In Belgium to-day the administration and parliamentary majority are distinctly Catholic, and it seems likely that this state will continue indefinitely. It may be changed, however, from unexpected causes without any sensible change in the general attitude of the people toward the Church. The religious Orders are well represented in Belgium and enjoy as much popular consideration as among American or Irish Catholics. The teaching Orders appear to enjoy exceptional favor and their schools are largely attended. The attendance at daily Mass of grown people of both sexes was very large at nearly all churches in Brussels, Antwerp and Malines equally. It was

larger than in Dublin and very much larger proportionately than among the Catholics of any American city. The proportion of men was less than that of women on weekdays, but nearly equal to it at the Sunday Masses and Vespers. The behavior of the congregations everywhere was attentive and devout, and very much resembled that of Irish congregations at home. The number of communicants and at the confessional was as large proportionately as in Ireland, or more so."

Mr. Clinch adds that "the general regard of all classes for the churches and religious monuments as cherished objects in the national life was impressive as well as strange to a visitor from America." Less strange, perhaps, when one remembers that for twelve centuries the Belgian people have been most loyal to the Church.

Mr. Elihu Root, ex-Secretary of War, said, in a recent address on the Philippine question, that "a careful study of the subject should lead to the conclusion that these people already had in force an admirable body of municipal law, far better adapted to their needs than the system of rules which we praise for our own conduct." Now that Spain has been robbed of her colonies on the pretext that she did not know how to govern them, we are told by the new rulers of the Philippines that even the much-lauded American Constitution is not as well suited to Filipino needs as the laws which Spain gave to the islands.—*The Casket (Canadian)*.

This is well put, neat and tart; and we don't mind saying that there may be some truth in it.

It is a common delusion that men of wide girth and long length—large men and tall—are more brave, generous, affable, helpful, forgiving, etc., etc., than those of smaller measure,—men like St. Paul and Napoleon, for instance. The lamented Bishop Jolivet, of South Africa, used to tell this story of himself: "I was hearing confessions once in Liverpool when a big, burly collier looked into my box and went away,

muttering: 'He's too small; I won't go to him.' After a short time he returned and had another good look at me. 'Bedad, I think I'll try him! He must be a champion or the Bishop would never have ordained him.'" A champion indeed he was; so zealous that in his seventy-first year "he travelled," writes one of his priests, "through some of the roughest parts of wild, mountainous Basutoland on horseback." And we have his own assurance that at that time he spent ten hours a day in the saddle. Once, after he had completed threescore years and ten, a fractious horse bucked and, in the Bishop's own words, "sent me up spinning in the air like a football. I should have been killed by the fall, but I was not hurt at all. Only my finger got entangled in the bridle, and the brute pulled it so sharply as to put it out of joint. It is a mere trifle."

The "little Bishop" was as tender as he was brave: the smallest tots knew him, and easily beguiled him into conversation about their dolls. One of his priests writes: "I have known the Bishop to leave his bed at one o'clock in the morning in order to write to one of his priests to wish him a happy feast-day, and to tell him that he would remember him in his early Mass." No wonder there was mourning when Bishop Jolivet died!

It is a curious fact that not only is the drama in all countries religious in its origin but that it figures prominently in the rudimentary stage of religious development in all peoples. In Mangalore at the present day the Sunday evening sermons during Lent are accompanied by what is practically a Passion Play, and a writer in the *Catholic Herald of India* gives an interesting account of a Passion chant which strongly recalls the old mystery plays:

It is the custom every evening during Lent for the people to sing the Passion of Our Lord in their homes. The whole Gospel story of the

Passion is written in verse, tradition says, by Father Thomas Stephens, S. J., the Apostle of Salsette. Father Stephens came to India in 1579, and was the first Englishman who landed in India. He died in 1619. The whole story of the Life of Christ was written by him in verse of 11,000 stanzas in the Konkani language, and is called by the people the *Puran*. There are very few copies of the book existing, and those who are so fortunate as to possess a copy consider it an heirloom. An enterprising Catholic citizen of Mangalore is having the book reprinted. The verse is set to music of a sad, plaintive tone, very gratifying to the ear. It has the variations so dear to the Goanese school of music. Every night, after the heat of the day has passed, it is pleasant to hear the singing on all sides. There is not a house to be seen, not a light to show that there are people around. But from below the waving cocoanut palms arise strains of music from the mouths of men, women and children. As the weary listener turns to his bed, the music acts as a sort of lullaby. A pretty custom, indeed, and long may it flourish!

Like a blast of defiance to those who hope to discourage the Catholic movement within the Church of England by threats of disestablishment came this declaration of Viscount Halifax to the English Church Union not long since: "We are resolved that the work begun by God's mercy among us shall, God helping us, be carried to its predestined end, which, whether in union with the State or not, shall be nothing less than the spread and maintenance of the Catholic Faith and of Catholic practices in England, and the eventual reunion of all those who love Our Lord in sincerity and truth in one visible Fold under one Shepherd." Lord Halifax, it is true, went on to say that when the right of "the Primate of Christendom" came to be fully recognized on the one side, the right of the Catholic episcopate would have to be as fully recognized on the other. The implication here is that the rights of the episcopate are at present in some way impugned; but the *Lamp* (Anglican) is quick to remind his Lordship that "if there be any portion of Christendom where the rights of the

bishops are not fully recognized, it is outside and not within the Roman pale." The *Lamp* then proceeds to shed more light on the subject:

What we Anglicans most need just now to co-operate with Divine Providence in furthering the "Predestined End" of the Oxford Movement is to readjust our ideas about the Bishop of Rome in relation to the rights of the Catholic episcopate. Too long we have regarded the successor of the Fisherman as usurping the rights of his fellow-bishops, instead of recognizing, what is the actual fact, that the Holy See is the very bulwark and main defence of the rights of the Catholic episcopate. Of all bishops in the world to-day none are so much honored in their holy office, or command to such a degree the obedience of the faithful, as those who own allegiance to the Apostolic See. The bishops of the Holy Roman Church rule their flocks with an authority to which priest and layman render unquestioning submission, because back of him stands the Supreme Pontiff, the Primate of all Christendom, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Viewed in the light of subsequent events, the bishops of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* made a sad mistake, as far as their own rights were concerned, when they abandoned the Chair of Peter and bowed their necks to the Royal Yoke. That they ceased forthwith to be treated as the ambassadors of a King infinitely greater than any human monarch, and became the obedient servants of the Crown, is an absolute fact of history and can not be truthfully denied.

A series of articles dealing with the Catholic missions in Thibet by Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B., is begun in the *London Tablet*. So little is generally known about the mountain-guarded country of the Grand Lama that these articles are sure to be of exceptional value. The fullest and most reliable information, exactness of statement, fairness toward enemies and frankness with friends, may always be expected from Dom Spitz; and he has the happy faculty of rousing keen interest in every subject of which he treats. That mystic and mysterious land in the centre of Asia where no foreigner may enter, whose "Sacred City" no European traveller has visited for half a century, however, possesses a fascina-

tion which, according to Lord Curzon, no country or empire in Europe, still less any part of the Western Hemisphere, can claim. It is a vast and desolate plateau, three times as big as France, and surrounded by lofty mountains which have been called the very roof and ridge of our globe. In no part of the wide world are foreigners more rigorously excluded.

But where neither merchant nor traveller has penetrated, the Roman Catholic missionaries have found their way, have found a willing ear of eager listeners; and the Catholic Church has found there also her martyrs and confessors. It is from the Catholic missionaries that Europe first received the only knowledge it possessed of this remote land. The missionaries of the Cross alone, in defiance of every menace—of torture and of death, of cold and hunger,—have braved the capricious fury of its rulers and the horrors of its climate; have toiled and suffered, labored and triumphed...

It is not known to what particular Apostle the Thibetans owe these traditions, but history informs us that in the thirteenth century two Franciscan missionaries crossed the Himalayas and evangelized Thibet; nay, preached the tidings of salvation in the metropolis of Lamaism. The first mentioned is the Franciscan friar Ruysbroek (Rubruquis), whom Louis IX., King of France, had sent to the Tartar Khan (1253-56), and whose memory is still kept among the Thibetans. This we know from the pen of the Rev. Father Van der Decken, who in 1890 accompanied Prince Henry of Orleans across Thibet. He relates how on March 7, some distance away from Lhasa, they met a Thibetan officer, who told them that five centuries ago two learned men from the countries of the West came to Thibet; and we know their names: one was called Van Putte (this is the Dutchman, however, who visited it in the seventeenth century), and the other Louisbloeck (or Ruysbroek).

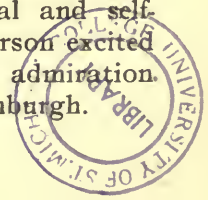
The next missionary we hear of in Thibet and Lhasa is the well-known missionary, geographer, and historian of medieval missionary enterprise in the Far East, Blessed Odoric of Friaul, or Odoric of Povdenone (Mattinzi). He crossed Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia; visited the island of Salsette, where three missionaries of his Order had just been martyred, and took their relics with him to China. Afterward he crossed the steppes of Mongolia, Khansu, Thibet, and arrived at last at Lhasa. After a long missionary expedition of twelve years (1318-30), during which he had baptized 20,000 infidels, he returned

to Europe in order to get new laborers for the promising field in the Far East. But when he arrived at Pisa he was taken ill, and was then removed by order of the Provincial to the Monastery of Padua, where, shortly before his death in 1331, he dedicated to William of Solagna a Latin account of his journey and experiences in the Far East.

Of Lhasa itself—whose foreign residents, though very few, have been, according to Lord Curzon, "mostly Roman Catholic missionaries,"—Dom Spitz writes:

Here the missionaries [Capuchins] made satisfactory progress. They translated several religious books into the Thibetan language, such as the Bible History and the Catechism of Cardinal Bellarmine; compiled a Thibetan dictionary containing about 35,000 words; built a small monastery and began to make numerous conversions. Father della Penna relates that he himself baptized 2587 children in the course of eight years. But this success soon excited against them the hatred of the Lamas, who painted the missionaries in the blackest colors. "By their presence alone they cause epidemics, raise tempests, engender ferocious wild beasts in unheard-of numbers; produce bad harvests; in fine, they are the authors of all sorts of embarrassments and calamities; they are disturbers of public repose, blasphemers of the national majesty. Therefore they must be pursued without relenting; they must be annihilated with fire and sword; they must be hunted out at any price." The Capuchins were forced to yield to this opposition: they were expelled from a mission in which they had labored for thirty-five years (1707-1742). In 1742 they left Thibet with a small number of Christians, descended the banks of the Ganges to Bhutan and Nepal, and founded the congregations of Lucknow and Agra. After that period Thibet was long abandoned to its fate.

The latest clerical convert from Anglicanism, the Rev. John Scholfield, of St. Michael's Church, Hill Square, Edinburgh, is a cousin of the saintly Father Faber, whose writings, it is said, had much to do with the conversion of his relative. Mr. Scholfield received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge. His piety, zeal and self-sacrifice as an Anglican parson excited the interest and won the admiration of many Catholics in Edinburgh.



Notable New Books.

The Burden of the Time. By the Rev. Cornelius Clifford. The Cathedral Library Association.

These "essays in suggestion based on the Breviary Scriptures of the liturgical year" form a fitting companion volume for Father Clifford's "Introibo," published last year, which dealt similarly with the Missal. This book, the author assures us, was written for "that breathless, forward-moving public of devout but over-busy men, whether in the cloister or out of it, who are spiritual enough to find conscience-room for an idea, but not leisured enough to labor it to a poor third of its issues. *Vitam perdimus operose nihil agendo.*" There is justice in the accusation, and especially there is justice in the contentions set forth in the splendid introductory essay on the liturgical use of Scripture. Clergy and laity will be much the better for reading that essay, as well as the brief homilies that make up the body of the book. There is fine spirituality in them, and a richness of thought that runs well with the fresh and distinguished style of the writing.

Introduction to Dante's "Inferno." By Adolphus T. Ennis. Richard G. Badger.

In his preface the author of this late contribution to Dantean literature quotes Lowell's words, "We protest against the parochial criticism which would degrade Dante to a mere partisan"; and in this citation we have the keynote to Father Ennis' work. The great *Inferno* he looks upon as an epic poem of humanity, not as merely an Italian epic; and in his interpretation of the Florentine's sublime cantos he insists upon a universal application of the principles of justice, faith, hope, and love, embodied in Dante's immortal poem.

A profound study of the *Inferno*—study in its best sense, as including the exercise of heart as well as intellect—is evident in this introduction to the first part of the Divine Comedy; and one gets from Father Ennis' pages an exposition in little of Catholic theology as embodied in Dante, something after the manner of Dr. Hettinger's invaluable work.

Our National Recreation Parks. By Nicholas Senn, M. D. W. B. Conkey Co.

"Whenever I feel like reading a novel," said Disraeli, "I write one." Whenever Dr. Senn feels impelled to drop his marvellous scalpel for the brief rest that steadies and strengthens and recreates, a book of travel or observation is sure to be one result of his vacation. His subject here is the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley; and he ambles along in a leisurely way,

pointing out what a highly-trained eye sees in an exploration of those great recreation parks, pausing from time to time to meditate, to discuss and—rarely—to protest against the vandalism of man. It is an attractive personality, as well as a finely-developed intelligence, that shows through the writing; and we find here as well as elsewhere in Dr. Senn's books a reverential and religious note that some young men freshly graduated from the medical lecture room would have omitted. Professional instincts assert themselves in the comments on fauna and flora, but ordinarily the matters that occupy the author's pen are those most broadly human and interesting. We should say that for those who can not make a personal excursion to our national recreation parks the next best thing is to read Dr. Senn's book.

The Young Priest. By Cardinal Vaughan. Burns & Oates; B. Herder.

Cardinal Vaughan was a great priest. From youth to death his life showed a blend of apostolic energy and personal piety that caused men to regard him with awe rather than admiration. When in his last days he stretched his pain-racked, weary body on a hospital cot to await the rest it had never known in health, he bethought him of the many priests he had ordained, and resolved to leave them his thoughts on the priestly office as a last act of zeal and affection. The result is this volume.

Needless to say the ideal set forth is a lofty one—our Lord Himself and the great saints as illustrating the priesthood in action; the Blessed Trinity as the worthiest subject of meditation; thoughts—oh, how tender!—on priestly devotion to the Blessed Virgin; the apostolic standards and virtues (chiefly obedience, zeal, gentleness, prayerfulness, humility, and disinterestedness). And there is the admirable chapter entitled "Resolutions as to Certain Practices," in which the wise and holy Cardinal offers specific advice about the common pitfalls to be avoided and the strategic points to be captured and held.

The Principles of Moral Science. By the Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. B. Herder.

This is a general treatise on the foundations of ethics with special reference to the traditions handed down through many centuries in the Catholic schools. The author is aware of "a considerable difference between the principles of Moral Theology as explained in the treatise on Human Acts and the less general conclusions reached later on, when dealing with particular virtues" It is his purpose to restate the principles in order to bring them into harmony with the more specific inferences.

A commendable feature of the work is the frequent comparison between the Scholastic

system and the Utilitarianism of Mill, the evolutionary ethics of Spencer and Kant's philosophy of duty. It may well be questioned whether Dr. McDonald has succeeded in accomplishing all that he set out to do. In his discussion of the morality of lying, for instance, he leaves the matter practically in *statu quo* so far as a final statement of principle is concerned. But in this case as in many others he has rendered the important service of pointing out discrepancies between moral deductions and moral premises.

Students of Catholic theology and ethics can not fail to be stimulated by reading this volume. The author is an original thinker and a forcible writer; he touches the heart of several grave problems; and, although his investigations are fearless and frank, his guidance is none the less safe on that account.

Pippo Buono. Edited by Ralph Francis Kerr, of the Oratory. B. Herder.

This delightful, biography of St. Philip is lovingly dedicated "to the boys and girls of the Oratory schools, England, by one who loves St. Philip and all those who love the gentle saint," but it belongs no less to all Catholic children. Would that there were more word pictures of the saints of the Church as winningly painted as is this sketch of Pippo Buono! The heroes of the Church should be incentives to us all to walk in the way they trod. And when their lives are attractively told, the influence on youth must be greater than that exerted by heroes in other walks; for there is a spiritual unction about them which reaches the hidden springs of action, impelling to the highest nobility, that of the soul.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. Benziger Brothers.

As one turns again and again with new interest to reread parts of the life-record of the venerable foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary of the Woods, Indiana, the words of wisdom on the title-page, "She glorified her nobility by being conversant with God; yea, the Lord of all things hath loved her," take on a fresh significance; and one adds, "Her children arise up and call her blessed."

Mother Theodore's work was evidently of the Master's appointment; and with brave heart she went about it, thinking only of Him and of His children, never of herself. Her lines were cast in troubled waters sometimes, but results verified the words, "If God be with you, who shall be against?"

The account of the struggles of the little pioneer band in the early days makes interesting and edifying reading; and when read in the spirit of faith, the simplest records are full of meaning.

No unimportant part of Church history in this country is comprised in the annals of communities; and none tell more vividly the difficulties encountered in the early days in this the middle West than the history of the Sisters of Providence under Mother Theodore Guerin.

The Great Captain. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Brothers.

This story, though published some time ago, commends itself to those who like tales of adventure,—stories partly of history, partly of fiction. The setting is mainly in England, though one catches glimpses of Ireland, Spain and the sea in its pages. The hero is Sir Walter Raleigh, so, of course, we see the capricious Elizabeth and others of her time in the development of the plot. A story written in the first person is not usually interesting, but this recital by the Great Captain's adopted son is an exception to the rule.

Chronicles of Semperton. By Joseph Carmichael. The English Catholic Truth Society.

Life is made up of little things after all, but if they are interestingly told they do not seem so small. Although the "Chronicles of Semperton" do not rise to any great heights of action, they hold one as only that which is true to life can, and, as one reads, there is a sense of personal experience that lends a charm to the recital. Mr. Jasper, good Father Wingate, Mary, the treasure found by Mrs. Gibbins,—all are types of people we have met. The religious element is paramount, but in such a way as to awaken interest.

The Haldeman Children. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Brothers.

When Mrs. Mannix introduces her readers to people, they at once become real; and after we have followed their careers as far as their creator wills it, we leave them with the same feeling that we have when we part from acquaintances of whom we would fain know more. Such as these are the Haldeman children,—noble, thoughtful, human children. Chloe Ann and Nancy are as real as Hannah and Alma; and there is not a dull page in the chapters that recount their doings.

In Fifty Years. By Madame Belloc. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

There is a distinction about these outpourings of a deeply religious soul; and a soul that dwells intimately with holy thoughts must needs be poetic. The highest beauty is in the things of the ideal life, and this beauty finds its expression in Madame Belloc's lines. There is a shadow of sadness in these poems, but it is not the darkness of sorrow's night: rather the soft mystic atmosphere of reverie's moonlight.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

My Dream.

BY S. M. R.

AS summer without flowers,
Without the bird-songs free,
Would be my life, dear Mother,
Without the thought of thee.

Thou art as sunshine, Mother,
That woos the opening flower,
Or as the soft refreshing dew
At twilight's peaceful hour.

Thou art my dream, dear Mother,
That doth day's joy renew;
And when I die, oh, may I see
My dream of love come true!

Stories of St. Needs.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



H, if you ask *me*, I call it simply ridiculous! The idea of spelling her name in that outlandish fashion! She just wants to put on airs,—that's all there is to it."

"As usual, Master Charlie, you are very charitable. How do you know she hasn't some good reason for that way of spelling it?"

"Because there isn't any good reason for spelling a name wrong,—a Christian name, anyway. Of course *some* names have different forms. But I'd just like to see any authority for changing Catherine into this newfangled Kathryn. And, just in good time, here comes Uncle Austin. Clare, *you* ask him about it, will you? Bride will be sure to prejudice him against my view, if *she* begins at uncle."

"Very well, Charlie. Before asking Uncle Austin, though, it's only fair to

tell Bride that I agree with you and not her. Good-evening, uncle! You are just in time to decide a point about proper names. Can you tell us, please, if there's any authority for spelling Catherine K-a-t-h-r-y-n?"

"I should hope not, my dear; but Charlie is probably strong enough to lift that one-volume Standard I see over there in the corner. Why not consult that?"

"So I will. Now, then, Bride, come over here. Where's the vocabulary of proper names? Oh, here we are! Let's see: Car—Cas—Cat,—yes, here it is. And, goodness, what a lot of forms! 'Catherine, Catharine, Katharine, Kathleen, Cassie, Kate, Katie, Kit, Kitty,' to say nothing of these French, Spanish, Russian, Italian and Swedish variations. Now, Bride, I hope you're satisfied. You can see for yourself that Kathryn is not English, American, or any other language, unless slang deserves to be called a language; which it doesn't,—does it, Uncle Austin?"

"Decidedly not, Charlie. But what is all the discussion about. Who is inclined to spell her name Kathryn?"

"Why, Dick Coughlan's aunt in Philadelphia. Dick wrote her a letter a while ago and began it 'Dear Aunt Kate'; and in her answer she gave him a blowing up because he didn't address the envelope to 'Miss Kathryn Farrell.' 'I must insist,' she wrote, 'on your addressing me hereafter as Aunt Kathryn. Aunt Kate is too common and vulgar.' Now, I call that sort of thing being stuck up and affected. But Bride doesn't agree with me; though, of course, that's nothing new: she *never* does, if she can help it."

While Charlie was delivering himself of this outburst, I was running over

in my mind the different names which I remember being applied during the past thirty years to the Miss Farrell in question. She was christened Catherine and for the first ten or twelve years of her life was called Cass. For the next five or six years, Cass was gradually replaced by Cassie. Then Miss Farrell left Rockland for a six months' visit to Boston, and on her return expressed a preference for Kate. And now it seems her Christian name has undergone still another transformation, and the Cass of three decades ago is the Kathryn of to-day. Well, I gave her credit for more sense; but as it wouldn't do to encourage these young folks in criticising their elders, I forthwith changed the subject.

"By the way, Bride, while the dictionary is open, you might see whether among those proper names you can find 'Needs' or 'Neot.'"

"Yes, uncle, I'll look." A pause for a minute or two, then: "No, neither of them is given here."

"Well, then, perhaps Clare will look through the list of names at the end of the fourth volume of Butler's *Lives of the Saints* and tell me whether either can be found there."

Clare obediently took the volume from the lowest shelf of the bookcase, and soon exclaimed:

"Here is St. Neot, anchoret; but there's no 'Needs,' uncle."

"I thought not," was my reply; "although in the course of Butler's life of St. Neot you will probably find 'Needs' given as another form of the anchoret's name."

"I suppose," said Bride, "that 'Neot' is the French and 'Needs' the English form; is it, uncle?"

"No, Bride: it's just the other way. In my large French *Lives of the Saints* he is called St. Needs, whereas in Butler's we have just seen he is called St. Neot. Moreover, there is still in England a town, St. Neot's,

named after the saint; and there used to be, and perhaps is still, a place in Cornwall, Neotsoke; called after him."

"He was an English saint, then," remarked Clare. "Are there any pretty stories told in his life, uncle?"

"In *some* accounts of his life, yes; but, if I remember well, not in the sketch which Butler gives."

"Did he ever show any power over wild animals, sir?"

"Yes, Charlie. One of his French biographers mentions a number of instances in which St. Needs (for I like that name better than St. Neot) exercised over the brute creation the same miraculous control which I have told you about in the case of so many other holy servants of God. But where is my best auditor, Frankie, to-night?"

"Heah I is, untle. Oo dot some tocolates an' stowies foh me?"

And Master Frank, who had evidently been enjoying an after-supper nap, came running to me, and immediately proceeded to investigate the contents of my coat pockets. Finding therein the desired brand of bonbons, he sampled them at once, and then intimated his readiness to hear the "stowy."

"All right, Frankie. You must know that St. Needs lived a long time ago,—in fact, more than a thousand years ago. He was a hermit, a very holy man, and a friend—if not, as some writers say, a relative—of King Alfred the Great. Well, St. Needs founded a monastery in a wild, uncultivated district, and he and his monks set to work improving the land. They owned a few yokes of oxen, by means of which their ploughing was carried on; they were too poor to have any horses. Now, one fine morning, when the monks went out to their stable, they met with a cruel disappointment—the oxen were gone. Some thieves had stolen them during the night. St. Needs was at once notified of the loss, and after some moments spent in prayer, he

said: 'Well, let us go to our work, anyway. God may give us strength enough to do the work ourselves.'

"Full of confidence in the saint's words, the religious took their different implements and proceeded to the field. As they drew near the part of the farm where they had been ploughing the evening before, a singular spectacle met their gaze. A number of large and handsome stags were quietly standing by the ploughs, apparently waiting to be yoked. St. Needs ordered them to be harnessed at once, and they worked away as docilely and as well as ever had done the stolen oxen.

"Naturally enough, the news of this striking prodigy was soon carried all through the district. In the course of a week or ten days it reached the thieves, who were so affected by the miracle that they brought back the oxen to St. Needs.

"The stags were, of course, set at liberty; and you may be sure they were not sorry that their ploughing experience was over. The legend goes on to say, however, that they remained marked with white where the yoke had rested upon their shoulders, and that this white mark transmitted to their posterity was still noticeable for centuries afterward."

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.—DIVERSIONS.

The "Our Father" having been learned, Teddy thought it best to defer the lesson of the "Hail Mary" to some other occasion. He declared, however, that he would recite aloud a few other prayers in which his companion might join and get gradually accustomed to their sound. If he had ever said his prayers carelessly or without attention, the boy certainly tried at that moment to throw all possible fervor

into the recitation. He repeated the Creed and the *Confiteor*, the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, an invocation to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin, to his Guardian Angel and the saints. And having concluded he sat down beside Johnny, and, drawing the catechism from his pocket, began to teach him the first two or three answers. Kitty meanwhile continued to amuse herself, putting in a word now and again. She had observed the hunchback on his knees saying the "Our Father," and had exclaimed, with childish approval:

"Boy say prayers. Dood boy,—you's a dood boy!"

At last Teddy restored the catechism to his inner pocket, and the two boys sat silent a while, enjoying the quiet of the scene. Then Katrinka, arising from her knees, stole away into the shrubbery upon the one side; while the Sandman likewise withdrew noiselessly and followed a hidden path upon the other side. He was for the moment touched and softened; memories and influences long dormant within his breast began to stir into life. As he walked homeward through the tranquil forest path, he asked himself if it were not, after all, the best which could befall a boy to be taught from earliest childhood those great truths of Christianity, to be a guiding light against the faults and follies of youth.

Teddy, who was never very long inactive, next suggested that they take Kitty out in a boat,—keeping, however, near the shore, where it would be perfectly safe; and to this the hunchback eagerly agreed.

"The little thing has never been in a boat in her life," declared Teddy, "unless it was the ferryboat that brought her here; and I guess she's hardly ever seen the water."

Just as the three reached the shore they saw the Sandman walking about. He merely waved his hand to them

but did not speak. Teddy, however, promptly addressed him as soon as they were within hailing distance.

"I say, sir," he cried, "you needn't be afraid I'm trying to get away to church or anything. It's too late for Mass now, so it wouldn't be any good rowing across stream. We're just going to take Kitty out for a little row."

The Sandman had turned away to hide a smile at the beginning of this characteristic address; but at its conclusion he answered, quite benignantly:

"Very good, Alexieff! I know that Vladimir and you will be extremely careful of the precious little Narka."

"Yes, yes, we'll be careful," promised Teddy, helping Johnny to push off the boat.

Kitty seemed at first a little afraid when she found herself in that moving cockleshell so close to the water, and clung convulsively to her brother. But when Teddy got her seated in the stern, with cushions wedged safely around her, and she felt the easy motion of the boat under the action of Johnny's oars, her delight knew no bounds. She screamed, she crowed, she laughed aloud for very glee, as the blue waters danced merrily around the little craft. The dreary figure upon the shore, the man done with life and all its illusions, laughed too, and let his wistful eyes follow the tossing curls and shining face of happy childhood.

Kitty, amongst the woodland trees, in her frock of bright green velvet, had had much the appearance of a woodland nymph; so now upon the surface of the water she resembled an ocean sprite that had come up from woodland depths, bringing its fresh coloring to the light of day.

When the three returned to the house, Katrinka brought forth a little set of carved figures to amuse Kitty; each had its own descriptive rhyme, and these interested the boys no less than the little girl. For example:

Here is the shepherd with staff and crook:
He leads his lambkins down by the brook;
And beside him comes the shepherdess
Daintily holding her flowered dress.

Here's my lord king, with crown of gold
And ermine mantle, so fierce and bold;
And my lady queen, with another crown
And a velvet cloak and a silken gown.

Here is the robber wild and fierce,
With a gun to shoot and a spear to pierce.
This is the outlaw dressed in green,
With a bow and arrow to hunt, I ween.

Here's the forester sounding his horn
To waken the huntsmen at break of morn;
And the burner of charcoal, black and grim,
Who dwells in his hut in the forest dim.

Here is a knight with lance at rest,
And shining armor upon his breast;
And an ogre who scents the blood of men,
And comes forth by night from his horrid den.

These and many more were the rhymes appropriate to each figure as it came. It was the greatest delight to Kitty and her two eager assistants to set and reset the little people on the table, while Katrinka described each one in turn in her rhyming chronicle.

After supper that evening Katrinka took the children with her to the tower in the forest. The Sandman made no remark either upon their coming or their going. They did not enter the house, but by the light of the setting sun fed the goats. The two animals came leaping and jumping about them, and Katrinka talked to them familiarly in a foreign tongue, calling them by caressing names. Kitty was at first terribly afraid, especially of the formidable Billy, and hid her head in Katrinka's voluminous skirts; but after a while she so far recovered as to pat Madam Nanny on the head with her approving "Dood! dood!" The goat rubbed its head gently against her as if it understood and appreciated the compliment.

"The little one throws a glamour over her," said Katrinka to Teddy. "I will tell you as we go homeward the tale of an enchanted goat who dwelt

in a rocky cavern on the seacoast."

When they went out and closed the goats into their stalls, Katrinka stood with her three young companions gazing an instant at the tower, upon the roof of which shone a gleam of the red and gold of the sunset. To this Katrinka applied some pretty foreign word, which she told the boys meant "fairy glimmer." She surveyed the house with tranquil satisfaction, saying softly to herself:

"Katrinka's house."

Teddy exclaimed in his eager boy-fashion:

"I think your house is just fine, Katrinka; and we had a splendid time that evening you brought us here; and you bet that was a good supper you gave us!"

"The gypsy stew?" added Johnny. "I think it was the best I ever tasted. And, O Katrinka, weren't we frightened when the stranger came?"

"Out of the storm and night," agreed Katrinka; "but we had no fear."

"You never know fear, Katrinka," said the hunchback.

"I know fear," said the old woman, slowly; "but not of many things or persons."

The hunchback, whose conversations with Katrinka always partook somewhat of her own weird character, and who seemed in a peculiar way to understand her, said no more; for he knew that when she spoke of fear she was thinking of the Sandman.

"Perhaps the fairies dance here by night," said Katrinka, as if to change the subject. "I do not know; and the goats can not speak, or they might tell me. But home we must hasten before night darkens. The little one should be in bed before the stars shine out, if she would keep her rosy cheeks and happy face."

As they hurried homeward the leaves of the forest were burnished gold by

the last rays of a descending sun; and by the time they reached the castle the landscape had darkened, and the dwelling itself, sombre and silent, gave forth not a sign of life.

Within the study, the Sandman, whose restless heart and unsettled brain rarely left him long quiet, paced to and fro, revolving in his troubled mind the scene which he had witnessed in the forest and the thoughts which it had awakened. At first he was touched and softened. The power of childish voices amid the solemn stillness of the forest—voices raised with unwavering faith and love to the great White Throne,—was so compelling as almost to overthrow the barriers raised between his soul and its Creator. Those barriers had been erected by long years of separation, as well as by the storms and tribulations which had shaken his nature to its centre. He almost resolved to let Teddy follow his convictions, and lead Johnny with him, in so far as he might. But finally, like the Hebrews of old, he hardened his heart, and, with stern defiance of every law, determined to carry out his design with regard to the boys.

It was curious that even in his thoughts he shrank from interfering with Kitty. He would, for the present at least, permit her to repeat her prayers with her brother until he had won or forced Teddy into such a condition of mind that he should no longer care about the matter. He planned that lessons should begin upon the following morning, and that during their course he would spare no pains to inculcate those teachings which he vaguely put under the head of ethical culture.

Teddy was meanwhile quite unconscious of the snares and pitfalls which were being laid for him, and of the mischief into which he should be led by his own rash and adventurous spirit.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Ex. President Cleveland is revising the proofs of a forthcoming volume to be entitled "Presidential Problems." One wonders whether his publishers, too, will "love him for the enemies he has made."

—The following lines from Kipling ought to be cut out and pasted in the hat of everybody who writes on political or controversial subjects during the dog-days: "We are all islands of incomprehensibility, shouting to each other across seas of misunderstanding." We should like to add that in religious discussions especially hardly one knows the language in which the other shouts.

—"In the Celtic Past" is the title of the third posthumous volume of "Ethna Carbery" (Mrs. Seumas MacManus), some of whose work we have been privileged to publish in these pages. The first volume, "The Four Winds of Eirinn," has already run through twelve editions, a somewhat extraordinary feat for a book of poems. The second, "Passionate Hearts," is a collection of tender and fragrant love-stories which are daily growing in popularity. We hope to have more to say about the work of "Ethna Carbery" in a subsequent issue of this magazine.

—In founding the *Catholic Universe* the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of the diocese of Cleveland, rendered a greater service to the cause of religion than he realized, urgent as was the need of such a journal at the time of its inception. During the thirty years of its existence it has been an ever-increasing power for good. Few of our religious journals can lay claim to a more honorable record than the *Universe*. Its present prosperity is no less due to high ideals, never lost sight of, than to able management. We congratulate our contemporary on the thirtieth anniversary of its founding, and rejoice that its prospects are so bright.

—The scoop so dear to the heart of the managing editor of a big daily is not so common as it used to be because of the practice among reporters of sharing their material with one another. This is especially the case in big "stories" with several ends to be covered in a little time; the work is divided among reporters of rival newspapers who afterward exchange information. "City editors affect to disapprove of it," writes an experienced journalist in the *Bookman*, "but never within my knowledge have punished for it. Reporters who work year after year, side by side, seeking news, under cheerless, disagreeable and not unfrequently dangerous conditions, develop a character of comradeship which destroys desire to beat or scoop each other. In-

deed, most scoops result from accident or chance and not from design, and are heard of more in the shop talk of novices and outsiders than among experienced reporters."

—The venerable Cardinal Capececiaturo, whose biography of St. Philip Neri has been received as authoritative and final over the whole Catholic world, is one of the busiest of men despite his eighty years. Besides administering the Archdiocese of Capua he still delights in writing, his latest book being "The Seminarist Formed in the Gospel School."

—The London *Tablet* notes that two of the leading artistic magazines in England are edited by Catholics. Dr. George Williamson, author of "The Cities of Modern Italy," "The History of Portrait Miniatures," etc., is also editor of the "Great Masters Series," to which he has contributed studies of Bernardino, Luini, and Perugio. To this distinguished Catholic gentleman is largely due the credit of the increasing interest in art among all classes in England.

—Announcing that the French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously voted a credit of 18,700 francs to found a chair of physics at the Paris Faculty of Sciences for M. Curie, the *Athenæum* remarks: "As Madame Curie is credited with a fair share of the discovery [of radium], it seems an ungallant act on the part of the members not to have included her as a joint holder of the chair." Madame Curie's religion may have constituted an objection, though we hear that her distinguished husband is also a practical Catholic.

—A clergyman in a Southern city has written a treatise on the Kneipp Water Cure established and directed by him. Just why a clergyman should feel obliged to turn physician, writing somewhat arrogantly about regular practitioners and rather incautiously about invalids and diseases, we should be at a loss to explain. For the sake of the confiding laity to whom the treatise may come, however, we may as well say that as a priest, and not a physician, is the proper person to appeal to in a theological difficulty, so a physician, and not a priest, would seem to be the proper instrumentality to invoke in times of bodily ailment.

—Of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's first collection of "South Sea Idyls" Emerson said: "I do not think that one who can write so well will find it easy to leave off." That classic of American literature was published many years ago, and meantime the author has written much on many themes. Now comes the welcome

announcement (by Herbert B. Turner & Co.) of a second volume of idyls and stories of those summer seas so dear and familiar to Mr. Stoddard. It will appear in the early winter under the title, itself a promise of charms, "The Island of Tranquil Delights." A new picture of the author will render this book doubly welcome to the host of Mr. Stoddard's friends and admirers.

—The London *Daily Telegraph's* description of the late Clement Scott as "a brilliant impressionist, an unflinching advocate, a fearless partisan, if you will, but not a critic," strikes Mr. Max Beerbohm as wholly misleading. It implies, he says, "that a critic is a dry person who can minutely dissect the subject, and then can separate those parts of it which are respectively according to certain rules which he has learned, good and bad, and can then with a steady hand weigh them in a pair of scales and register the balance for our inspection; and it is evidently implied that no other kind of person is a critic. Well, the kind of person described [by the *Daily Telegraph*] is indubitably a critic, and indubitably a useful critic, and not so uncommon as one might fear." Callow fledglings from the colleges were disposed to gird at Mr. Scott's picturesque and very positive judgments on the modern drama just as they flee at the unrestrained adjectives of our own William Winter; they preferred the Shawness of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.
 Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.
 The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.
 Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.
 The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.
 Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.
 In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.

- The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.
 The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.
 Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *A Kempis.* \$1.25, net.
 Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.
 The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.
 The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.
 Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.
 Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.
 Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.
 Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.
 One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.
 Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.
 A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.
 The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.
 The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Sæxe.* 60 cts., net.
 Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.
 The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.
 The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.
 A Precursor of St. Phillip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.
 Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.
 Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. F. Malo, of the diocese of Fargo; and Rev. Lawrence Brennan, C. S. B.

Sister M. Philomena, of the Community of St. Joseph.

Col. Paul De Gournay, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Oscar Collet, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Catherine Nugent, New York; Margaret A. Carney, W. Somerville, Mass.; Mr. Daniel Clarke, Glasgow, Scotland; Teresa Owens, St. Paul, Minn.; E. St. Louis, Yolo, Cal.; Mr. Edward Duraind, Alma, Colo.; Mrs. Elizabeth Fenlon, Collinsville, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Theus, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Josephine Redue, Chestertown, Md.; and Mr. R. D. Bonner, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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The Lifelong War.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

STILL goes the strife; the anguish does not die.
 Stronger the flesh is grown, for earthly years,
 In siege about my soul that upward peers
 To see and hold its Good. The spirit's eye
 Approves the better things; but senses spy
 The passing sweets, spurning the present fears,
 And take their moment's prize. Ah, then hot tears
 Deluge my soul, and contrite moans my cry!
 Courage, my heart: bright patience to the end!
 Few years remain; then goes the warring wall
 Of sensuous flesh, that men will throw to earth.
 So be it; so the contrite soul shall wend
 A homeward way unto the Captain's call,
 Eternally to know contrition's worth.

The Two Religions in Ireland.

(July 24, 1904.)

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

IN THE AVE MARIA we often read beautiful legends of the past,—stories telling of piety, of admiration, hope, and heavenly love. And from Armagh, where Patrick lived, suffered long, and prayed for the steadfastness of his people, there comes to us the gentle story of the fawn in the arms of that saint who transformed the natural wild Irish, and filled them with the supernatural longings ever since so deep amongst them, be their hearts faithful or yet worldly wandering. And in the story of the fawn there

was a prophecy. From the spot where Patrick built his church, where later on the Middle Ages had their cathedral, on that site where to-day stands the Protestant church modelled on its Catholic predecessor,—from that hill he carried the fawn after the flying hind, to "the northern eminence" opposite, there where had taken refuge—where *has* taken refuge—the milk-white hind immortal and unchanged,—

often forced to flee,

And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

On one hill old St. Patrick's cathedral, now Protestant; on the other, new St. Patrick's cathedral, Catholic and Roman. It is the epitome of so much of Ireland's history; such a sign as each town and village in Ireland presents; typified most strikingly on the two hills of Armagh,—two cathedrals under the same dedication; two Primates of All Ireland, each claiming a succession from the patron saint, and from the mediæval builder of the first stone cathedral, Archbishop O'Scanlan; the builder, too, of the Franciscan convent, whose ivy-covered ruins that Catholic Archbishop's revisiting spirit might see wasting in the Protestant Archbishop's demesne, last remnant of old Armagh's five monasteries and friaries.

Famous the place once was for learning of certain kinds, they say; yet with no material embodiment that could show itself in our time. For in the days when the ancient schools of Armagh were famous, teachers and taught used shanties and sheds. And so there is

nothing left,—nothing old, nothing picturesque, nothing venerable. Armagh is an irregular but not charming modern whitewashed Irish town of some 10,000 inhabitants, with all the loveliness around of an Irish undulating country, well wooded, as in the Old World we mean it, “in all the pomp of cultivated nature.” It shows Ireland of to-day, or the fringe of its least Catholic corner, with its “metropolis”—in a proper sense—divided equally among the new creeds and the old one. The Presbyterians therein seem to outnumber the Episcopalians (in Ireland there are more than half a million of each) and to be the mainstay of the Orange unreason; but, for the great rivalries, it is Catholics *versus* non-Catholics,—St. Patrick’s hill of old, and the hill of the hunted hind.

Throughout the town, on this day of rejoicing for the Catholic Church in Ireland, all houses of her children were hung with pictures and with flags: Irish flags and Papal, an American here and there, an odd tricolor, but no flag official of the country,—not one English flag. Had the enemy, the separated brother, celebrated, there should not have been one flag Irish. And, in fact, at Portadown (Orange stronghold), as the visitors’ trains passed, the Orange flag was displayed, and waved in what are called sturdy (meaning too often brutal) hands,—waved with an enthusiasm which might be lessened were the poor fanatics conscious that their yellow was in any way like the Papal. Green we know to be no ancient Irish national color, yet as well change now the blades of grass from growing as they grow; and so perhaps not the Pope’s person in yellow would change the leopard skin of Portadown. Have we not heard, indeed, that even though this Pope chances to be a well-spoken-of man, yet “we doan’t tak mooch count of hum in Porrtadun”? Shall we yet see

the innocent white of his flag joined with the yellow of darker hue?

But, alas! through the Orange-stained country, as we moved along for fifty miles near St. Patrick’s gentle hill, there at each railway bridge and tunnel were the spike-helmeted policemen guarding the Catholic pilgrim trains. Sad sight, sad government precaution, which a sad experience has suggested might be needed. “*Irlanda!*” the Pope’s Legate this memorable day so often cried out, as he spoke of Rome’s unwearied love, of which the Roman Cardinal’s presence in Armagh was a pledge,—“*Irlanda! Irlanda! cara Irlanda! sempre fidele!*” as Leo XIII.’s voice still echoes it in our hearts. But there are two Irelands even as there are two Frances; nor has old St. Patrick’s in Armagh vanished, nor yet been renewed in the bonds of charity to that Holy See concerning which its founder Patrick said that as we are Christians so are we Romans.

In America, were such a celebration held, there would be, if not a community of faith among citizens, yet a common public interest. Crowds would flock in curiosity to see notable personages as cardinals, dukes, parliamentary leaders, and lord mayors; and to follow long lines of bishops in purple, Papal chamberlains in uniform; monks and friars, black, white, and brown; to gaze on, perhaps to be impressed by, the celebration of the most beautiful thing out of heaven—as in a fine rapture one said—that is, the Latin Mass. But in Ireland—why, the Dublin St. Vincent de Paul organizer suggested that only Catholic hotels would be willing to make money from this Catholic day.

And so passing up the terraced steps more than two hundred feet in length, this unique approach to this high-placed cathedral, across the valley we heard the bells of the other hill calling the Anglicized Irish to worship;

while round our hill the bands marched playing "The Wearing of the Green." One old Sunday-dressed peasant, not showily but earnestly, kept waving his hat to beat time to his sacred rebel song in the valley, as if doing a personal religious act, just as some Highland *protégé* of her late Majesty might have saluted "God Save the Queen!"—an anthem unheard that day in Armagh. Our bands suggested to us:

Oh, if the color we must wear be England's cruel
red,

Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has
shed!

And that would ill accord with:

Frustrate their knavish tricks;

for we are the knaves there, and ours are the tricks. "God save the Queen and King!" is a party cry in Ireland, and recognized to be so. If I sing it, I mean to sing the Union, government places for anti-Nationalists, no protest against kings calling Catholics idolaters, and now no state-supported university for Catholics. Therefore at Cardinal Logue's public dinner the health of the King was not proposed. The quiet, humble and faithful Primate, as he proposed the Pope's health, guarded himself by an allusion to this purely ecclesiastical occasion. Still the sovereign's health would have been proposed in every other part of his dominions; and would there have meant nothing but fidelity to the present English connection, more or less advantageous for the colony or county concerned. In the two Irelands, flags and national anthems mean more; and to hang out your flag in a quarter of the town where those of the other color live is to irritate, to outrage, to stir up to "retaliation."

Our thoughts, of course, are in the northeast of Ireland, where the two Irelands live in numbers, side by side. Elsewhere Catholics are nine to one; and if the minority are select and undemonstrative, the majority are

tolerant. In Dublin, where the minority is indeed strong in numbers as well as in position and wealth, the Catholic Nationalists attack not English flags so often as do the Anglicized youth the Irish flag at that city's Chief Magistrate's house: from time to time it is stolen and rent, at the periodical revivals of the spirit that protests against live and let live. We are for the moment, however, in the northern province, ecclesiastical and civil; and there we watch the contrasted life of the two communities, divided religiously, politically, socially, and in daily industrial habits. The past accounts for defects, for excellences, on each side. Religion has changed Scotsmen and "Scotch-Irish"; doubtless it has. The fact that they got the good lands has given them advantages; they have used these for themselves and their children. They have had no country, in the best sense; they are without literary and artistic instincts, without historic sense, without imagination. At their worst they are brutalized more than savages can be that are Catholics.

And, then, "this industrial life, otherwise so worthily cultivated, is disturbed by manifestations of religious bigotry which sadly tarnish the glory of the really heroic deeds they are intended to commemorate [...Derry, if not the Boyne]. It is impossible for any close observer of these deplorable exhibitions to avoid the conclusion that the embers of the old fires are too often fanned by men who are actuated by motives which, when not other than religious, are certainly based upon an unworthy conception of religion. I am quite aware that it is only a small and decreasing minority of my [Protestant] coreligionists who are open to the charge of intolerance, and that the geographical limits of the July orgy are now strictly circumscribed. [For which—as a man of usances anyway—

Shylock must exclaim, 'I thank God! I thank God!'] But this bigotry is so notorious, as, for instance, in the exclusion of Roman Catholics from many responsible positions, that it unquestionably reacts most unfavorably upon the general relations between the two creeds throughout the whole of Ireland. The existence of such a spirit of suspicion and hatred, from whatever motive it emanates, is bound to retard our progress as a people toward the development of a healthy and balanced national life."

So writes the Protestant Unionist, Sir Horace Plunkett, in "Ireland in the New Century," that well-meant if indiscreet book, and perhaps partly injudicious. But that such a publication, so serious, so generous, on the whole (shall it be said naïf?), could have been received with attacks—well, it recalls the author's fate in double Ireland: rejected as M. P. by 'his own' for that he made his right-hand man a Catholic Nationalist in the new public Department that works for industrial national revival and non-political self-help; and then rejected by the popular vote, not on grounds religious, but as caring not for Home Rule.

To some Canadian priests, at the Armagh celebration, it was a subject of wonder or mild distress that there should be any allusions to past controversies. But to an Irishman it seemed that Archbishop Healy's sermon scarcely said a word to recall what is always in sight in Armagh. There are tender memories carrying us back to yonder hill and to the site that has passed to the stranger. For any once Catholic country, once Catholic spot, a moment's tender regret arises, as when Oscott heard Newman's cry, "Canterbury has gone its way, and York is gone, and Durham is gone, and Winchester is gone. It was sore to part with them. We clung to the vision of past greatness, and would not believe

it could come to nought; but"—the words of hope follow—"the Church in England has died and the Church lives again." "It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference." So even the curious world notes, wondering or half awestruck.

"For where the Blessed Sacrament is not, all dies.... There was a time when the truth and grace which went out from Canterbury and York spread throughout the whole of England, and bound it together in a perfect unity of faith and communion.... But then the grand old churches were the majestic tabernacles of the Word made Flesh. Jesus dwelt there in the divine mystery of the Holy Eucharist. His presence radiated on every side, quickening, sustaining, upholding the perpetual unity of His mystical body. Then came a change, slight indeed to sense, but in the sight of God fraught with inexhaustible consequences of supernatural loss. Does any one know the name of the man who removed the Blessed Sacrament from the Cathedral of Canterbury or from York Minster? Who did it and when was it done I can not say.... But a change which held both on earth and in heaven had been accomplished. Canterbury and York went on the day after as the day before. But the Light of Life had gone out of them. Men were busy, as not knowing or not believing what was done, and what would follow from the deed. There was no Holy Sacrifice offered morning by morning. The Scriptures were read there, but there was no divine Teacher to interpret them. The *Magnificat* was chanted still, but it rolled along the empty roofs, for Jesus was no longer on the altar. So it is to this day. There is no light, no tabernacle, no altar, nor can be till Jesus shall return thither. They stand like the open sepulchre, and we may believe that angels are there ever saying, 'He is not here. Come

and see the place where the Lord was laid."* .

All this is true of Ireland. The people know their true home. The burdened of heart know, and the worldings when fears come, and chastisement; and when even in prosperity they have the sense of their higher life, of their own true greatness: no son of Immortal Seed passes indifferent by the Catholic confessional, the Catholic altar: in madness and ignorance he is stirred to hatred and scorn; if not in humility and contrition and faith, to reverence and love, awe and devotion. The old St. Patrick's in Dublin,—the people know it not, seek it not, envy not its possessors, think not of themselves having been dispossessed: so we are told by their priests. In Armagh, the new St. Patrick's is for them the old, the everlasting. After those ceremonies of its opening they crowded round its altars, within its sanctuary, kneeling as if to be near Him for whom cathedrals were built, because of His special Presence, and of that promise to be with them always. They discuss it not: they know it, they live in it. Flowers rooted, are their faithful if shaken lives; flowers rootless partly, and often borne away, seem the changing opinions of those who show us more or fewer of Catholic doctrines, on lands never fitted for such growth.

One thinks of the respectful anti-quarian lady seeking traces of her Irish saints in Connaught, and asking an old man about the local holy patron. "Ah, sure, ma'am, it's so long ago!" And she was shocked, saying: "But is not Our Lord's life long ago?"—"No, ma'am: sure" (pointing to the Catholic church and altar) "He's always here." Always here! "God, God, forgive us all!" Always here! "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." And some have rejected His

humility, His simple rites that hold all heaven and earth in happier union; and they have cried, "Are not the Abana and the Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" And still there are others who say that it is too good to be true; and were it true—oh, think of this, you of the household of faith!—that Catholics' lives would show more of such a Presence. Alas! we know that if God wills all men to be saved, He wills not to save us without our own goodwill. Yet think of scandal-givers, of His judgments on the givers of scandal. Think too, once more, with St. Augustine, when tempted to consider not our own sins, but the failings of others, that you who scorn the erring or have indignation against the misguided have not known the difficulty that there is in finding truth; have no sympathy with, no understanding, no knowledge of, the troubles of heart and of mind—the confusions, the misconceptions—of those on whom in God's Providence the light may never have fully shone.

And who is more conscious than are Catholics that the best among them do not—nay, can not—hate and scorn? It is not conceivable they should. It is not they who, even in retaliation, came to petty street squabbles in the succeeding days in Armagh. It is not they who, easy on themselves, are hard on others. Not for a moment do we Catholics in our ideal misread the claims of the Gospel. Ever before us is its ideal, in all our weakness, in all our rebellion. Others may not see. But we when we have slandered our neighbor, when we have abused him,—we know when we have sinned. It is for our sins, as the archbishop-preacher reminded us, that we have suffered. And now, amid all this present-day talk of greed on the part of our clergy, what does a leader among them exclaim, as he quotes St. Patrick's

* Cardinal Manning: "The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth."

"Confession"? "I baptized thousands. Did I ever get a scruple? Did I ever get even the price of a shoe?" The preacher repeated: "It is a lesson for us all,—it is a lesson for us all." "O reverend Fathers, let us take up the 'Confession' and read it! Oh, how he loved his flock!—oh, how he loved his flock! He would not go to see his friends, for fear that in his absence something might happen them." There is the true Gospel note of self-abasement. There is what misguided men hear not from us, and, perchance, have not always means given them to hear. It is the inner sense of unworthiness, the godly fear, the lack of pagan confidence, of pride,—the Christianity, in a word.

Our standard is not this world, but all life. Nor is the future for us problematic. Yet the scorner's tents are no place for us to dwell in. Let us think well on it. Those without do not know. We teach them more by life than by word: by not living in the external, to which they, alas! are condemned; and to what a burden,—the burden of unsatisfied desire, and ignorance of how it may be satisfied! You have everything. He is always here. And English-speaking Catholics, we Catholics in Ireland, have now freedom to adore, encouragement to build houses to His Name, dwelling-places for the tabernacle of God. "The churches of Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria have become desolate or enslaved, and the churches founded by St. Cyprian and St. Augustine are gone; the Holy Sacrifice is not offered in St. Augustine's church of Canterbury, nor in Lindisfarne; in Iona there is no Catholic; and tourists visit Melrose, Fountains and Tintern, knowing nothing of the holy life lived by the men who built them." But now with us it is the Second Spring. "*Non nobis Domine da gloriam.* If we sin, oh, punish us, but cast us not away!

Oh, by Thy mercy, and by the prayers of Mary and the Irish saints, spare us! And may St. Patrick pray for us, now as in all the dreadful past!"

That was the "controversy" of the sermon at Armagh. Plain words they were, good words, words needful for the two Irelands that can not link themselves one, yet must live together. And let us look to ourselves,—each one to himself. This seemed the text of these plain words. "Not ornate enough for this occasion," one said of this sermon. But "I am wickedly in the habit of saying that the three maladies of the present day which hinder piety are fanciful books of devotion, theatrical music in church, and pulpit oratory." So far Cardinal Manning.

Another object lesson in reality of charity and courage was in the form and the speech of the Irish Cardinal, because this head of the Church in Ireland seems the humblest man in the country and the most unadorned in ready speech. But "in union is strength" seems shown in all his dealings with his episcopal colleagues, "than whom no primate in God's Church has colleagues more faithful, more trustful, more affectionate." Cardinal Logue seems to exemplify the spirit of Archbishop Healy's words: to humble ourselves before God, yet to defend His truth and His people. So at Maynooth, last June, the Irish bishops declared concerning the disestablished but far from wholly disendowed Protestant Episcopal body: "That whereas (in addition to their endowments for higher and intermediate education and the great wealth of their church, amounting to a capital of eight millions, derived originally from the appropriation of Catholic Church property) Irish Protestants have their full share of the State grants for primary, intermediate, industrial, school and technical education, it is intolerable that the efforts of our poor people to rebuild their

churches, support their clergy, and make some provision for the better education of their children, should be travestied by the champions of an arrogant minority or their allies; and we are strongly of opinion that the more attention that is concentrated on this question, the more the public in these countries will marvel at the slender resources on which the Church of the Nation does its work for the great bulk of the people, and at the huge endowments that remain to the Church of the few."

This might seem too controversial for the New World. The Old World has its past. Charity is plain-spoken; and tolerance of error is neither Catholic, Christian, nor common-sense. But the Irish Cardinal and the Italian Cardinal Legate visited the Protestant Primate, possessor of old St. Patrick's, well liked as he is and respected by all living near him. He indeed seems a noble man; yet even he praised an ill-written book by rather a low fellow,—a rude, unthinking exaggeration and libel on him whom Dr. Alexander would call his venerable Roman Catholic brother. For did not the Archbishops of Canterbury and York so style their brother of Rome?

Ireland is not all a Catholic country, and never will be so again, to speak humanly. But there is a soul of goodness in things evil, and our enemies are our outward consciences that feelingly remind us what we are; therefore, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends. So must it often be. But the friend may be as wise as the foe. And then we may take kindly whatever be his wisdom.

Finally, however, may Pope Pius' wish be indeed realized—"that the solemn manifestations of Christian sentiment occasioned by the dedication of the new cathedral church of Armagh shall remain as a remembrance and a stimulus to the Catholic Faith of the generations that are to be."

Dabchick's Deception.

BY MARY CROSS.

"It is said that when a man is blown into the air by an explosion, he thinks of all the evil he has done throughout his life," observed David Dabchick, apropos of nothing, but with a desire to sustain his reputation as an entertaining and instructive conversationalist, even when his audience was limited to one, and that one his not too appreciative acquaintance, Henry Mullin of Bray, under whose roof he was spending a customary summer holiday.

From the said roof a pigeon occasionally swooped down to the grass plot stretching from the bench whereon the two men sat to a drab railing, beyond which were the road, the Esplanade, and the sudden glory of the sea.

"Some people would have to stay up about three months in order to do justice to the subject," said Mullin, gruffly.

"Well, *you* should know," retaliated Dabchick. "But what is the matter with you? Since I came you have been as disagreeable as you could, and that is saying a great deal. What's it all about?"

"Agnes," replied Mullin, briefly. Then he enlarged, in a more amicable and confidential tone. "She has lost her head over a young fool called Tom Kenrick; and though I've refused to consent to an engagement, she says she'll be true to him all the same."

"Besides being young and a fool, what is Kenrick?" asked Dabchick in accents of pained surprise; for, like Mullin himself, he thought that Agnes' all-sufficing mission in life was to keep her uncle's house, bear with his irritability and ill-temper, and wait upon him and his friends; therefore any

indication of her having a mind and hopes and ambitions of her own was to be regarded as something akin to rebellion.

"He's a struggling Dublin doctor who was staying here with Father Carty last spring, and got introduced to the girl somehow. Perhaps she accepted him through fear of never having another offer. She is not vain enough to think you might be attracted by her."

"Well, I'm not," said Dabchick, with ungallant emphasis. "Besides, I am old enough to be her father."

"Faith, the older the fiddle the sweeter the tune! What does your age matter when the affair isn't meant to come to anything serious?"

"What affair?" demanded Dabchick.

"I'll explain. I am sure that Agnes would soon send Kenrick about his business if she thought she had a chance of you. You are richer, wiser, a better match in every way."

"She hasn't the remotest chance," declared Dabchick, with great energy. "Look here! I shouldn't be smoking a cigar like this if I had married, and I shouldn't be dealing with a first-class tailor either; and why should I stint myself now to clothe and feed and house another man's daughter or niece? That's what marriage means for a man if he considers it sensibly and practically."

"But I don't ask you to marry Agnes. I don't want her to marry any one. She knows my ways, and she saves me the expense of a housekeeper, and I can't afford to lose her. All I want you to do is to put her out of conceit with the other fellow if you can."

"If I can! My good man, I've cut out better fellows than this Kenrick can be, and might have been married a score of times but for my common-sense. I have forgotten more about the ways of women than you ever knew. If I can, indeed!"

"I know you can,—that's why I am asking you. Agnes would soon be off with Kenrick if she thought she was safely on with you; and then she can be given to understand that your attentions were merely paternal, or out of regard for me."

After further persuasion Dabchick yielded, agreeing to gain Agnes' young affections, which were to be returned to her as soon as she was alienated from Dr. Kenrick. And the conspirators were thus in harmony when the object of their plot appeared, clear-eyed, bright-haired, slim and trim of figure, with a touch of wistful patience in her expression,—due doubtless to the long course of "nagging," varied with violent outbursts of unreasonable wrath, to which life with Uncle Henry subjected her.

Dabchick surveyed her critically. He had never studied her very closely before, as it was not his habit to waste time in contemplation of the inferior sex; but as she stood in the soft glimmer of twilight, with all the charm of youth and health and good looks about her, he realized that the game he had undertaken to play might prove more agreeable than he had anticipated. And he would soon show Mullin, with his "If you can," that he was no amateur in the art of wooing.

"Would you like to go to hear the 'Coons,' Agnes?" he inquired, as a first move. "They give a pretty good concert on the Esplanade."

"Whatever you like," she answered, amiably.

"If you like what I like, you must be very fond of yourself," he said, for the further dazzling of Mullin, who made an accommodating third in that company of two when they went along the road to the spot where the wandering minstrels were rendering popular songs to the accompaniment of banjo and melodeon.

Once there, Mr. Mullin suddenly re-

membered a nondescript errand into town, and vanished, to be seen no more by Agnes and Dabchick until, at a later hour, they almost walked into his arms at the cottage gate. Dabchick was in the best of humors, having found more enjoyment in Agnes' company than he had ever done in Mullin's, on whom he now felt that his discourse and his society had been rather thrown away.

When, in furtherance of the campaign, he proposed a drive, and had secured the girl's consent thereto, he observed to his ally, with a significant smile:

"I think you said you didn't care to go, Henry?"

"Not this time," responded Henry, inserting the saving clause from a well-founded fear of being excluded from future pleasant outings,—well-founded, because as the days went by Dabchick conducted operations in the same style, monopolizing Agnes and devoting himself to her, until Mr. Mullin realized that he was left out in the cold, and secretly opined that his friend was going to wasteful and ridiculous excess in the matter of flattery and attention, to which, in his opinion, Agnes was only too responsive.

"Does Kenrick know of your flirtation with old Dabchick?" he asked pointedly.

"Flirtation, uncle? I am sure it is nothing of the kind."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, miss."

"Do you mean that Mr. Dabchick is trifling with me—laughing at me?" she asked, coloring; and Mr. Mullin bit his lip.

"I mean that you don't know when you are well off," he evaded; "and you might do worse than stay with me. But that's like a woman: never content, always wanting what she'd be better without. I wish to goodness you were a boy!"

"I wish to goodness *you* were, and then I could chastise you as you deserve

for such a speech," said Dabchick, entering in time to hear Mr. Mullin's last sentence. "Don't mind him, Agnes. What would become of me if you were other than you are?"

"Well, there's no fool like an old fool," Mr. Mullin commented, with gloomy eyes watching the pair set forth for a stroll. "If I don't take care, he will end by marrying her, and perhaps that's what he is, up to. She has transferred her affections from Kenrick speedily enough; but if I have to get some one to cut out Dabchick, it will be beyond a joke."

One memorable morning the newsboy flung the *Herald* over the garden railings as usual; and also as usual Mr. Mullin secured it before any one else could, sitting upon that portion he was not reading, lest another should appropriate it. As he scanned the first column a light of surprise and triumph flashed from his eye. He rushed indoors, presenting the paper to Agnes and indicating the paragraph which announced the marriage of Thomas Kenrick, M. D., Dublin, to Kathleen Riordan, Coleraine.

"Serves you right for being a flirt!" Mr. Mullin answered, severely. "Your faithful medical man has soon found a cure for a broken heart."

Agnes' lip quivered with a retort she speedily suppressed, and then she began to laugh.

"But, dear uncle—"

"Oh, don't 'dear uncle' me! You're cured of your fancy for the fellow, I suppose; and it is just as well, seeing that he has jilted you. I hope it will be a lesson to you."

"But—"

"Don't I tell you I don't want to hear another word about it?" he thundered; and the girl's mouth took on an unusual little obstinate curve.

"Very well," she said, quietly; and later, when Mullin conveyed the tidings to Dabchick, she was heard singing as blithely as a blackbird at eventide.

"She is taking it very well," said Dabchick, complacently, —how, indeed, should she do otherwise when a better man than Kenrick occupied her thoughts?

"Too well," grumbled Mullin. "I fear she has grown attached to you in a way I did not foresee. You went too far, you know. You altogether overdid it. I am afraid she won't get over it so easily when you back out, and I shall have a bad time with tears and temper and fretting. I wish I had known that Kenrick was an inconstant sort of fellow, and then you need not have led her this dance. It is hard on the girl to be thrown over by two men, after all."

At that there was a gleam of suspicion in Dabchick's cold, grey eye,—suspicion that rapidly became certainty. He saw clearly, as by a lightning flash of comprehension, that the whole thing had been a deep-laid plot of Mullin's to entrap him into a marriage with Agnes. Perhaps there never had been a Kenrick at all, so far as she was concerned. But he would soon escape from the snare. He did not accuse her of complicity in her uncle's schemes; but, as usual, the innocent must suffer for or with the guilty.

"It's your fault, not mine, if there are complications of that sort," he said, sharply. "The idea was yours, remember! I can't help my own attractions; but you planned the whole thing, even the throwing-over, as you unjustly describe my withdrawal from the false position into which you forced me for purposes of your own. However, as you take exception to my conduct, I'll relieve you of further anxiety concerning it, and return at once to Belfast."

"Oh, don't be an ass, if it isn't too late to advise you! You'll betray the whole thing if you make such a move right on top of Kenrick's wedding."

"I will not be dictated to by you,

Mr. Mullin. My mistake was to consent to such an utterly idiotic scheme."

"Well, I showed a proper sense of the fitness of things when I asked you to carry it out," retorted Mullin; and Dabchick, with complexion rivalling the hue of the tomato, "hit back" as best he could.

"I shall leave your house at once, and you can sue me for breach of promise if you dare," he said.

"You are safe from that, as you very well know," Mullin promptly responded. "No jury would believe that a sane girl had accepted you, and I don't want my niece to be publicly branded with imbecility. For anything I know to the contrary, it may be infectious, and she has been a good deal in your company lately; but I don't wish everybody to be aware of it."

Reduced to speechlessness, Dabchick stalked from the room, and took no more tender leave of his host. On his way to the station he met Agnes returning from a shopping expedition, and he was conscious of a strong desire not to forfeit her good opinion altogether.

"I have been unexpectedly summoned to Belfast," he said, as her glance fell on his portmanteau, and he rose to the necessities of the occasion above truth. "The—er—lady I am—er—engaged to wants to see me."

"I didn't know of your engagement," she replied, opening her eyes wide.

"It's a bit of a secret yet; but I can trust you, I am sure. We have had a good time this summer, and been good friends, and—er—good—bye!"

"Good-bye," she echoed blankly; and he, dreading a scene, hurriedly strode away.

No doubt the poor girl would go home and weep herself into illness, he thought, gazing from the train upon the familiar outlines of town and sea receding and becoming indistinct; and

he was really sorry for her. But her sufferings were all Mullin's fault; and until he apologized he—and she—must be left severely alone.

However, the apology was never forthcoming. Two months later Dabchick heard of the old man's sudden death, and he formally conveyed his "sympathies" to Agnes, feeling that he must not commit himself after what had passed.

But all down "the long gloomy tunnel that runs through the year from November to April" the girl's image haunted him; absent yet present, she monopolized his thoughts, her charms emphasized by the recollection that she had come in for her uncle's property now. As a result of a certain amount of mental arithmetic, he decided that he could afford to marry, and that he would make Agnes his wife.

Holiday time had come again, and doubtless the recollection of the happy days of the bygone summer would have its potent influence upon her; so he set forth for Bray, and, with the feelings of a conquering hero, made his way through the bright little town to "the cottage by the sea."

A sharp shower had freshened the trees drooping over rustic doorways and pleasant roads; a whiff of wet mignonette strove for supremacy over the briny odor of the waves; afar, the headlands "wet with the mists and smitten by the lights," gleamed against a dappled sky. Climax of all the enchantment, there stood Agnes at the open gate, as if waiting for him.

Her eyebrows rose at sight of him, and she seemed to become a few inches taller, but she remained silent; and, somehow, he felt as if he had not been introduced to her, then remembered the reason and cause of her aloofness. She still believed him cruel, a gay deceiver who had trifled with her. But he could soon set that right; and, emboldened by the reflection, he proceeded full speed

along the wooer's path, and said in his most ardent accents:

"Agnes, I have come specially from Belfast to ask you to be my wife. You are the only woman I ever wanted to marry."

"Ah, now, Mr. Dabchick,—ah, now! What about the lady who called you back to Belfast last summer?" asked Agnes; and he blushed over his lapse of memory.

"That's all done with," he replied, hastily.

"Ah, now—what new scheme is this? What are you devising for my benefit now? I should tell you that poor old Uncle Henry before he died enlightened me as to a certain little conspiracy in which you played a leading part. It is only fair to myself to say that I thought your attentions were paternal,—that they were the way in which a kind old man showed his sympathy for a girl whose daily life was not too cheerful and happy. You—you thought something else. Well, Mr. Dabchick, I was married last month. It may clear the air to tell you that it was not my Dr. Kenrick who married Miss Riordan, but his cousin, only uncle would not listen to me when I tried to explain. Oh, no, I am not *angry* with you! Why should I be?"

And, with a smiling indifference infinitely galling to his self-love, she tripped past him to meet a dark-eyed athlete, and left him to the disagreeable companionship of his own thoughts.

Rondelet.

BY RODERICK GILL.

THE swallow has come back again
 With clear blue skies above her,—
 The swallow has come back again
 To dart betwixt the sun and rain,
 Recalling love and lover.
 Dear heart, dost thou discover
 The swallow has come back again?

The White Rose of Gandersheim.

BY ELIZABETH McCULLOUGH.

EVER growing in the world of to-day is a realization of the large debt of gratitude that mankind as a whole owes to the religious Orders of mediæval times. The monasteries were verily the homes of intellectual vigor, and cherished such culture as the age could boast. Attractive to all progressive and original minds, as well as to those spiritually inclined, they became centres of learning. They favored the most peaceful tendencies, the inclinations that made for advancement along every line of thought.

The view-point established in the cloister must be regarded as one of the most powerful of civilizing forces in the development of strength of both mind and heart in Western Europe. The unsettled conditions, the forming of new races, customs and languages, the wars that shook the continent, were hardly inviting to the peaceful muse of poetry and song. Nevertheless, the Middle Ages produced historical chronicles, theological essays, political, religious and narrative poetry. These can be traced to the cloister, behind whose walls lived men and women devoted to learning. To them must be given the credit of saving to the modern world the treasures of antiquity, and of seeking to leaven the barbaric mass which constituted Europe; to them is due also the credit of exempting the Middle Ages from the charge of being a barren desert between the fruitful genius of ancient times and the fertile field of modern civilization. The real essence of culture never died, and much of the best in the world of to-day may be called the fruit of the cloister of the Middle Ages.

For women, particularly, the convent afforded means for the development of the richest of intellectual gifts. Modern

writers, notably the Countess Eckenstein, in "Woman under Monasticism," have given us splendid accounts of their life in mediæval convents. Though perhaps a surprising statement, it is not too much to say that whatever is good in the so-called "new woman" movement originated in the mediæval convent: the modern woman who feels that the home is too restricted for her energies had a predecessor in the woman who sought a widened scope for her talents in the religious life of the Middle Ages. The position as to culture and social prominence that the woman of to-day seeks for herself is very like that secured to the religious woman of a thousand years ago. At that time the wife was called the slave; the nun, the free woman.

We find that these nuns were most humble regarding their achievements, and kept themselves in the background, desiring only to have their names engraven in the Book of Life. Nevertheless, in the annals of fame we have several of these nuns' names inscribed. As early as the sixth century, Radegund wrote verses under the direction of an exiled Latin poet. Two hundred years later Lioba did likewise in the convent at Thanet. St. Hilda of Whitby is another well-known example; she was distinguished for her love of knowledge and her clear insight into the needs of the time. It was she who encouraged Cædmon's sweet-voiced muse. St. Hildegard of Bingen and St. Elizabeth of Schonau were exponents of learning in the eleventh century. They were supposed to be divinely enlightened; and St. Hildegard was called "the Sibyl of the Rhine," for she wrote of visions that appeared to her. Her influence was strong and she was read far and near. St. Elizabeth's works were wonderfully perfect in the conception and carrying out of the plan. The writings of some of the inmates of the convent of Helfta have sometimes been compared

with Dante's "Divine Comedy" in description and imagery.

Eminent as a writer was Hrotswitha, known in the world as Helen von Rosson, who lived in the "starless century," as the tenth one has been poetically called. She was born about 932 and lived until the year 1000. That she was of noble birth is proved by the fact that she belonged to the Benedictine Convent at Gandersheim, which was founded by Liudolf, a Saxon duke, and was under the special patronage of the new royal family of Saxony. It was one of the earliest and wealthiest of Saxon religious houses. Hrotswitha's first instructor was Rikardis, but she owed most to Gerberg the abbess, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria; though younger than Hrotswitha, she was noted for her broad knowledge, her far-reaching influence in educational matters, and her power of ruling. Hrotswitha had ever a deep sense of gratitude to her; for she fostered and encouraged with loving interest the signs of genius in her pupil, and aided her in cultivating the Latin muse.

Hrotswitha's writings show a knowledge of music and arithmetic, of astronomy and dialectics. That she studied Latin and Aristotle's philosophy is beyond question; but it is doubtful, despite the Hellenic origin of some of her words, that she studied Greek: that language is thought to have been studied at Gandersheim only through the Latin medium. Of Hrotswitha's friends outside the convent, little is known. In the introduction to her plays she asks powerful patrons for criticism, and she submitted her historical works to Wilhelm, Archbishop of Mainz. She was a real nun in every respect, devout and humble. It is truly said that her life is her poetry. Her only desire in her literary efforts is to sing the praises of God.

It was in accordance with the

accepted custom of her age that Hrotswitha wrote entirely in Latin. All works with any claim to literary value were written in the "universal tongue," as Latin was called. Scarcely anything was lost by this; for the vernaculars could hardly be considered polished and supple, or as having any wealth of vocabulary. When Latin was used, an audience of all Europe was appealed to without the inevitable loss attending translation. Classic models of style were followed. It would have been a loss to European culture had Erasmus written in the unformed Dutch. More's Utopia is a shining example of the use of Latin. In his time the language had reached its zenith and was the repository of all learning. It was used in the church and in the historical chronicles. Milton wrote his "First Elegy" in Latin verse and spoke in that tongue to a Continental audience. One critic says that the allowing "national provincialism" to take the place of Latin has been a disaster to the cause of culture in Europe; but this is rather an extreme statement. Latin belongs to all time, is the key to Roman and mediæval literature, and brings all ages together.

Hrotswitha's work is a portion of the literary movement by which the age of Otto the Great tried to compete with that of Charles the Great. Her poetry is really excellent, and some of it has been set to music. She belongs to classicism only in form: in spirit and essence she belongs wholly to her own times. The key to all her writings is the conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Her age was a transition period between these two forces, and so it supplied the mental and moral struggles that she utilized. Her work is a striking proof of the vitality of culture in a most adverse environment. Despite the primitive condition of letters, she reveals an individualistic and genuine character. Some of her

productions deserve praise, others are heavy and prosaic. One can but express surprise that, in her time, she succeeded so admirably with Latin constructions and rhythms. Her vocabulary is singularly free from barbarisms and is remarkably pure.

The character of Hrotswitha's writings is what one would expect from her daily life; and the trend of her mind and interests is apparent. Hence it is no marvel that she celebrated the virtue of purity and its martyrs. The times led her to sing the praises of the defenders of the Faith and to deplore the inhumanity of heathen persecutors. Most of her figures of speech are taken from the Scriptures. Her reading of the Lives of the Saints was extended, and she took note not only of the characters and the events, but also of the reflections scattered through the stories. No doubt she owed her knowledge of men to Gerberg, who had lived at court. Nevertheless, her characters are wooden, and her martyrs but one type.

Hrotswitha's writings fall naturally into three groups: the legends in verse, which are probably the result of her first efforts; the dramas, generally said to be modelled after Terence, which belong to the middle period of her literary life and are the most important class of all; and the historical poems, which were written at the height of her genius. Her legendary poems, which she dedicated to Gerberg, deal with the lives of the saints, the history of Our Lord, the purity of the holy virgins, and the mercy of the Heavenly Father. These poems are deserving of attention because of her creative power and their literary value.

Her plays are still more worthy of consideration, for she is far superior to early mediæval dramatists. The drama had so degenerated in early Christian times that the Church excommunicated players. In the fifth century

Biblical scenes were reproduced in the churches. The strollers kept alive the popularity, if not the loftiest traditions, of the histrionic art. Most historians date the beginning of the mediæval drama a hundred years later than Hrotswitha's time. The chief literary value of her plays is that, in the history of the drama, they form the visible bridge between the few earlier attempts at utilizing the classic forms for Christian purposes, and the miracle plays of a later date. She admired the classic dramas but disapproved of their tendencies. The keynote to her dramas is the insistence on the beauties of chastity as opposed to the frenzy and vagaries of passion. She believed that she was modelling after Terence, the foremost of Roman comic poets, who was very popular in her day. Nevertheless, she might more justly be said to be anticipating Racine. In the very way in which Terence treats of unchaste love, she tries to exalt the purity of holy maidens. Her experiment was bold, but her comedies were written with the idea that the world, the flesh and the devil should not have a monopoly of the good plays.

Since she disregarded the unities of time and place; since her dramas are in prose with an occasional suggestion of rhythm, while Terence's were in poetry; since her themes were the direct antithesis of his, it is difficult to see in just what respect she modelled after Terence. She had not the remotest idea of his metres, and resembles him only in language and in telling her stories in dialogue. In following him, she wrote with a freedom of expression inharmonious with the end in view. She shows little invention and her method prohibits dramatic construction, while her love of the marvellous is at variance with true dramatic art. Her themes are handled with skill and spirit and an inherent knowledge of dramatic effect. Her expressions

are most happy and she uses pathos tellingly. Striking are her scenes, audacious is her thought, and literary polish is not absent.

One of her historical poems is a eulogy of Otto the Great, which is of more value as poetry than as history. She lauds his virtues and is politely silent regarding his failings, but does not touch upon his valor in battle, to which she believes an humble nun can not do justice. In many respects, this is considered the most finished and beautiful of her works. Her last production, which is an epic, is concerned with the foundation and history of Gandersheim. The story she gives of the lives of the women of this convent is of importance in the annals of European culture.

The most worthy examples of her work in the group of legendary poems are: "Maria" and "Theophilus." The former, in elegiac verse, deals with the life of the Blessed Virgin. It includes the life of Christ and is followed by "The Lord's Ascension," regarded as a sequel to "Maria." The familiar story need not be retold. A few passages may be cited to illustrate the writer's style:

"When Joachim, grief-stricken because the high-priest would not accept his offering in the temple, since he had not been blessed with children, had sought the lonely forest, an angel appeared to him, saying, 'I come in joy with a wonderful gift, and I tell you that the most worthy Anna shall conceive a child honored for all time. Among all the daughters of men she will be considered sacred. . . . And through her will come the blessing greatest to the world. . . . But now return to your blessed companion, who, rejoicing, will bring forth so great a blessing to all men; and always return fervent thanks to the Creator, to whom it was pleasing to grant to you so great an offspring.'"

Concerning the birth and naming of the child is written: "The time having been accomplished, the great day came in which the renowned Anna brought forth a daughter to be honored for all time. After eight days the high-priests, being invited, came; who, as was customary, considered a name for the maiden whom they blessed. Joachim spoke thus to them: 'The King of Heaven, who alone gives names to the stars, will show through me a name suitable for the tender child.' He spoke, and suddenly a great voice sounded from the dome of the sky commanding that the illustrious babe be called Mary, which accorded with 'star of the sea' in the Latin tongue."

"The Lapse and Conversion of Theophilus" is among the first of extant works dealing with a compact with the devil, and is one of the forerunners of the Faust legend. Theophilus felt that he was unworthy to succeed his uncle as bishop and wished the office of "vice-domus." As the newly appointed bishop through jealousy deprived him of his office, he went to a Hebrew magician. The story of the compact he made with the Evil One is told as follows:

"This one, not blessed with the sweet sign of the sacred cross, but confiding in the persuading arts of the magician, that magician led him swiftly across the city in the secrecy of dark night, and brought him to a place in which the infernal throngs stood clad in white robes, holding in their hands many tapers. 'Speak!' said the magician. 'If you desire to belong to me, you must deny in writing Christ and His Maiden-Mother.' These allurements of serpent cunning the miserable man did not contradict, but he allowed that to be done which the perverse dragon urged; and, delivering himself, he gave himself up wholly, of his own free will, to perdition; writing a document to his own harm, in which he asserted

that he wished to dwell with the spirit of darkness, and forever in eternal punishment. Then he returned to his friends with wicked rejoicing." His peace of mind was gone and he was tormented by visions of eternal suffering. He prayed to the Blessed Virgin, who freed him and gave him the fatal document. He burned it in public, making a confession at the same time. He appeared as a changed man and died instantly.

Among the dramas "Gallicanus" is notable, standing first as the most striking one. It is the story of Gallicanus, who wishes to marry Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, whose general Gallicanus is. The condition that he imposes upon himself is success in a difficult campaign. Constantia agrees, provided that his daughters be left in her care and that he take the Christians John and Paul with him. When the battle goes against Gallicanus, he prays to the Christian God and wins the victory. He begs to be baptized, and returns only to give up Constantia and seek solitude. The story is a familiar one; for history gives us many instances of conversions on the battlefield, a notable one being that of Clovis.

"Calimachus" is Hrotswitha's closest approach to a love-tragedy. Calimachus was in love with Drusiana, the wife of Andronicus, who repulses him and dies. Spurred on by his friend Fortunatus, Calimachus seeks the tomb, where both men are killed by serpents. The Apostle John, with Andronicus, comes to the tomb and he restores Calimachus to life.

"Abraham" tells the story of a marvellous conversion, which, however, is not at variance with dramatic principles; for such a sudden change is possible. Most people really have a desire to do right. It is the story of a young girl who lived in a cell near her Uncle Abraham, a hermit. She is enticed away, and disappears. A friend tells

her uncle where she is and how low she has fallen. He disguises himself as a traveller and goes to the place where she is staying. She entertains him with the wiles so often successful; and in this picture of the maiden trying to attract her uncle in the disguise of a man such as she is used to having about her, there is a wealth of dramatic possibility. Presently he makes himself known, and the girl is overcome with remorse; and in this we have another vivid picture—the repentant sinner praying for pardon. He asks her: "What reward, unless you come to yourself again, through abstinence, prayer and the fatigues of vigils, are you able to hope for beyond, when, as if slipping from the high sky, you are hidden in the darkness of evil?" There is a world of Christian philosophy in Abraham's speech: "It is human to sin, it is diabolical to remain in sin; he is not to be blamed who suddenly falls, but he who neglects to rise quickly." She finally agrees to return with him to the solitary life of a hermit, and redeems herself by prayer and penance.

This play has the simplicity and directness of a classic, and marks the climax of Hrotswitha's genius. In spite of the difference of opinion among modern critics regarding these plays, all unite in praising "Abraham."

The works of this writer are associated in the history of Christian literature with the spiritual renaissance of the tenth century, in the age of Otto the Great, after the Frankish emperors had inspired with fresh vigor the intellectual life of Europe. Hrotswitha occupies a notable place in the history of European culture. Just how far her plays were isolated examples of their age is a point open to question. One critic says: "She stands nearly alone in Saxony, and by her very solitariness increases our respect for her powers and for the system of education that made their development possible."

The interest in her writings died out for many centuries, until the poet Konrad Celtes at the close of the fifteenth caused her dramas to be printed. During the past thirty years many writers have given her their attention, but we have yet to find the translator who will afford an English version of her works, though we have good ones in French and German. Whatever place is finally assigned to Hrotswitha, we must be cognizant of her modesty, perseverance, high ideals and directness of purpose. She was a precursor of the great poets who illustrated the later mediæval spirit in Germany. Her Catholic praise of science as God's law will always be of interest to the scholar. Her books are recommended to students of mediæval culture, and of culture in general. She herself is most humble, saying: "I do not conceal from myself that I am ignorant; and had it depended on myself alone, I should know nothing."

The Fruits of Schism.

BY BEN HURST.

THE sad spectac'e of the mitred representative of a Christian Church giving his solemn sanction—nay, benediction—to a band of assassins with the blood of their King yet fresh on their daggers, has excited the horror and indignation of all classes and nations. "What manner of priest is this?" people have asked themselves. "And can he still retain his high office in the face of Christendom, under the eyes of his own clergy?"—"Yes," is the answer: "he still retains the dignity of metropolitan of the State church in the independent Kingdom of Servia."

A year has elapsed since the tragedy in the royal palace which is still fresh in the minds of the people, but which the

metropolitan seems to have consigned to oblivion, together with his own unworthy action on that occasion. He has celebrated no Requiem for the unhappy pair; he has joined with the regicides in discouraging every act of piety toward the dead. It was he, nevertheless, who, in opposition to the nation's wishes, in defiance of the royal parents' protest, solemnized the ill-assorted union of King Alexander which was the ultimate cause of his untimely death. His sedulous flattery of both King and Queen was often criticised by the courtiers and described as toadyism, all the more revolting since it proceeded from an aged prelate who occupied a lofty and unassailable post. But his sudden *volte-face* on the morning of their tragic death, denouncing those who had loaded him with marks of esteem and affection as the enemies of the nation, the most unworthy couple that ever sat upon a throne!—all this abashed the conspirators themselves. As a man, he had acted a coward's part; as a clergyman, we will not attempt to characterize him.

It would certainly be unfair to consider him as typical of the Servian priesthood, which is not better nor worse than that of the Russian, Greek or Roumanian branches of the Eastern Church; and the scathing invectives of his own laity are the best proof that religion is not quite dead in Servia, although public worship has fallen into disuse. The Servian priesthood, however, is a sad illustration of how far a Christian Church may wander from the doctrines of its Founder when separated from the visible Head. Without this firm, guiding hand it has become a prey to skepticism and all its attendant demoralization. While not seeking for any trace of the spirit of apostleship which animates the levites sent forth by Rome, one would expect to find at least among its members a

fair standard of the ordinary domestic virtues belonging to a Christian community. But, alas! one is met by such plain indifferentism to any but purely materialistic matters that the revival of this Church appears an impossibility.

There are many devout Christians in the same position as was that illustrious convert Queen Nathalia,—possessing a fervent religious belief and the desire to live up to a true Christian standard within the Greek persuasion. These view the laxity and venality of their priests with sore regret. I have heard some, however, attribute these failings to—the insufficiency of the State payment! With such small salaries, they say, and a family to support, what can you expect? A man must first see to the wants of his household—the material well-being of the wife and children dependent on him,—before troubling about the souls of others. And they acknowledge the wisdom of Rome's ordinances with regard to the celibacy of her clergy, admitting freely the superiority of these in matters spiritual,—but from that to the acceptance of the Pope's jurisdiction there is a long step. *Not reconciliation but reformation*, they cry.

Alas! whence reformation and by whom? No more saints have arisen since the separation; not even a would-be reformer such as Savonarola or even Luther has disturbed the dull tepidity of the downward stream ending in the stagnation of to-day. The Protestant sects are alive, though erring; the Eastern Church seems dead. The mass of the educated laity are unbelievers who never pretend to assist at divine worship and smile contemptuously at those who do. If they enter a church it is on some state occasion, such as the Sovereign's birthday, when their absence might be construed as disloyal; or on the anniversary of some national feast when it might look unpatriotic.

Their behavior inside the sacred precincts is so deplorable that I have known an English lady of the Anglican persuasion to leave Belgrade cathedral with tears in her eyes. "I can not stay to witness such irreverence; it is too terrible!" she said. "What must Catholics feel, who know that the sacred mysteries are one with theirs?..." The congregation chatted audibly and laughed; one could scarcely hear the priests' voices for the din. Nobody knelt. A few stood apart indeed, and made the Sign of the Cross at intervals; many more would doubtless have joined if they were not withheld by false shame. The assembly altogether differed little from an ordinary fashionable reunion at an "at home" day; but the absence of chairs or benches of any sort rendered circulation more easy than it usually is at these functions.

However shocking this may sound, I call on all travellers in these regions to corroborate the fact. In Russian churches I am aware that the outward forms of reverence are observed, but I doubt if in the Balkans there can be found a church in which religious decorum is obligatory. Here again we come to the question of a lax and indifferent clergy. If the Russian priests are accused of giving themselves up to a state of harmless Nirvana, it is far otherwise with their brethren of the south. The political agitation which, fostered by the Great White Czar, keeps the small Slav States in a perpetual ferment, is pursued by no class so eagerly as by the priesthood who thus neglect the duties of their spiritual calling.

Many clergymen lose or gain a prebendary according to the political faction in power. The leader of a large section of the Radical party is a deacon, and we have had a canon imprisoned under the late régime for having been privy to the attentat on King Milan. As a rule,

the priests use their political influence to obtain snug berths in the State service for their sons or sons-in-law, and in this they differ in no way from the majority of the nation.

The monastic Orders in Servia have dwindled to such an extent that a community rarely numbers more than three members, and many fine abbeys have become total ruins. Yet, such is the strong national feeling that these witnesses of ancient Servian faith should be preserved to Servia, that violent protests were made when the government yielded to the wish of Russia and handed over the ancient monastery of Dechan, founded by a Servian emperor in the Middle Ages, to a body of Russian monks. A similar proposal on the part of Russia to reintroduce female monasteries, which are absolutely extinct in Servia, was declined by the Servians, who fear their population might decrease if their women saw the possibility of any but a married life.

Here, too, we have the measure of their aspirations. Early wedlock is the unique goal of the Servian girl; and hasty marriages with their inevitable consequence—divorce—are the order of the day. It is difficult to find a family in which some such case has not occurred. Although the priests themselves, luckily, are debarred from this privilege, they possess the faculty of granting it to others on the slightest grounds; and divorce has become so general that it is no longer looked on as a disgrace. In fine, the conviction borne in on anybody who has been brought into close contact with the schismatic Church is that a branch lopped from the parent tree may survive, but will not bear fruit.

OUR acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

—Victor Hugo.

Some Catholic Laymen of France.

CONTEMPORARY history in France does not make the most pleasant reading for the Catholic world outside the republic. For several years now the record of the administration of Waldeck-Rousseau, and then of Combes, has been merely a chronicle of successive steps in a bitter campaign against the Church and all she stands for. The rapidity with which of late months the government has been achieving new and notable victories in its aggressive campaign has seemed to us, however, not an unmixed evil. The sooner France reaches the logical conclusion of her warfare against religion, the sooner will come the inevitable reaction that will re-establish the Congregations on a firmer basis than ever, and will free the bishops and secular clergy from a number of vexatious restrictions to which they have been subjected ever since the Concordat was signed.

In the meantime the chronicle of current events in France is, as has been said, rather disheartening reading. All the more gratifying, in consequence, do we find an interesting article, "The Lay Apostolate," published in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Viviers. The hopeful tone in which it treats of organized Catholic effort, and unswerving Catholic faith in the future of France, is a pleasant relief from the doleful tale of expelled religious, condemned Catholic instruction, vacant bishoprics, clerical salaries withheld, and the like incidents, with which our French exchanges are usually filled.

Rightly or wrongly, the Catholic laity of France are blamed by their fellow-Catholics throughout the world for the present disastrous state of affairs in their misgoverned country. To their own supineness and criminal indifference are imputed the parliamentary victories of the anti-clerical fanatics

who are oppressing them. It is encouraging, therefore, to learn that there are some few at least of the French laity who have shaken off the prevalent lethargy and are fighting for their liberties with combined zeal and discretion. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and one may indulge the pleasing hope that the lay apostles whom our contemporary mentions will succeed in arousing their Catholic countrymen to such a degree of well-ordered enthusiasm as will sweep Combes and all his kind from power within the next decade,—as, personally, we firmly believe will be the case. Says the *Semaine* of Viviers:

"The recent congress of Catholic youth held at Besançon has given a magnificent example and has darted a ray of hope through the gloom of our sorrows. Voices recognized as among the most authoritative and eloquent, respected by all but especially dear to Catholics, have addressed a superb phalanx of 'the young' in words which, while elevating the souls of their hearers, gave at the same time practical counsels, and provoked generous outbursts of enthusiasm.

"Since the congress the press has carried its echoes throughout the whole country; and hearts have been stirred by the spirit of the purest and most ardent Catholic patriotism,—a spirit aroused by genuine love of the people. We have seen—let us use the word—apostolic figures such as are needed at present and such as Providence knows how to raise up, here and there, in the midst of our misfortunes.

"A lay apostle: F. Brunetière, this modern philosopher who knows so well the spirit and the tendencies of the age even in their most secret folds. It was in that same town of Besançon that he began, a few years ago, in his famous address on 'The Need to Believe,' that ascent toward integral truth which he has so firmly and so splendidly

achieved. Apostle from the very hour in which he became convinced, he has never ceased since then to keep up the good fight, often before the most distinguished audiences; piercing with his trenchant logic the sophisms of his adversaries, coolly and implacably analyzing their errors, contemptuously disdainful of those who attack him with personalities, constantly appealing for energetic defence as well as attack. 'Let us not be dismayed,' he wrote only the other day, 'by the number or the fury of those who attack us; let us rather dare to felicitate ourselves thereon. They know what they are doing and know that we are what is called "a power." Their fury proceeds from the consciousness that they can neither contemn, disdain, nor, especially, ignore us.'

"A lay apostle: Albert de Mun, laying aside thirty years ago his noble sword, taking up in its stead the word of an apostle in the full sense of the term, and wielding this more effective weapon ever since, without relaxation, in the service of the working classes and of all our great causes,—wielding it with a magnanimity, a vigor, and a brilliancy that forced Clemenceau himself to declare that 'M. de Mun is the most eloquent of living Frenchmen.' He, a patrician of a noble race, has pleaded the cause of the workers and the lowly as perhaps no other has thus far done. On the other hand, who among us has not present in his memory those incomparable discourses on the liberty of teaching,—discourses which, all impotent as they were to sway sectarian passion from its pre-determined course, remain nevertheless both the brilliant vengeance of outraged truth and violated justice and the everlasting honor of the parliamentary tribune in France?

"A lay apostle: Jacques Piou, quitting without regret the parliamentary theatre wherein his character and

talent had won him so high a place, to consecrate himself entirely to the gigantic enterprise—the expression is M. de Mun's—of 'popular liberal action,' covering France to-day with the network of its committees and its 150,000 adherents. He is the soul of the work, its energizing principle.

"A lay apostle: Marc Sangnier, the young polytechnic student, voluntarily abandoning a career that promised to be brilliant to devote himself wholly to the material, moral and Christian uplifting of the popular classes. Around his sillon he is grouping young men in ever-increasing legions. Literary circles, popular institutes, public reunions,—he conducts them all abreast, vigorously opposing adversaries who employ brutal weapons, but carrying into hostile reunions, with his virile judgment and his ardent spirit, a loyalty which only yesterday one of his most noted opponents, M. Buisson himself, could not refrain from applauding.

"A lay apostle—could we omit him from the list? François Coppée, his brow girdled with the fairest aureola of the poets. Extricating himself almost in the evening of life from the bewitching pleasures of a glory without rivals and almost without a shadow, who does not know with what noble disinterestedness, what generous ardor, and what indefatigable perseverance he threw himself into the struggle to defend the cause of justice, religion, and his country?...

"We salute with all our gratitude and all our respect these valiant laymen who are giving such splendid examples to all Catholics, to those especially who are tempted to shrink from determined effort. May these legions of young men that are rising in various quarters of Christian France follow with discipline, with union, and with courage, the way traced out for them by the hardy initiators whom we have mentioned!"

The Holy Name in the Angelic Salutation.

THE Angelic Salutation was formerly recited exactly as it stands in the Gospel, without the holy name of Jesus, which was added to it in 1261, by a decree of Pope Urban IV. It forms a fitting conclusion to the words of St. Elizabeth, "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb"; and it seems strange that the addition should not have been made sooner. There may perhaps have existed a fear of joining anything to the words of Holy Writ; if so, the scruple was dispelled by Papal authority.

The most holy name of Jesus shines like a diamond among the beads of the Rosary. It is well known that in days of yore England cherished a special affection for the Mother of God; and in an ancient book of devotion, entitled "The Pilgrimage of Perfection," we find some admirable remarks on this subject. "The pious faithful," observes its author, "were not content with hearing of Mary's piety and grace, of the blessings conferred upon her, of her clemency toward her servants, of the blessed fruit of her womb; but they desired also that this blessed fruit should be expressly mentioned in the Angelic Salutation. Therefore their piety prompted them to add to it the name of Jesus; and it was most fitting that this should be so, because the Sacred Name was revealed to the Immaculate Virgin by the Angel, and also to St. Joseph, her spouse, the witness to her purity. Therefore the Holy Child was thus named at His circumcision.

"Yet more: it was determined in the counsels of the Holy Trinity before the creation of the world, that Jesus should be the name given to the Son of God when He came down to earth. Nor is it wonderful that this should be so; for Jesus means Saviour, whose office it

was to redeem His people from their iniquities. Therefore this sacred name is sweeter than balsam in our memory, sweeter than sugar on our lips, sweeter than honey on our palate; sweet melody in our mouth; the consolation, joy, and rejoicing of our heart. For, as Scripture saith, 'there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved.'

"When this holy name is devoutly uttered in the *Ave Maria*, it is very pleasing to the Mother of God. She hears it gladly; for it is the fruit of her womb, the fruit of life, the fruit of salvation, the fruit of grace and of glory—her Son Jesus,—who inclines her ear to hear our petitions and to intercede with God for us. And He does not incline her alone, but all the saints and angels also to plead for us, and thus frustrate the designs of evil spirits. For the Apostle St. Paul says that 'in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father.'"^{*}

An Old Custom.

IN England long ago it was the universal custom to keep candles burning before the images of the Blessed Virgin. On festal days these were wreathed with flowers and sometimes shields with armorial bearings were attached to them.

The candles burned in honor of the five joys of Our Lady were called "Gaudes" and sometimes "Joys." There is record of a pious man of Norfolk who, in 1445, left a certain sum of money for candles to be burned in remembrance of "the feyve [five] joys of our Ladye."

^{*} Phil., ii, 10, 11.

Only an Apple Woman.

WORKING among the poor of London, an English author searched out the life-career of an apple woman. Her history makes the story of kings and queens seem contemptible. Events had appointed her to poverty, hunger, cold, and two rooms in a tenement. But there were three orphan boys sleeping in an ash-box whose lot was harder. She dedicated her heart and life to these waifs. During two and forty years she mothered and reared some twenty orphans,—gave them home and bed and food; taught them all she knew; helped some to obtain a scant knowledge of the trades; helped others off to the United States and Canada.

The author says she had misshapen features, but that an exquisite smile was on the dead face. It must have been so. She had a beautiful soul. Poverty disfigured the apple woman's garret, and want made it wretched; nevertheless, God's angels hovered over it. Her life was a blossom event in London's history. Social reform has felt her influence. Like a broken vase, the perfume of her being will sweeten literature and society a thousand years after we are gone.

POVERTY is the mother of many pains and sorrows in their season, and these are God's messengers to lead the soul to repentance. But, alas! if the poor man indulges his passions, thinks little of religion, puts off repentance, refuses to make an effort, and dies without conversion, it matters not that he was poor in this world. . . . Lazarus too, in that case, shall be buried with Dives in hell, and shall have had his consolation neither in this world nor in the world to come.

—Newman.

Notes and Remarks.

A country in which the law is never invoked for the collecting of debts has a unique title to distinction in our period. What is still more remarkable, however, is that the title should belong to Santo Domingo, a country whose inhabitants were so unpleasantly advertised in the public press within a twelvemonth that Catholic journals felt obliged to explain that the "Dominicans" who figured in the startling headlines were merely natives of Santo Domingo, and not members of the great religious Order founded by St. Dominic. Now comes an Englishman, Mr. H. Gooding Field, and witnesses in the *Independent* that he was "strongly impressed" by the social and moral virtues of the people of Santo Domingo. Their business honesty was a source of wonder to this man of the North (who knew them chiefly through commercial relations); their religious faith is enlightened and their family life pure. "It has been asserted in the press that the practice of voodooism is rampant in Santo Domingo. I can positively say that there is not a semblance of truth in this statement. The religion of the Dominican people is Roman Catholicism. I have been a witness on many occasions to simple acts of devotion in the most unpretentious huts in the interior and other parts of the republic. The moral standpoint of the Dominicans is good. They hold as sacred the marriage vow, and, from my personal observation, family relationship is everything that could be desired."

It is well known that Prince Max of Saxony is a priest and that the earliest years of his ministry were spent in the London slums. The distinguished Father Bernard Vaughan is another member of a famous family who has

chosen the poorest and most abandoned section of London for his field of labor. During the past week came the announcement that the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the clergyman son of the Grand Old Man, has resigned the lucrative and comfortable rectorship of Hawarden in order to follow the high example set by Prince Max and Father Vaughan. As a matter of fact, however, the Rev. Mr. Gladstone is no stranger to the work which he now takes up; for his first mission after his accession to the Anglican ministry was in the most poverty-stricken district of London. We quite agree with the Marquise de Fontenoy that "this self-denial on the part of the Rev. Stephen Gladstone is all the more remarkable when one recalls the fact that his father, as Premier, again and again had the duty of nominating clerics to the highest ecclesiastical dignities of the land, and that nobody would have thought a bit the worse of him if he had presented his son's name, if not for a bishopric, at any rate for the canonry in some cathedral."

Respecting Bishop Potter's action in formally dedicating the Subway Tavern as though it were a religious institution there have been many expressions of opinion, friendly and hostile. Perhaps the neatest commentary on the one side was a cartoon by McCutcheon which showed among other details a wobbly gentleman emerging from the Subway Tavern in a condition of almost complete collapse, and saluting the passers-by with this explanation: "Mine is a moral jag, endorsed by the pulpit." On the other side, it can not be denied that the manager of the Subway Tavern, Mr. Joseph Johnson, scores a good point when he says: "I shall be happy if they [the opponents of the experiment] shall come into the Subway Tavern and snatch the bibulous away

from the bar into the pale of teetotalism. But I shall be unhappy if they interfere with my work of snatching the bibulous away from indecency, immorality and depravity." If the moral saloon really succeeds in attracting the bibulous away from low grogeries, Mr. Johnson's plea will be accepted as convincing; but, as a matter of fact, there have always been decent places in all large cities where men who wish to take "a sober drink" may get it; yet the bibulous pass such places by because they dislike the restraint enforced there, and because they object to the "Sunday-school flavor," as they call it, which the moral saloon seeks to impart to the gratification of their appetites. In any case, a bishop with a more stern aversion for sensationalism might have found a way to let the laymen try the experiment of a moral saloon.

A Polish priest, writing in a Detroit newspaper, publishes some unpleasant reminiscences of the late Minister von Plehve, who was recently assassinated in St. Petersburg. For example:

He was a dreadful man. As governor of Wilna he was shockingly cruel. I knew Bishop Hryniewiecki, Catholic Bishop of Wilna, whom he exiled in 1885. The Bishop refused to change the ritual of the churches in the diocese from Latin to Slavonic. "It is contrary to religion: I will not do it," said the Bishop.—"Then you will be exiled," said the governor.—"Well," replied the Bishop.—"I give you three days to prepare," the governor threatened.—"If you wait three days you will have a riot," answered the old man. "I beg of your Excellency take me away to-night." So the Bishop came that night to the governor's palace. He was taken away by dark, and saved the lives of his people and the Russians. He was eight years in exile in South Russia, guarded by soldiers night and day in a two-room hovel.

If ever one people can be warranted in gloating over the misfortunes of another, the Polish people may be pardoned for looking on Russia's present difficulty with satisfaction. No

punishment the Czar's country could suffer would be too severe for the crimes committed against Poland. But to say—as has been said in an unexpected place—that the assassination of Von Plehve was "an act of justice" is to say what no Catholic can allow to pass without protest. No good cause can tolerate assassination; and no cause, good or bad, is ever helped by it.

Armagh is the ancient See of St. Patrick, the mother-church of Ireland; and doubtless this fact had much to do with the extraordinary interest aroused over the whole English-speaking world in the consecration of the new cathedral. It was not an Irishman but Cardinal Manning who said, "No other saint, with the exception of St. Paul, has done so much for the Catholic Church as St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland"; though that very good Irishman, Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, did venture the assertion, in his happy discourse in the open air that, "after Rome itself, for vast multitudes in distant countries, remote Armagh is, through St. Patrick, the fountainhead of their faith. They honor this cathedral as the mother-church of their race." That the Holy Father himself takes a somewhat similar view may properly be inferred from the extraordinary favor he showed in sending a Cardinal in Curia to be his representative on the occasion.

The Armenians are having more than their share of trouble of late. The Turkish government has seized on all the landed property attached to churches, schools, and monasteries; so that, while the Armenian body is still nominally tolerated in the Empire, the means of subsistence are withdrawn from priests, teachers and pupils. In Turkey the troops of the Sultan are perpetrating every form of savagery against the Armenians,—burning their

villages and killing off men, women and children apparently for amusement. The foreign dispatches say that the unfortunate people are about to ask the United States to remonstrate with Turkey; but the recent reports of lynchings and burnings at the stake in our own country will probably make Uncle Sam shy about accepting the invitation. A thought often expressed before and always unpleasantly present to the national consciousness is thus set forth by the *Chicago Tribune*: "But if the United States were to expostulate with the Sultan he would have an answer at hand. He could say that no Armenians had been tied to a stake, drenched with kerosene, and then burned to death, as two Negroes were in the American and Christian State of Georgia day before yesterday. What reply could be made to the Sultan? While this country has so many untamed barbarians of its own, it can not with decency say much about the atrocities perpetrated by the barbarians of other lands."

The comparison, of course, is hardly fair: the savagery of which the Armenians complain is not the momentary madness of a mob but the persistent policy of an army without discipline. Still there is enough justice in it to make the position of lecturer on international ethics an embarrassing one for your Uncle Samuel.

Few things are more exaggerated than the power of the public press. The boast of the great dailies that they mould public opinion, especially in political affairs, is utterly empty. It has often been shown that the opposition or support of leading journals counts for little in a presidential campaign. The saloons more than printing offices, dollars and jobs more than political platforms or even the consideration of national interests, are what moves the voters. Hence little importance is to be

attached to the sudden "slump" of a New York journal, which for many moons has been ridiculing and railing at President Roosevelt. The statement of its position and its reasons therefor is characteristic and amusing as an illustration of journalistic—let us call it—inconsistency:

We have more faith in the distinct promises of the Chicago platform, not ignoring the many serious defects of that document, than we have in the miserable hell-broth of dishwater and dynamite concocted at St. Louis a month ago by a party afraid to renounce its criminal follies, and tasted yesterday at Esopus by a respectable candidate who declares with gusto that its flavor is admirable!

There is something original, unstilted, avidious and American about this, as the *New York Sun* would say; it savors also of bombast and buncombe.

The corner-stone of the new Anglican cathedral in Liverpool was very properly laid by the official head of the Church of England, King Edward VII. It is a noble structure; yet, as the *London Catholic Times* has pointed out, "though it will be erected for Protestant worship, it would almost seem as if Fate intended that Catholics should preserve without the peril of serious rivalry their pre-eminent record for the building of grand cathedrals in England, inasmuch as the design is the work of a Catholic architect, Mr. Gilbert Scott." Mr. Scott is a grandson of that Sir George Gilbert Scott who has designed or restored so many historic structures in England.

An act of superb honesty and generosity was performed by Mr. Charles M. Schwab in turning over \$2,000,000 of his own money to make good the losses sustained by persons who followed his lead in making investments in the Shipbuilding Company and other enterprises. \$400,000, it is said, were paid to the widow of a newspaper man in New York who had invested her

inheritance in the Shipbuilding Trust stocks. Mr. Schwab's action is proof that he acted in good faith and with honest intentions in the financial plans promoted by him. It is to be hoped that his example will not be lost on other monied men. Not a few of these who stand high in public estimation are called sharpers and thieves by some who have had dealings with them. If Mr. Schwab were a Freemason instead of a Catholic, we doubt whether his action would not be characterized as quixotic.

The extraordinary list of serious and culpable "accidents" this year fills the editor of *Out West* with dismay. "There was never any country in the world," he says, "where so many people were killed, maimed, beggared, orphaned by the murderous laziness of those that are paid to take care. There was never a country in the world's history where so many, even in proportion, were massacred in times of peace." The fault does not lie wholly with officials and transportation agencies: it lies primarily with the people themselves, who get precisely the degree of service and protection they insist on having. *Out West* is moved to make a comparison between conditions in our country and in Mexico:

Now, in poor little benighted Mexico they never have very serious railroad accidents. If a train runs over one man, or bumps into another train—why, engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman and crew all together are clapped into the calaboose. Down in Mexico, accidents in which paid mechanics and officials kill people are not "the will of God": somebody is to blame for them; and those who are presumably to blame do not get out of prison until they prove that they were "not it" in the specific case. If the *General Slocum* horror had happened in Mexico—as it could not possibly happen,—it would be unhealthy for steamboat captains, harbor commissioners, inspectors, and other officials, who procure Sunday-school picnics, to pay them twenty-five cents per head for the privilege of being butchered. It is gratifying to learn that in the acute civilization of New York several of

these vulgar assassins have been indicted; it would be pleasanter, even to a humane person, if those responsible for this incomparable slaughter might fare as they would in ruder lands. In Mexico somebody would be stood in front of an adobe wall and judicially remedied with lead. But perhaps women and children and Sunday-school picnics are not entitled to have that protection from civilized people which the uncivilized races always give.

Judicially remedying people with lead is not a process that much commends itself to our temper; but the rigorous holding of inspectors to accountability and a stern surveillance over the franchised public agencies, with proper penalties for neglect of duty, would be equally effective if less picturesque remedies. The trouble is not with the laws, but with their administration. If we might draw the long bow after *Out West's* own fashion, we should say that there never was a country with better laws than ours nor one in which laws were so ill administered.

In chronicling the death of Mrs. Henry George, widow of the author of "Progress and Poverty" and other books hardly less famous, the *London Tablet* recalls the tribute paid to Mr. George at the time of his death by Bishop Spalding, discerning in it an indirect eulogy on the lady now dead:

The great motive in him was religious, was moral. The thrill of awe which Goethe says is the noblest thing in man was deep in his nature. Henry George has done a service to the United States, to England, in turning his brilliant and solid qualities wholly to the consideration of the wrongs and sufferings and sorrows of the people. He who helped his fellowmen and worked for them from the higher platform has made us all feel we were not doing our duty by them. His voice had somewhat of that spirit which moved Christ when He said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. The laws are made for man, the country is made for man, the Church is made for man.

Mrs. George was a devout Catholic and brought up her children in her religion, Father Dawson, O. M. I., being their guide and friend.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



An Evening Hymn.

(First or second century.)

HOLY Jesus! Blessed Light,
Beaming with the likeness bright
Of the Father, who on high
Reigns immortal in the sky!

As we watch the setting sun,
Seeing dusky eve begun,
Father, Son and Spirit, we
Lift our even-song to Thee!

Thou art worthy to receive,
Evermore at morn and eve,
Hymns of praise ascending high,
Voiced and winged with melody.

Son of God, all praise be Thine!
Thou impartest life divine;
Therefore all the world will raise
Songs of glory to Thy praise.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XVII.—A NIGHT'S ADVENTURES.

MEANWHILE Teddy, giddy from his rapid descent through absolutely pitchy darkness, suddenly came to a halt; having been thrown, though not with any great force, to some little distance. He was partially stunned, and felt a curious disinclination to stir. He feared that he might be on the brink of another deep gulf of darkness, into which a single incautious movement might plunge him. He put out his hand gingerly, and it came in contact with a cold, wet flooring. He wondered if he could be at the bottom of a well.]

He lay there quite still, his natural courage and energy entirely dispelled for the moment. He was, moreover, in

a miserable state of mind; for he felt that his present plight was entirely due to his own rash curiosity, and he had not as heretofore the approval of his conscience. He realized that he had no right to intrude upon forbidden precincts, nor pry into mysteries which were purposely concealed from him.

At last he rose to his feet and began to move forward, one foot at a time, stretching out his arms before him. But he seemed to be surrounded only by an impalpable atmosphere. This gave him an uncanny feeling, and he asked himself if he were in the open air. A dampness and a smell of mildew contradicted this idea. The intense darkness prevented him from making any discoveries as to his position.

He stood still again, hearing with a cold chill of horror a rat scurry past. In his schooldays he had been as fond of a rat hunt as any of his fellows, and would have scorned the idea of being afraid of the little animal. But it was different here in this blackness, and the thoughts suggested by the whir past him were not reassuring even to a strong and courageous boy.

He wondered if the Sandman meant to keep him here forever. He might have supposed the old man ignorant of his descent but for the flame-colored handkerchief and the menacing voice. Even that terrible voice, he reflected, would be better than this silence. He remembered, with a thrill of hope, that Johnny knew of what had befallen; and he counted much on the hunchback, feeling sure that he would never desert a comrade in distress, and that he would not fail to acquaint Katrinka with his sorry plight. Time sped on. Moments seemed like hours. Teddy began to feel weak and sick. A great longing

overcame him to escape from this intolerable captivity and to procure food and drink.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he faintly discerned above his head thick beams which were heavily festooned with cobwebs; and here and there it seemed to him that he descried objects which almost took the form of fantastic and ghostly shapes. Sometimes, to his distorted vision, they seemed like human figures, or again they melted into nothingness. Occasionally strange, crackling sounds were heard, as though the solid masonry were going to pieces; and a blast of air swept apparently through some wide-open space and reached the spot where he stood and brought down upon him fragments of mortar. Each of these he at first imagined to be missiles directed at him by some unseen and shadowy hand, and he started and winced as they struck him. Ever and anon the wind went shuddering through a grove of pines somewhere without, and moaned and wailed in almost human cadences, till the sound sent cold shivers through the boy's exhausted frame, and set his overstrained nerves on edge.

Like Johnny, but with a far clearer understanding of the meaning of what he was saying, Teddy repeated the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." This gave him a little comfort, and he began again to grope about until finally he encountered a wall, against which he leaned for support. How long he had thus remained, or whether consciousness had deserted him and returned again, he knew not, but all at once he perceived a glimmer of light. He could not guess whence it came, and it was still at a considerable distance.

In his nervous state, he found this mysterious light to be the most grievous thing which had yet befallen. Should any one seek him from above, he felt sure that the trapdoor would

first of all be opened; and, though it remained inexorably shut, there was a light advancing through some waste of darkness where no human being would presumably be. Whence, then, came the brightness and who was advancing toward him? Perhaps some horrid and grisly shape, which should presently be revealed to him; some phantom from another world, or some victim of the Sandman's cruelty who had been left to wander through this awful darkness, and had become, it might be, crazed, or had been converted into a grim and famished spectre.

Slowly and steadily the light came on, advancing ever nearer, till it seemed to Teddy that he could at last discover a figure, huge and fantastic in the semi-darkness. He drew back as close as possible to the wall, hoping that the horrid shape might pass by without detecting him. But it came on, as if in search of something, and directly toward the spot where he was standing, and which was quite close to the sliding tunnel and the trapdoor,—for he had not ventured far. It was one of those moments in his life when Teddy was dominated by a feeling of terror. His tongue cleaved to his mouth, his eyes strained into the darkness, and the cold perspiration stood out upon his forehead, in dread of what he might see or what might be in store for him. At last he kept his eyes closed tightly for several instants. When he opened them again, it was because of the light shining in them. The figure was close beside him.

An exclamation of horror rose to his lips; and the figure, overhearing it, slowly turned to meet his gaze. His eyes strained toward it with a feverish desire to know the worst. Any instant he might behold a hideous, ghostly face. He stretched out his arm, as if involuntarily, to push the object from him, and felt it grasped by a vise-like

hand extended from that shadowy figure. He uttered a cry. The face was close to his. He looked and saw—Katrinka! She put her finger to her lips and enjoined silence. A very flood of relief seemed to flow over the boy's whole being and he could have cried aloud for very joy.

"O Katrinka," he murmured, "have you come to take me out of this?"

"Wait!" she commanded. "Be still! I have brought you food and a light; let that suffice for the moment. If I am discovered, woe to Katrinka! It is his will that you remain here for to-night in the darkness and without food."

"He's a regular brute!" cried Teddy, indignantly. "And I would not much mind telling him so." And he shook his fist upward, in the extremity of his wrath.

"You are here by your own will," observed Katrinka, dryly. "But here is something to eat."

She set down her lantern upon the floor and began to uncover a small basket which she carried upon her arm. She looked about.

"First a place to sit and another to eat. Go yonder!"

Teddy looked in the direction she indicated, and beheld what had before seemed to him like ghostly shapes. He now hastened toward them, his legs trembling with weakness and nervous exhaustion. To his astonishment, he found that the shapes resolved themselves into a pile of chairs and a few tables. He brought one of the tables to where Katrinka stood, and returned for two of the chairs.

The old woman then raised her lantern to the table and began to produce various articles of food from her basket, which she thus announced:

"A chicken's wing,—the very thing!
A slice of ham, some nice, cold lamb,
With bread and sliced tomatoes.
And here's some pie for you to try:
It's made of peach; and if you reach,
You'll find a bunch of cherries too."

The famished boy ate of these various good things, and drank of a cordial which Katrinka had specially prepared, and of which she alone knew the secret. It was a strange scene in that underground place, which, however, did not seem half so horrible in the light of the lantern and with Katrinka sitting there.

When Teddy had finished, the old woman gathered up the fragments and arranged them all carefully in the basket, bidding Teddy restore the table and chairs to their places.

"The Sandman sleeps," Katrinka then declared. "He will not wake before sunrise. Follow me. I will bring you to the kitchen where you shall sleep till the birds begin to sing. At that time you must return here and await his commands."

Teddy, who had been appalled by the idea of spending the night in this blackness, gladly followed upon the old woman's footsteps. She led him through a wide space, with rafters and beams overhead, and up a winding and creaking stairs, into a large room, the purpose of which the boy could not at first guess. By the dim light of the lantern, he thought he perceived rows of chairs or benches, upon which he fancied that numbers of ghostly people might be sitting. Somehow, the place gave him a chill, and he was glad to escape from its precincts and follow Katrinka through various passages until they were fairly out of the unlucky wing and back in the familiar premises. But even after he was nestled cosily upon the kitchen settle, with the unsleeping Katrinka sitting near, and the cat staring up at her with large yellow eyes, in which there was an almost human intelligence, he could not help thinking of that last spectral hall.

"It looks like a theatre," he thought, striving to recall the few times in which he had been in such an edifice,

usually at minstrel shows. "It is like the ghost of a theatre."

The light was faintly stealing into the sky when Katrinka awoke Teddy. He started and rubbed his eyes, quite bewildered.

"You must go into captivity," she said,—*"into bonds and darkness, till he is pleased to bring you forth. The East whitens: the day is dawning. Let him not find you here, or it will be almost at the cost of my life."*

Teddy, still half asleep, followed Katrinka, who led the way with swift, catlike steps. They entered once more the unused wing; but, instead of going to the door at the end of the passage-way whither the hunchback had guided Teddy, they passed through one of the doors which lined the corridor on either side, and presently found themselves in that large, dim hall, which Teddy could now more distinctly perceive by the light of the early morning.

Even the familiar portions of the house had put on a strange, unnatural appearance in the faint light; but this apartment seemed more than ever ghostly. There were not only the rows of a chair, but a stage having a singular air of loneliness and desertion, which was intensified by the remnants of stage finery which hung about it. Crimson and gold curtains flapped drearily in the breeze of early dawn, which penetrated thither from some aperture and painted effigies upon the wall that had a ghastly resemblance to life; and there was a scene in the background representing some interior.

Teddy had time for only a hasty glance at all this, as Katrinka hurried him along at great speed, fearing lest the Sandman might get up at an unwonted hour and discover the absence of his prisoner. But the whole scene and its accompaniments presented to the boy's vision some unreal phantasmagoria.

(To be continued.)

"The Babes in the Wood."

That the popular legend of "The Babes in the Wood" was a disguised recital of the reported murder of his young nephews by Richard III., can scarcely be doubted from the general resemblance of the ballad to Sir Thomas More's and Shakspeare's account of the dark deed. Throughout the tale there is a marked resemblance to several leading facts connected with Richard III. and his brother's children, as well as a singular coincidence between many expressions in the poetical legend and the historical details of the time. Among other evidence is a rude representation of a stag surmounting the black-letter copy of the ballad at Cambridge; a hind being the badge of the unfortunate Edward V. Again, the tale corresponds essentially with the chroniclers; and its moral closely resembles the reflections with which several authors terminate their account of the event.

The following is a short nursery ballad:

My dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd and they bitterly
cried,
And the poor little things they lay down and
died.

And when they were dead
The robins so red
Brought strawberry-leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long
They sung them this song,
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the
wood!"
And don't you remember the babes in the
wood?

With Authors and Publishers.

—Cassel & Co. are publishing "Toomevara Chronicles," a volume of sketches of life in a small Irish town. The author is Miss Charlotte O'Connor Eccles, a favorite contributor to this magazine.

—Samuel French, dramatic publisher, has lately issued some bright plays for young ladies. Among them are "Our New Governess," "Madame De-Portment's School," "The Burglar," and "The Kleptomaniac." All are short and easy to stage. Perhaps the best of them are the two last mentioned.

—The famous Irish jurist, William O'Connor Morris, who died in London recently, was a voluminous writer. Besides contributing regularly to some of the heaviest of the English reviews, he was the author of "Great Commanders of Modern Times," two notable volumes dealing with questions of Irish history, and monographs on Napoleon, Moltke, and Hannibal.

—The frequency of translation nowadays has provided successful authors with a clientele that is practically illimitable. We had the pleasure last week of hearing from the lips of a distinguished Hungarian priest now visiting this country that Father Sheehan's writings have met with extraordinary favor in Hungary. It is interesting to note that the book by which he is best known among the Magyars is not "My New Curate" but "Luke Délmege."

—"Formulaire de Prières à l'Immaculée Conception," by the Rev. P. Wabrigant, S. J., and published by Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., in paper as well as in substantial form, is a compendium of doctrine and devotion on the subject of the Immaculate Conception. It includes meditations on Mary's special prerogative, prayers for Mass and for other occasions, the Little Office, and practical counsels on devotion to Our Lady under her title of Immaculate.

—English literary critics bestow high praise upon Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new book, "The Slaking of the Sword" (Methuen). It is a collection of stories of Eastern life, the first of which gives its title to the book. The *Athenæum* refers to one of the stories as "a masterpiece in little of Eastern romance: a tale as good in its own way as Mr. Kipling's 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' but without the tragedy of that story"; and adds: "All lovers of good fiction should obtain this book at once, if only for the sake of reading 'Himè,' the last tale in it. Mrs. Fraser has the power of sinking her own personality, and writing of Eastern people almost exactly as though she were one of them. And this is a rare quality

in English authors, even when they know the Orient well. 'Himè' is a genuine study of Japanese life, a piece of real folk-lore from the Far East, and at the same time the most charming love-story we have come upon for a long while. . . . Mrs. Fraser sees farther into the problems of life than any mere lover of the picturesque."

—A picturesque description of Tibet, said to be quite new to scholars, written by Father Casiano Beligatti, one of the second band of Capuchin missionaries who arrived in Lhasa in 1741, is embodied in Mr. Graham Sandberg's new book, "The Exploration of Tibet." As a chronicle of travel, and review of exploration, this work is timely and valuable.

—Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin contributes to the current *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia some interesting memoranda on Christopher Talbot, the first Catholic publisher in the United States. Talbot died in the last decade of the eighteenth century. So far as Mr. Griffin can learn, only four publications bearing his imprint are extant, one of them being an edition of Challoner's "Catholic Christian Instructed" (1780).

—"Lives and Stories Worth Remembering" is a fitting title for a collection of tales, biographical, historical, and fanciful, published by the American Book Co. Here we have the old ballad of Alison Gross, the stories of Beowulf, Sohrab and Rustum, Palamon and Arcite. Florence Nightingale, Charles and Mary Lamb also have place. Naturally one thinks of lives that might have been added; but, taking the collection as it stands, it is a worthy addition to the Eclectic School Readers, and will suggest to teachers others in the ranks of the world's heroes to serve as examples to the youth they guide.

—Apropos of the publication of cheap editions of two masterpieces of Catholic literature the London *Tablet* insists that the outward form of such volumes should always be worthy of their contents—clear readable type, convenient shape, good paper, attractive covers, etc. Of the importance of popular editions of good literature our contemporary wisely says: "Some critics, we fancy, are disposed to treat this as a matter scarcely worthy of serious notice, and confine their attention to the original work of contemporary writers, or to new editions of a more exalted order, *éditions de luxe*, that no man can read with comfort, critical editions for the learned few, and rare books, whose readers are still rarer. But though these things have a value of their own, a simple popular edition of a great book

is in many ways a matter of more moment. . . . When Cardinal Wiseman's 'Fabiola' first appeared, the Italian translations speedily won such a wide popularity, that the author was congratulated on having written the first good book that had had the success of a bad one. It is, perhaps, too much to hope for the same appreciation of this tender Roman tale on the part of English readers. Yet there is much in its pages that will appeal to those who took delight in 'Quo Vadis'; and to many readers it will, at any rate, have all the charm of novelty. It might be thought that 'Callista,' at least, was more widely known, for the fame of Newman's writings is on the lips of all. Yet, strange to say, there are many among us who have never read 'Callista.'"

—That the sixth centenary of the birth of Petrarch should have been celebrated in Italy with great rejoicing last month was only natural, since the famous sonneteer occupies a niche immediately below Dante in the national pantheon. It is curious, however, that so little attention was bestowed on the occasion in England and America, whose literature owes so much to Petrarch's influence. So high an authority on questions of Elizabethan letters as Mr. Sydney Lee has lately written in the introduction to a volume of sonnets: "The more closely the different manifestations of the sonnetting vogue in sixteenth-century Europe are studied, the more closely is each seen to conform to one or other of a very limited number of fixed types, all of which owe their birth to Petrarch."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.

The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.

In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.

The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *À Kempis.* \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. P. White, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. Michael Healy, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister M. of Mt. Carmel of the Grey Nuns; Sister Delina, Daughters of Charity; and Sister M. Cecilia Schwab, O. S. B.

Mr. Joseph Rieges, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. George Brickner, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.; Mrs. M. H. Wheeler, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James O'Hara and Mrs. Henry George, New York; Mrs. Catherine Murray, Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. Margaret Clark, Cheswick, Pa.; Mr. George Zerr and Mr. C. M. Yoest, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Hugh O'Farrell, Butte, Mont.; Mr. George Meehan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Valentine Fleckenstein, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Fannie Broderick, Catonsville, Md.; Mrs. Elizabeth Schooler, and Miss H. Scanlan, St. Louis, Mo.; also Mr. J. N. Zurién, N. Vernon, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Mary's Song.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

OH, to have heard from Mary's lips her song
Of exultation and of prophecy!
Oh, to have seen her virgin ecstasy
When answering voices blending swept along
In rare sweet chorus, rapturously strong,
Till all Judea and the still blue sea
Felt a strange thrill, a new-born majesty,
Told by the singing of the seraph throng!
Ofttimes an echo of that blest refrain
Comes singing back from heaven to earth again;
And all the world exulting gives to heaven
Glad tribute for the glory God has given.
For generations, owning Mary's fame,
Rise up to bless and glorify her name.

Knighthood.

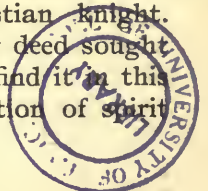
BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

KNIGHTHOOD is the offspring of the Church of God; that its name is now assumed so widely among the Catholic laymen of America is a promise bright with hope. Apart from the priestly state, it is the most lofty conception of manhood; but, being essentially changeable and evanescent, it is not divine: it belongs to the human order only. Elevated it may be, as any good thing may be, by the faith, hope and charity of the believer's heart to the supernatural order; yet in itself it is only a phase of human aspiration, in no manner sacramental.

Well does Father Albert Reinhart, O. P., say: "Knighthood does not confine itself to the riding of tournaments, to the dextrous wielding of sword and spear, to the wearing on the coat of mail the embroidered sleeve of some fair lady." St. Bernard, in his rules for the government of the knights of whom he was prelate, declares their garments to be white, "that those who have cast aside a dark life may know that they are to commend themselves to their Creator by a pure white life."

An old writer traces the source of Knighthood to the Holy Grail, the chalice in which our Blessed Lord delivered Himself to His disciples on Holy Thursday. This chalice or grail, from which *all* had been taken, was, so ran the legend, given to Joseph of Arimathea by Pontius Pilate, and at last came into possession of the Abbey of Glastonbury, where the marvellous thorn flowered amid Christmas snows. It was needed that those who guarded the Holy Grail should be chaste as the snow new-fallen; but one of the house having failed, the Holy Grail fled away. Who shall seek it?

From the decline and fall of the Roman Empire there grew, like weeds in fields at waste, multitudes of men-at-arms seeking adventure and booty. The Church laid her hand, with the touch of unction, on the mailed tramp and he became a Christian knight. Some few of these in very deed sought the Holy Grail, never to find it in this life except as the exultation of spirit



engendered by the quest lifted them unto sanctity; but to most it was an ideal that took shape in the legend of Sir Thomas Malory, himself both priest and knight, who told of Sir Galahad that he "arose early and came to the palace and saw tofore him the holy vessel and a man kneeling that had about him a great fellowship of angels. . . . And therewith he kneeled down and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed and angels bare his soul to heaven." This was the end of his quest.

Tennyson has set to the rhythmic music of sweet words the story of Sir Galahad,

Whose strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

Lowell, too, has caught the music of another legend in his "Vision of Sir Launfal"; and in their "well of English undefiled" are reflected their ideals of knighthood. To Sir Galahad, "all of whose heart is drawn 'above'—

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between. . . .
A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope I know not fear:
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

Lowell's skepticism keeps his poem from such heights as this: his Sir Launfal never leaves the earth. Yet he limns a very human picture of a divine thing. At the close of Sir Launfal's quest for the Holy Grail—

. . . the voice, which was softer than silence, said:
"Lo, it is I: be not afraid! . . .
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

Such ideals, like snowy peaks radiant with the sun, shed light on the shadowed lands below, where knighthood with sword and shield did its more

prosaic duty. The Crusades, be it said, are the history of the knights of three centuries.

Templar and Hospitaller vied in the military service of God. The latter, with the benison of the Church, clothed with renown as a garment, despoiled by the spirit of the age and dispossessed of its island home of Malta by the perfidy of England, has rested many years now bright amid its old age in sunny gardens at Rome. The brave Templars, beloved of St. Bernard met ill fortune. "On the approach of battle," says he, "they fortify themselves with faith within and steel without." On to Jerusalem they bore the cross, and back to Acre they retired before the Crescent; and then, still holding the fortresses of the Mediterranean, they lingered, halting the Moslem advance, when the envy and greed of kings, the mistake of priests and the folly of knights proved their undoing.*

No thoughtful man can for a moment believe the monstrous accusations brought against them. The sober student of English history, who reads the trials of William de la More and his associates of the Temple in the fourteenth century, can not help seeing as he advances in the sixteenth century that the trials of Blessed Thomas More and his companions were but renewals of the same malevolent spirit that persecuted the Templars. And we who have read in later years the mendacities of Leo Taxil cease to be surprised that some good people seven hundred years ago gave ear to the grotesque infamies with which the Knights

* The Order of the Temple was never formally pronounced guilty of the crimes laid to its charge; its abolition was decreed in the terms of the Bull of Clement "Considerate Dudum": "Non per modum definitivæ sententiæ cum eam super hoc secundum inquisitiones et processus super his habitos non possemus ferre de Jure, sed per viam provisionis et ordinalibus Apostolica." (May 5, 1312)

Templars were charged.* We may well remember their manly discipline in the chapter-house when St. Bernard led them, and thrill at the story of their knightly prowess in defence of Catholic civilization and the homes of Europe.†

Other knighthood is that which is now gathering so many American Catholics under its banners; but the spirit is the same, and who shall say what St. Bernard of the twentieth century may marshal the hearts of the knights to new crusades of moral splendor? St. Paul heard ages ago the forging of their armor—"the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of justice, the armor of truth, the shield of faith, and the sword of the spirit."

* Some of Leo Taxil's stories seem but revivals of the absurd tales told of the Knights Templars. Even "quadam domina Agnete" is paralleled by Taxil's "Diana Vaughn."

† The pseudo Knights Templars of Masonry have this history. "The order of modern Templars was constituted the 4th of November, 1804, by virtue of an old constitution found in the possession of a brother, and according to which the founders afterward pretended to be the legitimate successors of the Knights of the Temple." (Rébould's "History of Freemasonry.") But let us hope that these gentlemen who have taken the name may cease to dwell on the days when knights in the rear, far away from the firing line, offended Christendom; and think rather of the hour when the Knights first beheld Jerusalem; and, past the shining domes,

The shadow of a cross arose upon a distant hill.

And at the glance

Priests doffed their sandals, harnessed knights their mail-clad feet unshod,

And like unshriven penitents the hallowed soil they trod.

THERE are authors who are as pointless as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the classics, how many on Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up wondering at the learning which has passed before us, and wondering why it passed!—*Newman*.

The Castle of Oldenburg.*

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

I.—A CONFLICT OF RIGHT.

"HERE is your master, Peter?"
"He has ordered Vizier, my lady, and is about to ride."

As the servant spoke the sound of a horse's feet in uneasy movement, and a man's voice quieting it, were heard through the window.

"Say to him from me that I would speak with him before he goes."

Peter departed, and the lady fell back in her chair with a motion expressive of fretful irritation. She heard, through the open door, the message given and the short silence that received it, the order to the groom, then approaching steps, and Count Oldenburg entered the room. He closed the door and waited for her to speak.

"So you *will* go, Sebastian?" the lady said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am going. Have you anything to say to me?"

"You never listen to what I say. You care nothing for my happiness, or you could not bring this child here to make me miserable. My feelings are of no importance, nor my wishes."

She broke into a nervous sobbing.

The Count's face hardened. He came up to the breakfast table where she sat.

"I *have* listened," he said; "and I have told you, Lucia, that I think neither you nor I have a right to wish in this matter; that, apart from the justice of restitution, my father's will is binding on us both."

Lucia's tears dried. She tossed her head with a sidelong movement peculiar to her when annoyed.

* "St. Nazarius," adapted. By special arrangement with The Macmillan Co., proprietors of the copyright.

"That is just like you," she said,— "to talk of justice and restitution, when it was only the foolish fancy of a dying man half out of his senses. Everyone said he was mad. And yet you regard his whims rather than my comfort and the interests of your own son."

"What 'everyone said' of my father is nothing to me," Sebastian replied. "And it won't hurt Humphrey to acknowledge his own flesh and blood, nor to give up a hope to which he has never had any right."

"Well, I think it's very hard upon Humphrey," Lucia said. "It wasn't his fault nor yours that your brother married a peasant and made your father angry. He deserved to suffer for it. And this boy, whom you would bring here and set above Humphrey, is a mere beggar, a base-born little barbarian. He will disgrace your house and name."

"It is to make him something better than a barbarian that I mean to bring him here. But whatever he is he must be acknowledged. This, my present duty, is clear."

"Oh, if you talk of *duty*," cried Lucia, "I should have thought your first duty was to your own boy! Poor little Humphrey!"

The Count made no answer. His manner throughout this conversation, of weariness controlled, and hardly controlled, by courtesy, and a certain lack of present interest in his tone, implied that the subject was not under discussion between them for the first time. Leaving his wife's last remark unanswered, he was turning to the door, when it opened, and a child came in, doubtfully, with a slow, hesitating step.

"Here is 'poor little Humphrey,'" Sebastian said, repeating Lucia's words in a different tone. "We'll ask his mind upon it, as he is to be martyr-in-chief. How would you like a new cousin,

Humphrey, to play with you, and be your friend?"

Humphrey looked from one to the other of his parents, feeling the storm in the air with a child's certain instinct, and puzzled by his mother's unusual silence.

"Would he live here, in our Castle?" he asked.

"This is *his* Castle now," Lucia interposed,— "not yours any longer."

"It is father's Castle," Humphrey said, throwing a proud, distrustful glance at her, and instantly in spirit arraying his small forces on his father's side, though he had no idea of the subject under dispute.

Sebastian put his arm round the child as though in defence.

"Never mind about that," he said. "It is my Castle for a long time to come. The question is, Would you like a brother to come here and live with you always?"

Humphrey searched his father's face with most serious questioning.

"Would *you* like it?" he inquired. "Would you be his father too?"

"He has no father, Humphrey," Sebastian said. "If he comes here, you and I must try to make it up to him."

"I would like him to come," was Humphrey's prompt decision. "Are you going to bring him now? May I go with you?"

"It is too far, my son. You would be tired."

"Then I may see you mount. And you will tell my cousin that he shall have the guinea-pig and all my books."

"You had better give him Skald, since you're so generous," Lucia said.

Humphrey turned his eyes on her, and his lip quivered. Skald was his dearly-loved pony. He sought his father's gentler judgment.

"Must he have Skald, father? I'm afraid Skald won't like it if I give him away."

He did not touch upon the less

emotional sensibility of the guinea-pig, already promised.

The Count's control deserted him.

"For shame, Lucia, to torment a generous soul! No, my Humphrey, Skald is yours; and I will get the cousin another pony, so that you can ride together. Come, and I will carry you to the beginning of the forest, and you can trot back on your feet."

They went out of the room hand in hand, and Lucia presently heard Humphrey's gay laughter as the thud of the horse's feet died away down the avenue.

II.—THE COUNT'S RIDE.

As Sebastian rode alone through the forest his mind was in a mood of unusual preoccupation. He guided his horse with the instinctive certainty of a long-practised rider, but his thoughts were absent. Something in the recent talk with his wife, and in the events that gave rise to it, had stirred him out of his easy-going, unconscious habit of life, and given him a new sense of self-realization not wholly welcome.

Sebastian, Count of Oldenburg, was the second and youngest son of his father, the old Count Rudolf, now dead. Toward this father he had filled, from his youth up, the exemplary and thankless part of the elder son in the parable; receiving as his reward the traditional portion of cold, parental esteem, and leaving to Bertrand, the first-born, the more generous though uncertain heritage of the prodigal. This Bertrand, poet and wanderer from the beginning, refusing to follow in the ways of order and virtue, loving Nature better than his lands, and Art more than honors and riches, drew upon himself the whole of his father's love and hope, and became first the pride and then the bitterness of the old man's passionate heart. In Sebastian's memories of his early childhood this brother was the centre. Sebastian himself, persuaded

from the first of his own unimportance, and placidly, if somewhat dejectedly, accepting it, had always felt that if his father loved him it was because Bertrand did, not from any care or inclination on his own part. Bertrand's beauty and boldness and free, wilful graces formed the meeting-point for the life and interest of the Castle.

But Bertrand's self-will, and ungoverned though generous impulses, had yet to be reckoned with. As the boys grew older he was still the centre, but not a centre of peace. Turbulent outbreaks between father and son, followed by impassioned repentances, soon passed into long periods of silent estrangement and misunderstanding, lightened only occasionally by brief, uncertain reconciliations. Bertrand began to be much absent from home, neglected all care of the estate he was to inherit, and gave himself up, in foreign cities, to an intense but undisciplined artistic life. His father, brooding in silence over the fallen hope of his house, became daily more taciturn and withdrawn into himself. Not realizing that what had come upon him was, in part at least, the Nemesis of his own selfish and unwise love, he nourished in secret a deep sense of injury, and spent his once generous spirit in a waste of unprofitable pain.

The name of Bertrand was forbidden, but the thought of him still ruled the house, an invisible tyranny cramping and chilling its life. To meet the old Count, stern and stiff, in the courts or gardens of the Castle, was to remember the son who had made bitter his last days. He continued in person the active management of the estate, hardly admitting Sebastian's help, and receiving his quiet goodness with a suspicious, uneasy distrust, as a reproach and a treachery to Bertrand. For to Bertrand his heart still secretly clung. The idol was dethroned and broken, but no other god should usurp the incense

and the worship that had been his.

In this atmosphere, scant of light and joy, like the air in a damp room, Sebastian's growing years were passed. The cloud had fallen upon him so early, and with such a steady and continual pressure, that he thought of it as being in the nature of things not to be hindered or done away; rather he accepted it without thought. He could just remember a time when things were different,—a time when his mother was alive and there was beauty and gentleness in the circle of his life. It was more like a remembered dream than a reality, so unlike and so out of relation with the time that followed it.

Yet his father was in the dream, changed and transfigured under its spell. It centred in one memory: an autumn evening, the fading red of a western sky in the windows of the library, and a wood-fire burning within; Bertrand and he entering softly, hand in hand, and standing a moment unheard in the darkness by the door. He could still see the Count's dark, deeply-lined face, old already, leaning forward out of his tall chair into the blaze of the fire, like a grey rock in a sunset; and his mother in her silks and laces on a footstool at his feet; her hands, with the bright rings, clasped round his knee, her face turned toward him, away from the light and into the shadow, hardly seen. So always in his dreams his mother's face was shadowed and unseen. He was not conscious of an awakening. It was as if a dreamless sleep had succeeded out of which he passed into real life to find his mother gone, and the beginning of troubles about him.

It was not the least paralyzing part of these troubles that they never concerned himself. They saddened and discomfited his spirit without awakening his energies. He loved his brother, but was powerless to help him; honored his father, but could not soften

or restrain that fiery temper. He felt himself alike useless for peace or war, and his life was passed in the sad and straitened manner of a non-combatant in a beleaguered city. Bertrand's absence brought an outward, but only an outward, quiet. Sebastian well knew the bitter discontent underlying the Count's grim reticence; but he made no attempt, for he knew it would be unavailing, to soothe or to dispel it.

A sudden severe illness of his father's roused him for a moment from his apathy. He believed there was danger of death, and he summoned Bertrand imperatively to return. He came, and his coming renewed the Count's loosening hold upon life. Everything was forgotten. Bertrand nursed and tended him, solicitously gentle, as he slowly crept back to health. But with returning health came a revival of the old distrust and dissatisfaction in the father; and in the son, strengthened by disuse, the old restlessness and impatience of control. The Count, never of an easy temper, and not sweetened by his long years of sullen solitude, showed his affection by a constant, exacting tyranny which was hard to bear. He questioned and irritably condemned Bertrand's wanderings in the forest, complained of his negligence toward the estate he was to inherit, and in every possible way fretted and exhausted the patience of his not too patient son.

He little knew where that son's wanderings led him. Bertrand had travelled the world over, seeking for beauty to satisfy his soul; but art and life, had left him thirsty still. It was in the forest, in the early days after his father's illness, that there came to him the destined revelation which his fate had so far held hidden. He gave it his instant allegiance, albeit it was an unknown beauty, not seen before even in his dreams. He met her again and yet again, never asking who she was or

whence she came; neither did she question him, but came to him blindly, with a certainty of knowledge like his own.

The old Count, his suspicions aroused by Bertrand's long absences, and still more by his absences of mind and speech when he was present, set spies to watch and follow him, and learned by their means what little could be learned of her with whom his son's days were spent; how she had come into the country some years since with her father, whom they described as a wandering pedlar, and who had fallen sick at the monastery in the forest; how the monks had given him alms and shelter of their charity; and when he was unable to proceed on his journey, from age and frailty and long exposure, had continued to supply his wants, establishing him and his child in a deserted cottage as pensioners upon the brotherhood. It was rumored, but no more than rumored, that they came from the South, from beyond the mountains.

This was the end. The old nobleman, outraged in his dearest part, his deep-lying pride of race, found forgiveness impossible, and cast out the prodigal once and forever from his house and heart. He attempted first a kind of implacable reasoning; but Bertrand stood firm, threw aside the garb of the penitent culprit in which his father would have disguised him, and met the old aristocrat's mood with a pride and a scorn as fierce as his own. Sebastian always remembered his last words, thrown backward rather than spoken, as he departed: "Live and die in your mouldy Castle. I go to my love!"

Sebastian never saw him again. He went to the South and lived there, with wife and child until his death.

Now the Count's full favor fell upon Sebastian. But it was too late. He had grown into a joyless and indifferent habit of feeling; and an old man's tardy, loveless recognition could

not change the work of a lifetime. Too generous, and too genuinely humble to remember the past with rancor, he was too sincerely just to rejoice in the present. The Castle became drearier than ever. The Count fell subject to long fits of melancholy and abstracted brooding, which lasted for hours and days together. He gave up by degrees the whole management of the estate to Sebastian, and withdrew into a kind of self-inflicted prison-life, speaking to no one, and rarely going beyond the Castle terrace.

As Sebastian rode onward, this whole past, re-created in a succession of scenes wherein his father and brother took active part, while he himself seemed a kind of spectator, passed before him. It was, in him, an unwonted and involuntary exercise of memory and imagination; and he presently shook himself out of it and into his immediate surroundings again, to find himself uncertain where he was.

The road he followed was hardly a road,—rather a forest track, hindered and overgrown by dense brushwood, and often only to be realized as a line of wider space between the trees. His horse, for some time past uneasy, made slow and uncertain progress, advancing as if under protest, his lifted foot and dilated nostril testifying to the depth of his suspicions; often starting aside at the sound of his own feet on the dried leaves, or stopping short as some great bird, upstartled from its noonday slumber, flew across the path. Still, urged on by his rider's hand and voice, he advanced; and still, as they advanced, the road, or no road, grew worse—less discernible, more obstructed, and more uneven.

It was mid-noon of a dim and sultry day,—a day when the trees seemed rather to bring an exclusion of light and air and an oppressive pressure than grateful shade or coolness. No bird

sang. No leaf rustled. The forest stood in a tense and charmed expectancy. And across this enchanted silence the vehement crash of the horse's passage, and the occasional startled rush of some wild creature fleeing at their approach, came in sharp and ominous contrast.

At last the horse came to a dead halt, as a hint to his master to reconsider the road. They were in a kind of breathing-space where four paths met—that by which they had come and three others. No signpost or direction anywhere. Sebastian explored the three in succession, but they gave him no enlightenment. All alike were unpromising, dark, and strange. He was about to turn and retrace his path, when the sound of a bell came to him, deep and clear in the sultry silence. Then he knew that he had not mistaken his way, but was in that part of the forest belonging to the monastery lands, where the monks, solicitous for their solitude, had prohibited the making of roads and the hunting of game, suffering only one regular approach to the monastery, and that from the other side.

The bell still sounded peaceful and solemn. Sebastian listened, then slowly turned his horse's head in the direction of the sound. Now, as he went on, the road became more passable and the undergrowth was replaced by soft grass. Then, suddenly, it widened into a green glade open to the sky, where a brook ran, and beside it a tumble-down brown house. It looked more like a disused woodshed than a house; yet it had windows under the deep roof, and a door which stood open. As Sebastian approached it he had no expectation of finding life within. It seemed sunk in a stillness of repose which could only mean that it was deserted. The wild flowers grew close up to the walls, and he looked to see the greensward continued within the door.

(To be continued.)

Grapes.

BY MARION MUIR.

I am the true vine.—ST. JOHN, XV.

ALONE, lost valley, barred with burning sand,
The Keeper of my vineyard saw;
There wrought among his trees with patient hand,
Secure in Love's great law.

And I, who all bewildered, stand between
The mysteries of death and doom,
Wonder if I shall breathe where they have been
Their delicate perfume.

For there the glory of the Grecian isles,
The amber fruit of Zante, fell
Upon the warm, red earth in fragrant piles,
With silver muscatel.

The lovely bunches Syrian matrons heaped
Upon the hospitable board,
In mild, mysterious moonbeams steeped,
When Ishtar was adored.

The clusters washed by fine Italian rains
Before Rome built the Appian Way,
And those that later gave Hungarian plains
The vintage of Tokay.

Sultanas, whose delicious beads were made
For happy odaliques employ,
And Moorish muscats, glowing through the shade
Ripe as the heart of joy.

Hamburgs, whose black perfection once regaled
The burghers of the Orange line,
And those whose silken wealth of tendrils trailed
Along the winding Rhine.

Globes of Damascus, flushed with carmine dyes,
The grapes of gold Crusaders kissed
By Antioch's battered walls, hung side by side
With seedlings amethysts.

A Spanish beauty lingered where the vine
Bending with rich Malagas wore,
Like heavy Chasselas, Canaan's sign
Among the fields of yore.

There Missions and Burgundys, deeply veined,
Touched Malvoise with imperial dyes;
Perugian rubies, exquisitely stained,
Recalled their Inca's prize.

The red Catawbias, veiled with pearly bloom,
And many more, whose loveliness
Sent over desert wastes a hope that gloom
Would blossom in success.

O God, how shall the wrongs of flesh endure
 The time till Thy great sweeping day?
 Who shall be spared to see Thee bring secure
 Thy own across the way?

Upon that garden crept an evil band,
 Upon the Keeper fell the blow,
 And through the sick heart of the hopeless land
 Went a long note of woe.

The foul Destroyer rose in triumph then,—
 The dragon, whose immortal lust
 Feeds on the blinded, blighted souls of men,
 Leaving them blackened dust.

Before that blast of ruin bent in pain
 The brave old Keeper, wounded sore,
 Never to see his groves rejoice again
 Upon this earthly shore.

Unto each child of mortal birth at length
 The Father sends His message calm;
 But to the martyrs, who yield Him their strength,
 That angel bears a palm.

"Terror and anguish shall go by, my son,
 But thou," He saith, "abide with Me;
 The cup they gave Me ere thy race begun
 I come to share with thee."

And now I learn our broken hearts become
 The grapes of His great sacrifice;
 From them He draws, who made the Pythian dumb,
 The wine of Paradise.

The Master of the Mills.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

"WHAT a picture that church spire with its uplifted cross makes against the sky!"

George Bryson smiled as, leaning forward in his armchair, he looked out upon the scene framed by the window of his little study. It was a typical New England landscape. In the valley lay a neat village, some of whose houses were quaint and old, dating from the Revolution; others aggressively modern and pretentious. Close beside the river rose an imposing pile of factory buildings—the Bryson Cotton Mills; beyond the settlement, the woods and waters; and the fertile farms

stretched away to the purple, mist-veiled hills.

The yellow belfry of the Unitarian meeting-house, almost embowered by the trees of the foreground, had been a familiar object to Mr. Bryson all his life. For he was born in the home where he now lived, and so much had his energy done for the development of his native township that it was now known by his name.

The lofty tower and grey walls of the church within a stone's-throw of the mills were, however, a novel feature of the panorama.

"As I sit here sometimes, when the white wind-clouds drift past the cross, it seems floating in the air; and again at a touch of the sunlight it becomes a cross of flame that sends my memory back to the legend of Constantine and his sign of triumph."

As the elderly gentleman spoke, pleasantly, yet with the languor of one in ill health, he turned toward his sister who, flourishing the daintiest of feather-dusters, stood at the reading table, flecking imaginary dust from the magazines and newspapers, and restoring order out of the chaos in which they were heaped together. Like her brother, Miss Bryson was no longer young. Against his sixty odd years she could count at least fifty-five; but she was still in the vigor of perfect health, and it might be seen at a glance that his strength was broken.

There was a striking resemblance between the two long, sallow faces. The eyes of both were light and keen; but while those of the man were calm and steady, betokening a nature that governed itself and was therefore capable of influencing others, the restlessness and fire of the woman's indicated an uncertain temper as well as an ardent disposition. George Bryson had always been considered handsome; but Miss Sarah's features were too masculine for beauty, and

even in her teens she was called plain. Paris gowns, Gainsborough hats, and a certain *savoir faire* now gave her an air of distinction; yet she was, despite these accessories, a veritable Puritan spinster, who clung to her narrowness as tenaciously as if she had never been away from the village, and honestly believed that Doctor Holmes was right when he described Boston as the "hub of the universe."

On this morning therefore, when her brother's gaze strayed again to the graceful spire that, like the hand of a missionary, held aloft the cross, her patience gave way.

"That Romish steeple spoils the view from this side of the house," she said sharply. "How the mill hands built such a church I can not understand. It must have a great debt."

"The debt will be paid."

"Well, if your operatives have funds to throw away, I advise you to lower your scale of wages, George."

"And have a strike, with the mills idle when we are so rushed with orders that we can scarcely fill them all?" replied Mr. Bryson quietly. "You are an excellent housekeeper, Sarah, but I can still manage the mills — with Frank's assistance."

His sigh as he concluded told that he had already been forced to delegate to another the larger share of the work he loved.

With a toss of her head, which presented a bewildering coiffure of curls and frizzes of the fashionable shade of "Titian brown," Miss Sarah went on with her dusting.

"I liked to go into the churches abroad," continued her brother, amiably adhering to the topic. "Their atmosphere attracted and impressed me with a mysterious peace. Until that illness two years ago which made it necessary for me to take a vacation, I lived for nothing but business and money-making."

Notwithstanding the annoyance she naturally felt at being told, in effect, to mind her own affairs, Miss Sarah was not going to be silent and hear a Bryson depreciate himself.

"No one would dare say that of you, George," she protested, restoring the feathered badge of her sphere of authority to an embroidered case that hung on the wall, and facing about, ready to sound his praises on the housetops if need be. "No man in the township is so public-spirited as you are. Not only our local undertakings but almost every philanthropic organization in Boston counts you among its benefactors. Why, I really believe you have given even to the Romish charities! There are the model houses, too, and the library you have built for the mill hands. Why, the mills are famous for never having had a strike but once! Then, I must say though, you surprised me; for you were as unyielding as adamant."

"Yes, some new operatives held socialist meetings and tried to make trouble; but when they were discharged the matter was soon adjusted," replied the mill-owner. "But, my dear sister, all these enterprises of mine are but a proof to the world of my business and financial success. To be sure, I have tried to do some good to others; but I have been thinking lately that if we had learned a little more religion with our philanthropy in the yellow meeting-house yonder, we should be the better for it."

"Oh, the art and architecture of the European churches are, of course, magnificent!" conceded Miss Sarah, grudgingly. "But how the beggars swarm in and out of them, and lounge on the benches of the porticos! Their presence is very obnoxious to sight-seers. I wonder the authorities do not drive them away."

"Whom? The sight-seers?" laughed Mr. Bryson. "Oddly enough, it was

this very presence of the beggars that touched me. A Catholic cathedral seemed to me what it claims to be—the house of God open to rich and poor alike. The rich come, look, sometimes pray, and then go; but the poor almost live in those churches; and occasionally an unwashed but beauty-loving vagrant of the streets may be found who knows the loveliness of an altarpiece of Guido or Sassaferrato better than the travelled connoisseur. The charitable institutions of the Continent were, moreover, a revelation to me. My own schemes of benevolence seemed petty enough when I saw men and women who had given up every natural tie and joy of life to devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate. We have indeed such heroes and heroines in this country also, only I never realized it before. Surely their religion must be something more than the breath of incense, the tranquillity of Gothic aisles, or the majesty of Roman basilicas."

"Well, no one ever heard of a Bryson being anything but a Unitarian, and I hope no one ever will," declared Miss Sarah emphatically, if with apparent irrelevance.

"No, Sarah: if you should happen to become a Theosophist or a Mormon even, we will keep it a dead secret," replied her brother, with dry humor. "By the way, I almost forgot to tell you, Father Glenn is coming to dinner on Thursday."

Miss Sarah raised her hands and eyes toward the ceiling.

"A Catholic priest coming to dine at the table of a Bryson!" she exclaimed in horror. "I shall not stay to see it: I shall go to Boston for a week's visit."

"As you please, my dear," rejoined Mr. Bryson. "The gentleman, besides being a hard worker among his people, is, I am told, an enthusiast upon the subject of art and keramics. I thought his conversation might entertain you as well as myself."

Miss Sarah stared. A priest who was interested in rare old china, her particular fad! She wondered if he could decipher the mark on that piece she bought in Florence.

"Oh, well, George, of course I will not desert you," she said, changing her tactics; and adding to herself: "I will remain to protect my brother from this wolf in sheep's clothing, but it is very probable that I shall faint under the ordeal."

II.

All too soon, according to Miss Sarah, the day arrived that was to introduce into the Bryson mansion the visitor whose expected coming was, she said, enough to make her Puritan ancestors "turn in their graves." But had the lady known what the morning would bring, even she would not have worried over so small a matter as an unwelcome dinner guest. Mr. Bryson awoke so listless that he did not rise; and the physician, being hastily summoned, warned the family that the illness from which the patient suffered had made alarming headway during the last few weeks. "However, with rest and quiet, he may be better again," said the doctor, hopefully.

George Bryson had long been a widower. He had loved his wife as a man of his strong, reserved nature loves; and now his affection was centred in their only child, Frank, who, grown to manhood, was at present the acting manager of the mills.

When Miss Sarah was not travelling abroad, she looked after the ways of the household. In her absence Margaret, a faithful servant, apparently did as well in keeping the domestic machinery running smoothly; but Mr. Bryson, considerately, never let Miss Sarah imagine that he thought so.

While she deplored her brother's indisposition, Miss Sarah also felt that the untoward circumstance had saved the name and fame of her people.

"Providence has cancelled the dinner engagement," she soliloquized; and her air said as triumphantly that Providence was always on the side of the Brysons.

Had any other guest been bidden, she would have told Frank that hospitality forbade him to retract the invitation to a simple family meal. But even her curiosity in regard to her choice bit of faïence did not counterbalance her dread of Romanism; and she sent a note to the priest, informing him of her brother's illness and consequent inability to receive him.

The first impulse of gentle, kindly Father Glenn was to pay a short call of sympathy upon the man whose sterling qualities had evoked his admiration. After second thought, however, he contented himself with writing a few lines to Mr. Bryson, expressing regret for his illness and the hope that his convalescence would be rapid. And then he forgot all about Miss Sarah's too apparent antagonism. For, unlike the young minister of the yellow meeting-house, the pastor of St. Patrick's cared not at all what the women of Bryson township thought of him, so long as he knew he was doing his duty. His tenure of office did not depend upon their whims and fancies.

Before the end of the month it became evident that George Bryson's useful life was drawing to its close. He had always loved the prospect of the valley that his house commanded, and, accordingly, his couch was placed near a window of his sleeping room which connected with the study. One night as he lay restless his mind ran upon many things. What a strange awakening it must be to find the intellect and spirit as strong as ever and the body nearing the point of dissolution! Do we need other proof of the immortality of the soul?

Frank, the active, clever business man of thirty, sat on the divan at the foot

of the bed, his face buried in his hands. The electric light was shut off, but the moonbeams shone into the room.

George Bryson, turning on his pillow, looked out upon the calm autumnal sky, the distant hills that were as dark clouds at the horizon, the indistinct masses of the trees, the spire whose cross now seemed merged into the sky.

"Frank," he said at length, "all the village lies in shadow, but in that church down there, a light is burning."

Frank rose and gazed out of the window.

"I see no light, sir," he replied.

Mr. Bryson smiled to himself.

"Neither do I," he admitted; "but I know it is there. Last winter, boy, when you were away on that business trip, and before I was stricken down, I often went into Boston to the theatre. It was when I was coming home, frequently at midnight, that I noticed the light. The first time that I saw the faint glow like an incipient flame, I thought the church was on fire and was on the point of ringing the door-bell of the priest's house to arouse him. But not a puff of smoke came from the church. I walked around it and found all secure; yet I was not satisfied. The windows are not high above the ground, and several are still filled with plain glass. I stood on the stone coping beneath one of them, drew myself up to the sash and looked in. What I thought to be the beginning of a conflagration was a steady light, like a star poised in midair. As I let myself down to the ground again I remembered to have seen the same thing abroad—a golden lamp suspended from the roof of the chancel and kept burning by day also. Why is it kept burning?"

"I do not know, sir," replied Frank, indifferently; "unless it may be a votive taper like the hundreds one sees before any legendary shrine of Italy."

"No: this is a single lamp, and it

hangs before the main altar. Who can tell me about it. Ah, yes, Margaret! What a woman she is for going to church! Winter or summer, rain or shine, she is off to 'Mass,' as she says, before seven o'clock every Sunday morning. I'll ask her about the light to-morrow."

The next day, before Frank departed for the mills, Margaret was summoned.

"I would rather talk to her while you are here," George Bryson said to his son. "The very mention of the Roman church 'riles' Sarah, so to speak."

Margaret came, prepared to render some domestic assistance. Mr. Bryson had always been considerate of his servants, if in a somewhat lordly way; and now in his last days she would willingly, as she said in her warm-hearted fashion, "serve him with hand and foot and on bended knee; if necessary."

Indeed, it was on her knees that, perhaps, she served him best. That the family, so solicitous in all else, were so callous in regard to the spiritual welfare of the beloved one so fast slipping away from them, inexpressibly shocked her simple faith; and daily, in her plain little attic room of the luxurious house, with ardent Irish piety did she pour forth her prayer that God would deal gently with the master, "because, poor man, he knows no better!"

Now, when the invalid put to her the query that had long haunted his thoughts, she was ready enough with her answer.

"It is the sanctuary lamp, you mane, sir," she said in her rich brogue. "Sure it is kept burning before the altar to show that the Blessed Sacrament is there, do you see? The light represints the devotion of the faithful. Since we must go about our work, or to rest at night, it is put there that its flame may be as the prayer of our hearts,

a perpetual act of adoration, sir."

"A beautiful custom, Margaret," acknowledged George Bryson. "But what is the Blessed Sacrament?"

"The Lord Himself, sir, waiting there for us to go to Him with our troubles or our joys, or willing to come to us if we be sick or helpless."

Frank, walking up and down the floor, tried to make a digression by which the woman might be dismissed. But George Bryson wanted to hear more. Uneducated in speech, and just able to read and to write her name, Margaret, nevertheless, was not ignorant of her religion, and her explanations were clear and simple.

"Do you really believe this?" asked the mill-owner when she had finished.

"Faith an' I do," she answered, fervently.

"Does Father Glenn really believe it?"

"Deed if he didn't he might as well be out of St. Patrick's," was her energetic reply. "But more nor the likes of me and him, the great doctors of the Church, thim that spinds their lives in the study of the Scriptures an' all knowledge,—they believe like the little children you see going to the altar for the first time. You have seen the children yourself, sir, maybe: the boys wearing a white badge over their hearts, and the girls all in white like little fluttering doves?"

"Thank you, Margaret! You may go," said Mr. Bryson, closing his eyes.

And Margaret, after straightening the counterpane, and giving one or two orderly touches to the room, stole away with a sense of disappointment at her heart.

"Sure talking so to the likes o' thim is worse nor casting pearls before swine," she muttered to herself as she hurried back to the kitchen. "Well, we are all in God's hands; and as the master has not been hard on others, may He be good to him!"

"Frank," remarked Mr. Bryson dur-

ing the following night (for his son watched with him during the hours when the world sleeps), — "Frank! what Margaret said was very consoling, don't you think so?"

All the prejudices of the younger man were aroused by the question. Bitter words of unbelief rose to his lips, but he suddenly checked them. His father was too ill to discuss this matter; therefore he answered evasively:

"It seemed to me quite medieval, sir."

"Yet, if it is not true, then these Catholics think of God as being more merciful, more compassionate, more perfect than He is, and that would be impossible; whereas, if it is true, how different life, death, everything becomes when viewed from this standpoint! It is true! Frank, at daylight I want you to send for Father Glenn."

"But, sir—"

George Bryson raised himself in his bed with an effort.

"My son, I shall presently yield up to you, absolutely, the mills, my fortune, this house even," he said in a clear voice; "but to my last breath I shall cling to that possession to retain which our ancestors crossed the seas—liberty of conscience. If you interfere with my freedom to do as I will, may the Bryson wealth and the honor of the Bryson name shrink in your hands until they amount to nothing!"

He threw himself back exhausted; and the startled son, falling upon his knees beside the bed, sobbed as he strove to soothe the excitement he had unwittingly caused.

"Father, father, forgive me! Your every wish shall be obeyed."

A few days later the Bryson Mills shut down for thirty-six hours, though the operatives were informed they would be paid as usual; the bells of the meeting-house tolled at frequent intervals; the flag on the library floated at half-mast; and, unknown to the village, early that morning Father

Glenn had offered the Holy Sacrifice for a soul newly summoned to give an account of its stewardship. For George Bryson, the wealthy manufacturer, the public benefactor, was no more. The Light of the sanctuary, shining amid the darkness of midnight, had guided the wanderer home.

All the township wished to turn out to do honor to the memory of the philanthropist, but like a rebuff came the announcement from the great house that the founder of the mills would be attended to his last resting-place only by his household,—it was the desire of the family, and so on.

The Brysons had not the moral courage to bid their large connection to a public requiem service, nor were the relatives invited at all.

But Margaret and the other servants thinking that no act of the master's life "so well became him as his leaving of it," saw no need for reticence.

Thus the rumor soon spread that he had died a Catholic; and Father Glenn, when interrogated, briefly stated what had happened.

The rich man's will had been made months before, so the parish of St. Patrick was no better off for its eleventh-hour convert.

After several years, however, Mr. Frank unexpectedly paid off the debt of its buildings, adding something more over and above to his donation,— "in performance of a duty," he curtly said,—or was it "a promise"?

Neither the new master of the mills nor Miss Sarah has ever entered the church of the cross-crowned spire; but before its altar, as a perpetual prayer for the soul of George Bryson, hangs a lamp which is one of the most exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's art that the pastor could obtain in Europe.

OF every noble work, the silent part is best;
Of all expression, that which can not be expressed.

—W. W. Story.

Chapels in the Tower of London.

BY E. BECK.

THERE are two chapels of peculiar interest to Catholics in "that most ancient and poetic pile," the Tower of London. One is dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist, the other bears the name of Saint Peter ad Vincula. The latter is a chapel royal and also a parochial church; it is likewise the only church in Great Britain dedicated to Saint Peter in Chains.

Though the little prince in Richard III. was told that Julius Cæsar was the founder of the grim fortress on the banks of the Thames, and though the poet Gray sings of the "towers of Julius, London's lasting shame," it was the Norman conqueror not the Roman who began the cluster of buildings known now as "The Tower." William appointed the Anglo-Norman prelate, Gundulf, architect of the work, and the White Tower was begun. The bishop lived to be eighty years old, and saw the keep that formed the germ of the Tower completed.

Saint John's is on its upper floor and is the earliest Norman chapel in England. It was much used by William and his immediate successors as a place of devotion; and is still the best example of the Norman style of architecture existing. Perhaps its situation in the very heart of that grim fortress which an English writer speaks of as "the home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, and the field of our darkest crimes," accounts for its preservation.

In the very literal chronicles of Stowe we read that Henry the Third made the following order for the decoration of the Chapel of the Evangelist: "And that ye cause the whole Chapel of Saint John to be whited. And that

ye cause three glass windows in the same chapel to be made: to wit, one on the north side with Mary holding her little Child; the other on the south part, of the Trinity; and the third of Saint John, in the south part. And that ye cause to be made and painted two fair images: one of Saint Edward holding a ring and reaching it out to Saint John, the Evangelist."

This mention of the Confessor and the Evangelist by Henry, "the friend of pity and almsdeeds," as he is styled on his tomb, brings to mind the popular legend of the saintly Edward's death. It is said that Edward once in a vision received an assurance from the Evangelist that a ring should be brought to him by a pilgrim some days previous to his death; and so it was. He was taken ill on the vigil of the Nativity, and soon after received the warning of the great saint and apostle. His death took place on the 5th of January; and Caxton relates in his Chronicle of England that immediately before the King died he gave this ring to the Abbot of Westminster. It was used by succeeding monarchs in the cure of the falling sickness; and is yet, according to tradition, preserved among the regalia of the crown. Mention was frequently made of it by journalists in regard to the recent coronation ceremonies in Westminster.

The Church of Saint Peter was probably built during the reign of Henry the Second. It is mentioned also by Stowe: "The King" (Henry the Third) "to the keeper of the Tower work sendeth greeting. We command you to brush with lime well and decently the chancel of Saint Mary in the Church of Saint Peter." The King, according to this old chronicler, also ordered certain shrines and images to be colored anew; and an image of Saint Christopher carrying the Child Jesus to be made. Some years later two bells were placed in the church by the royal

order; and, when dying, the King appointed a chaplain to pray for his soul's repose.

This church is frequently mentioned in the records of succeeding reigns. It was destroyed by fire in 1512, but was rebuilt in 1532, in time to become, as Lord Macaulay phrases it, "the saddest spot on earth"; for in this church, enriched and visited by the sovereigns of the long line of Plantagenet, lie buried prelate and queen, knight and noble. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, "a prelate of great learning and very good life," says Holinshed, had opposed the divorce of Katherine of Aragon. The reigning Pope, Paul III., filled with admiration for the venerable old man, created him a cardinal; "but," Holinshed goes on, "his head was off before the hat was on." The Bishop was the first of Henry the Eighth's victims. He was imprisoned in the Tower, and executed on the evidence of the solicitor-general for "slandering the King's supremacy," and buried in Saint Peter's Church.

The tyrant's next victim was Sir Thomas More, that man of learning and piety. The old Bishop had died with these words on his lips: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God." The ex-Chancellor retained his old quaint humor to the last, and smiled and jested "like one who did but undress himself for spiritual repose." His body was interred beside that of Fisher; though it is said it was afterward removed to Chelsea by his daughter, Margaret Roper.

So began the martyrology of the English Catholics. The names of Fisher and More follow that of Gerald Fitzgerald, who had been executed the previous year, on the brass mural tablet in Saint Peter's Church. On this tablet are recorded the names of thirty-three men and women who suffered death on the block and are buried in the church. The fourth on

the list is Viscount Rochford. The fifth name is that of Anne Boleyn, who paid for her brief royalty by a traitor's death within a few yards of the church door. Her dead body was thrust into a chest and borne into the church where her brother Rochford already lay.

The blacksmith's son, Thomas Cromwell, had been raised to the dignity of Vicar-General of England as a reward for his services to Henry in the matter of his first divorce. He had aided the King in his basest plans, in his bloodiest cruelties. He had invented the bill of attainder for the execution of the Countess of Salisbury; and, by a singular retribution, he himself was condemned to death by the same process. The cause of his fall was in his choice of a fourth bride for his royal master. Anne of Cleves possessed neither grace nor beauty; and Henry's anger fell on his minister. "He shall be judged by the bloody laws he has made," was the cry of the nobles. England's new primate, the accomplice in all his crimes, voted against him. In vain he cried for "mercy, mercy, most clement prince"; and a great burst of popular applause hailed the execution of Cromwell in the July of 1540.

The next name on the tablet is that of the Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, and last of the Plantagenets. She had been governess to the Princess Mary, and Henry had at one time declared her to be the "most saintly woman in England." Her crime was in being the mother of Cardinal Pole. Reginald Pole had scorned to accept the bribes offered by the King to win his approval of Katherine's divorce, and had gone beyond the seas. The tyrant's rage fell on his kinsfolk. His brothers and cousins were summarily executed; and his aged mother, under Cromwell's bill, was sent to the Tower. In 1541 she was executed on Tower Hill under

circumstances of savage cruelty. The venerable Countess refused to lay her head on the block. "So should traitors do, and I am none." The executioner struck at her savagely; and she fell at length beneath his strokes; and at last her grey head ("the headsman was," the old annalists say, "constrained to fetch it off slovenly"), dabbled over with blood, rolled on the ground.

The last victim of Henry buried in Saint Peter's was the unfortunate girl who became his fifth wife. She was but twenty years of age when united to the King; and a year or so later, in 1542, she shared Anne Boleyn's fate; and the two Queens lie side by side before the high altar of the ancient church.

In 1547 the tyrant died, leaving Jane Seymour's son king. His uncle, Earl of Hertford, was appointed Protector; another uncle was High-Admiral. The latter was accused of conspiring against the Protector, and was beheaded; but the Protector's own career was destined to be a short one. In the October of the year which witnessed his brother's death came his own downfall. He was deprived of his high office, cast into the Tower, and suffered death at the hands of the executioner in 1552. The two brothers sleep in Saint Peter's. There is a note of the elder brother's death in the young Edward's diary. "This day the Duke of Somerset" (the Protector had been given a dukedom) "had his head cut off."

Among the names that follow on the tablet are those of the Duke of Northumberland, his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, the Earl of Suffolk; and his daughter Lady Jane Grey, the poor young queen of nine days. The execution of the latter is the darkest shadow on the reign of Mary Tudor; and one regrets the counsel that forced Jane to a throne to which she had no claim, and for which she had no wish, no less than the policy, whether of revenge or

fear, which brought about her untimely death. It has been asserted by some that Mary's own judgment would have spared Jane; but the representations of the Spanish ambassador and Suffolk's fresh rebellion sealed her doom.

Thomas Howard and his son Philip both suffered death under Elizabeth,—the former on the block, the latter by imprisonment for his profession of the Catholic Faith. The name following Philip's is that of Elizabeth's one time favorite, the Earl of Essex, who met death in the place of execution within the Tower on a dark Ash-Wednesday in the year 1601. Elizabeth had already passed to her account.

Many historians tell that during the time that Essex enjoyed the Queen's favor she gave him a ring with the promise that should he ever incur her anger he should receive pardon if he sent back the ring and implored her forgiveness. Essex's hot temper and ready tongue brought on him the displeasure of the Queen. During the time of his imprisonment she waited for the ring and plea for clemency. Neither came, and she signed his death-warrant. The Countess of Nottingham, it turned out, had received the ring from Essex for Elizabeth; but, at her husband's instigation, she had concealed the fact. On her deathbed she confessed the truth; and the Queen, acting in a characteristic manner, had shaken the old woman almost to death. Historians add that from that hour Elizabeth fell into the terrible melancholy that endured till her death.

Of the remaining names the more important are those of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, executed after his defeat at Sedgemoor; and the Scottish lords, Kilmarnock, Lovat, and Balmerino, executed for complicity in the so-called rebellion of Charles Edward Stuart. In truth, Saint Peter's in the Tower may well be called one of "the saddest spots on earth."

A Visit to the Carmels of the United States.

LET us go—you and I—to call at the Carmel in the dear old city of Baltimore. It is a plain building, rather dark and gloomy in appearance, so that we are inclined to wonder where the sunshine gets in. We go to the entrance on Biddle Street. The outer door is open. Within we find perhaps a poor woman telling her woes at the "turn" and begging for prayers. When she has left, we pull the bell, and through the mysterious "turn" a sweet voice responds, "*Deo gratias!*" We shall ask for none less than the Mother Prioress herself, and are bidden to the "speak-room." One of these rooms is dark and cheerless, the other only less so; but the monasticism and spirituality of the place appeal to us.

We sit down on the hard chairs, awaiting a demure and perhaps unapproachable nun. But when the Reverend Mother R. enters, she seems to bring the sunshine with her, and we feel at home immediately. Since we are privileged visitors—let us say having a sister in Carmel,—the grate is opened for us; that is, a black curtain is drawn aside and the dark shutters are folded to, disclosing a second set of iron bars, and Mother R. herself in the austere brown habit, with its long scapular, and a large black veil completely covering her to the waist. She is very cordial, very cheery and bright, and willing to answer all the questions our interest in the place prompts.

We learn that this was the first religious community of women in what was already known as the United States at the time of their coming in 1790. It was founded from Belgium, at the invitation of Archbishop Carroll, by three Maryland ladies of the old Matthews family, who had gone to Hoogstraeten to enter the Order of Carmel. Mother Bernardina Matthews,

who had been prioress of the Hoogstraeten convent for sixteen years, returned with her two nieces, and an English nun from the Carmel of Antwerp. They took possession of an old estate in Charles County, and lived there in somewhat primitive style, with their fields and "darkies"; spinning and weaving and making their own candles, but at the same time observing their rule rigorously.

The community steadily increased in numbers, and in 1831 removed to the city of Baltimore—to Asquith Street. Here, because of their poverty and the dearth of religious instructors, the Archbishop wished them to open a school. That this innovation was a hard trial to the daughters of St. Teresa, and that they always kept the true contemplative spirit in their hearts, are proved by the sequel. As soon as circumstances permitted, the little school was given up and the nuns returned to their complete retirement; and no vestige of this departure from St. Teresa's Rule remains.

After this bit of history, Mother R. will tell us something of the life within the cloister walls: that the nuns wear woolen garments only, and the quaint Spanish *alpargates* instead of shoes; that they never eat meat except in case of sickness, and that they sleep on a straw sack. Each nun has her separate cell, where she remains alone when not engaged in acts of community or the duties of her office. There she is always occupied—sewing, mending, or making scapulars and other religious articles; now and then, perhaps, employed with the more elaborate work of stoles, pyx-cases or burses. But ordinarily she prefers the simpler labors, that she may not be distracted from the essential and uninterrupted occupation of the Carmelite—prayer. To us such a life may seem monotonous; but to the nun this calm exterior life clears the view for spiritual things, and she

is the more alive to the interests of souls—her own and others,—and to those great realities that the shadows of this world sometimes hide from us.

There are some treasured possessions in this convent that we ask to see; among them a reliquary made by Madame Louise of France, who became a Carmelite nun at St. Denis, and whom the Order has hopes of seeing canonized. She made the little reliquary with her royal and saintly hands for the Carmel in America, then still in its infancy. And there is an altar-stone which was used by the English martyrs in the sixteenth century.

And the nuns—of course we want to see them all. They come in quietly, enveloped in their long veils, which are raised only for members of their immediate family, or for a bishop (if he ask it). And they speak to us with their gentle voices, and we find our hearts going out to our dear American girls transformed into mediæval recluses. This is a full community—that is, twenty-one nuns; and the “child of grace” is there. St. Teresa settled upon twenty as the limited number; but if one of “singular virtue” present herself, she may be received, provided she obtain all the votes of the chapter without exception. This particular child of grace, as she is therefore called, made her application at the age of eighteen,—winning and lovely, with her fair face and curly hair, and clothed in girlish white, the anxiety of suspense on her eager countenance.

We are charmed with the nuns, and it seems hard to turn back to the sordid world again; so we express a wish to see the chapel, and Mother R. bids us go out to the entrance on Caroline Street. We enter the modest chapel, which is only a large room in the building fitted up for the purpose; but it seems pervaded with the atmosphere of prayer and immolation; and the Gothic altar of white marble is an

exquisite gem. At the right of the sanctuary is a grating like that of the “speak-room”; and here we find Mother R. (remember, we are especially privileged) opening the black linen shutters to show us the interior of the nuns’ choir, where they make their daily two hours of mental prayer, hear Mass, and recite the Divine Office; the hour for Matins being nine p. m.

The first offspring of this parent house of Carmel in America is at St. Louis. In 1863 Reverend Mother Gabriel, who was the youngest prioress ever confirmed in that office in this country, led a little band of nuns to the farther shore of the Mississippi. Now Reverend Mother J. will greet us and show us the treasures of her monastery. Perhaps the chief treasure is the little blind nun, who is one of the most useful members of the community in spite of her affliction. She reads the Divine Office from a Breviary of raised letters, and finds her way about with perfect ease. She is somewhat of a poet, too; and writes cheery, interesting letters on her typewriter.

Several years after its foundation, the friends of some young ladies from New Orleans who had entered the convent in St. Louis were inspired with zeal for a Carmel in the Crescent City; and in 1877 Reverend Mother Teresa returned, with several nuns, to her native city. The monastery in New Orleans, we find, is famous for its fidelity to things Carmelite. One of the first acts of Mother Teresa had been to petition for the jurisdiction of the general of the Order; but this laudable request had to be refused, because there were no Discalced Carmelite friars in this country to take up the immediate government. This house is the centre from which has spread the devotion to the Holy Face as revealed to the Carmelite nun of Tours; and her Little Gospels and the invocations she composed have been

distributed broadcast. We shall see here the nun who was miraculously cured by the invocation of the sixteen Carmelites martyred at Compiègne during the French Revolution, and whose cure is being examined for one of the first-class miracles required for their approaching beatification.

And now let us make our way to cultured Boston, where we find what is unanimously conceded to be the most beautiful, in its monastic completeness, of all the Carmels of America. It was built after European models, the architects having seen many Carmels abroad, and their plans having been carefully studied by the nuns. It is in the healthful suburb of Roxbury, on Mt. Pleasant Avenue; and the roomy building is surrounded by an acre of lawn and garden. We here enter what a facetious clerical visitor called the "spike-room," for the grating of both parlor and choir is furnished with formidable iron spikes about four inches long, as was regulated for strict enclosure by St. Charles Borromeo. The chapel we are inclined to call a small church. It is well appointed, always open to the public, and is very devotional and artistic, in soft tones of brown and yellow. The stained-glass windows each represent a saint of Carmel in some special mystery of love: Elias, its founder, beholding from the Mount the little cloud which prefigured the Immaculate Virgin; St. Simon Stock receiving the holy and promise-laden Scapular; St. Teresa espoused by Our Lord with a nail; St. John of the Cross meeting Our Lord with His cross on His shoulders; and other lesser windows, all in clear and brilliant coloring. Beautiful and lifelike statues are in the niches, and there are two altars of white marble,—all, everything, given by generous and devoted benefactors. This is the chapel of the Infant Jesus, and His little statue is always in evidence, richly robed.

This Boston house was founded in 1892 by Reverend Mother Beatrix, who went with four other nuns from Baltimore. And Boston in turn sent a new colony to Philadelphia no longer ago than in 1902. Let us go to this latest home of Carmel. We will pull the bell at the temporary dwelling on Poplar Street,—and, oh, such a tiny room we shall be sent to! The grating is an old one of wood, used in the early days of the Boston foundation, and given by the charity of the Good Shepherd nuns of that city. In fact, the accommodations of this last little Carmel are so very restricted that we are at once moved to hope that the Catholics of the City of Brotherly Love may speedily provide a more fitting abode,—for, of course, these simple religious live entirely upon alms, and even their daily food is brought to them in small donations. We receive a warm welcome, and are introduced to the little community. There are three Philadelphians among them, who were professed in Boston; and there is a postulant, and a novice or two, to show that progress has already begun.

As we turn from this little home of prayer and absolute renunciation of all things which the world calls joys, we can not resist the consciousness that we have been in the presence of the supernatural and the sublime; and in our hearts arises a hope that other souls may be drawn to imitate the spiritual heroism of these daughters of St. Teresa, and that in other cities of our broad land Carmel may "grow and flourish like the lily." D.

INGRATITUDE closes the door to Heaven's gifts; acknowledgment of them keeps it open. If you desire the treasures of Paradise to be opened to you, be always grateful to your Sovereign Benefactor.—*St. Leonard.*

Startling Facts and a Stirring Comment.

ACCORDING to the most trustworthy statistics, the army of Catholic missionaries engaged in evangelizing pagan lands numbers 15,000 priests, 5000 Brothers, and 45,000 Sisters. The number would undoubtedly be far larger if the laity were made more familiar with the financial needs of the missions, and the small obstacles that hinder great results to the Church and to the souls of men.

From a recent address of the Rev. J. A. Walsh, of Boston—himself a fine missionary spirit,—we learn that during a recent visit to the United States the Bishop of Osaka, Japan, declared that for lack of means he had been compelled to refuse the offer of four young apostolic priests. "In a late report from the Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, England, the complaint was made that while students volunteered in generous numbers, it was difficult to obtain the money necessary to send them out to the missions and to support their work. Again, a statement was made only a few months ago by a well-informed missionary who was passing through Boston from Ireland, that "in the seminary at Cork (a branch of the African Lyons Mission House) twenty-five young priests were waiting (and perhaps are yet) because no money could be secured to pay their passage to West Africa,—to a country, by the way, whose climate is so deadly that the average life of a priest there is said to be two years and four months." Father Walsh's comment on this deplorable situation is well worth quoting at length, even though the same thought has been made familiar to our readers through our editorial columns:

It seems, then, that in the Catholic Church it is easier to get men and women to shed their blood for Christ than to secure for them, from

us comfortably housed stay-at-homes, the little material aid which they so much need. This is an embarrassing admission to make, especially when a few moments' reflection would show any one who stops to figure it out that the twelve millions of Catholics in the United States could alone, with little or no sacrifice, support three thousand extra missions and have much to spare for home missions besides.

I recall my own confusion last summer when I chanced to meet a non-Catholic gentleman who was returning from Europe after a long residence in West Africa. In a kindly way he expressed his pleasure, because, as he told us, he had learned while in Africa to admire the Catholic priesthood as exemplified in the heroic lives of our missionaries. After making several comparisons, which certainly did not favor our non-Catholic brethren in that particular section of the world, he asked: "Why in the name of God don't you give those poor fellows more help? They get almost nothing and are badly handicapped."

It is easy to see, therefore, that the vital need of the foreign missions to-day is a reasonable financial backing. This would not call for the sacrifice of our substance and would help rather than hinder our home work, as every principle of faith and human experience will testify. The crumbs that fall from our tables, even from the tables of the poorest, if gathered regularly and assiduously, would more than suffice to support every needy missionary in the world.

The generosity of our Catholic people is a proverb in this country, where churches and schools, convents and monasteries fairly sprinkle the land. What is lacking is not the impulse to give but the simple knowledge that there is need of giving. That the fault is not with the laity, we venture to say that the clergy would be the first to admit; in any case, a statement made by Father Walsh himself goes far toward proving that a proper presentation of the needs of the missionaries is the simple and sufficient remedy. To the declaration that priests are detained in Ireland for want of passage-money to Africa he appends this significant footnote: "This statement made recently in a Boston church has brought to the present writer two gifts of \$200 each; and, as a consequence, two brave young priests have sailed for Africa."

Notes and Remarks.

The annual report of the Indiana bureau of statistics, which will soon be in the hands of the governor, will reveal the alarming extent of the divorce evil in this State, and perhaps suggest legislative reform. It surely ought to have this effect. We learn that in Owen county last year there were forty-three marriages and twenty divorces! In three other counties the ratio was one divorce to every four marriages. Seven out of every ten divorces are said to be the result of hasty or ill-advised marriages; and it is also stated that a large percentage of divorced persons remarry, many of them directly after legal separation.

It is generally supposed that divorces are more frequent among the dwellers in cities than among the rural population. Owen county, Indiana, is a notable exception. Its population is entirely rural, yet the divorce percentage is greater there than in any other county in the State.

Mr. B. F. Johnson, head of the Indiana bureau of statistics, who has been a close student of the subject of divorce for several years, favors a Federal law that would prevent divorced persons from remarrying for a period of five years. A State law, he says, would be ineffective, because divorced persons desiring to remarry could easily have the ceremony performed in an adjoining State.

Our old and much-admired friend "Presbyter Anglicanus" writes in an English paper that Leo XIII., at the instigation of Cardinal Vaughan, made a serious tactical error when he condemned Anglican ordinations. He thought, says "Presbyter Anglicanus," that the condemnation would be followed by an exodus of Anglicans into the Roman fold, whereas there would

really have been a great Romeward migration in case English Orders had been declared valid. The opinion may go for what it is worth, but the implication that such a question as the validity of priestly Orders could be decided by considerations of policy shows that "Presbyter Anglicanus" has at least one Homeric quality—he sometimes nods. The judgment of the Holy See was simply the authoritative declaration of an opinion which learned Catholics had almost unanimously held and which had found firm lodgement in the consciousness of the Catholic laity. Some words written by Cardinal Wiseman once upon a time express with admirable delicacy and grace the feeling of Catholics for the Church of England and her claim to valid Orders: "I can not but look on her as I should upon one whom God's hand hath touched, in whom the light of reason is darkened though the feelings of the heart have not been seared; who presses to her bosom the empty locket that once contained the image of all she loved on earth, and continues to rock the cradle of her departed child."

Last week the christening of a son and heir to the Czar of All the Russias was signaled by the publication of a manifesto, the provisions of which are unusually generous. They are thus summarized in the cable dispatches: The manifesto grants a general amnesty in the case of all political offenders except those charged with murder; abolishes corporal punishment among rural classes, and for first offences among the sea and land forces; remits arrears owing to the State for the purchases of land and other direct imposts; sets apart \$1,500,000 from the State money for the purpose of forming an inalienable fund for the benefit of landless people in Finland; grants amnesty to those Finlanders who have emigrated without authoriza-

tion; remits the fines imposed upon the rural and urban communes of Finland which refused to submit to military conscription in 1902 and 1903; remits the fines imposed upon the Jewish communes in the cases of Jews avoiding military service. The manifesto further provides for a general reduction in sentences for common law offences. This manifesto is said to be the forerunner of sweeping political reforms, and is commonly accepted as the most generous official act in the history of Russia since the liberation of the serfs in 1861. Let us hope that there is no mistake about its provisions and that no clause may ever become a dead letter.

and will be found. There is no other place in the world where more effective work could be done. The lepers are here. They are a docile, gentle people, who will heartily co-operate with a scientific man to find the much-needed remedy. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands places this great field of scientific research within easy reach of the United States.... Why, then, can not the rich and enterprising government of the United States embrace this great opportunity to find a remedy for such a loathsome and hopeless disease as lepra? With the acquisition of island possessions in the Pacific and Atlantic, the danger of the spread of the disease in our own country is being vastly increased. Let the United States take care of the leper settlement at Molokai, spend \$100,000 in the erection of a laboratory for the study of leprosy, appoint a recognized scientist at its head with a salary of \$10,000 a year, and thus place itself in line with other countries that are now doing what they can on a much smaller scale to bring leprosy within range as a curable disease.

The heroic life and death of Father Damien a few years ago fixed the eyes of all the world on that "most distressful country," and the immortal pages of Charles Warren Stoddard and Robert Louis Stevenson have disposed the public mind to do all that science and money can effect for the elimination of leprosy. If the press of the country gives Dr. Senn's suggestion the publicity it merits, if the medical fraternity urges it energetically, if the citizens of our country (now more than ever threatened with leprosy, as Dr. Senn observes,) show a proper solicitude for their safety, Congress will undoubtedly make the necessary appropriation for the proposed station.

The conversion of Sir Charles Wolseley, so distinguished in the political life of his generation, though not more singular than many conversions in our own country, deserves to be classed as romantic. A correspondent of the *London Tablet* relates that "Sir Charles coming in 1836 to Ashby-de-la-Zouche to preside at an anti-Popery meeting, was induced by his friend Ambrose de Lisle, who had also attended the meeting, to return with him to Grace Dieu Manor. As a result of the visit Sir Charles made his public submission to the Church, thus becoming one of the few pre-Victorian converts of the nineteenth century."

The suggestion of an eminent American surgeon, Dr. Nicholas Senn, that the government of the United States establish a bacteriological laboratory and station for the scientific study of leprosy on "mournful Molokai" ought to be promptly adopted. Writing to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, Dr. Senn says:

One of the characters in W. H. Mallock's latest book, "The Veil of the Temple," is Mr. Brompton, "once a Roman Catholic priest, who has a wife and invented a new religion." To him Rupert Glanville, the character whose business it is to expound Mr. Mallock's own views, says, *apropos* of modern Scripture study:

To the physician leprosy still remains a strange disease. We know its microbic cause, we have become somewhat familiar with its pathology, we are powerless to cure it or even to retard its relentless course. A successful treatment must

Your late Church is mistress of a means by which she might still defend her doctrines, without logical absurdity, in the face of mere

Biblical criticism. She enjoys a profound advantage which in all other churches is wanting. This is the authority attached by her to her own organized traditions.... The Roman Church seems from the very beginning to have been unconsciously preparing herself for the day when the old objective evidences should lose their independent force. She has supplied herself theoretically with the means of being herself the evidence of these. Instead of declaring that she is true because she agrees with the Bible, she declares that the Bible is true because it agrees with her.

It is no new experience to find Mr. Mallock admiring the Church at the expense of the sects, but he is still a long way off from the landing where people get aboard the Bark of Peter. The process which he describes as "unconsciously preparing herself," etc., would be qualified in very different terms by a Catholic.

It has often been remarked that one of our chief difficulties in dealing with our separated brethren is that we and they use the same words with entirely different meanings. There are other difficulties too numerous to mention. How important it is, therefore, to clear the way and fence the ground before entering into argument with outsiders! Few controversialists are more exemplary in this respect than the Rev. George Angus, a venerable English convert. Replying—in the London *Tablet*—to one who charged him with not understanding the Anglo-Catholic position in the Episcopal fold, Father Angus says *in primis*:

I quarrel with and attack no good people in the Church of Scotland or in the Church of England. Any fault I find is with the Presbyterian or Episcopalian system, or anything else you like, not in communion with Rome. And if people are not in communion with Rome I, personally, do not care two straws as to what denomination of Christians they belong. I have respected friends in all denominations; but as to the denominations themselves, it does not in the least matter whether Christians have embraced Presbyterianism in Scotland, or Episcopacy in England, or are particular Baptists or Plymouth brethren. One and all are

outside that Vineyard whose divinely appointed guardian is (as Chalcedon long ago laid down) the Apostolic See. We admire (as a Pope said also long ago to certain separated Christians) their labors and good works; but while we admire we also see that they are outside the Fold. Nor, again, do I venture for a moment to say that they are outside by their own fault, or dare to pass judgment upon any individual. Like St. Paul, I refrain from judging "those who are without."

How thoroughly Father Angus understands the Anglo-Catholic position in the Episcopalian fold is shown by the following paragraph:

I fancy that our separated friends think that Catholics are a hard-hearted lot because we can not take the sanguine and self-satisfied view which Anglicans of the advanced school take of themselves, and their earnest and eager endeavors to be recognized as Catholics. That many are Catholic-minded, and have more or less Catholic sympathies, we freely and gladly admit. But we must look at the Church of England (or any other church which claims recognition) as a whole, and not confine our attention to a section of a sect within the same. Our friends forget the (sometimes dormant) vitality of Protestantism—the dead weight of Protestantism—which prevails especially amongst the middle and upper-middle classes. Nine out of ten members of the Anglican body are quite indifferent to or ignorant of High Church or Low Church distinctions, but the idea of their being anything but Protestants has never crossed their minds. They may come to like "bright and hearty" services, and processions and music and flowers, but they are, doctrinally at least, unleavened and unmoved by the Anglo-Catholic revival. They acquiesce, if they advert to it, in the fact that contradictory doctrines are tolerated in the church of their birth and baptism, and—what does it matter? One clergyman teaches the Real Presence, another the Real Absence; another claims to say Mass, while his brother in the next parish holds that there is no Mass to say.

A hitherto unpublished letter of Gladstone's shows that he was not one of those who believe a religion of authority to be incompatible with freedom of thought. Writing to Mr. W. S. Lilly in 1882, he said: "Your interesting article in the *Contemporary Review* for February has a passage, marked by courtesy and evident sin-

cerity, in which you have, I am sure unwittingly, fallen into error concerning an opinion of mine to which you do me the honor to refer. I have never laid it down, or believed, that a religion of authority is incompatible with freedom of thought. Forty-three years ago I was severely criticised by Lord Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* for having maintained the exact contrary, which I have at all times held, and have variously endeavored to set forth, as, for example, in the *Nineteenth Century* respecting Sir George Lewis' work on the influence of authority in matters of opinion." Gladstone was Prime Minister when this letter was written, and informed his friend that he had "no desire to appear in the field of even friendly controversy at that particular time," but gave him liberty to use the declaration later on. Mr. Lilly forgot all about the letter until he came upon it casually a short time ago.

The venerable Mother Paula, superior of the Franciscan Sisters in Jamaica, who lately celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her religious profession, has labored in countries as far apart as Scotland and Hayti. Though a native of France, most of Mother Paula's life has been spent in Jamaica, where she is widely known and greatly beloved by all classes. The Bishop of Kingston and many of the clergy, with a large concourse of the laity, including the mayor and his wife, were present at the High Mass celebrated in honor of the joyous anniversary. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Mulry, S. J., at the conclusion of which a letter from Mgr. Falconio was read announcing that the Holy Father had sent his Apostolic Benediction. This was a glad surprise to the humble religious, who was the recipient of numerous other tokens of esteem and affection. Always mindful of the unfortunate, Mother Paula cele-

brated the jubilee on her own account next day by giving a dinner to the poor of Kingston.

As a sample of the good things abounding in Mr. Charles Bonaparte's recent address, "Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics," the *Leader* of San Francisco quotes the following paragraph:

If, then, Catholic laymen are to act, what is the rightful sphere and what are the just limits of their action? I see no need to answer this question. The work God gives a man to do he is not forced to seek: it will seek him. He requires no telescope to look for it in Mars or the Milky Way, no microscope to find it among germs or bacilli. The fussy people who are always mistaking their vocations and getting into one another's way, meddle in everybody else's business precisely because they will not attend to their own. There is certainly and always work for each one of them to do, and it is certainly and always right before his eyes. But it may, it probably will be—or at least look—hard and small and uninviting; and so he tries not to see it where it is, and searches for it painfully where he knows well it is not.

It would be worth while to reprint all such notable addresses if the publishers could count upon some such notice as this. It often happens that publications calculated to do most good command least attention.

The new Bishop of Manchester, New Hampshire, the Rt. Rev. John B. Delaney, is the fourth native of Lowell, Massachusetts, to be raised to the episcopate within eight years; the others being: Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Maine; Bishop Allen, of Mobile; and Bishop Garrigan, of Sioux City. It is worthy of note that he is also the third bishop chosen within a year from the ranks of the secular clergy engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics. Bishop Delaney is director of the Manchester apostolate. He is spoken of by those who know him as a model priest, the *alter ego* of the lamented Bishop Bradley.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Three Classes.

BY E. C. L.

THERE be those who bemoan an idle past
And sigh for the vanished days,
And promise themselves the work they'd do
Could they tread the olden ways.


And others there be who wait and wait
For a more auspicious time;
Content to do nothing, they never once count
The murder of minutes a crime.

And still there are others who go each day
Into the arena of life,
With a smile on their lips and a prayer in their hearts,
Strong-armed for the endless strife.

The Story of Wendel.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

 PLEASE, is there something I can do, Missus?"

It was a very small boy who asked the question—in a very small voice. His feet were bare, his clothes ragged but clean, and a shock of tow-colored hair was his only head-covering.

"What can you do?" asked the mistress of the house, who had come to the door in response to his feeble knock.

"Hoe, rake, water, split kindling," answered the boy in a parrot-like tone, which made it very evident that the reply was part of his stock in trade.

"Come in and have something to eat, and I will see," rejoined the lady. "We are going to the country and are having some house-cleaning done—taking up carpets and matting. You

may be of assistance in that way. We do not need any outside work now. Come in."

The boy entered and stood at attention in the middle of the kitchen, gazing up at the quaint, old-fashioned clock which immediately caught his eye. After he had silently eaten the dinner which the lady set before him, he stood up and made a deferential bow.

"Now come with me and I will show you what to do," said the mistress.

He followed her, still silently, up two flights of stairs, where she put him at loosening tacks. Then she forgot all about him for an hour, when he was recalled to her memory by the sight of what appeared to be a moving mass of carpet coming through the kitchen.

"How did you ever get that heavy load down the stairs?" she asked, as he pushed the door open; passed down the steps and deposited it on the walk where some other carpets were already lying.

"I pulled him down," answered the boy, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand.

"You are a good little fellow," she said. "Sit there on the step and I will give you some cookies."

"Why for you work,—why for you spoil your pretty hands?" was the next remark the boy made.

The lady laughed.

"Because my cook has left me suddenly," she replied.

"Shall I help you?" he continued. "Dishes I can make clean and the table I can set,—I can do many things."

"Have you no home?"

"No, Missus, I have none. My home is dead—gone."

"You mean your parents are dead." He nodded.

"When the fader and mudder is dead, so too dies the home."

"That is quite true. When did your parents die?"

"Shipwreck," he replied. "Grand-mudder too. I almost drown, but a man bring me here to wait on him. He be lame. Then he die, and I have no place."

"How long ago was that, child,—the shipwreck, I mean?"

"About one year."

"Where were you coming from?"

"Norway."

"What is your name?"

"Wendel Förustok."

"And you have no relatives here?"

"I think not. Once I think so, but not now."

Mrs. Painter had not lived forty years in the world without having been deceived and imposed upon many times. She knew that in all probability the same thing would happen again during her lifetime. Nevertheless, she was not one of those who become cynical from such experiences. The boy had an honest face, but so had other boys who had played her false. She was really in need of more assistance, and resolved to give him a trial.

"You may stay here and help for a few days," she said at length. "You must be willing to do anything that is required of you. I will give you some good clothing that my own boy has outgrown, and you will be well fed. You can sleep in the loft of the barn."

"That will be very good," said Wendel. "I will now begin to do what you tell."

When the father returned from his business and the children from school, they were surprised to see the new addition to the household. The chambermaid who had been working upstairs was quite pleased also, foreseeing that he might lighten her accumulated duties. And so great a treasure did the boy prove that the

master of the house began to feel uneasy as to the possible results which had generally followed similar experiments.

At the end of the week, the house-cleaning finished and a new cook installed, Wendel presented himself one morning after breakfast, attired in the neat suit his mistress had given him, his working rags tied in a bundle.

"Missus," he said, "I think I go now. My work is done."

"Do you want to go?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied without hesitation.

Mrs. Painter was disappointed. She had not expected that Wendel would show such eagerness to leave them.

"And why are you so glad to go?" she asked.

"Not *glad* to go," he answered at once. "But no longer is there any work for me here. You are now with servants enough, and for me there is nothing more. Not so?"

Mrs. Painter reflected.

"My husband and I had been thinking of taking you with us to the country, if you would like to come. We have a man there already who lives on the place, but a good boy can always make himself useful; and you have done so well since you came that we thought you might be helpful at the farm."

"You have a farm? I like that," said the boy. "To go there I will be glad, if you will take me."

"Very well,—it is settled, then," said Mrs. Painter; and Wendel retired smiling.

The departure was fixed for Saturday. On Friday morning John Painter came up from the cellar, which he had been helping to put to rights.

"Mother," he said, "you know that old bicycle of Uncle Nat's that has been down cellar for years and years? Do you think he wants it?"

"I am sure he does not. It is of no use, high, old-fashioned and altogether out of date. Why do you ask?"

"Wendel says he worked for a bicycle man once—about a week,—and he knows that tire on the front wheel is worth two or three dollars. He thinks we could get five dollars for the machine. If he could, mother, would you be willing for us to sell it and go halves with the money?"

"Certainly. Whatever it may bring, it will be better than having it rust to pieces in the cellar."

Delighted with the permission which had been given him, John hastened to tell the good news to Wendel. They at first proposed going together to make the sale; but Mr. Painter needed John at his office that afternoon, so the business was left for Wendel to execute. He started off about three o'clock, mounted on the awkward-looking locomotor, and was soon out of sight.

Four, five, six o'clock came but no Wendel. And at last, when darkness fell, and they knew beyond doubt that every bicycle shop in town must have been closed for some time, the family reluctantly confessed to one another that the name of Wendel Förustok must be added to the list of ungrateful and dishonest servitors whom they had believed in and found wanting.

John still hoped against hope, thinking that perhaps the boy had met with an accident. But no account of any such happening appeared in the morning paper; and a call at the half dozen bicycle stores in town by Mr. Painter resulted in the information that Wendel had not been seen by any of them.

That afternoon they left for the farm, and the short episode of the Norse boy became only a memory in the minds of the good people who had befriended him.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVIII.—WHAT MORNING BROUGHT.

When Teddy presently found himself left alone once more in durance vile, he was far less terrified than before; for he knew that he was neither going to be swallowed up by some deeper depth of darkness nor incarcerated in a cell from which there was no escape. He was simply in prison, awaiting the Sandman's pleasure; and, as he sat upon a chair which he had abstracted from the pile close by, he recalled very vividly a sermon he had once heard upon the "spirits in prison," whence they shall be released only upon the payment of the last farthing. He pictured them to himself as waiting, not even as he was doing—tranquilly; but as he had been during the previous night—in great tribulation. The quaint conceit occurred to him that even as Katrinka had appeared, refreshing him out of the contents of her little basket, so he might go down into Purgatory by prayers and little offerings of any sort, and refresh and relieve the souls who languished there. He began diligently to recite for them short indulgenced prayers which he knew and which would be as sparkling water or pleasant refreshment to those for whom they were offered.

During that day Teddy devoutly trusted that Katrinka would either procure his release or bring him forth during the night. He did not like to think of being in the neighborhood of that ghostly theatre, whence a winding, creaking staircase led downward into these underground places; whereas Katrinka, going about her ordinary avocations, had set her wits to work to find out how long the Sandman meant to keep Teddy in captivity, and if she could in any manner shorten its

FOUR ancient English coins bore a representation of the Annunciation of Our Lady.

duration. She entered the study, stolid and impassive as usual.

"There is but one boy for breakfast," she announced.

"Well, there is another who would willingly partake of it," declared the Sandman, grimly.

"He is not here!" cried Katrinka.

"He is where he deserves to be," the Sandman replied, sternly; "and you shall prepare for him some slices of dry bread and a jug of water."

"I shall prepare them, master."

"He shall be fed thus," the old man repeated.

"For how long, master?"

"During my pleasure," he answered, curtly,—"for not less than three days. Then we shall see."

At this moment Kitty, escaping from the hunchback, burst into the study, crying loudly for her brother. So far since Teddy had been absent, the Sandman had managed to still her clamors by promising that her brother should come soon and bring her a pretty toy. But the hunchback had artfully incited her to the present outburst; and Katrinka, under pretence of quieting her, drew her into a window and insisted upon the fact of Teddy's absence and that the Sandman had taken him somewhere.

"Bad, bad Sandman. You took off my broder!"

The Sandman turned away and covered his eyes with a trembling hand. It was not the childish rage which disturbed him, but the memories which the whole picture evoked.

Katrinka, withdrawing, prepared the bread and water, which she obediently brought to the Sandman's study,—not without indulging, however, in one of her deep, gurgling laughs in the solitude of the kitchen.

"Master, here is the bread and water for the boy," she announced. "How will you that they reach him?"

"Let him starve!" cried the Sand-

man, irritated by Kitty's continuous wailing and lamenting.

The little one had thrown herself upon her back on the floor and kicked and screamed, because the Sandman, in his anger, had told her that she could not have her brother. With Aunt Sarah, Kitty would never have dreamed of giving way to those fits of temper, nor would Miss Tompkins have permitted such an exhibition; but at the castle she was under no real control, and so took the method which she thought likely to gain her end.

"Let him starve!" repeated the Sandman.

"As you say, master, so let it be done," assented Katrinka, preparing to retire with the bread and water, and apparently taking no notice of the screaming child upon the floor.

"No!" roared the Sandman. "Leave those things here and go at once and take away that screaming child."

Katrinka laid down the jug and plate and seized upon Kitty, who, in a perfect storm of grief and fury, was borne from the room. But the old woman, far from quieting the child, employed those artifices which are perfectly well known to untrustworthy nurses who are anxious to get rid at times of troublesome charges; and she kept the little girl well within hearing of the Sandman. Every once in a while she appeared at the study door, with her stolid face and impassive manner, declaring:

"The child still weeps, master, and asks for the boy."

"She shall not have him!" retorted the Sandman.

For the first three or four times Katrinka obediently withdrew; but the fifth time she added, impressively:

"The child may become ill, master. It is not well that one so young should grieve so long."

And at this the Sandman rose up, crying hastily:

"The boy must come forth! The

dear little Narka shall not be made ill."

Katrinka's face expressed nothing at all; and the Sandman, disappearing through the door in his study, failed to hear the old woman's deep, gurgling laugh as she went quietly forth, and, seating herself beside Kitty, almost immediately restored the little one to good humor. She promised her that her brother should come in a few moments, and she set her to play with a cluster of starlike daisies. To the hunchback she explained simply:

"The boy is coming. *He* has gone to fetch him."

Meanwhile the Sandman took his way into the unused wing by a short cut, the same which he had used upon the previous day in following the boys; for he had overheard, from the very first movement, their plan for invading the forbidden precincts and inspecting the trapdoor. He did not descend to Teddy's place of captivity by the sliding tunnel, nor yet by the circuitous route by which Katrinka had gone thither. He opened one of the cupboard doors in the square room which contained the trapdoor, and went down by means of a spiral staircase, creaking and winding, like that which Teddy and the old woman had traversed. He came unawares upon Teddy, who had dozed asleep in his chair; and, seizing him by the back of the neck, he urged him up the steps and thrust him into that room whence the boy had descended.

The lad was bewildered and terrified by his sudden capture, not knowing by whom he had been seized until he caught a glimpse of the flame-colored handkerchief which he had come to regard as a symbol of wrath and terror. He was not long in making his way out of the forbidden regions, not stopping for even the slightest attempt at exploration. When he reached the lawn there was Katrinka, who sat

upon the steps, her finger on her lips to enjoin silence; and Kitty, who came toddling toward him with outstretched arms and screams of delight. The hunchback, too, timidly emerged from a corner. He had scarcely dared to show himself in the light of day since his late adventure. When the Sandman chanced to be at table, the boy had barely touched his food, and never raised his eyes from the plate before him.

Presently the Sandman himself came out upon the gallery, apparently quite undisturbed by recent events.

"Ho, my merry men!" he exclaimed, addressing the two boys. "There you are, Vladimir and Alexieff! So the little Narka has found her brother, who went burrowing underground! 'Twas well for him that the Sandman was there to bring him forth again."

Both boys stared in perfect astonishment, so cheerful and benignant was his countenance.

"And you shall recite your lessons this afternoon, my lads, and make up for lost time while Alexieff was playing truant."

Teddy had not a word to say; for it was absolutely true that he had sought out the trapdoor for himself and that the Sandman had brought him forth from captivity.

The days that followed were perfectly tranquil and harmonious. Every hour Kitty gained an ascendancy over the Sandman, which would have been most pernicious for herself had not events transpired that completely changed the order of the household. The Sandman, unaware of the secret part which Katrinka had played in the late drama, was much impressed by Teddy's unruffled demeanor after a night in captivity; and, while admiring his courage, was more than ever resolved to subdue his will. So another fiery trial awaited the boy in the near future.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Compromises," a new volume of essays by Miss Agnes Repplier, will soon appear from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—We can not conscientiously give unqualified commendation to most of the books of devotion on the publishers' lists, but we do recommend Father Lasance's "Prayer-Book for Religious," issued by Benziger Brothers. It is a compilation that must appeal to religious, and it is all that could be desired in general make-up.

—We regret to hear of the death of the Rev. Andrew Dooley, an energetic, influential and exemplary priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. He was active in many good works, but his heart, we are told, was with the children and the schools; and his last thoughts were given to them with his expiring life. Father Dooley was an occasional contributor to THE AVE MARIA, whose readers, we hope, will not forget him in their prayers. *R. I. P.*

—The late Mr. Charles Hamilton Bromby ("Charles Bampton"); author of "Frank Leonard," etc., "a man of large and largely unrecognized literary ability" according to the *London Tablet*, was the convert son of an Anglican bishop. Mr. Bromby was a close student of Chaucer and of Dante, one of whose lesser works was translated by his hand into English for the first time. "A kindly and courteous gentleman of a not very common type." *R. I. P.*

—The Archeological Institute of America has engaged Mr. Arthur Farwell to transcribe the Spanish folk-songs of Old California and the Southwest for a volume to be published by the Institute next year. Mr. Farwell, who is an expert in folk-music, finds "an astonishing variety and beauty in these old songs of a people who sang because they felt like it, and not, as is so often the case nowadays, because some one (who doesn't wish to be sung to) asks some one (who doesn't wish to sing) to 'please favor us.'"

—Referring to some opinions and judgments to be found in certain of the recently published letters of Lord Acton, we expressed the conviction that the writer must have modified or repudiated them in later life; that, having been hastily formed and privately expressed, it was an injustice to Lord Acton to publish them without some qualifying statement. We are gratified to have the assurance of Mr. W. S. Lilly that our contention was well founded. Writing in the *Fortnightly*, he says: "My regard and reverence for my deceased friend [Lord Acton] compel me to express my deep sense of the wrong done to

his memory by the publication of these documents, many of which, written in his haste, or, as the Vulgate has it, in his excess (*Dixi in excessu meo*), by no means represent his calm and deliberate judgment upon the subjects with which they deal, as I have reason to know, and convey a quite false impression of one of the truest and most loyal of men."

—Supplementary reading-books are a necessity in the schools in these our times. Some of those furnished by the publishers of text-books are valueless; not so Carpenter's "Geographical Reader," dealing with Australia, our colonies, and other islands of the sea. There is a breeziness about the narrative as set forth by Mr. Carpenter, and one feels that young folk who follow this interesting traveller will be charmed as well as instructed. Published by the American Book Co.

—A second revised edition of the Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich, from the German, has been published by Pustet & Co. In this we have another proof of the growing interest that the world has in the mystical side of life and the relation that exists between the material world and that of the spirit. Even in these days of skepticism, there are few who will hold as absolutely impossible the revelations of Catherine Emmerich, however far they may be from understanding them and their import.

—Two important new books by the learned Dom Gasquet have appeared within a month—"Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia," Vol. I. (Royal Historical Society), and "A Life of St. Gregory the Great," edited from an old MS. preserved in the monastery of St. Gall, probably written about A. D. 713 (Art and Book Co). Both of these volumes are of genuine historical value. The first, besides throwing a searchlight on the English province of the Premonstratensians, does much to illustrate the general history of England. The precious old MS. life of St. Gregory was known only to a few ardent ecclesiologists; it is now printed for the first time.

—Some interesting literary judgments are recorded in Mr. W. S. Lilly's valuable paper on "Cardinal Newman and the New Generation" in the August *Fortnightly*. For example, Mr. Lilly describes the Rev. Dr. William Barry as "a master in theology and in philosophy, in history and in romantic fiction, who, as unquestionably, is the foremost representative of Catholic intellect in this country." And he entirely endorses Dr. Barry's judgment on Newman—namely: "Should the Catholic Church extend its conquests in the

world where Shakespeare is king [Newman's conversion is] not less likely to have enduring results than had St. Augustine's on the intellect of the Middle Ages which he formed."

—The Polish novelist Sienkiewicz is at work on an important work dealing with the national hero, Jan Sobieski. It will be completed in three volumes,—the first dealing with the period of preparation, the second with the actual war against the Turks, and the third with the triumphal re-entry of Sobieski into his kingdom. A picture of ancient Polish splendor by such a proved master of the historical novel who is also a devoted patriot will be easily the literary event of the season. The work, moreover, is sure to have a strong Catholic flavor.

—A notable antagonist of the so-called Higher Critics is the distinguished archeologist, Prof. A. H. Sayce of Oxford, who calls his latest book "Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies." Prof. Sayce's position is that "the more archeological and the less philological our evidence is, the greater will be its claim to scientific authority." The instances in which the testimony of the monuments flatly contradicts the findings of the Higher Critics are so numerous and important as to make the unlearned marvel at the variety of results that may be arrived at by the "scientific method."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. *Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.* 10 cts.
 The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.
 Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.
 The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.
 Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.
 Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.
 The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.

- The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.
 In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.
 The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.
 Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *A Kempis.* \$1.25, net.
 Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.
 The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.
 The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.
 Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.
 Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.
 Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Slaughter, of the diocese of Portsmouth; Rev. Patrick Cunningham, diocese of Burlington; Rev. Daniel Meagher, diocese of Monterey; Rev. J. T. Canavan, diocese of Springfield; Rev. M. F. Harrigan, diocese of Concordia; Rev. Andrew Dooley, archdiocese of Westminster; and Rev. Charles Rathke, C. S. S. R.

Brother Malchus, C. S. C.

Sister M. Vincentia, of the Sisters of the Holy Family.

Mr. James Crangle, of Fredericton, N. B., Canada; Mr. George Groening, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Patrick Gavan, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. D. J. Tully, Burlington, Vt.; Isa L. Lee, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Anthony Wetzel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Somerville, Mass.; Miss Bridget Lannan, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Anna Kuhl, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. J. F. Grasberger and Mr. James Bond, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

- To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:
 E. M. B., \$1; Rev. J. H. G., \$10; E. G., \$1; I. R., \$1.30.
 St. Mary's Mission, Omak, Washington:
 H. J. S., \$1.
 For the Propagation of the Faith:
 H. Van M., \$1.
 The Cause of the Curé d'Ars:
 St. Joseph's Convent, \$5; A. E., \$1; Friend, \$2.50.



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

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Prayer to the Virgin Mother.

BY RODRIGUEZ DEL PADRON.*

FIRE of Heaven's eternal ray,
 Gentle and unscorching flame,
 Strength in moments of dismay,
 Grief's redress and sorrow's balm,—
 Light Thy servant on his way!
 Teach him all earth's passing folly,
 All its dazzling art
 To distrust;
 And let thoughts profound and holy
 Penetrate his heart,
 Low in dust!
 Lead him to the realms sublime,
 Where thy footsteps tread;
 Teach him, Mother, so to dread
 Judgment's soul-tormenting clime,
 That he may harvest for the better time!

A Link with the Past.

THROUGH ST. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A., OXON.

AMID England's veritable galaxy of saints there are two who have adorned the name Edmund with unfading lustre. The first St. Edmund was that glorious young Saxon, King of East Anglia, cruelly martyred by pagan Danes in A.D. 870, thereby gaining his subsequent emblem of three crowns pierced by arrows: the triple diadem of sovereignty,

virginity, and martyrdom. Over his incorrupt body afterward rose the stately Norman Abbey of Benedictine Bury St. Edmund's, and this royal saint was for centuries a favorite object of national devotion.

The other St. Edmund, named after this martyred King, was our holy Confessor surnamed Rich, who became Archbishop of Canterbury and Legatine Primate of All England in A. D. 1234. Son of an Abingdon merchant, he took his degree at Oxford University; and, having been ordained priest, was treasurer of Salisbury cathedral during the erection of that matchless fane. His great reputation for piety and learning subsequently led to his enthronement in St. Augustine's Chair, and henceforth our saint ruled the *Ecclesia Anglicana* to its general advantage. But excessive "curial" interferences and royal patronage of foreigners, for whom Sees were kept vacant by King Henry III., eventually forced him into exile. Accordingly, St. Edmund—like his renowned predecessors, St. Thomas à Becket and Cardinal Stephen Langton—withdrawed to the Cistercian Abbey at Pontigny in central France, never to return. Only six years after his ensuing decease this revered prelate was, in 1248, solemnly enrolled among Holy Church's saints.*

It is not a little strange that the holy bodies of these two great saints

* R. del Padron was born in El Padron in Galicia. The time of his birth and death is unknown, but he flourished in the reign of Joseph II.

* Moreover, included in our unrivalled *martyrum candidatus exercitus* since that miserable Reformation, there are other Englishmen who have borne this hallowed name and will probably some day be canonized. Foremost in

have apparently *both* been saved from Protestant profanations. For, despite the storm of adverse criticism, in all probability the bones recently translated from Toulouse to Arundel Castle are authentic, and, through God's Providence, actually those of our royal Saxon martyr. Without any doubt, the holy body of St. Edmund the Confessor still reposes at Pontigny; and, moreover, despite the lapse of nearly seven centuries, it still remains almost incorrupt. This sacred treasure has providentially, and even miraculously it is said, escaped the fury of both Calvinists and Revolutionists.

A few years ago the writer made a pilgrimage to Pontigny and was privileged to venerate our saint's relics in their Renaissance *châsse* of the seventeenth century. The great abbey church is a superb example of Romanesque work, dating from A.D. 1150; no less than thirteen apsidal chapels radiate around St. Edmund—*flos Angliæ, Galliæ decus*,—and in one of these he used to offer the Holy Sacrifice. His shrine is raised aloft in the midst of the apse, between its two central columns and beyond the high altar: it is, as it were, supported by four angels; and underneath is St. Edmund's own altar, with two ever-burning lamps on either side. At the back, a double staircase leads up to and down from the actual coffin of glass; when its iron covering is unlocked, the august sight within is indeed sublimely impressive. The saint's

renown is Blessed Edmund Campion, the convert Oxford clergyman who became a Jesuit priest, and, after terrible tortures, won the martyr's crown at Tyburn in 1581. Previously, in 1540, Venerable Edmund Brindholm had also been butchered alive at this London Calvary, where has lately risen a convent with daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and an oratory of its hundred martyrs,—O sweet revenge of Time! At York in 1587 Venerable Edmund Sykes, and at Durham in 1590 Venerable Edmund Duke, had both suffered for the Holy Mass and the supremacy of the Apostolic See. In the following year another convert, Venerable Edmund Genings,

body lies vested in gorgeous Gothic vestments,—brown in color and of a dried appearance, but almost untouched by decay; the right forearm is kept in a separate reliquary, and the hand appears to be quite incorrupt.

Pontigny's Cistercian monks were swept away by the Revolution of 1790, and now a new religious Order—*les Pères de St. Edme*, who had sanctified the old abbey anew—have also been expelled by the present persecution. At the time of my visit, the audacious seals of France's so-called Republic were affixed everywhere; and at present the great building is entrusted to a solitary *curé*—alas, practically desolate once more! Pontigny itself is only a small village, but the neighboring countryfolk are very devoted to "St. Edme de Cantorbéry." Every year there is a public pilgrimage to the shrine, usually headed by Monseigneur the Archbishop of Sens.

Meanwhile, away in his own distant England, our beloved saint has assuredly not been forgotten. In Catholic days fifty-five churches were built in honor of the two canonized Edmunds, mostly to the royal martyr; and, since the "Great Pillage," we have raised fifteen to them anew. Over and around a large relic of Canterbury's sainted Primate, now the object of daily veneration from fervent English hearts, has arisen an exquisite church and an imposing pile of buildings. This is the famous old College of "St. Edmund's,

was captured while at the altar itself, and taken in his vestments to Newgate,—the prelude to his martyrdom, together with that of six others also present at this penalized Mass. Then comes the good Jesuit missionary of fifteen previous years, Venerable Edmund Arrowsmith, martyred at Lancaster in 1628, whose "holy hand" has been the instrument of several miraculous cures. Lastly, we may recall the memory of that brave Yorkshire squire, Venerable Edmund Catherick, ordained priest late in life, who suffered at York in 1642, and whose quartered relics now repose in the magnificent new Benedictine minster of Downside Abbey.

Old Hall,"—verily a link with the past. For, together with St. Cuthbert's Ushaw, it is the lineal continuation of the historic English College at Douai in northern France, and, through this latter foundation, the heir of Catholic Oxford—St. Edmund's University too.

Douai College was founded by the illustrious Cardinal Allen, himself the deprived head of an Oxford Hall in A. D. 1568,—being perhaps the first seminary established in accordance with the Tridentine decree. Most of its original band of professors and students were Oxford men, exiles for conscience' sake. From these hallowed precincts there passed to hapless England, during over two centuries of penal persecution, an uninterrupted succession of devoted missionaries and many a future martyr. Upon the outbreak of the French Revolution, Douai College shared the general fate of religious establishments; and its inmates, after weary sufferings in prison, fled for safety to their native land.

Now, in a secluded portion of Hertfordshire, the ancient Faith had been secretly maintained since Stuart days: indeed, it may never have died out in this locality. A Catholic school, originally founded near Winchester in the reign of James II., had been revived at Standon Lordship, near Hertford, in 1753, through Bishop Challoner,—a mansion which formerly belonged to the Catholic Lords Aston and for years past a centre for the local "Popish recusants." This famous prelate held a "visitation" here in 1751, and found nearly two hundred Catholics attending Mass at its private chapel, despite the penal results still involved thereby. However, in 1769 a new site had become necessary; thereupon good Bishop Talbot, being specially devoted to the cause of Catholic education, purchased the entire estate of Old Hall Green, a few miles off.

The Old Hall itself is a Jacobean

building of venerable appearance, erected about the year 1640; here this famous school was re-established as an "academy for young gentlemen." At first the Holy Sacrifice used to be offered in a spacious loft under the roof; after the inaugural Catholic Emancipation Act of 1791, a chapel was built here,—probably the earliest erected in consequence of this partial relief. Two years afterward Old Hall welcomed refugees from Douai and eventually became its substitute. On St. Edmund's Day, November 16, 1793, the new college was formally inaugurated. Bishop Douglass, sixth Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, who had zealously negotiated matters, said Mass on this historic occasion. So the quaint old "parish chapel" now became a collegiate church: it adjoined the house but has long since been entirely destroyed.

As the Old Hall was soon not large enough for the numerous students from Douai and elsewhere, Dr. Stapleton and Dr. Poynter (then professors and afterward presidents) eventually secured the erection of a commodious new building, a few hundred yards away—the present college. This was begun in 1795, and formally opened on Michaelmas Day, 1799,—mainly through the munificence of a Hampshire gentleman named Sone, who bequeathed no less than £10,000 to the building fund. Neither chapel nor refectory was as yet erected; and a room on the first floor, now part of the museum, was used at first for divine worship. Here both Dr. Stapleton and Dr. Poynter were consecrated bishops in 1801 and 1803 respectively.

In 1805, under the latter president, a new edifice—subsequently called the "Old Chapel"—and now the Senior Study—was completed, and continued in use for nearly fifty years. Its Renaissance interior was apparently modelled after its predecessor at Douai, though

on a much smaller scale. There were two rows of stalls on either side below the sanctuary, and an organ gallery occupied the back of this oblong "room." Many French customs prevailed, and it is curious to read that the first priest who "ventured to sing Mass without powdering his hair" was the future Bishop Weathers, ordained here in 1838! However, the traditional veneration of Douai for the Church's liturgy was always well maintained, and at one time this unpretentious chapel became virtually the pro-cathedral of the London District. Seven bishops were consecrated within its walls, including Dr. Thomas Weld (afterward created a cardinal) in 1826, and President Griffiths in 1833. Every year the Vicar-Apostolic held an ordination here, and no clergy became more faithful pastors than these scions of countless martyrs.

When the Second Spring had succeeded to that long dread winter of desolation, and England's Catholic hierarchy was about to be restored, a befitting new chapel was the great desire of all Edmundians. Meanwhile an "old boy" and former president of St. Edmund's became Vicar-Apostolic himself in 1836; this was Bishop Thomas Griffiths, a man of mark and vigor. The Gothic revival had now begun; English Catholics at last grew weary of Renaissance corruptions and "drawing-room" sanctuaries. By instinct, racy of the soil, their hearts turned to the glorious past, recalled throughout the land by many a beautiful fane.

In 1842 that devoted genius, Augustus Welby Pugin, visited St. Edmund's by invitation of the Bishop and its president (Dr. Cox): the result was that the great architect received a commission to draw up plans for a new and Gothic chapel. In 1845 this important work was begun, and at the laying of its foundation-stone Bishop Griffiths appropriately used a

crossier that had belonged to Cardinal Allen of Douai. Unfortunately, this good prelate died just before the church was finished, and thus never saw its painted east window, his own special gift as founder. The cost of the new fabric was defrayed by general subscription; though Mr. Stuart Knill, father of the late Lord Mayor of London and grandfather of its present sheriff, is said to have been the chief benefactor.

After prolonged delays, at length in 1853 St. Edmund's Chapel was ready to be opened. In Whitsun Week that year it received consecration at the august hands of Nicholas Wiseman, then Cardinal Metropolitan and the first Archbishop of Westminster, assisted by the Bishops of Southwark and Northampton. Subsequently a spacious college hall, or refectory, was also built, while other additions have been carried out from time to time. At present a new wing is being constructed to accommodate (instead of Oscott) the "divines," or clerical students, for Westminster,—in pursuance of Archbishop Bourne's diocesan seminary plans. The college continued to be the scene of many an important event. In 1873 the fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster was held here under the presidency of Henry Edward Cardinal Manning, at which as many as fifteen bishops were present.

St. Edmund's stands in a charming part of old England and some miles from any railway station. The main portion of the college now dates back over a hundred years, its centenary having been celebrated with great solemnity in 1893. A large crucifix rises in the centre of the lawns, facing the principal entrance, and the view from the terraces is very picturesque. To the right stands the chapel, which still awaits its proposed spire or a tower. Entering within, one passes into a long corridor called the *ambulacrum*; its walls are adorned with paintings

representing a procession of Holy Church's saints, while in the centre there is an elegant little shrine for our Blessed Lady—*Sedes Sapientiæ*. Turning to the right, we see the historic "Old Chapel"—now a big classroom,—and then the visitor enters a cloister of unique interest; for here "until the daydawn" rest the mortal remains of several great ecclesiastics.

When London's first "pro-cathedral" of St. Mary Moorfields, with its famous Calvary fresco and its hallowed memories, was pulled down (to the deep regret of all Catholic antiquarians), the numerous bodies in its vaults were, of course, reinterred elsewhere,—the valuable site having been purchased by the Great Eastern Railway. These included the coffins of three vicars-apostolic as well as the last titular president of Douai,—all of whom had been intimately connected with St. Edmund's College.

The first tomb is that of the renowned Bishop Poynter, who, as president of Old Hall, had built its second chapel; by his special desire his heart had been interred in front of the altar there. This zealous prelate formed a link in himself between the old and the new; for he was the last prefect of studies at Douai, where he had been educated; and, after his escape from the Revolution's prison, the first at St. Edmund's. The remains were brought here on December 18, 1899, and received in procession; a High Mass of Requiem was sung next morning, in the presence of Cardinal Vaughan, who also preached. In addition to the engraved slab above the tomb, upon the adjacent wall is the marble memorial tablet from Moorfields.

The next tomb contains the body of Bishop Gradwell, also a Douai boy, who died in 1833; above is the old tablet, engraved with a medallion portrait, mitre and crosier, together

with a long inscription. Then comes the new grave of Bishop Bramston, born in 1753 and a convert; he also had received episcopal consecration here and succeeded Dr. Poynter as Vicar-Apostolic of London.

The adjacent tomb is that of one whose Cause may yet be introduced at Rome—Bishop Talbot, surnamed "the Good," founder of this college and the last priest in England to suffer legal persecution for his priesthood. He was a brother of the fourteenth Earl of Shrewsbury and belonged to one of our noblest families. Ordained priest at Douai and consecrated bishop in 1759, his Lordship subsequently purchased the Old Hall estate. Both in 1769 and 1771 he had been tried at the Old Bailey for exercising his sacred ministry,—being acquitted merely for want of sufficient evidence. Eventually this truly "Honorable" Dr. Talbot became London's Vicar-Apostolic, and was noted for his sanctity as well as his golden charity to Christ's poor. In 1790 he was laid to rest at Hammersmith, in the Protestant cemetery; however, by kind permission of the Anglican authorities, these treasured remains have recently been translated to Old Hall. Over the grave has been placed a beautiful brass portraying the good Bishop in full pontificals; above, on the wall, is another brass with the Shrewsbury arms and a Latin eulogy.

In the middle of this cloister a handsome mural tablet records the names of all those buried either there or in the chapel's vaults. Its small windows were filled with stained glass during the chapel's golden jubilee in 1903. They represent the twenty martyrs of Douai beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886,—including those glorious heroes; Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, protomartyr of the seminaries; and Blessed Edmund Campion, Oxford's gift to Tyburn.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

III.—THE FOREST HUT.

SEBASTIAN was startled, when quite close to the house, by the sound of a voice intoning, in a low and rhythmical rise and fall, a sort of monotonous chant, which reminded him of the monks' plain-song at early Mass. Only this was a woman's voice; and through the door he could see her figure, seated, leaning forward in abstracted wise, her head resting on her hands. He saw only the outline in the shadowed light of the place. His approach on the moss-covered ground had been noiseless, and it was not until his shadow fell upon the doorway that she looked up, her song ceasing. He had dismounted, leaving his horse to graze; and now he paused upon the threshold, and they looked at each other. Her dress was dark and plain—the dress of the poor,—and she wore a crucifix on her breast. She seemed unstartled, her face impassive in its questioning.

He was the first to speak.

"I am Sebastian, Count of Oldenburg, son of Rudolf, Count of Oldenburg, who was your husband's father."

At the name of Oldenburg a momentary flash went over her face; but it settled again, immediately, into its expressionless calm. She motioned, silently, for him to enter; and he continued, now within the room:

"The Count Rudolf on his deathbed repented him of his injustice toward his eldest son, your husband, and would fain make late amends by the recognition and adoption of his child and yours. I am the bearer of this message from him to you."

He had dropped his distant courtesy of manner, and spoke with a direct, almost religious simplicity.

She looked at him.

"He is dead, you say?"

"He is dead."

"How can the dead acknowledge the living? My husband also is dead. How can the dead be reconciled?"

Sebastian answered:

"I stand in my father's place, and desire as he desired. Ever since I tasted, most unwillingly, the fruits of his injustice, it has been my hope to make restitution on his death. I am glad the act has been his own."

Her look softened.

"Sit down," she said, "and we will speak of it. What is your will with my son?"

"To educate him as befits his rank and future life; to offer him, in so far as I can, compensation for his father's suffering and loss."

"He did not suffer," she said quickly. "He was glad to be rid of it all."

Sebastian bent his head.

"Be it so," he said. "I am worldly enough to consider the loss of the name and lands of Oldenburg a real loss. But be they worth ever so little, they are now your son's by right, and I am here to make restitution."

"You would take my son to the Castle?" she asked.

"I would have him brought up on his own estate, certainly."

"You have children?" she inquired suddenly.

"I have one son," Sebastian replied.

There was a pause. When she spoke it was as if she were meditating the matter with herself.

"Your offer touches the child only. I have no part in it."

Sebastian was conscious of a shock, but he answered after a scarcely perceptible hesitation:

"Your home would be with him at the Castle, and he would be entirely under your care."

He realized, as he spoke, what a revolution had come over him since

he entered the room. In the long disputes with Lucia about the coming of the child, the child's mother had been hardly mentioned. Lucia, indeed, when all persuasion failed, had set a private hope upon the mother's refusal to let her son go. But in Sebastian's thought she had reckoned as a troublesome adjunct only,—part of the unlucky peasant-environment of his birth, easily to be disposed of in one way or another.

Loyal as he was to Bertrand, he had always regarded his brother's marriage as a romantic error,—a poet's fugitive passion for a rustic beauty; followed, he must deem, by repentance and a sad, duteous faithfulness. So he had always imagined it. But since he had seen and spoken with this peasant who had been his brother's wife, his attitude had changed. Her beauty, still visible through the meagre severity of her dress, made the least part of his impression. He felt himself in the presence of an invisible and abiding strength unknown to him before, and his mind bowed under it. He realized that it was for him to sue and for her to grant; and Bertrand's last words, "I go to my Love," ringing so recklessly at the time, came back to him with a new and a wholly different meaning. He *had* 'gone to his Love,' "glad to be rid of it all"; and his Love had been no narrow and foolish dedication, but a world wider perhaps than the one he left.

Somehow, Sebastian's own world seemed narrowed and emptied in retrospect. He felt as if he had never lived: only breathed and slept and eaten; understanding nothing of it all, so bustling and trivial it now looked beside this impassioned stillness. It was no mean tribute to the depth of this impression that the image of Lucia, very present with him in no benignant aspect during his last words, did not deter their utterance. He repeated them:

"Your son's home would be yours. My guardianship would be merely nominal."

She shook her head.

"I am dead. I can not be troubled. I live only in my son. He shall choose as he will for himself."

"You will pardon my saying it," remarked Sebastian, "but is it wise, at his age, to make him the director of his own life?"

"Perhaps not," she answered; "but against his will I can not be parted from him. And who knows what is wise for the time to come? It has not always been a happy thing to be Count of Oldenburg."

Sebastian thought of his father, embittered and desolate; of his brother's short and tempestuous passage through life; of his own quiescent, apathetic existence, and he was silent.

She spoke again:

"You are good, and I am grateful. You are my son's friend. You will not force his will."

Sebastian felt a sense of relief.

"Thank you!" he said. "Whatever happens, I am his friend and yours."

"He comes," she said.

Sebastian had heard nothing, but presently a kind of rush in the doorway proved her right.

He came in laden and half-concealed by green branches, in his hair a wreath of twisted ivy. Seeing a stranger, he paused in shyness that was half distrust, his wild eyes regarding Sebastian with the intensity of some disturbed woodland creature.

"Come here, Mirvan," his mother said.

And, passing as far from the Count as possible, he went and stood beside her. As he crossed the room a low growl from the floor drew Sebastian's notice, and he saw two dark forms following closely at the boy's heels—a small, shaggy mountain bear and a baby fox. These retreated into the

darkest corner of the hut, where they tumbled and snarled.

Sebastian, utterly at a loss how to accost this forest apparition, so strangely yet so suitably attended, said to his mother:

"Will you tell him why I am here?"

She repeated, almost literally, the words of the offer. When she had finished there was silence, Mirvan looking in dumb amazement from her to the Count.

"You are young, Mirvan," she continued, "but you can understand what I say to you. If you go with your uncle, he will be good to you and will teach you many things that you ought to know, and when you grow up you will be Count of Oldenburg."

There was no persuasion in her tone. She might have been submitting to the child a choice in which she had no interest.

Mirvan answered firmly, looking at Sebastian:

"I can not be a count. When I grow up I am going to be a poet like my father."

Sebastian said to her:

"If you could tell him that you would be with him always, he might consent to come."

Mirvan threw upon him a fierce, haughty glance, drawing himself away.

"Of course my mother will be with me! We never leave each other. We are always together."

"No, Mirvan," his mother said: "if you go with the Count, I shall not be with you." She added to Sebastian, in a low tone: "If he is to live this life of a nobleman, he had better not have a peasant for his mother."

Mirvan gazed at her in terror; then, bursting out with, "How *dare* you come here to take me away? I will be a peasant. I will never be a count"—he broke into violent weeping, throwing himself into his mother's arms; nor would he, even at her entreaty, lift

his face nor look at Sebastian again.

"Peace be to this house!" said a voice in the doorway.

The Count started.

It was a strange voice, measured and musical. Its tones, under the formal utterance of the greeting, were instinct with something not peace nor religious quietude. Yet it was a very monk's face that bent under its shadowed cowl as the Count turned to the doorway,—a young face, marked by the pallor and thin with the wastings of fast and vigil; the eyelids drooped low over the eyes.

As he looked, Sebastian thought he had not heard the voice aright. But even as he looked the monk lifted his eyes—eyes that illumined the face like a lamp suddenly kindled in a twilight chamber; and on this second looking, the face, so illumined, carried the same meaning as the voice,—a meaning not garnered from fasting or from prayer, but wrested from swifter passages of experience undedicated to God. These eyes looked out from their cloistral setting with no saintly self-abandonment or calm consecration, but intense with an impassioned, secret life of their own.

He was dressed in the conventual garb of the forest brotherhood, and carried a basket of fruits and herbs. He embraced the group in a glance, the Count in his riding-dress and the sobbing child. He set his basket on the table.

"My son," he said to Mirvan, "this weeping is unseemly, whatever the cause. Be still!"

The sobs instantly ceased; and the monk turned to Sebastian, perceiving him to be the source of the trouble.

"What is your will concerning the child?"

Mirvan repeated, unconsciously, the mother's question, assuming the authority that questions by right. And it was strange that Sebastian bore it without

resentment; for the religious dress and manner inspired him as a rule with no specially reverent emotion, and he came of a race that in old days had fought the Church hard. But here the presence of a great personal power obscured and belittled the official.

He briefly explained the reason of his visit.

"You think this change of life would be for the child's ultimate good?" the monk asked.

"I thought so in coming," Sebastian answered, realizing once more into what a chaos of uncertainty his thoughts had been cast.

The monk smiled.

"You have gone too hastily to work," he said. "This little one has known naught but his mother's love all his life, and you expect him in a moment to give up his heritage for a title and lands he knows nothing of. Come again and learn to know him, and then make what offer you deem wise."

He turned to the boy's mother.

"The Holy Father greets you by me, and he would know if all is well with you."

"All is well," she answered. "My thanks to him and you."

"Also suffer me to take Mirvan back with me to hear Vespers in the chapel. For he is troubled, and the music will quiet his soul."

"Yes, take him," she replied.

Sebastian also departed immediately.

"You will come again?" she said.

"Yes, I will come," he answered.

So he rode away.

IV.—HUMPHREY.

By those who call marriage an experience it is not perhaps sufficiently recognized that it is sometimes only a negative experience. It is commonly reckoned a state, the entering of which is supposed to bring, at least for a time, a range of novel sensations, and a certain inevitable effect on character

and disposition. But it is possible, in changing from one room to another in the House of Life, to go from a larger to a smaller one, and in the smaller the doors may be closed. For this "state," except in so far as it is merely conventional, depends upon a person, and includes the chance of a cramping disablement as well as a generous enlargement of life.

Sebastian had married at twenty-five, enduring rather than entering the married state. His passive, uncritical temper, long accustomed to acceptance rather than action, accepted this, too, as a part of the nature of things. He met Lucia Leblois for the first time at a friend's house, and paid the expected tribute to her youth and beauty; met her again at a ball, and danced with her, half from admiration and half from negligence, oftener than was usual; began to realize that their names were being bracketed by the ever-watchful social dragon, and that he must withdraw if he valued his security. It was not worth the trouble. He must marry; as well now as later, as well Lucia as another. She pleased him, and he was unconscious of anything in himself that asked more than this. It was evident, too, that his advances were encouraged, and he determined not to retire. Whether the course of this unturbulent true love ran the smoother (as touching any scruples on the lady's part), in that Sebastian was known to have succeeded to his brother's inheritance, need not be asked. It is enough that immediate favor was granted to the suit of Sebastian, future Count of Oldenburg.

We need not contemplate the possibly less happy chance of Sebastian, younger and portionless son; nor too curiously measure the depth of his misfortune in case of a refusal. If he was the victim of a little harmless social intrigue, he was an open-eyed and a willing victim. His past life offered him no standard

of deep satisfaction whereby to measure this new experience and find it hollow. So, when the marriage was over, with its suitable and satisfying accompaniment of ceremonial, and Sebastian found that Lucia's presence added a small series of daily irritations to his life, always joyless but never petty until now; he did not feel it a disillusion; for illusion there had been none. He opposed to her fretfulness and her complaints a triple coat of courteous indifference. He was always polite, always patient, and escaped as soon as he could.

Lucia's complaints had no direct reference to Sebastian: they concerned chiefly unalterable facts, such as the lack of society, the distance of the Castle from their neighbors, the nearness of the forest, or the weather. To Sebastian, complaining seemed a fruitless and wearisome resource. Schooled to his long habit of taking things as he found them, he did not perhaps make enough allowance for the depressing influence of the Castle upon his wife. The large rooms, but half lighted by their narrow windows; the long, echoing galleries and staircases; the grass-grown terraces and garden walks early darkened by the forest shadows, did indeed prey upon her spirits. The spectral figure of the old Count seemed to dominate the house, its sombre genius, from his terrace walk; and his silent presence at meals made easy talk impossible.

Lucia began to suffer from a series of nervous disorders, part real and part imaginary, and her temper became variable and querulous. Sebastian's never-failing indulgence to her wishes and her whims did what it could, and the coming of Humphrey created a diversion and an interest. Lucia amused herself with his frocks and ribbons, and distracted him by alternate pettings and prohibitions, fostering and dosing his delicacy until it came

near to be a confirmed febleness of health. Sebastian remonstrated when Humphrey was kept in the house all winter with closed windows, even when the sun was shining; but in the end he always gave way and let her do as she liked. She had counted on this indulgence so long that she had come to think of her husband as certainly conceding all she asked. Up to the present, whenever their wills had crossed, she imagined that his had bent when it had only retreated.

Then came the old Count's slow, lingering death, and his dying words to Sebastian about his elder son. Lucia from the first set her will against the restitution, and never dreamed but that her will would be easily gained. But whenever she tried to move Sebastian in the matter, she touched rock. He listened, answered, explained, but never moved one inch from his purpose. The scene in the breakfast room was only the last of many such scenes; for Lucia was inexhaustible in argument and opposition.

To Sebastian, his father's resolve to do justice had brought a deep sense of relief and satisfaction. The one love of his life had been for Bertrand, and it was with a great unwillingness that he had perforce supplanted him in house and inheritance. Now that the justice he had so longed for was to be done at last, Lucia's fretful antagonism and unsympathetic selfishness seemed to accentuate and intensify the inadequacy of their life together. Yet, though he felt the discomfort and the disheartening hopelessness of it, the thought never came to him that it might have been different. His unimaginative fatalism included this action of his among the things that "must be"; and because he had so married, he thought such a marriage unavoidable.

But now, as he retraced his road through the forest, he was conscious

of an uprooting and rending within him that was too abrupt to be anything but painful. The scene which he had just witnessed, and in which he had taken part, rested with him still as an abiding revelation, startling in its simplicity, of tragic issues, and lives utterly different from his own. He experienced the shock of having come suddenly into contact with intense reality; and the material world in which he had so far firmly believed, was thrown into a shadowy and meaningless distance of half-life.

He left the guidance of the road to his horse, unerring now in his instinct; and noticed it even less than when he came. Those whom he had left travelled with him through the trees in unwavering distinctness, and would not be forgotten. His mind repeated again and again their every word and gesture, as if it were bound forever to this one and only scene.

Exhausted at length beyond bearing by this imaginative mental infliction, he tried to banish it by a return upon his own normal state. He recalled his daily interests in house and garden, his recent interviews with neighbors and tenants, and strove hard to rehabilitate the torn-down fabric of his life into some sort of tangible reality. But it would not hold together. In place of it rose persistently the face and figure of his brother's wife, the sudden voice and apparition of the monk, and everything else sank down into unimpressive dimness. He thought least of Mirvan, whom alone he had come to see. The other two pursued and haunted him like an ominous and unsolved riddle. It was only when he remembered Humphrey that he could get any comfort. Humphrey at least was real, and did not fade into nothing at his approach; and he quickened instinctively his horse's pace, because Humphrey would be looking out for him.

He was not disappointed. As he rode

up to the door Humphrey bounded to meet him.

"O father, I'm so glad you've come! And where is my cousin? You have not brought my cousin?"

"I could not bring him, Humphrey," the Count answered. "You must play alone a while longer."

"Won't he ever come, father?"

"I hope he will some day," Sebastian answered. "Do not fret about it, Humphrey. You're not unhappy alone, are you?"

"Oh, no, thank you!" Humphrey said, with a child's unconscious politeness and reserve. "Only I thought he was coming, and Anna has made a dress for the guinea-pig."

Anna was Humphrey's nurse and devoted slave.

The Count leaned down and lifted his son up in front of him, while the horse paced slowly to his stable. Humphrey buried his hands in the golden mane.

"I will take you riding with me every day," Sebastian said. "Did you think I was a long time away?"

"Rather a long time," Humphrey answered. "Mother was in her room all day, so I've been alone. Only I had the guinea-pig and Anna."

Sebastian felt a twinge of remorse. Lucia's attacks of nerves never failed to create in him a miserable sense of guilt, and to-day his conscience was more than usually sensitive. He was ignorant of illness, and did not notice that the attacks were too well-timed to be altogether genuine. He envied Humphrey his matter-of-fact acceptance, and turned to the guinea-pig's affairs with a sense of relief.

"What sort of a dress has Anna made?" he asked, absently.

"Pink and a blue sash. Does my cousin live a long way from here?"

"He lives in the forest," Sebastian answered. "Yes, it is a long way."

Something in his tone solemnized Humphrey and made him silent.

"Do not speak about it to your mother, Humphrey," Sebastian added.

"No, father," replied the child; and he said no more.

To Humphrey the forest was a place of mysterious interest and attraction. He thought about it constantly, and wove a whole world of enchantment under its shadow. His imagination was not limited by any actual knowledge, for his walks and rides were forbidden to go in that direction; and though it is not certain that Anna would have been proof against any wish of Humphrey's if he had expressed it, however unlawful its satisfaction, she had certain superstitious fears of her own to deter her from trespassing,—fears that were not lessened by the boy's long stories of dragons and dwarfs, knights, ladies, and enchanters, the scene of whose adventures and wanderings was always the forest. These stories, poured into Anna's wondering ears by the hour together, all through the long nursery winter, when Humphrey was not allowed to go out, found in her a most patient and sympathetic if unintelligent audience.

Humphrey's nursery lay at the top of the house, far away from his father's and mother's domains,—a long, low room, with windows looking over the forest of Lorsch. Here, in solitary and somewhat neglected state, Humphrey reigned, with Anna and the guinea-pig for his loyal subjects. It was a most untyrannous if absolute monarchy, king and people of one mind dwelling in peace.

The guinea-pig was nameless. Even Humphrey, to whom animals were far more really persons than most of the people he knew, had been unable to concentrate its vague individuality into a special recognition. It was simply the "guinea-pig." Nevertheless, it was an immense comfort to him. In the autumn, when he said farewell to Skald

for six months, the guinea-pig was all he had to fill the void. For Lucia objected to house pets as troublesome and noisy; and it had only been as an exception, and in response to Humphrey's rare pleadings, that she had suffered the guinea-pig's establishment in the nursery. Anna, feeling its tenure insecure, and devotedly determined on Humphrey's satisfaction, was exhaustless with fresh hay and other arrangements for its comfort and well-being, spending almost as much time over it as she did upon Humphrey himself; and, its life thus highly organized, it proved itself a harmless and respectable member of civilization.

It would be hard to overestimate the difference it might have made to Humphrey if his nursery had been on the other side of the house,—if its outlook had been to the courts and stables instead of to the forest. It would have involved a change not of outward prospect alone, but of the very stuff from which his innermost dreams were wrought. Lucia had indeed threatened such a change on one of those few occasions when she visited the nursery.

"What gloomy windows!" she had said. "It's enough to make Humphrey ill to see nothing but the great, dark forest all day."

"We're above the trees, my lady. We have plenty of sun here," Anna had answered.

Wherein Love's fine diplomacy somewhat strained the truth; for it was only the western sun that shone into the nursery; and, in winter at least, his setting was all that Humphrey saw of him. Humphrey himself said nothing. It was too vital an interest for him to imperil by argument or persuasion. He was silent, and the danger passed. Visitors were announced, and Lucia forgot the nursery outlook in the latest fashions.

In sunlight or in shadow, the forest

was to Humphrey a source of beauty and of awe, but never of actual fear. He had peopled it for himself, and had fallen in love with his own creations. They were all fair creations. Even the dragons had dignity; and the dwarfs and goblins were less grotesque than pathetic, abounding in spiritual power and tenderness of heart. Humphrey had a strong sense of artistic compensation, born perhaps of his own unequal experience. If any of his forest characters were lacking on one side, he made it up to them on another; thus unconsciously following the unwritten laws of elfin art. His dwarfs always had immense invisible forces at their command, while the most powerful enchanters were vulnerable in some secret part. His ugly knight, a favorite of Humphrey's, whose adventures were endless, could move men and beasts to his will by the sweetness of his voice; while the lady he loved had all beauty but was dumb.

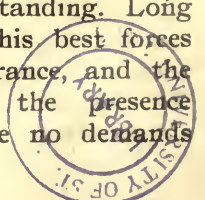
Humphrey did not tell all his stories to Anna. There was one in particular which he could not even imagine to himself when Anna was in the room. So it was generally at night, when he was left alone in his bedroom adjoining the nursery, that he followed this theme. Even then its outlines were dim, though infinitely alluring.

The story concerned a lady who lived in the heart of the forest, deeper than even his free thought had penetrated; so far away that, though he wandered all night, he never reached her dwelling-place—if indeed she had a fixed abode. She rather seemed the regnant power and spirit of the forest, suggested everywhere, never fully revealed. And she had no name, and no knight or lover; only a blind lion was with her wherever she went, and a swift dwarf fulfilled her wishes before she spoke them. He could not see her likeness nor tell of her adventures. But he knew her to be unlike the ladies who came to see

his mother, and who kissed him, sorely against his will, though he was too polite to show it; and she was often the beginning and the end of adventures that were not hers. He sometimes could not think of her for days together, and then again he could think of nothing else; but he imagined her best on those nights when the moon was rising, unseen, behind the Castle, turning the moss to silver along the forest's edge, and making the darkness darker that lay beyond. Anna's half-seen figure, drowsily sewing, through the open door, did not hinder or destroy the vision.

Humphrey's education, outside this realm of creative art, was not far advanced. Lucia, fortunately, had no views upon it, and Sebastian's were as yet inactive. He had learned to read by some sort of haphazard process, and had learned nothing else. This complete intellectual freedom was one of the compensations of his lot, making, with his father's love, fair amends for the solitude and sunless monotony of his days. He never felt them sad or monotonous. The Castle, with its forest background, was to him the most beautiful place in the world; and his mother's dislike and complaints, often expressed and sympathetically answered among her friends, filled him with a strange wonder, and led him to separate her and them into a remotely different race of "grown-up people," with enigmatical and to him meaningless desires and enjoyments.

In this as in all else, Humphrey felt his father to be of one mind with him. There was a close, secret bond between them, never openly expressed but intimately and mutually realized. To Sebastian it was a first experience of sympathy and understanding. Long accustomed to use all his best forces in restraint and forbearance, and the avoidance of dispute, the presence of a nature who made no demands



upon him, whom yet he could wholly satisfy, was strange and new. Nor was it a one-sided satisfaction: if anything, the good he took was deeper than the good he gave. It was not only the delight of making his son happy: he was surprised to find his own slightest feelings anticipated and delicately respected in this equal intercourse. He felt that Humphrey understood him as he had never been understood before. It was only when with Humphrey that he was fully and freely himself; and he began to realize for the first time how cramped and chilled the long winter of his life had been, now that its spring had come.

Humphrey's enjoyment of his father's society was passionately keen. But he soon learned that it was a passion which must be gratified discreetly and without ostentation; for Lucia was prone to that emptiest form of jealousy peculiar to narrow minds—the desire to have a thing because some one else wants it, and a suspicious antagonism toward anything she could not understand. She complained that Sebastian engrossed and spoiled the child, and when she found them together always made some excuse for taking Humphrey away. So he came to think of his father as a sort of secret ally and defence, a strong reserve in his frail life; immovably his, to rest upon and think about, but only occasionally to enjoy.

Perhaps it was because their companionship was thus uncertain and interrupted, causing inevitable reserve of heart, that Humphrey never told Sebastian of his thoughts about the forest; or else he had a foreboding that his father's actual experience might contradict his imagined one, and shake his world to pieces. Firm as was his faith in his own creations, he felt dimly that their reality was somehow different from the reality of those who lived with him, and that their existence

might easily be imperilled by a careless revelation, different from his daily realities, and even from his own; for he took no part in the lives of these, his dream-creatures; but, with the artist's instinct, sat apart, reverently watching them.

Nevertheless, it was Sebastian who, unconsciously, brought the poet's two world's into relation with each other. From the day of his father's fruitless ride, Humphrey's dreams had admitted a new figure which usurped the place and, for a time, diminished the interest of the old. The unknown cousin who lived in the forest became the centre of his thought. His father's last words, spoken so sadly—"Yes, it is a long way; do not speak about it, Humphrey"—continually haunted his mind and governed his imagination. He could frame no image of this Mirvan who had all but touched his life and then retreated into the darkness of the forest. From there, like the unknown lady, he attracted and compelled him unseen, having the same symbols of authority as hers—distance and insoluble mystery. But for a time even the dread, lion-guarded lady was forgotten in this more actual sovereignty. For Humphrey could not forget that the unknown cousin was to have lived with him, and he felt himself for the first time a participator in his own dreams.

(To be continued.)

In the Year's Dusk.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

LET me be glad

These autumn days are sad,
Lest I, too long familiar with the May,
Forget, in darkness, how to find my way.

Let me rejoice

To hear the lone wind's voice,
So that, when breaks again the April song,
This heedless heart of mine shall listen long.

Betty Fryers.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

THERE are many people yet alive in Ireland who remember the fearful storm that wrought such havoc in the January of '39,—a storm so terrible in its effects that to this day it is spoken of throughout the country as the "Big Wind." In "Dark Donegal," exposed to the wild breezes sweeping in from the Atlantic, its violence was peculiarly felt; but of all who suffered on that night of woe and death and devastation, no one had so strange an experience nor such an extraordinary tale to tell as old Betty Fryers, of the Finn Valley.

She lived near the highroad leading from the town, in a cabin that stood in a small, three-cornered field,—all that remained of a fine freehold property when an easy-going father closed his eyes forever on the world he had enjoyed to his heart's content. The mother had died, full of sorrow, many years before; leaving the delicate daughter to fight her own battle for a livelihood, with the little field and her wheel as her only available stock-in-trade. In time she added to this an emaciated goat, to which the rush-grown demesne gave a scanty sustenance; and a frisky white cat, the constant companion of Betty's solitary days and lonely nights.

In summer evenings, when the young lovers strolled out along the country road, bordered with flowering briars, and fragrant with the scent of bean-blossoms growing in the fields on either side, their voluble confidences would suddenly cease as they neared Betty's cabin; while in the abrupt silence a crooning song in Irish, rising and falling with the movements of the singer, would break in upon the thrush's evening rapture.

Buzz-buzz-buzz the wheel would go; and in the brown shadows of the kitchen the old woman's head, snow-capped, with frills starched to the consistency of cardboard, and relieved by the brilliancy of her blue cotton "binder," looked like a nodding lily ready to fade and fall. The white cat contentedly washing its face, sat on the doorstep and gazed contemplatively at the passers-by, who seemed as if under a spell of mute embarrassment until they had recovered their wonted gayety, a fair distance from the lonely little cottage.

So the monotony of Betty's simple life went on, relieved by occasional journeyings on market days to Ballybofey, with the bundle of strong homespun stockings, knit by her deft old fingers in the peace of the long summer afternoons, and in the candle-lit security of the winter nights, when it was suddenly and strangely interrupted by the advent of the great storm and its attendant consequences.

What a storm of storms it was! The new year had come in with showers of gusty rain, and a high wind that grew more violent with each succeeding hour, until toward midnight it had risen to the fury of a hurricane. It howled outside like a host of demons let loose to torture and destroy; it shrieked over the scattered homesteads with a wild mournfulness that struck terror to the heart; then, with a prolonged whistle of mad enjoyment, it swept down the low chimney, scattering the light turf ashes in every corner of the room, and ending its long course in a faint wail like the cry of a hopeless soul in torment. The terrified peasants, huddled on their knees in the shadowy nooks of their homes, prayed throughout the long, fearsome night,—prayed, in the soft, sweet Gaelic, to God and the Virgin Mother for succor and strength.

Even the little children, usually untroubled and unwakeful when the

wind is high at night, heard it, and, weeping in the darkness, were brought from their warm beds to the safer shelter of their mother's arms; and God, whose comprehension of our smallest need is so wondrous, granted, in the timorous clinging of the child to the loving, maternal bosom, an assurance of sympathy and protection to each as comforting as it was tender and unspoken.

When morning broke, misty and gray, the storm had somewhat subsided; yet the rain still fell heavily, and those who ventured out looked upon a scene of desolation both sudden and cruel. The turf, gathered in so carefully for the necessities of the winter and cold early spring, lay scattered in all directions, sodden and broken; the hay, neatly stored in lofts and sheds, was blown a long distance off, and in many cases into the next townland; and here and there cabins stripped of their thatch told a tale quite unprecedented even in that country of high winds. In districts bordering on the seacoast it was said that tombstones had been hurled down and graves torn open; so that the bare, decaying coffins in some instances lay exposed to view in the chilly light of the dawning.

During that day and the following the dwellers by the side of the Finn Water were occupied in trying to collect the wrecks of their property; and each, intent on his own business, had little or no thought of his neighbor. So it happened that poor, lonely Betty Fryers in her isolated cabin was forgotten by all.

But on the third morning, when the sunlight glittered over wet fields and swollen streamlets, some one, accidentally glancing across the hill-road, remembered with a cry of compunction that nothing had been seen or heard of Betty since "the night of the big wind." In a moment work

was suspended, and a crowd of eager, half-fearful sympathizers set out for the little house in the three-cornered field. As they drew near they saw that the door lay wide open, and the white cat occupied its favorite seat on the threshold.

Nancy Higgins, ready-tongued and kindly of heart, stepped forward, as the others drew back in anticipation of some gruesome sight.

"Betty! Betty!" she called clearly.

There was no response.

"Betty, woman dear, is the world right with you? Why don't you speak, acushla?"

The echo of her own voice came back from the quiet kitchen, as she leaned against the doorpost and peered into the unfamiliar interior.

"Maybe it's dead she is," suggested a stalwart herdsman. "Let us go in and see."

So they crossed the doorstep softly, and with bated breath made the blessed Sign on brow and lips and heart, as if they stood in the presence of death. All was peaceful and undisturbed; not a shining tin on the whitewashed walls had been moved from its place, nor, strange to say, a speck of dust blown over the snowy deal table and painted chairs. Upon the poor hard bed lay the old woman apparently sound asleep,—not dead, for there was a faint color perceptible in her lips and a warmth about her thin hands that reassured them.

In a panic of bewilderment they stood round the bed, talking in soft whispers, when unexpectedly, and to the delight of all, Bible Andy stepped in from the keen sunshine. Immediately a deferential silence succeeded the discussion upon which he had intruded, as he tiptoed forward with his kindly, sanctimonious air of interest, and looked down at Betty lying rigid under the scanty coverings.

Surely, everyone felt, he would solve

the difficulty,—he, Bible Andy, who could interpret the Scriptures better than any other man in those parts; but never put his talents to a proselytizing use, even when the knotty question of purgatory came between himself and his Catholic neighbors. First to give a gentle word of sympathy in the hour of trouble, he was a terror to the young folk of the district, whose frivolities brought forth a reproof sometimes as undeserved as it was tedious. Yet everyone tolerated his queer ways for the sake of the generous heart that beat beneath the prim black broadcloth; and when sorrow brooded under some humble roof-tree, or a local dilemma disturbed the serenity of the district, he was at his happiest as intermediary and consoler.

He had ample leisure to follow his favorite pursuit of "interpreting the Word" to his neighbor, and that when work was done in the long winter evenings. Not at his own fireside, though; for Margaret, his wife, had taken the reins of government into her capable hands many years before, and public opinion sometimes stated that Bible Andy's experience of a sharp tongue was not to be envied. So he went, tall and angular, from house to house, with the Book under his arm, and his gray, dignified head full of theology, until his coming grew to be looked upon as a sort of visitation by many, and his long-drawn reiteration of certain passages became unwelcome as a penance to the less tolerant of his weary listeners.

There was nothing save kindly consideration in his face as he bent over poor Betty unconscious in her bed, and rubbed his hands in a deprecating way peculiar to him when puzzled. The stalwart herdsman drew a flat black bottle from his pocket and offered it shyly to the recognized authority, with a murmured, "'Tis the best, sir." Bible Andy drew out the cork slowly, and

held the bottle up to his long thin nose.

"It might be better, then, Garry," he said, critically. "The smell of the turf has got into it somehow." With an abrupt change of manner, he continued: "The Lord has been pleased to lay His hand upon our sister here, and mayhap my poor services may be the means of restoring her. A spoon, woman!" he called to one of the onlookers.

She brought a tiny horn spoon from the shelf where Betty's spectacles lay in company with her snuffbox and knitting-needles. As the fiery *poteen* was poured between her parted lips, a faint tremor passed over Betty's white face, a touch of pale color glowed in her sunken cheeks, and the thin hands moved as if in pain. Then a shudder-sigh broke from her, while she suddenly opened her eyes and raised herself on her elbow.

"Where am I?" she asked in a trembling voice, her dim blue eyes wandering over the group gathered round her bed.

"You are in your own warm corner, Betty dear," said Nancy Higgins.

"Not in the place—oh, God be thanked!—not in the place!" she shrieked.

"'Tis safe and snug you are at home, Betty woman," repeated Nancy, soothingly. "But what place were you in at all, at all?"—this in the veiled inquisitive tone one might adopt toward a timid and refractory child.

"In hell," she cried wildly,—“in hell, where I saw some of my own people that went before me burning under my eyes. But God was good to my poor mother; for He kept a screen between her and the fire, because she had always given the cup of cold water and the handful of meal in His name. And some were there that died a drunkard's death, screeching for a drop of water to cool their lips, that the blue flames were curling round; and the swearers were hanging up by the

tongue; and the closefisted had their hands full of red-hot money; and those that had sinned other sins had their heavy punishment to bear, never to end—never to end! And the terrible heat and the smell and the cries!—oh, I can't get it out of my mind! Bring me Father Deveney,—bring me the priest!" she wailed, wringing her hands in a paroxysm of terror.

Garry the herdsman broke away from the group at once, his ruddy face as pale almost as the old woman's own.

"I'll bring him to you, Betty, never fear!" he cried.

She lay down again, white-lipped and panting; then into her dim, frightened eyes came a light and an indescribable rapture, such as a happy soul might wear in the Great Presence. The hurried breathing grew calmer, and she spoke again in the peaceful tones of one content and unafraid, seeing and exulting over a beautiful vision.

"And then God heard my piteous prayers, and took me away from all the weeping and the gnashing of teeth, far and high into a lovely land. I saw the streets of the heavenly city paved with gold and with precious stones; and the white-robed people walking there were chanting His praise in tones sweeter than the lark's song in the springtime by the banks of Finn Water. And I saw many faces that I had known long before, some of them little children that used to dance round the pole on May evenings; and I saw Grania Mulkerin, who died of the fever in the bad times, walking with the sunlight falling round her, in a beautiful garden, and the tall flowers bending over to touch her hand as she passed by. She knew me, and smiled and spoke, and her voice was like the trill of the thrush at evening when the blue-speckled eggs are warm in the nest. It had a motherliness in it, just as if she were very old and I a young little child. 'You will be coming to God

soon, Betty,' she said: 'when the stain is gone,'—and she pointed to my breast. I looked down and saw a spot of black about the size of a crownpiece, and this was the sin that had kept me out of heaven. Somehow I knew then that there was hope for me, though ten weary years would pass before my release should come.

"And old blind Paudeen Boyle was there also, straight and strong,—a young man, and handsome, with his bright brown eyes clear and open, smiling up at the wonderful sun. It hung high above a golden veil far away, where God and the Blessed Mary were; but I felt that there was no veil in reality,—that God was everywhere in that glorious country, only that my world-dimmed eyes were not worthy to see."

The old woman spoke in a different tone from her former utterance,—spoke as if some one were dictating slowly the words she should say, while she gazed steadily overhead with her lips half-parted and a listening look on her face.

"I would warn my cousin's son Ned that there is a fire burning for him below, to which he shall go through the flames of his limekiln here, if he does not watch and pray lest he enter into temptation. And up in the mountains there's the still of Patrick Gallagher, that has been the ruin of more souls than I can count. Tell Patrick Gallagher that his hour is coming; but the prayers of his dead kindred shall avail him much. You, Nancy Higgins, shall stand near the footstool of God, where your little Mary is waiting for you. Connal Doherty, you must stop the card-playing; for the anger and the hot words spoken over it are against your soul's salvation."

Connal Doherty grew white under his nut-brown skin. The others crossed themselves in fear, as her eyes wandered over them, calling each by name, and

admonishing them in her shrill, prophetic voice.

Father Deveney, stepping in briskly, followed by the herdsman, came upon this scene to his utter amazement. He looked at the pallid old woman with the fevered eyes, at the awe-stricken, silent group gathered round her, and waved them from the bedside. Nothing loath, they went out into the clear light of day,—clearer after the gloom of the dusky kitchen; and Bible Andy followed, shaking his gray head sadly. This was something more than his cut-and-dried theology could grapple with.

After the priest's visit Betty grew stronger and calmer; but to those who came seeking for advice and a glimpse into the future she had only one reply to make:

"I promised the *soggarth* that I would keep the things I saw and heard in my own heart always, and that no word more should pass my lips about them until I got my own warning to go."

Many things that she prophesied came to pass. Her own demise occurred at the very hour she had foretold; and her cousin's son, who had scoffed at her reproofs for his riotous living, met his death by burning at the time and in the manner she had described.

During the ten years that elapsed between the trance and her death, Betty's reputation for sanctity became so great that several old women of the locality, feeling their span of life drawing to an end, came to pass their remaining days in the quiet little house, and benefit by her good example.

Even now, over fifty years since then, her story is told round Donegal fire-sides; and Betty Fryers in her lonely grave is not forgotten when the wind whistles down the chimney at night, and the litany is being "said" for "all that are in danger on land and all that are in danger on sea, and for the poor suffering souls in purgatory."

Some Aspects of Spanish Devotion to Mary Immaculate.

WHEN, on the 8th of December, 1854, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was declared to be an article of faith, the non-Catholic world spoke of it as a new dogma forced upon the acceptance of Catholics,—a fresh step in "Mariolatry." But the faithful regarded the proclamation of the dogma as but the crowning of a statue which had always held a place in the edifice of the Church; and with jubilant voices they cried: "*Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, Maria!*"

The belief in this grand prerogative of Our Lady is found to have been most firmly rooted, most fondly cherished, from the earliest times in the countries which were the first to receive the light of Christianity. Amongst these Spain stands pre-eminent. The Church of Spain dates her foundation, holds her traditions from Apostolic times; she venerates as her patron the Apostle James, whose remains, after his martyrdom, were conveyed by his disciples across the sea to the Iberian Peninsula, and interred at Compostella at a period when converts were few and foes were numerous.

The chivalrous, generous Spanish people have ever been distinguished by the strength, the depth of their faith, by their devotion to Mary Immaculate. For centuries an heroic struggle was maintained,—originally by a handful of Christians in the mountain fastnesses and strongholds of the Asturias, later on by king and people against the followers of Mohammed; until at last infidels and Jews were alike banished from the land. How many of the Church's fairest blossoms, illustrious saints, were born and nurtured on Spanish soil! We need mention but three: Dominic, Ignatius, Teresa.

Indeed, in no other country has the

Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin been venerated from so early a date, with such hearty and general devotion, as in Spain. Under the title "Mary conceived without original sin," the nation is dedicated to her; the Eighth of December is the great national holiday, when high and low, prince and peasant unite to honor their Immaculate Queen. Spain has lost her former prestige, she no longer holds the place which was once hers among the nations of Europe; but her enthusiastic devotion to Mary Immaculate has suffered no diminution: of this heirloom no hostile hand has been able to rob her.

When in 1492 King Ferdinand the Catholic was besieging Granada, the last stronghold of Islam on Spanish soil, and all hope of taking it seemed at an end, the royal warrior vowed that, should he conquer, he would erect a splendid church in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Shortly after the town surrendered and he faithfully fulfilled his vow.

This, however, was not the first structure raised under this title,—the first public act of devotion which the history of those troublous times records. As early as 1048 King Garcia of Navarre founded the order of Knights of Our Lady of the Lily. An old image had been discovered in a town in his dominions representing the virginal Mother of God, with the Divine Child in her arms, rising out of a white lily. This was interpreted as symbolic of her stainless conception; and the King, who was suffering at the time from an incurable malady, invoked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of the Lily. In gratitude for the speedy cure which ensued, he built a magnificent church on the spot where the image was discovered, and instituted the above-mentioned order of chivalry. The church was for a long time the burial-

place of the kings of Navarre. The Knights had a lily embroidered in silver on the breast of their tunic, and wore round their neck a gold chain, from which was suspended a shield, whereon was engraved a lily, the letter M, and above it a crown. They were bound to repeat the Angelic Salutation a certain number of times daily.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century a statue of Mary Immaculate stood over the gateway of the royal palace in Seville. The inhabitants of that beautiful and time-honored city caused the words *Beata Virgo Maria, sine peccato concepta*, to be worked in jewels on a costly carpet for the principal church, to be used in the sanctuary on festivals of Our Lady.

In the year 1506 the well-known Cardinal Ximenes founded a confraternity of the Immaculate Conception. King Philip II., in whose reign Spain attained the apogee of her power and renown, introduced the figure of the Immaculate Virgin on a field argent into his armorial bearings, and ordained devotion to this mystery as a duty binding on the members of his royal house. In the eighteenth century one of his successors on the throne, Philip V., petitioned the Supreme Pontiff solemnly to declare this dogma to be an article of faith. In this he was supported by the unanimous desire of the prelates, clergy and theologians of his kingdom. To uphold this, Mary's greatest prerogative and privilege (apart from her divine maternity), to honor her singular purity and stainlessness, to confess it before the world and defend it against all opponents, was a duty congenial to the chivalrous spirit, the firm adherence to ancient beliefs and practices, which marked the Spaniard of the Middle Ages.

Thus it came about that, like the *Laudetur Jesus Christus* of the Swiss; *Ave Maria Purissima* became the favorite, the ordinary salutation of the

Spaniard; the response to the greeting being, *Sine labe originali concepta*. Unhappily, this pious custom, formerly universal throughout the peninsula, has fallen into disuse.

The oath required of candidates for admission to the orders of knighthood contained these words: "I will ever acknowledge and confess that the Holy Virgin was conceived without sin." The universities, of which there were several celebrated ones in Spain, demanded the same confession of faith from their alumni. Preachers began their discourses thus: "Blessed be the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar and the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, who in the moment of her conception was free from original sin!" And long before the dogma was defined children might be heard singing simple verses in honor of their spotless Mother:

Mary without sin conceived,—
This is everywhere believed.
Mother of our gracious Lord,
Immaculate, be thou adored!

Explaining Mysteries.

THE very notion of a Revelation involves the thought of the disclosure of something which the human intellect can not discover by itself, or which it can understand only in part. We believe the doctrines of the Church because we believe that Christ has revealed them. We do not believe them because we fully understand them, or ever hope to understand them. It was Huxley who once declared that the mysteries of religion were child's play when compared with the mysteries of nature; yet nothing is more common than the attempt to explain religious difficulties, which are of their nature inexplicable. The folly of such endeavor was never more strikingly illustrated than in these words of Dr. Brownson:

"The pretended explanation of a real

mystery is never its explanation, but always its rejection. This is evident from the language of our liberal Christians themselves. They are great in explaining the mysteries. After philosophizing a while on a mystery, they seize, as they imagine, its real significance, and exclaim: 'See, all the world has been wondering about this for eighteen centuries, and yet it means only this!'

"But what have they in reality done? Why, they have merely pared the mystery down, fitted it to the narrow apertures of their own minds, and called this explaining it, comprehending it! It becomes under their process a *mighty* little affair, and they have reason to wonder that the world should have made so much ado about it.

"So they go through all the mysteries of Faith, one after another; and having eliminated all that is mysterious in them--that is, all that rises above the natural order,—they call what remains liberal Christianity, rational religion, adapted to the wants of this enlightened age,—just what it demands to recall it to faith and to save it from the terrible scourge of infidelity!"

There are three principles upon which the supernatural life depends, and without which a supernatural religion can not get on: authority, faith, and humility. The author of "Back to Rome!" says well that "some people seem to be under the impression that the study of Christian evidences may be taken up like the study of any other subject, and that a result may be arrived at, irrespective of the moral attitude and state of soul in which the inquiry is approached. They are forgetful of the fact that, in the matter of Revealed Religion, it is supernatural, not natural, things which they are handling; and that, for a right understanding of them, supernatural forces require to be called into operation."

Notes and Remarks.

The conscience of the country suffered a bad jolt when the Federal authorities announced the other day that a wholesale trade in fraudulent naturalization papers was being carried on in Eastern ports. As many as 100,000 sets of such papers, it is estimated, have been sold to intending immigrants in other countries; the advantages to the holder being assured admission to the country, the chance of immediate employment in city work (for which the papers are a necessity), and a ready market for the sale of his vote in the first election. The criminals engaged in this extraordinary traffic deserve the severest punishment that can be meted out to them under the law. They are guilty of constructive treason, and they are guilty of perjury, too; for the papers can be procured only by personating the immigrant in whose name they are made out, and securing some citizen to affirm under oath that the applicant is what he represents himself to be. To us, however, the most shocking aspect of the whole unsavory business is the calm with which the public hears about it and the facility with which the public forgets it. It shows the need of a general quickening of conscience; it reveals the extent to which politics has paralyzed the feeling of patriotism; and it is a new warning against the growing disregard for the sanctity of an oath.

A distinguished astronomer, Dr. E. S. Holden of West Point, aptly characterizes the temper of many scientific writers when they deal with religion: "Science always right, theology always interfering; glory to us who have done away with superstition!" Writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*—which, by the way, has done more than its share toward fostering the spirit he so

adroitly satirizes,—Dr. Holden gives it as his conclusion that the real conflict of the ages has been, not between religion and science, but between enlightenment and ignorance. He continues:

Sometimes the battle has been in the field of theology; sometimes it has been in the field of science. The warfare has nearly always been between heresy and religion, or between science and pseudo-science; occasionally, but not very often, between religion and pseudo (or it may sometimes be true) science. Usually, however, the fields are plainly marked off. The theologians of any one epoch treated theological questions and only those. They were not even interested in scientific questions, as such.

We can not, of course, admit that real religion has ever been in conflict with real science. We are quite ready to grant, however, that very learned and subtle theologians have sometimes been in such conflict. Yet even the fallible theologian in the long course of ecclesiastical history has never been compelled to recede from one-half so many positions as the bumptious scientist within the last half century.

We have it on the testimony of Pius X. himself that he has always been deeply interested in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; and that at Venice and elsewhere he always helped it "as far as Our humble resources would permit, always most anxious to do even more if, with the grace of God, it were in Our power." Now that he is become the chief missionary of the world, the Holy Father bestows precious spiritual favors on the promoters and friends of the Society, appoints as its patron St. Francis Xavier, and raises his feast to the liturgical rank of a double major, "conformable to the rubrics," for the Universal Church. The encouragement and assistance thus rendered by the Father of the Faithful to this excellent Society are all the more timely because there was a decrease of more than seventy-two thousand dollars in the

receipts of the Society last year, due chiefly to the diminished returns from France. That the French alms should be notably lessened is not half so surprising as that this sorely afflicted country should still contribute \$701,671 out of a total of \$1,247,421 collected by the Society last year.

Although the contest between materialism and religion was never more sharp than in our own time, a writer in the *Edinburg Review* is of opinion that religion will prevail. Referring to the Church and the treasure of piety which is her possession, the writer says: "No Church makes piety its business more than that of Rome; none lays down the methods of the holy life more consistently, teaches more faithfully the rule of humility, self-devotion and heavenliness. The age of discipline is past, but the need of discipline remains. The Church of Rome must go on her way. As long as she preaches the Gospel, she may be purged but she can not be destroyed."

The proposal to grant an increased pension to all veterans of the Civil War over sixty-two years of age—such proposals are always plentiful when a presidential campaign is on—is not likely to meet with serious opposition; although upward of \$141,000,000 were paid to persons on the pension rolls of the United States during the fiscal year, 1904, ending June 30 last. There were nearly two thousand fewer pensioners than in 1903, but the pension payment was increased by over \$3,000,000. So far the war with Spain has cost our government \$8,586,200 in pensions.

The little breeze between the Bishop of Limerick and Mr. W. S. Lilly will not have blown in vain if it settles, once for all, the question as to whether Pius V. advocated the assassination of

Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Lilly's disposition to believe that he did—insisting that the meaning of the words *de medio tollere* is to make away with, i. e. to kill—is not creditable to him in any way. The character of Pius V. and the fact of his being a canonized saint militate against the supposition that he ever advocated assassination. The truth as to what the Pope wished is desirable; the disposition to believe that he meditated crime does not reveal the scientific temperament. Mr. Lilly has invoked the authority of the Bollandists for his extraordinary contention; on the other hand, Mr. Montgomery Carmichael points out that the Bollandists have never written a life of the saint, nor have they ever pronounced any opinion on this subject.

The comment of the sapient Mr. Dooley on Bishop Potter's statement, that intoxicating drink is a necessary evil, is good: "If it's an evil to a man it's not nicissry, an' if it's nicissry it's not an evil." The philosopher rather resents his Lordship's intrusion into his own field of labor; a bishop and a saloon-keeper each has a flock to attend to, and each is kept busy enough trying to keep his flock from falling into the other's hands. "It don't seem just right that there shud be a union iv the Church an' the saloon. They are two gr-reat institutions, but they are best kept apart."

What ex-Catholic, asks the *Catholic Citizen*, is there among the Protestants who compares with such ex-Protestants among the Catholics as Manning and Newman, the Marquis of Ripon and a score of others? The comment on this question is also worth quoting: "There must be some meaning to the fact that while we get many of the best minds and the purest characters among Protestants to come to us, the few 'Catholics' who Protestantize are open

to moral impeachment all around. Catholics regret even when the vilest sinner strays away from the true fold; but if we must exchange, who can fail to recognize our immense advantage in losing Slattery and gaining Maturin?

"The Catholic convert is usually free from the 'shadow of reproach.' When a distinguished Protestant knocks for admission to Rome, it is never necessary to appoint a committee to investigate his sobriety, his honesty or his purity. His moral character is usually high and impregnable among the sect he leaves. And this fact makes his conversion significant to thoughtful Protestants. The fact generalized ought to be food for recurring meditation among seekers after truth."

Not all the oil in Mr. Rockefeller's mammoth and multitudinous reservoirs can allay the stormy waters raised around him by the exposure of the methods by which his millions were acquired. Before the indignation roused by Miss Tarbell's revelations has had time to abate, comes the Boston copper magnate, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, and explains how Messrs. William Rockefeller and Henry Rogers, by skilful manipulation of banks and public monies, possessed themselves in a single day of thirty-six millions of dollars without expending or even risking a dollar of their own. With such distinguished example it is not surprising that the sense of honesty has gone glimmering among young men ambitious to get rich quickly; and the announcement that a Rockefeller regularly teaches Sunday-school only aggravates the scandal. Mr. Lawson moralizes in this way:

A thousand times have I tried to figure out in my mind what worlds of misery such a sum of millions might allay if issued by a government and intelligently distributed among a people,—and do my readers know that never in the world's recorded history has any nation felt itself rich enough to devote thirty-six millions to the

cause of charity, even in the midst of the most awful calamities of fire, flood, war, or pestilence? On the other hand, I have had to know about the horrors, the misfortunes, the earthly hell, which were the awful consequences of the taking of this vast amount. I have had to know about the convicts, the suicides, the broken hearts, the starvation and wretchedness, the ruined bodies and lost souls which strewed the fields of the "system's" harvest.

So long as such egregious misdoing is reported in connection with names that connote success, no one need be surprised at lax morals among beginners. And so long as great fortunes continue to be built on ruined lives no amount of preaching will make earth-earthly men see any iniquity in socialism.

In a country where nearly all the minor acts of administration are performed with an eye wide open to their effect on Buncombe County, it may be true, as *Harper's Weekly* suggests, that certain social attentions bestowed by eminent statesmen in Washington on an eminent churchman are the reflection of the altered attitude of the Protestant majority of the electors. "Not that the time has come yet when most of our voters will vote as readily for Roman Catholic candidates for office as they will for Protestant candidates; not that the A. P. A. spirit has passed away entirely. But there is a lessened spirit of antagonism to Roman Catholicism among Protestant thinkers and leaders, more harmony of effort between Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen in civil reform movements, and less and less criticism of recognition of Roman Catholics' worth by executives who dare to 'appoint them to administrative or judicial positions.'"

It would be ungracious to cavil at an explanation made in so friendly a spirit; but perhaps it were more true to say that the change noted by *Harper's Weekly* is due to the remarkable increase in the Catholic voting population, and to the happy fact that

Catholics are no longer so inevitably Democratic that one party may afford to ignore them through despair and the other through presumption. The growing sentiment of party detachment is entitled to a fair share of the credit for whatever change there be.

Whoever reads the Jewish newspapers must have been frequently impressed with the violence with which they combat the notion of any change whatever in the public school system. The worst enemies of the children of Israel will not deny them the faculty of recognizing a good thing when they see it; and the prospect of securing free education for their children in non-Christian schools supported in great part by Christian taxpayers strikes them as a distinctly good arrangement. After examining the roster of students attending the high schools in New York, one might easily fancy himself in the Holy Land,—which would be a great mistake, of course. The Jews are also capturing positions as teachers in the public schools with characteristic avidity. The names have just been published of more than eight hundred young men and women who have passed the examinations for appointments as teachers in the metropolis, and been placed on the "eligible list." "The majority of names on that list," says the *New York Sun*, "are Jewish." We do not blame the chosen people, of course; we admire their clear-sightedness in preferring push to pull.

Mohammedanism is not only a religious sect but a distinct international society which never loses its identity; "a veritable State with dogma, morality, worship, laws, customs, occupations, aspirations, and a distinct mentality,—all organized in a simple way, adapted to its surroundings, attractive for the mind and heart of man," according to Bishop Le Roy,

who has had long experience of them as Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, which has many missions among Mohammedans. What seems to be a new view of the followers of the Prophet is propounded by the Bishop in these words:

It is said and believed that Catholic missionaries and Mohammedans are two irreconcilable enemies, and that the presence of the former among the latter threatens trouble. That belief is an absolute error. A missionary who is careful not to insult a Mohammedan and his faith—and why should he insult them?—at once lays claim to a Mohammedan's love and respect. Why? Because a missionary knows God, prays to Him, fasts, follows God's law, devotes his life to Him. A Mohammedan understands all that and admires it. What he does not understand, however, what he despises and judges to be altogether beneath him, is the foreigner whom he never sees pray, who drinks, blasphemes, and makes profession of not knowing God. He is the dog and the son of a dog, to whom the "faithful" will soon be compelled to submit, because he is in power: respect he will never gain.

There is no need of saying, that the foreigner has riches and power, commands steam and electricity, has invented the telephone and discovered radium. "All those," answers the Mohammedan, "are playthings. The infidel understands small material machinery, but God has refused him light."

Later on, however, the Bishop admits that, "though loved and respected by them, missionaries have no serious influence over Mohammedans, excepting isolated instances, which, nevertheless, are more frequent than is generally believed."

We are extremely sorry to hear of the decease of Mgr. Godfrey Pelckmans, O. S. F. C., Bishop of Lahore, India. He had been in indifferent health for several months past, but the end came suddenly. Bishop Pelckmans was a native of Belgium and had spent fifteen years in India. He was appointed Bishop of Lahore in 1893. A man of perfect sincerity and eminent kind-heartedness, Bishop Pelckmans won the regard of all who were brought into contact with him. *R. I. P.*



The Way to Paradise.

FROM THE PERSIAN, BY JOHN H. HINDLEY.

WOULDST thou inherit Paradise,
These maxims keep before thine eyes;
So thy heart's mirror shall appear
Forever shining bright and clear:—
Give thanks when Fortune smiles serene,
Be patient when her frowns are seen;
If thou hast sinn'd, for pardon plead,
And help shall follow at thy need.
Be penitent, be watchful still,
And fly the votaries of ill;
Avoid the paths that lead to vice,
So win thy way to Paradise.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIX.—TEDDY GOES TO MASS AGAIN.

T was the burning question of going to church on Sunday which once again disturbed the harmony of the Sandman's Castle. When another Saturday night came round, the master of the house prepared a cooling draught which he offered to Teddy. The better to ward off suspicion of any sinister intent, he gave similar glasses to the hunchback and Kitty. This would have disarmed Teddy's suspicions, if any had lingered in his open nature; and in truth it had never occurred to him that the coffee which he drank upon a previous occasion had been drugged.

Teddy took the glass from the Sandman's hand; and the latter turned aside as if to light his pipe, but in reality to hide the sardonic smile which overspread his face and caused his hooked nose almost to meet his

chin. In that instant of time Katrinka, who stood close to Teddy, snatched from his hand the glass which he was about raising to his lips, and substituted for it one precisely similar in appearance. When the Sandman turned to the group again, there was Teddy apparently enjoying his lemonade, flavored after a peculiar fashion which the Sandman understood to perfection. True, Katrinka had glided from the room; but this circumstance did not give rise to doubt or excite any surprise in her master's mind.

It is possible that but for a conversation which the old woman had held with Teddy during the week she would have permitted him to swallow the drugged beverage, as the quietest and, for the boy himself, the most advantageous way of solving the church difficulty. She had been advising him, after the trapdoor adventure, to beware of crossing the Sandman in any way.

"If you would live here in peace," she concluded, "do as the other boy does—obey his will."

"I guess you're right, so far as ordinary things are concerned," agreed Teddy; "and I had no business to go near that trapdoor nor to poke into places that are forbidden. But there's one thing, Katrinka: I must go to church. I can't give up my religion for anybody."

"Some day he'll kill you if you do that," said Katrinka. "He hates churches and all who go there."

"Why?" inquired Teddy.

"He has his reasons," the woman responded.

"Well, if he were to kill me, it would be something like the martyrs," Teddy reflected.

"Martyrs? What's that?" Katrinka asked, her mind making a feeble effort to grasp some long-past association.

"Oh, never mind!" Teddy exclaimed, evasively.

He had a feeling that, whatever utility there might be in attempting to instruct Johnny in matters pertaining to religion, there could be little hope of impressing these things upon the custom-dulled mind of the old woman.

"But I tell you what," he persisted, "I'll go to church in spite of him."

Katrinka was impressed by the boy's emphatic declaration, and consoled herself with the thought that perhaps the Sandman's idea of administering a harmless drug to produce heavy and lengthened sleep was not a bad one, after all. It prevented friction and saved Teddy from incurring punishment.

"Yes," said Teddy, breaking in upon Katrinka's meditations, "I must go to church; and if anything prevents me, why, I'll have to get away from here by hook or by crook."

Here was a threat which effectually alarmed the old woman. She felt that the boy meant what he said, and that his conviction of the necessity of going to church gave him a strength which she could not understand, and enabled him even to defy the Sandman.

"But what way is there hence?" she inquired, possibly hoping to gain some information which she might use to defeat any project of flight.

"I have thought of a way," replied Teddy, who was always resourceful; "but it isn't any good talking about it just yet."

"There is the little one," suggested Katrinka, watching the boy narrowly with her catlike eyes.

"Yes," said Teddy, slowly. "I guess that's about the greatest difficulty in the way. Kitty has to be thought of, to be sure. But even that can't make me stop here and grow up a pagan. I don't think he'd harm her. And it

would be better for me to get out of this place and then come back to get her before she's old enough to understand much about religion."

This conversation had remained rooted in the old woman's mind, and had led her to take the drugged drink from Teddy's hand; arguing that it would be better for him to go to church even if he incurred punishment than to run away altogether from the Sandman's Castle.

Perhaps the Sandman wondered that Teddy did not show any special signs of drowsiness upon that Saturday night; but he watched him off to bed with a malicious chuckle, believing that he would sleep profoundly; and, neglecting all other precautions, he dismissed from his mind the subject of Teddy and his Sunday obligations.

Early on the following morning Teddy, secretly awakened by Katrinka, arose fresh and vigorous and stole down to the shore. He found the boat at its moorings, and, embarking hastily, rowed himself out into mid-stream. He had improved in his rowing since the first attempt, having practised more or less almost every day, and he now propelled the little craft with surprising swiftness. Moreover, on this occasion he knew exactly where he was going and toward what point he should steer. Out upon the blue water, he was absolutely reckless as to consequences. He was right.

He had gone a considerable distance when he paused to rest upon his oars. Chancing to look back toward the shore, he beheld quite distinctly the figure of the Sandman executing a veritable war-dance upon the shingly beach; and Teddy fancied he could faintly hear his frantic shouting for the truant to come back.

But the boy, though his spirits were somewhat dampened by the sight, kept resolutely upon his course, with a courage and hardihood which must

have come to him from some sturdy progenitors. He was resolved to hear Mass; and, although in face of the difficulties which he had to encounter and the distance from the church, it was doubtful whether he was bound by obligation, he had made up his mind to obey the precept, "Sundays and holydays Mass thou shalt hear." He had an instinctive feeling that if he once voluntarily gave up attendance at Sunday Mass he should go far toward becoming a pagan like Johnny. "And it would be worse for me," he thought, with the simple logic of an upright mind; "because I know what's right. I was taught when I was little."

So he held on his way, though darkly in the background loomed the formidable figure of the Sandman and the almost certain promise of some unknown but rigorous punishment. He learned afterward that the Sandman, with a fierce and resolute energy incompatible with his age, had dragged a second boat from an outhouse in the stable-yard, had harnessed patient Michael to a cart and brought the boat to the shore. Then, leaving the terrified Johnny to look after the horse, he had leaped into the boat and begun to row across the stream with mad energy in pursuit of the fugitive.

Teddy, unaware of this last act in the drama, had pursued his way to the opposite landing and had moored the boat securely, begging of a friendly householder who lived near to have an eye upon it while he was absent. The boy then proceeded to the church, where he was in good time. It seemed to him that the familiar *Asperges* had an almost heavenly sound, and he followed every part of the Mass reverently and earnestly, as long ago might have done the martyrs of the Catacombs.

The sublime Sacrifice seemed new to him; he realized its value and that each detail had its special meaning, recalling

some event in our Saviour's death and passion. He wondered at how little thought he had hitherto given to the mysteries of the altar, though he had always been faithfully present when the Church commanded. But, like most boys—and grown people, for the matter of that,—he had often found the Mass too long and had hurried out of church just as soon as it was over. He now felt disposed to linger in the peace and quiet of the sanctuary, which seemed to him so desirable after his strange adventures.

When he left the church the air was sultry and oppressive in the extreme, and he found the walk back to the river almost intolerably long. It was true that he stopped midway at the hospitable dwelling of the woman who had on his former visit to the church given him the milk and bread. She was equally obliging upon this occasion; and, being herself a Catholic, she became very friendly when she heard that he had come all the way across the water to hear Mass.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Wendel.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

The 1st of October saw the Painters at home again in the city. They had often spoken of Wendel and his strange disappearance. John alone of all the family still clung to the belief that something had happened to him.

One morning Mr. Painter, who was a real-estate agent, received a visit from a man who said he would like to buy the lot on which stood his place of business, in the lower part of the city, and he wished Mr. Painter to attend to it for him.

"What business are you in?" asked that gentleman.

"I am a shoemaker and cobbler," the man replied. "I have lived in that same neighborhood ever since I came here, and have a very good class of customers. I have saved enough money to buy that place, and I mean to get it if I can."

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Painter.

"Wendel Forus," answered the man. "That is Norwegian, you know."

"It is like the name of a boy whom we had living with us for a short time some months ago," rejoined Mr. Painter. "But his was a little different: he called himself Wendel Förustok."

"How old was that boy?" inquired the shoemaker.

"Perhaps thirteen," said Mr. Painter.

"That is my name too," continued the shoemaker. "But when I came here the people could not say it very well, and so I shortened it. I had once a nephew called for me; but it can not be the same, as he was drowned at sea with his father and mother on the way to America."

"It must be the same," said Mr. Painter. "The parents of this boy were lost at sea."

"Where is he? Do you know?" asked the shoemaker.

Then Mr. Painter told him the whole story, so far as it was known to him. When he had finished Forus shook his head thoughtfully.

"I can not tell," he said. "I know nothing of the boy; but if he is the true son of his parents and his grandparents, it would not be like him to do that. We have been poor but we have never been thieves in our family. We come of good Christian people, my dear sir."

"We liked him very much and trusted him entirely," said Mr. Painter, "although we had known him only a few days. It is possible he may have been injured and taken to the hospital."

"In that case it would have been

published in the newspapers," said Forus. "And if it had been so, he would have found you out when he was well. Did he know your place in the country?"

"No, he did not."

"Well, I am sorry to hear all this; and yet glad, too; for we may find him and clear it all up. If he was a good boy, I would make it all right for him, as I have no children of my own."

In the course of the next few days Mr. Painter had occasion to visit the jailer, as the property of which Mr. Forus had spoken belonged to his wife. While waiting in the office, he caught sight of a boy sweeping the walks in the courtyard. He at once recognized Wendel and hastened to call him.

The boy came immediately, and without the least embarrassment extended his hand.

"O Mr. Printing," he said, "I am glad that I see you again! Now perhaps you may let them see that I am not a liar and a thief."

"How is it that I find you here, Wendel?" he asked, not without some severity of tone.

"I am in jail. I am a prisoner for six months," said the boy.

"For what cause?"

"To steal your bicycle. When I rode down the street on it, came a policeman to me who said: 'Where did you get that?' I told him I go to sell it for Mr. Printing, who does not want it any longer. He asked me where you live, and I can not think of the street. Then he says I have stolen the machine and he takes me to the jail. Then he looks in a book for your name, and he finds no name of Printing therein."

"But my name is not *Printing*: it is *Painter*."

"Oh, so? I have known that it was something to do with brushes or pens, and I can not say it just right. I am never good for names. In two days they have taken me before the judge,

and I have told him the same story. Then they all laugh at me, and the judge say I must go six months to jail, because the Reformatory School is not yet finished. But when it is, I will have to go there if I steal again."

"What an unfortunate thing that this should have happened?" said Mr. Painter. "But I can arrange it that you will be released at once, if the jailer corroborates your story. And have you been unhappy, Wendel?"

"No, sir, except that you and your family might think me gone away with that bicycle. Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones have been very kind to me. I have enough to eat and not too much work, and with the drunken men and thieves I have not anything to do."

"But why did you not make an attempt to defend yourself? Why, for instance, did you not offer to show the policeman where we lived?"

"I did not dare," answered Wendel in an awe-struck tone. "It made me feel very bad only to be in jail. If it was not jail I would like it here. And so, too, I feel bad that maybe you think I run away. But always when I came out I was going straight away to your house and tell you about it."

"Where is the bicycle, Wendel?" asked Mr. Painter.

"Here, in the basement, sir," replied Wendel.

"Very well. It is not of much value, but you are certainly entitled to whatever it may bring. I am sure you will be out of here in a day or two at most, Wendel. And after that we shall see."

The jailer now made his appearance, confirming all the boy had said as to his conduct while in jail; though he had had too much experience in such matters not to have doubted his story about the wheel. Mr. Painter saw the judge, and, after a few legal formalities had been complied with, Wendel was released. Mr. Painter took him home,

where the family joyfully welcomed him.

After luncheon Mr. Painter said:

"Now, if you will come with me, Wendel, I think I may be able to find you an uncle."

On the way down town he explained the situation, much to the gratification of the boy, who had never thought to meet his relative.

Mr. Forus was busily engaged in his shop when they entered.

"I have found the boy of whom I spoke to you," observed Mr. Painter. "Come and see if he belongs to you."

"Ah, that is the son of my brother!" cried the shoemaker, clasping the boy in his arms.

"And you are surely the brother of my father," answered Wendel, joyfully. "You are exactly like him."

"Yes: we were twins," said the shoemaker. "Praised be God that I find you to-day, my little Wendel! Come down, Olga!" he called, going to the foot of the stairs. "We have here something to show you."

The pleasure of the good woman seemed equal to that of her husband.

"You will stay with us, and go to school some, that you may learn to speak well the English language," she said. "And then you can learn the trade from your uncle. Ach, but this is for us a happy day! And the father and mother in heaven must now be at peace."

Wendel could not be prevailed upon to part with the bicycle. He thinks it brought him good luck, and goes about on it all the time, indifferent to the jeers of the street boys, who are always on the alert for the ridiculous. In spite of the shape and gear of the machine, it is a very good traveller, and Wendel declares he will stick to it until such time as he may be able to purchase a new one with his own earnings. It is safe to say that he will be a good and successful man.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We are gratified to learn that the circulation of the Temple Classics edition of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" is already something like thirty thousand. It must be said of modern readers that they know a good book when they see it well published.

—An early treatise on the Immaculate Conception, written by Eadmer, the friend and disciple of St. Anselm, edited by Fathers Thurston and Slater, S. J., is among the new books announced by B. Herder. It is said that this little treatise from the pen of an English monk was the first formal defence of the doctrine.

—A new novel of modern Rome and Italy by Mr. Marion Crawford; "Reminiscences of Peace and War," by Mrs. Roger Pryor; an autobiography by Mr. Justin McCarthy; and a new book for children by Mr. Jacob Riis, in answer to the question, Is there a Santa Claus? are included in The Macmillan Co.'s autumn announcements.

—From Ginn & Co. we have received two additions to their Modern Language Series, namely, Lessing's play of cross-purposes, "Minna von Barnhelm," and Gerstäcker's fanciful "Germelshausen." These books are carefully prepared for class use, and both are on the list of works recommended by the "Committee of Twelve."

—The first printer in California, Don José de la Rosa, according to *Out West*, "was for half a century probably California's most famous troubadour." Fortunately, he had the habit, rare among troubadours, of writing down the words of his songs; and this home-made book—a manuscript of one hundred and twenty-five pages—has just come into the possession of the Southwest Society.

—An abridged edition of Father Gigot's "General Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture" has been issued by Benziger Brothers. It is the author's response to a request for a text-book suited to a shorter course than the unabridged edition, which will still have its special value as a reference book, and the most important features of which are preserved in the smaller work.

—Morey's "Outlines of Greek History," published by the American Book Co., is a companion book to "Outlines of Roman History" by the same author. As a text-book for secondary schools it should prove most satisfactory; for in matter and form it is up to latest methods. The narrative is interestingly told, and the influence of the Orient on Greece and that of

Greece on civilization in general are well set forth. The maps and lists of reference books are features which both teacher and pupil will value highly.

—The success of such stories as "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis?" long ago proved the value of early Christianity as a setting for historical fiction. A fresh adventure in this field is "Virgilius," by Irving Bacheller, author of some of the most popular stories produced in this country within recent years.

—The third edition of Bishop Stang's excellent handbook of "Pastoral Theology" in no wise differs from its predecessors, the author finding "but little to correct or change." He announces, however, that he hopes soon to be engaged on a more comprehensive work on the same subject. The promised work may indeed be more comprehensive; it can hardly be of better quality than the manual. Benziger Brothers.

—Following is the full title of one of Pustet & Co.'s new publications: "The Mirror of True Manhood as Reflected in the Life of St. Joseph. From the French. By the Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D. Preface by the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D." Each chapter affords a short meditation on some virtue of the Foster-Father of Our Lord, along with a practical exhortation. The book makes a very desirable Month of St. Joseph, though there are more than forty chapters.

—Students of the history of the Franciscan movement and others will welcome a new publication by Prof. Boehmer—a text of the authentic writings of St. Francis, with an introduction and a chronological summary of the history of St. Francis and his Order from 1182 to 1340. An appendix contains the text of the earliest references to the rules and the stigmata, with the Office of the Passion as drawn up by St. Francis (Mohr, Tübingen).

—Young students of history are warned against accepting "The Cambridge Modern History" as an authority. In a review of Vol. II. (The Reformation) the London *Athenæum* remarks: "The editors of the volume before us, except for a preface of two pages signed with their initials, do not seem to have considered their duties more serious than those of the editor of a magazine." Two highly important passages have been allowed to remain in the volume, though they are in flat contradiction of one another. Dr. Fairbairn's chapter on "Calvin and the Reformed Church" is of a tone ill suited to the pages of a history claiming

to be unsectarian. Other inaccuracies and suppressions are pointed out. So it would seem that the great work planned by Lord Acton is likely to mislead young students of history.

—A member of the British Archæological Association states that most of the precious manuscripts belonging to Glastonbury Abbey perished (though some are in the British Museum, and some are at Longleat) even as the stones of the buildings were sold after the Dissolution for 6d a cartload. The library of this famous monastery was praised by Leland, who writes that when he crossed the threshold he was struck with amazement at the number and magnificence of the volumes.

—Nearly twenty years ago on the publication of Dr. Conde B. Pallen's first essay on the "Idylls of the King," Lord Tennyson wrote to the author: "You see further into their meaning than most of my commentators have done." The essay was amplified and republished in 1895. A further amplification, with valuable notes, is now publishing by the American Book Co. for use as required reading in high schools and colleges. Dr. Pallen's interpretation of the allegorical sense of the "Idylls" is convincing, and, needless to say, it is thoroughly Catholic in spirit.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. *Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.* 10 cts.

The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.

The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.

In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.

The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *À Kempis.* \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

Varied Types. *G. K. Chesterton.* \$1.50.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

The Storybook House. *Honor Walsh.* \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. O. Chicoine, of the archdiocese of Montreal.

Brother Amadeus, C. S. C.

Sister M. Augustine, of the Daughters of Charity; Madame Hogan, Ladies of the Sacred Heart; and Sister M. Angela, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Kramer, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Sydney Burton, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Clara Enneking, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. P. B. McCarthy, Rapid City, Iowa; Mr. Bartley Lee, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Julia Papin, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. George Meskill, Osceola, Canada; Mr. Peter Devereux and Miss Mary Devereux, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. John Ward, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Joseph Troendle, Toledo, Ohio; Annie Charnley, Mary Morris, and Agnes McGuire, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Johanna Busche, Dixon, Ill.; and Mr. John Windstein, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Our Lady's Joys and Sorrows.

WHEN springtide touches all the earth

To budding leaves and flowers,
All nature seems to celebrate,
O Queen, thy joyous hours!

And when the golden harvest comes,
And fruits bend low the trees,
Then nature sings, O Mother dear,
Thy glorious mysteries!

But when the fruits and flowers are gone,
And autumn's chill winds blow,
The heart of nature sings, O Queen,
Of thy surpassing woe!

The Spire.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IN the two centuries before the miscalled Reformation, at least two-thirds of the glorious cathedrals and churches of Europe were rebuilt by artist workmen who vied with one another in elaborating new and beautiful forms in stone. It was in those days that the Gothic architect seemed to revel in boldness of design. He had a marvellous power of calculating and providing for the strain and stress of vast weights that he piled high in air,—a scientific grasp of such problems that is worthy of the most skilful of modern engineers. At the same time he could cunningly conceal the very means by which he attained his end, making massive

columns seem light and slender, and vast suspended masses of carved stone appear to be a lacelike tracery. A great modern architect has said of the roof of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster that in the hands of its builders stone seemed to have lost its weight.

In these days the architect, looking for new worlds to conquer, bethought him of the air above; and, taking for his foundation the lofty towers of great cathedrals, planned the spire to carry the cross as high as he could into the heavens. Like all inventions of science and art, the spire was suggested by something that had gone before,—something very simple and with no touch of daring about it. The square towers of early churches, built for belfries, have mostly a flat roof surrounded by a low parapet; but often there is a pointed roof, sometimes so low that the parapet hides it. In Norman churches the turrets that one sees at each side of the choir, built to contain the winding stair that leads to the clerestory and the roof, have generally a conical or pyramidal cap of stonework. Later on these conical roofs on tower and turret are carried up higher, with a steeper angle and a sharper point; and then the architect sees his opportunity for adding a new decorative feature to his building. The conical roof is made octagonal in plan; the ridges, where the faces join, are ornamented; little traceried windows, with canopies above them,

are let into the base of the long slope; niches and statues appear between these narrow lofty windows. Then still later pinnacles rise from the side of the tower, and are linked by flying buttresses with the central structure, and the decorated spire has come into being. Higher and higher the daring architect carried his spire till four hundred feet of carved stone bore the cross up over Salisbury and Antwerp, and the builders of Strasburg piled up their spire still sixty feet higher.

Modern builders have exceeded these figures. At Cologne, following out an incomplete mediæval design, they have built twin spires over five hundred feet high. In some cases they have made the artistic mistake of obtaining mere height with little expenditure of skill or labor by using iron worked into the forms of stone. Thus the lofty spire of Rouen, over four hundred and eighty-seven feet high, is all sham stonework wrought in iron, and out of all harmony with the beautiful tower of stone on which it stands. This iron spire is not much more beautiful than the Eiffel Tower, its only rival in height in France. Yet when one climbs the spire of Rouen one almost pardons the engineer for usurping the functions of the architect; for the great height gives one an unequalled view over the quaint old city, the winding Seine, and the belt of wide-spreading woods on the hills around.

The view from one of these great cathedral spires is always far more striking than that from the roof of even the highest tower. In most cases, the ascent to the summit of the spire is no longer possible once the work is complete and the builder's scaffolding is taken down. But there are a few famous spires that have a way to their pointed crests for those who have steady nerves and do not mind a little climbing. Hundreds of feet up in air, standing on an edge of

tracried stone, and leaning against the last solid cone of masonry that forms the foundation, in which is socketed the gigantic cross that seems so little from below, one feels that one is almost cut off from earth and poised in air. One has such a view at Antwerp after a long climb up the narrow winding stair, with the open tracery of the spire clinging around it like a network of stone. A special permit is needed for the ascent, which is supposed to have its dangers, though it is really quite safe. The climb at Strasburg requires steadier nerves; for the last stage of the ascent is by foot and handholds on the outside of the spire.

This Strasburg spire, a work of the first half of the fifteenth century, is one of the most famous in the world; and, architecturally, it is one of the most remarkable. It is, in fact, an example of an attempt to introduce a new type of Gothic spire; and the origin of the experiment is worth noting. Some twelve years ago, when one of the spires of London was surrounded with scaffolding from base to summit for the purpose of a thorough repair, a writer in one of the artistic journals called attention to the remarkably picturesque effect of the groups of vertical lines formed by the scaffold poles, and the apparently airy lightness of the whole structure,—an effect produced by the gradual narrowing of the scaffolding as it went up to the spire summit. On this Professor Brewer, perhaps our greatest living authority on the history of mediæval architecture, pointed out that the same idea had struck some of the German architects of four or five hundred years ago, and they had reproduced in decorated stonework the lines of scaffolding; the most notable example being the spire of Strasburg, where all the main lines from base to summit are perpendicular; these thousands of shafts of stone being linked together by stone transoms, with a

certain amount of traceried decoration between.

"But," he wrote, "is it really a satisfactory building? I venture to think not. As one ascends the winding staircase that leads to the small platform near the summit, it is certainly very wonderful to look through these countless mullions of stone and see the vast extended landscape, and then to notice the exquisite and delicate finish of the stone cage which surrounds one. The ordinary spectator is filled with delight, but what will the architect or mason say about it? Well, he will at once point out that it is not legitimate *stone* construction: that it is all held together with iron bars; that it is doubled and cramped with metal; that lead is run into the joints; and that, notwithstanding all this, the work constantly requires repairs. Of course one is bound to confess that it was a splendid experiment, and that its architect, Johann Hulty of Cologne, who completed it in 1439, was a highly original genius; but it can not really be regarded as satisfactory. . . . After the erection of the Strasburg spire, more especially at the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find innumerable examples of the imitation of scaffold poles in architectural works. In some cases the very ropes which hold the scaffold together are imitated."

All such experiments are more or less failures; for they violate that well-founded law of art, deduced from long experience, which lays down that it is a mistake to imitate in one material the structural and decorative forms that arise naturally when some other is used. Thus it is a mistake to try to make a steel bridge look as if it were built of stone. In the same way there is no real gain, and some necessary loss, in trying to make a stone-built pulpit or portico or spire look as if it were constructed of timber.

. It was the delight of the Gothic

architect to build twin spires on the western towers of his cathedrals. Sometimes, as at Lichfield cathedral, he added a third spire rising from the intersection of transept, nave and choir. In many cases only one of the two intended spires was built. This is the way in the famous instances of Antwerp and Strasburg; and the finished spire looks all the higher by comparison with the spireless tower beside it. At the beautiful cathedral of Chartres the two spires on the western towers are of different dates, and so show something of the gradual development of spire building. That on the right of the entrance is a comparatively plain piece of work; all its beauty is in its graceful form. The other spire to the left is of later date, and is a mass of elaborate traceries, with graceful detached pinnacles, and quaint gargoyles projecting on all sides. One has all the history of the later developments of the Gothic spire in these two steeples side by side at Chartres.

In the public library of Louvain there is a fifteenth-century architectural design, never realized in stone, but intended for the local collegiate church—or, as it is sometimes incorrectly called, "cathedral"—of St. Pierre. The church has two massive towers flanking its western entrance, and over the west window they are joined by a vaulted roof of exceptional solidity. The architect had thought of a new form for the west end of a great church. He designed two spires, one for each of the towers; and a third and higher spire to be placed between them, springing from the vaulting over the end window. The drawing gives one the impression that the result would have been a structure that would have been world-famous for its dignity and beauty. The outward thrust of the vast mass of the central spire would have been enormous, but the designer has provided for it by an elaborate system of

decorated buttresses for the two side towers; and, besides these, a system of flying buttresses rising against the lower part of the central spire.

To build a high spire above a vaulted roof is to provide for suspending high in air a mass of some thousands of tons of stone. Where the spire rises from the middle of a church or cathedral, over the intersection of nave and transept, the architect makes provision for this by erecting solid piers at this point, and supporting them against the outward thrust by strengthening at the outset the arches of nave and transept and choir. Thus, from the extra structural strength that has been put into the central arching of Westminster Abbey, it has been argued that its builders meant to have eventually erected a spire at this point. At Salisbury cathedral the tall central spire—the highest in England and one of the highest in the world—was an afterthought. The arches of the choir, not being originally meant for such a strain, showed signs of giving way under its weight. Some of our modern architects would have met the difficulty by putting in cross-ties of iron or steel. Not so the mediæval builder: he tried to make every necessary element of his structure beautiful; and even when he had made, as in this instance, a miscalculation, he found a way of remedying it and at the same time adding to the beauty of the building. He designed and built reversed arches from pillar to pillar, with an upright arch below; and these duplicated and reversed arches add a new charm to the choir and at the same time assure the safety of the great spire.

Attempts have been made by architects of the Renaissance and more modern styles to introduce into their buildings spires containing no Gothic elements. Such attempts usually end in failure. London has amongst its eccentricities of architecture a spire

designed by the simple process of taking the octagonal Temple of the Winds at Athens and piling one on the other a series of models of the building, each smaller than the other. There is another spire erected on a Protestant parish church which was to be a memorial of the jubilee of King George III. It is a slender stepped pyramid, with the King's statue at the top of it!

The spire belongs to Gothic architecture as completely as the campanile to Italian and Byzantine, and the minaret to Oriental architecture. We have seen how it was evolved from the efforts to decorate the roofs of belfry towers and turrets, and from such small beginnings became a dominant feature of ecclesiastical architecture. Later a symbolical meaning was given to it. The spire pointing heavenward was regarded as a silent preacher conveying its everlasting message of *Sursum corda*,—"Lift up your hearts to God." But, although chiefly used in church and cathedral building, it is not exclusively ecclesiastical: it is a feature of more than one of the beautiful Gothic townhalls of northern Europe, especially in Belgian cities. Everyone who has been in Brussels will remember the tower and spire of its mediæval Hôtel de Ville, crowned with the statue of St. Michael, the patron of the city.

WITH what affectionate devotion Jesus wishes us to honor His Mother by having recourse to her protection, since He has placed in her the plenitude of all gifts, in such wise that no grace comes to us from the Heart of Jesus without passing through Mary's hands!—*St. Bernard*.

IF within thy breast beats a heart warm, loyal, generous, an heroic heart, speak,—oh, speak! If not, silence, thou sounding brass! Silence, thou tinkling cymbal!—*Abbé Roux*.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

V.—DESOLATION.

SEBASTIAN earnestly set himself to fulfil the monk's command, and to gain some knowledge of Mirvan before he again attempted to bring about that ultimate good which he intended the child.

It was no easy task. He took the road to the forest hut at intervals, unknown to Lucia, but he made no way at all in the desired conciliation. He thought Mirvan's mother took some comfort from his comings; but the child himself held aloof, untamable, shy and sullen. He evidently regarded Sebastian as an enemy to his peace; and, although he was generally present throughout the Count's visits, probably owing to his mother's command, he contributed nothing to their amenity beyond a silent disapproval and childish disdain. His mother, wise in this, left him to himself, knowing him too well to attempt to coerce his feeling; and Sebastian, after some rejected advances, soon came to do likewise, talking to her alone and leaving the boy unnoticed.

From her he learned the brief story of Bertrand's illness and death; and the tears fell down his face as he heard it, she remaining unmoved in the telling. She was like one already dead, who has lived out life's experience to its end, and only awaits the bodily release. But when Sebastian began to speak of his brother's childhood, as he remembered it, she listened intently; for even the dead can be athirst. Meanwhile he noticed that Mirvan had forgotten his hostility, and had drawn nearer to listen, his great eyes, grown gentle, fixed upon the speaker. But as soon as he found himself observed, his little face hardened into indifference, and he turned resentfully away.

Sebastian made various overtures to this small and haughty personage, but without success. He tried to propitiate the bear and the fox, but these shared their master's temper and refused to treat. The suggestion, casually thrown out, of a ride upon Vizier almost took the city by storm. But, though Mirvan consented to stroke the horse's silky shoulder, his resolution stood firm.

Sebastian did not again see the monk. He sometimes heard in the distance the monastery bell, but no nearer token of that singular presence was vouchsafed him. He was now beginning to realize the wisdom of the monk's reproof, and seriously to doubt whether it were not better and kinder to leave Mirvan as he was, nor strive to impose a change that was so coldly welcomed.

Matters stood thus when he was called away from home for a time in the interest of a small outlying estate which needed his personal care. It lay some hundred miles distant, to the north; and he expected, with the two journeys, to be absent about a fortnight. It was with a certain sense of relief that he contemplated his departure. His total failure to accomplish anything with regard to Mirvan made him glad to give up his efforts for a time. When he said farewell he noticed some signs of relenting in the child's manner, but he was not deceived by this courtesy extended to a foe in retreat. Still, it gave him some idea of what the real Mirvan was like, behind the strange little mask he had so persistently worn. Also, as the Count rode away, he stood beside his mother in the doorway and seriously waved his small hand in farewell.

Sebastian was absent longer than he had anticipated. His father's death, and the circumstances which followed it, had delayed his visit until long past its usual season; and he found an accumulation and an entanglement of affairs awaiting him. From day to

day his return was retarded; and, instead of a fortnight, more than a month had gone by when he once more set out for home.

The first morning after reaching Oldenburg he took the road through the forest. It was the month of September, and the early frosts had colored but not loosened the leaves. The autumn sunshine tempered the keenness of the air and glorified the foliage overhead; but in the shadow the dews still lay heavy, glistening silver-white.

As he drew near to the hut he was struck by an indefinable change in its aspect. No smoke rose from the roof, and the blank darkness of the open door seemed to speak of emptiness within. He felt a chill apprehension fall upon him; but then he remembered that even so lonely and forsaken had it looked on the day when he first saw it, and he attributed the renewal of this impression to his month's absence in other scenes. Yet the cold apprehension remained on his heart, in spite of his reason's reassurance, as he hastily approached it and entered.

It was empty. The grey ashes of a burned-out fire lay in the grate, drearily revealed by the light from the chimney. The window was close-shuttered, the air of the room damp and disheartening, as in places long disused. He penetrated to the inner room. This also was empty; and here, too, a fire had burned itself out, leaving its desolate débris of sunken ash. He passed out again, and went all round the hut, the fair sunshine seeming to hurt his senses by contrast with the inner gloom; but he could find no trace of recent habitation. He called the name of "Mirvan" repeatedly, thinking, with one of the mind's unaccountable impulses, that the name of Mirvan's mother was unknown to him; but no answer came. Again he entered the darkened

room and sat down, dazed and shaken.

Had he dreamed it all, like the old knight who slept in the ruined mill and dreamed it into life again? Had he fallen under some enchantment here in the forest which his absence had broken or made of no effect? Real anxiety soon banished these fantastic fears. What had chanced to the child and his mother? There was only one hope of discovery, and he turned his steps in all haste in the direction of the Monastery of St. Nazarius, taking the path by which Mirvan and the monk had departed three months before. So deeply engrossed was he by his fears and forebodings that he forgot his horse, which followed him of its own accord down the winding footpath.

It was no great distance. The path ended at a small postern-gate in the grey monastery wall. But it was locked; and, although the Count struck upon it repeatedly with his riding-whip, awaking all the sleeping echoes of the place, he could gain no hearing, and was obliged to force his way round, through tangle and brushwood, to the main entrance on the other side. Here he entered easily, unquestioned.

The space enclosed by the cloisters was wide and green, with peacefully spreading trees and a cool fountain in the midst. At any other time Sebastian might have felt the influence of its tranquil beauty, but now he was too intent upon his errand. He saw a young lay-brother of the Order pacing the cloisters, an open book in his hand. Him he accosted without ceremony, asking urgently to see the Abbot.

"The Father is celebrating Mass in the chapel," the monk answered. "Can the noble stranger wait?"

Sebastian checked his impatience with the thought that, whatever had happened, it was over long ago, and submitted to be led into the Abbot's study. After a period of waiting, which seemed long but was in reality short,

the Abbot of St. Nazarius entered: an old man of a dignified and kindly presence, in keeping with the calm of his surroundings,—that refuge from a world of strife. He welcomed his visitor with courtesy.

Sebastian made himself known and explained the reason of his coming.

"A woman and a child?" the Abbot repeated, musingly. "A woman died in the forest some weeks since. Could it be the same?"

"I fear it is," Sebastian answered; and he told how he had found the deserted hut that morning.

"Yes, she is dead," the Abbot repeated. "It was a grievous thing, and especially for the child."

"What of the child?" Sebastian asked, expecting to hear that Mirvan, too, was dead, and the dream ended.

"The child is here with us," the Father rejoined. "But his grief is terrible and will not abate." He looked at the Count. "You are interested in this child?" he asked.

Sebastian explained the relationship, wondering that it should be needful.

"I knew nothing of it," the Abbot said. "We ask not here of earthly titles, but help the needy and the sorrowful."

It struck Sebastian as strange that such a benignant manner could be at the same time so unsympathetic. This surely was charity, not love.

"May I see him?" he asked. "I am now his next of kin. I wish to befriend him if I can."

"Surely," the Abbot answered, and he rang a bell. "He is a source of great perplexity to us," he went on, when he had sent to summon Mirvan, "so unmeasured has been his sorrow. He is distraught with weeping, and will suffer the approach of none of us save Brother Anselm, who has but lately joined the Order, and who in some way has gained an influence over the child. It is a wild, unruly little nature, sorely

in need of the constraining force of religion; but Anselm esteems it best not to trouble him with admonitions at present. After we had buried the mother, the child ran away and we could find no trace of him for some days and nights. All that time he must have wandered weeping in the woods, and it was Anselm who at last found him, weak and famished, in the empty hut, and brought him here. He has with him two strange creatures, from whom he will not be parted, and in whom he seems to find a most unchristian comfort. Wild as himself, they tear and bite all who come near him except Anselm."

Sebastian's heart was wrung at the thought of Mirvan's sorrow, and again he resented the seeming indifference of the Father's tone. But he said nothing, for the door opened to admit Mirvan and the monk.

They came into the room hand in hand, just as he had last seen them together; and for a moment Sebastian forgot the child he had come to see in the repeated impression of this monk's personality. It came with fresh force after his interview with the Abbot. By contrast with that mild and venerable countenance, the lines of the younger face seemed austere even to harshness, his bearing uncompromisingly stern. Yet here, Sebastian felt, and not there, lay the true refuge for the needy and the sorrowful. He did not reason upon it, nor question into its causes; he was conscious of the sense of security which answered to his groping touch, and realized how it was that Mirvan turned away from the Abbot's cold stone of admonitory pity to this living bread of strength and understanding.

As he acknowledged the monk's greeting, he looked at the child and saw how pitifully he was changed, his face blinded with weeping, though he now wept no longer. He held his friend's hand in a despairing grasp, as

though this alone, physically as well as morally, held him on his feet; for he swayed giddily as he came forward, and might have fallen but for Anselm's support.

"Here is the Count Sebastian of Oldenburg, Mirvan," the monk said,— "the same who knew your mother."

Sebastian, remembering how he had failed to win the child in the height of his happiness, had little hope of being even tolerated now. He did not know how sorrow prostrates and humbles the spirit, especially in childhood; nor had he noticed the monk's skilful touch of the one responsive note. Mirvan shivered at his mother's name. Then, not loosening the hand Anselm held, stretched out the other, cold as a stone, to Sebastian, who took and kept it in silence.

The Abbot spoke.

"I did not know," he said, "that this child was connected with the family of Oldenburg."

"It was known to me," Anselm answered. But neither then nor later did Sebastian learn how it had become known to him.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "something of the circumstances of this sudden death? I have been absent only a month, and when I left all was well with the child and his mother."

"She made a good end," the monk responded. "She was worn away within, and a slight fever served to set her free."

Again, as once before, there came to Sebastian, through the monk's tone, the arresting sense of a depth and comprehension of meaning behind and beyond the actual words. "She has made a good end." The trite religious phrase was, somehow, transfigured and overcharged under its cold reticence; and once more in the echoes of his memory, as though roused by some secret touch, sounded his brother's cry: "I go to my Love."

"She spoke of you in dying," the monk went on, "and said these words: 'Tell him to take my son home and be good to him. It is no matter about the inheritance.' You remember your mother's words, Mirvan?" he said, laying his hand on the child's head.

Mirvan nodded, unable to speak.

"You will go with the Count?"

"Yes." It was spoken this time.

Sebastian sat in speechless amazement at this swift, decisive development of affairs. He thought of Lucia; but immediately realized that for her, whom no preparation could prepare, Mirvan's coming could not be too sudden. Another doubt succeeded.

"Is it wise," he inquired, "to take him away from the only friend he will trust?"

"He will be better with you," Anselm answered; "and he knows I will not desert him."

Mirvan here finally settled the point by drawing away his hand from Anselm's and laying it on Sebastian's in token of self-surrender.

The Count lifted him into his arms.

"I have no confidence in myself," he said; "but I have a son of this same age. All my hope is in Humphrey."

The monk smiled.

"It will be the best medicine just now for a sick spirit," he said. "Take him with you to-day; and if you need me, send and I will come."

The Count rode home slowly; for Mirvan, exhausted in mind and body, and half drugged by the horse's even motion, leaned wearily against him in an apathy that was hardly sleep. It was a long ride, and the shadows of the autumn afternoon were lengthening when they at last reached the Castle. Sebastian carried the tired-out child up the steps and into the hall.

It so happened that Lucia had but just returned from a round of visits, and was standing, in all her panoply

of silks and feathers, at the foot of the stairs, as they came in.

"In Heaven's name, Sebastian, what have you there?" she said. "A *child!*"

Sebastian had set Mirvan down, and was unfastening the riding-cloak in which he had wrapped him. His tiny wretchedness made a strange figure in the great hall, facing the fashionable lady, his aunt.

It was Sebastian's desire always to deal gently with Lucia, but now and then his resolution gave way. It did so now.

"I beg you to be silent," he said, the sorrow of his face gathered into sternness. "You shall have full explanations later, but in the meantime I will not have him troubled. Where is Humphrey?"

Humphrey had been with his mother on her rounds. He came forward from the background, looking white and small in his dark velvet suit. He paused when he saw how his father was accompanied.

"This is your cousin Mirvan," the Count said. "He is very tired, and would like to be quiet. Will you take him to Anna?"

Humphrey's face flushed with the shyness of this sudden responsibility, but his hospitable instinct prevailed. He came near and held out his hand.

"Will you come to the nursery?" he said. "I will take you."

And while Lucia stood, in indignant silence, waiting for the promised explanation, the two children passed away upstairs and out of sight.

(To be continued.)

Mary's Tears.

BY S. M. R.

THE tears, O Mother Mary,
That dimmed thy gentle eyes
Were golden coins of ransom
From mints of sacrifice!

A Link with the Past.

THROUGH ST. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A. OXON.

(CONCLUSION.)

THRILLED by such memories, we pass into the great collegiate chapel itself. As St. Edmund's is the principal heir of Catholic Oxford, this sacred edifice is modelled after several college chapels in our beloved *alma mater*. It consists of ante-chapel with transepts, in its midst an elaborate roodscreen, and, within, the chapel proper, with its long rows of stalls on either side,—the vista thus afforded being one of much beauty. To the right is the "Griffiths Chantry" chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, surrounded by an oaken screen and containing the tomb of this church's founder. The elaborate reredos displays a statue of England's martyred Primate, with angels kneeling in side niches, while the stone altar is beautifully carved. Bishop Thomas Griffiths' monument consists of a stone cenotaph surmounted by his recumbent effigy vested in Gothic pontificals,—just as may be seen in all our old cathedrals. The actual coffin rests in a vault below, together with the silver case containing Bishop Poynter's heart. The double-light window of this chantry chapel represents St. Thomas the Apostle and St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Passing on, we reach the elaborate and exquisite roodscreen which forms the principal feature of this church and enlists the admiration of every visitor. Before the Reformation every Catholic edifice had its Holy Rood, or large central crucifix, with the attendant statues of Our Lady and St. John on either side, upon a useful and ornamental screen all painted and gilded.

This example at Old Hall is perhaps even Pugin's masterpiece; the screen

itself is constructed of white stone and pierced underneath by an effective double arcade of seven arches. Up above its slender columns, the quatrefoils are carved with Scriptural scenes; and above this, in turn, is a parapet of open design with the rood-lights on each side of the cross. The sacred images themselves are beautifully executed and richly decorated in color; at the Rood's extremities are carved the emblems of the four Evangelists, while upon its reverse side Holy Church's four Doctors are depicted as of old. The organ, given by Mr. W. G. Ward and divided into two parts, now stands on the rood-loft,—an arrangement reminiscent of Protestantism, which poor Pugin, fortunately, never saw, but doubtless the most convenient alternative.

On either side of the central arch and under the screen, there is a stone altar, with five statuettes in niches, groined vaulting above, and stained-glass in its arch,—another ancient custom. On the right rests the body of Bishop Weathers under an engraved slab; he was president of St. Edmund's from 1851 to 1868 and during the opening of this chapel. Within the roodscreen stretches the long choir, with its collegiate stalls—three rows on each side—of carved oak, and great east window of flamboyant tracery. In the centre is a splendid "eagle" lectern of bronze, while before the high altar stand four massive silver candelabra. The timber roof is painted and gilded over the sanctuary; part of this was the work of three students—one being afterward Bishop Virtue of Portsmouth,—and their "chief," the late Canon White of Hammersmith. The whole choir is now adorned in polychrome according to mediæval designs; but, in my humble opinion, its countless square "lozenges" somewhat spoil the entire fabric. The general effect of Pugin's design is indeed dignity and simplicity combined.

The high altar portrays the sacrifices of the Old and the New Law in its stone panels; while the reredos is beautifully carved, with marble shafts and adoring angels; glittering brass doors, studded with large crystals, guard the Holy of Holies itself. The clergy of the London District presented this work to their old college in 1848. Up above, the glass of the east window, given by Bishop Griffiths, represents Our Lord surrounded by His Mother, Apostles, and patron saints. Every window in the entire chapel is now stained glass; those in the sanctuary display scenes from St. Edmund's life and were the gift of the Edmundian Association. Elsewhere the "Crimean window," erected in 1857, commemorates the three heroic Edmundian priests who died as army chaplains in the Crimea; one of these received the Last Sacraments from the late Bishop Butt of Southwark, who, himself dangerously ill, had to be carried far in the snow for the purpose,—a touching episode subsequently immortalized on canvas.

A very interesting window is that of the English Martyrs, put up in 1887 to commemorate the beatifications; all save three of the fifty-four *beati* are represented around their Divine Master in glory. The "Ward window" commemorates the famous Dr. William G. Ward, a convert clergyman and an Oxford don; he was afterward a professor here for some time, and lived in a small house adjacent, specially designed by Pugin—now St. Hugh's preparatory school. Among his children is the present genial and popular president of the college, who, by his two admirable books upon it, has become its chronicler too. One window recalls the centenary of 1893; another, historic Douai; others, the founders and the presidents of St. Edmund's.

Returning to the ante-chapel, our attention is arrested by its unique

Stations of the Cross, framed in alabaster,—one of the new Bishop Fenton's munificent gifts to his old college; they cost four hundred guineas and were painted by Westlake. Another of his gifts when president was the entire pavement in Minton tiles specially designed.

To the left stands a beautiful little Lady chapel, erected in 1861 through the generosity of the three brothers Luck; numerous carvings refer to the Blessed Virgin, while the elaborate altarpiece represents the Holy Family. Here lies buried the illustrious Dr. Butler, Oblate of St. Charles and Cardinal Manning's great friend; a gleaming brass portrays him in Mass vestments. Opposite is the large reliquary—a triptych cabinet of oak, most admirably arranged. The chief relics within are a fragment of the True Cross, sealed by Bishop Talbot and ornamented with diamonds; portions of St. Thomas à Becket's hairshirt and St. Charles Borromeo's biretta (both formerly at Douai). Here, too, stands the devotional stone statue of the Madonna given by the students at their chapel's inauguration; it is in the mediæval style—Our Lady, wearing a large crown, holds the Divine Infant in one hand and a sceptre in the other,—and is greatly revered by all Edmundians.

Within the graceful stone screen of this Lady chapel is the famous college shrine to its patron saint; this was constructed to receive the relic of St. Edmund (the entire fibula of his left leg), presented to Old Hall through Cardinal Wiseman by Monseigneur Bernardou, Archbishop of Sens, in 1853. Its exquisite reliquary was designed by Edward Pugin, and is mounted in silver, richly jewelled; two kneeling angels support the cylinder containing the precious relic itself. During the late Bishop Patterson's tenure of the presidency a miraculous cure was effected through its medium, in November, 1871.

A student had been seriously hurt and the local doctor pronounced his case hopeless; thereupon the zealous president made a vow before this relic to erect an altar to St. Edmund, and then applied it to the sufferer. Even the Protestant physician confessed he could not account for the boy's subsequent recovery except through "our fellow's prayers"!

At this time the unhappy "Romanizing" movement was in full swing,—Pugin's Gothic vestments were being cut into Italian shapes, and so forth. The new altar, therefore, was Roman in design, with *gradino*, *antependium* and *baldachino*; moreover, it alone is not orientated. A beautiful triptych above was the gift of Cardinal Vaughan (once vice-president of Old Hall), and portrays St. Edmund, with SS. Augustine and Thomas of Canterbury, Gregory of Rome, and Charles of Milan,—all accounted patrons here as at Douai.

In front of the altar now rests the body of its donor; the inscription above was composed by himself and concludes with a verse of Wiseman's college hymn, "O beate mi Edmunde." This good Bishop had been an Anglican clergyman, but was received into the One Fold at Jerusalem itself in 1850; his face was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen,—truly "like that of an angel" and the index to his own self.

Outside the main fabric and beyond the cloisters is yet another chapel—"Scholefield Chantry." This is an elaborate specimen of decorated architecture; the altar and reredos are richly carved with the Crucifixion and the Ascension. Black marble columns support the vaulted roof, with its intricate bosses; and around are a series of bas-reliefs representing the Seven Works of Mercy! Altogether, as readers will surmise from this brief description, St. Edmund's college chapel is replete with beauty and interest,—in fact, a perfect

gem. *Domus Mea domus orationis!*

There are three sacristies. Over the principal vesting-table hangs the picture of St. Andrew Corsini (then erroneously thought to represent St. Edmund!), which formerly adorned the old chapel's solitary altar; and upon it stands that same altar's crucifix of ivory exquisitely carved. A massive vestment chest once stood in the Bavarian Embassy Chapel in Warwick Street,—one of the few places in London where Holy Mass was allowed in penal days.

A fine collection of church plate has been amassed during the past century, and includes some very valuable pieces. The principal Gothic monstrance was specially designed for this chapel by Pugin; and another, studded with diamonds, was recently presented by Canon White of holy memory. These Gothic monstrances display the Sacred Host more clearly than the ordinary circular kind, and are also more beautiful in form. Some of the chalices date from the eighteenth century; one given in 1847 was consecrated by the chapel's founder, and several are of historic interest or special value,—the modern gifts being of the Gothic pattern, mostly jewelled or enamelled. Here, too, one sees how superior is the old shape, both more artistic and more safe than the Renaissance pattern.

There are many sets of vestments, but only one remains from the old chapel, where the Gallican chasuble was adopted. The best white vestments are Roman, richly embroidered; but almost all the new sets are Gothic, to match the church itself,—hallowed by old English tradition and intrinsically far more beautiful. Happily, the day of bigotry in this matter seems to be passing away; it is widely recognized that Gothic vestments should be used in Gothic churches and the modern Italian pattern in Renaissance basilicas.

Returning to the college itself, there is much to be seen. The refectory,

or great hall, is a stately apartment, with a western gallery and many interesting portraits of old Edmundians, such as the vicars-apostolic formerly its presidents. Quite recently a smaller Exhibition Hall has been erected through the zealous efforts of Monsignor Ward, where plays are performed by the boys, and other festivities take place on special occasions. Here, too, are some interesting pictures. The library contains a fine collection of books and several busts of former presidents, including the alabaster effigy of Bishop Patterson which was so much admired at the Royal Academy, London.

But, next to the chapel, the great sight at St. Edmund's is its famous museum, with the Douai heirlooms: here, in glass cases, are exhibited an unrivalled collection of priceless links with our historic past. In the Douay Room is a very old altar, dating from the days of persecution, which folds up so as to appear like a bookcase; perhaps more than one martyr has offered the Holy Sacrifice upon it, and invalid priests still use it sometimes. Here at present reposes another large relic of St. Edmund, lately brought by the exiled Fathers from Pontigny now settled near Old Hall and destined for Westminster Cathedral.

Here also are a few relics of Douai martyrs not yet beatified, including letters from the Venerable Thomas Maxfield (M. 1616); there are many small portraits of them, together with a contemporary painting of Venerable William Ward (M. 1641). The manuscript rules of Douai College dating from the early seventeenth century, a collection of its books (including some Plain Chant manuals), first editions of the Douai Bible, financial accounts, letters, and so forth, occupy the centre of this little treasure-chamber. Of special interest is a quantity of Douai plate given to the English College by

Howards, Talbots, and other honored names,—buried during the Revolution of 1790, and only rediscovered, after excavation, in 1863. An ancient illustrated book printed in Rome itself, concerning the glories of our *Ecclesia Anglicana* and specially referring to its martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was the principal means of obtaining the equivalent beatifications of A. D. 1886.

The adjacent gallery now contains the crimson robes of England's three Cardinal Metropolitans—Wiseman, Manning and Vaughan; the fresh color of the latter, spattered here and there with ink from a busy pen, is of pathetic significance. Here, too, one sees the violet cassock of the renowned Bishop Challoner (d. 1781); it has countless little buttons and is of more becoming shape than its modern representative. In this gallery now reposes the simple but hallowed monstrance used for over a century at St. Edmund's and in each of its four successive chapels. Close by are ugly Gallican mitres, several pectoral crosses and other *pontificalia* which belonged to the vicars-apostolic; the leaden crucifix and engraved plate from Bishop Poynter's coffin; an ancient rosary ring, often used in penal times instead of the forbidden beads; an episcopal pastoral ordering thanksgivings for the victory of Trafalgar; an anonymous note warning good Bishop Talbot of his intended apprehension for the new "Popish seminary" at "Odey Green" (Old Hall Green); many old books of devotion; a curious eighteenth-century mortuary notice, and numerous other treasures from the past.

Two more rooms—once the temporary chapel—contain many objects often seen in museums, such as Saxon armor, Norman pottery, and mediæval church plate; but there are some special things here. A fine collection of autograph letters, and so forth,

includes the manuscript of Cardinal Wiseman's hymn to the *patronus*; other souvenirs of great men are preserved—e. g., a ducal tooth from Wellington's jaw, presumably obtained through a Popish dentist. In the Georgian cabinet are faded clothes, china, trinkets, and a tiny fragment of Queen Caroline's wedding veil. Several cases are full of ancient vestments, some being of much beauty or peculiar interest. Especially notable are the crimson robes of "il Cardinale Odescalchi," who in 1676 became Pope Innocent XI. These were given to the college by our late beloved Cardinal of holy memory. Though doubtless faded, they appear to have been a less vivid crimson than is the rule to-day, and the quaint "shovel" hat is of enormous size. Various souvenirs of Pío Nono and Leo XIII. have been presented, including the papal slippers embroidered with a cross,—the Pope's toe of Protestant phantasy!

Here a fourteenth-century Papal Bull authorizes the foundation of a chantry at the Derbyshire village of Glossop; there some cloth is stained with the blood of the Jacobite Lord Derwentwater executed in 1716. Among the books I noticed one which had belonged to the unfortunate King James II. and is beautifully bound. A great seal of Queen Elizabeth portrays—for the first time, it is said—the plaintive Irish harp in our royal arms! Perhaps the latest additions to this museum are numerous mementos of the recent war in South Africa sent to St. Edmund's by her gallant soldier sons.

Behind the college stands the Old Hall itself, so fragrant with storied memories, and fortunately still intact; it is now partially occupied by exiled French nuns. I was enabled to see that historic loft up in the roof, with adjacent hiding-places for the priest in case of necessity, where Mass was said in secret under the penal *régime* (by

Bishop Talbot among others). Close by here is the site of the first public chapel, where Douai was reconstituted; what emotions such scenes call forth! The college grounds are very charming, and there are capital playing-fields for the boys, who number nearly two hundred. The house in which the president (Mgr. Ward) was born is now St. Hugh's School, with its own little chapel and separate staff, for the younger lads,—under the kindly care of Father Nolan.

It was the writer's privilege to spend Corpus Christi Day this year at St. Edmund's College; and, as our new Archbishop himself presided at the sacred ceremonies, this privilege was much enhanced. Owing to the threatening state of the weather, the customary outdoor procession had to be abandoned. Our zealous chief pastor carried the Most Blessed Sacrament, preceded by a long array of clerics, or "divines," with torches, banners, and canopy, to the thrilling strains of the *Pange Lingua*. All the lay students followed in pairs, and Benediction was given from Our Lady's shrine in the *ambulacrum*. As England's Metropolitan, heir of St. Augustine our apostle, raised aloft the Sacred Host, a ray of sunlight unexpectedly illuminated the altar, typical of the triumphant resurrections witnessed at this historic spot. Then the long procession returned to the church, while all sang the *Lauda Sion* to its ancient tones.

So did our Blessed Lord, in the silent glory of His Eucharistic Presence, pass over the tombs of those faithful servants, the vicars-apostolic of penal days, and under the memorials of our Douai martyrs, who won for us this glad Second Spring. Within the chapel, especially from beyond the roodscreen, the scene was very impressive. It is interesting to note that his Grace used the crosier of Bishop Stapleton (formerly head of the English College

at St. Omer, who helped found St. Edmund's and was its first president); this had been in Cardinal Wiseman's hand when the chapel was consecrated in 1853, and often in that of Cardinal Vaughan.

Afterward at dinner in the college refectory the writer was kindly given the place of honor at the high table next to Archbishop Bourne. In the course of conversation his Grace recalled how he himself had been a student here,—little thinking what coming years should bring. The stately hall, with its scores of youthful faces, was in itself an earnest of the future as well as a tribute to the past. Catholic England may well be proud of this venerated old college, St. Edmund's patrimony. In conclusion, we confidently trust it may flourish *ad multos annos*, each generation adding further glories to a record already historic.

O beate mi Edmunde,
Sic pro me ad Filium Dei
Cum Maria preces funde
Ut per vos sim placens Ei!

BEYOND all charity is the charity which the Mother of God most mercifully showed to us when she willingly gave up her Son to die for us. As God's love to man is shown supremely in that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for us, so the charity of Mary is displayed most conspicuously in her willing offering of her only Son, which she made first in the Temple and afterward on Calvary. She was content to behold His bitter sufferings, she acquiesced in them all, because at no other price than those sufferings could our souls be saved. And in reward for this all-surpassing charity on the part of the Mother of God, she has become an unfailing channel of grace to men. Let us love Mary, who loved us so much as to give for our sake what she loved infinitely better than herself.

The Last Leaf.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

A NEAR neighbor of mine was Mr. Matthias Power, an ex-sergeant of the police, retired on pension, who lived in a neat cottage close to my house. There was something uncommon about the man, as well as about his Christian name. To all outward seeming he was a stern, reserved, cold and unsympathetic sort of man. Such, at least, was my impression of him until I knew him better. In time, however, I discovered that beneath this mask of apparent harshness and crustiness there was, at least for one individual, a depth of love and tenderness which it would be hard to equal. That one was his only surviving child, a girl of some twelve years when I came to the parish.

My old housekeeper told me all about his history since he came to live in Killanure, about eight years previously. His wife, a young and strikingly handsome woman, as I learned, died the first year of their residence in the nice little cottage, leaving him the legacy of a baby boy, who followed her to heaven a few weeks after. It was a hard blow for a man who had only just retired on a comfortable competence after long years of arduous labor. He had married late in life; and he might have been the father of the gentle, winsome girl who, as he fondly hoped, would cheer and sooth the evening of his life in the quiet and blissful repose of domestic happiness.

Old Nancy dilated at length on the subject of his chivalrous devotion and respectful attentions to his young wife. "He doted down on her," she said, "and he dressed her like a queen; faith

they were the talk of the parish in a few weeks, with everyone praising them. Well, when the poor thing died, sure half the parish came to her funeral, short a time and all as they were in the place. It nearly broke the poor man's heart, and only he had little Lucy left to him it was people's opinion that he'd soon follow her, he was that fond of her, the poor, dear creature! Ah, that was the purty child! Everyone called her 'little Lucy'; and she smiled at everybody and everybody smiled at her as she passed through the village with her father, always holding his hand, and skipping along by his side like a little lamb—God bless her!"

After his wife's death he centred all his affections in this child. She was everything to him now; and as she grew up she displayed more and more the graces of her dead mother, of whom everybody said that she was the perfect image. If anything, indeed, her mother's charms were intensified and perfected in her, just as the natural beauty of a lovely landscape is made still more beautiful by the artist's brush which touches up the little imperfections seemingly overlooked by nature.

The neighbors told me that when Lucy was able to go to school, it was with great reluctance that the old man agreed to let her out of his sight even for a few hours daily. He accompanied her to the school door every morning, went to meet her at noon when she came home for lunch, and again went to bring her home at three o'clock. Indeed, he was oftentimes seen hanging round the school all the time from early morning until playtime, and from then till the hour for breaking up; keeping guard over the place which held his little darling, the treasure of his heart. She was indeed, in the expressive Irish phrase, his *gradh geal mo croidh*—"bright love of my heart."

Of course I was not long in the parish

without making the acquaintance of my interesting neighbors. Mr. Power, as everybody called him, was a fresh-faced man, slightly stooped, always very trim and neat in dress and appearance even on weekdays. On Sundays he wore a black suit that seemed ever as bran-new as the day it left the hands of the tailor. On Christmas Day and Easter Sunday he donned a brown cloth overcoat, with velvet collar, that, apparently, was absolutely proof against the ravages of time.

He was precise of speech but reticent; although he would always reply, I noticed, to little Lucy's questions, however trivial they might be; and he would listen with a pleased expression to her artless babble, as if her voice possessed for him the charms of sweetest music. And often I noticed how the stern, sad face of the fond father relaxed into a smile when he looked with pride and joy on the sunny countenance of her who hung on his arm; and the thought crossed my mind sometimes, as I watched them going thus for their evening walk—with a whole-hearted *absit tamen*, needless to say,—what would become of that man should God call home that angel-child in the first flush of her baptismal innocence to join her little brother in the better land? Alas! I little thought that this random and unwelcome suggestion should ever be realized; and least of all that I myself should ever say to that beautiful girl, so full of bounding life, the hard words, "Depart, Christian soul, out of this life!" But I am anticipating somewhat.

She was in reality a most beautiful girl, well-grown for her age, and having all the appearance of perfect, buoyant health. She was gifted also with intelligence of a high order. Her features were almost faultlessly perfect and pleasing: eyes of cerulean blue, rippling brown hair, cheeks mantling with the roses of health and vigor.

Indeed, whenever I saw her I used to think of Burke's glowing eulogium of the charms of the Dauphiness, afterward the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette: "Never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy."

Well, toward the end of my third year in the parish an epidemic of scarlatina of a virulent type broke out in the district, and Lucy amongst other school-children contracted it. As might be expected, her father was wellnigh distracted with grief and anxiety about his darling, and for days and nights could with difficulty be torn from her bedside. Fortunately, the attack proved to be a slight one, and she rapidly recovered. However, soon after the scaling process was completed—which left her complexion even clearer and fairer than before—she unaccountably caught a chill which developed into meningitis. Thus the fair promise of a speedy and perfect recovery proved to be of that delusive kind which "keeps the word of promise to our ears and breaks it to our hope." God, in the inscrutable ways of His Divine Providence, which are not our ways, had decreed that this virgin lily should not run the risk of being soiled or sullied by the usages of this rude world, and chose this occasion to snatch her away to join His throng of white-robed virgins "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

It was my sad duty to attend her in this illness, and the memory of it will, I think, haunt me always. It is associated with sadness no doubt,—sadness tender, pathetic, and yet strangely soothing; but I have long since ceased to think of it as merely a sad episode. It has become to me a memory of gladness, of hope, of edification and spiritual enlightenment, more soul-inspiring than whole volumes of ascetical theology; for I am

convinced that I assisted at the passing away of an angel to God's home, and that the sad words, "Depart, Christian soul," but ushered in her true natal day to glory. Yes, her fifteen years, I verily believe, had left unsullied the snow-white robe of her baptismal innocence.

When she fully realized the dangerous nature of this second illness, her resignation was admirable and very edifying. She professed herself perfectly willing and ready to die. The doctor found it necessary to cut off her beautiful and abundant hair; and when she saw the severed and once much-prized tresses in the hands of her weeping nurse, she said in the most unconcerned way: "Don't mind, Ellen; put it in the coffin with me."

Toward the end she became delirious and raved a good deal, and sang snatches of the hymns she used to sing in the children's choir. Her last farewell words to her broken-hearted father were very touching, and moved me, I confess, to tears.

"Father," she said, "don't fret for me, for I'm going home to God. And if I'm leaving you, sure I'm going to meet mother, and we'll wait for you in God's house; and won't it be lovely for us all to be together? Father, if I lived to be a big girl you might die before me, mightn't you? And then I'd be very lonesome all by myself; and I might have a long time to wait before I could join mother and you in heaven. So it's just as well for me to go first. Oh, I see the Blessed Virgin there in the picture"—pointing to a print of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady,—“and she's smiling at me and beckoning to me! And all the little angels are flying round her. I'm going to be one of them, am I not, Father O'Carroll? Oh, won't that be grand—to fly away to heaven with the Blessed Virgin?”

The old man held her hand to the

last, in a dazed state of speechless agony and bewilderment. She pressed it to her lips in a last fond effort of filial love, and died in the act. When the women round the deathbed had raised her little head, I thought that her lips were parted in a smile, just like that with which she used to greet me when I met her,—the sweet, winning smile of transparent innocence and childish simplicity. Ah, maybe it was caused by the warm parting kiss of her Guardian Angel as he left his earthly charge, his task done, to give back into God's hands a soul pure and spotless as it came from Him!

When the bereaved father fully realized that his heart's treasure had left him—and the dead lips pressed his hand for a long time ere he felt their fatal coldness,—his grief was pitiable in the extreme; aye, all the more pitiable for being undemonstrative and silent. He would gaze for hours in rapt ecstasy, as it were, on the fair face of the dead girl, while the tears coursed down his cheeks in streams that would seem inexhaustible. And at times he murmured broken words of endearment to the ears that heard them not; for doubtless they were listening to the music of the celestial choirs.

The whole scene reminded me strongly of Dickens' description of the death of little Nell, and her grandfather's inconsolable grief for her loss,—a scene said by some to be the most touching and pathetic thing in literature. The school-children, her playmates, had placed a chaplet of lilies on her head and a bouquet in the dead hands, which were joined as if in prayer. A crucifix rested on her breast. With her closed eyes, and lips parted in the smile they wore when they pressed a last kiss on her father's hand, and the snowy whiteness of the radiantly beautiful face, she seemed to me like a tired angel that had fallen into a gentle slumber; or, to use Dickens' language

describing the appearance of poor little dead Nell: "She seemed like a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death."

It happened that I was changed from Killanure parish some few months after little Lucy's death; but during that time I frequently visited Matthias Power's cottage, and tried by every means to console him and cheer him in his loneliness; but I could see that, although grateful for my visits, he would not be consoled. His was a sorrow whose roots were entwined around his heart, and could not be plucked out without the heart's coming with them.

"Welcome be the will of God," he said,—“aye, welcome a thousand times! And God forgive me if I'm not as resigned as I ought to be under my heavy trials! But, your reverence, I'll have a lonely road to travel till I join them,—a lonely, dreary road. And I think it will be a short one, too; for I feel that my heart is broken.”

These were the words he used on the occasion of my farewell visit to him the day before I left the parish. He looked broken-hearted, in truth; and, verily, years older than he did a few months ago.

It was fully seven years before I saw Matthias Power again. I returned to my old home on a visit to a very particular friend, then the curate of the Mountain Parish. In the long interval I must confess that, although the episode I have narrated often recurred to my memory, I had, in the distraction of other interests and the formation of new friendships, more or less forgotten the old pensioner carrying his load of sorrow along his lonely road. I had witnessed so many scenes of suffering and sorrow since then that the incident of little Lucy's untimely death began to fade from my recollection. No sooner, however, had I looked out from the

window of the old familiar parlor of the curate's Mountain cottage than the name of Matthias Power came at once to my lips, for his house was the first object I saw.

Eagerly I inquired about the old pensioner, and how he had fared during all the long years since little Lucy left him to plod his lonely way alone. His history was soon told, and it filled me with sadness. He still lived in the cottage, cared for and tended by the faithful old woman who shared his joys and sorrows, and witnessed the wreck of all his hopes. Alas, he needed pitying care and sympathy now, for he was a child again! His mind had given way under the weight of his sorrows, and he was a poor, childish imbecile.

I learned from my friend, Father Cummins, that the old man, after Lucy's death, pined away sensibly, and moped about in an aimless fashion, seldom speaking to any one. He spent a good portion of each day in the graveyard where his loved ones were buried, and where he erected a beautiful marble monument over their grave. The impress of his knees on the green mound was plainly visible; for the daily visit was made with religious regularity, in all weathers. By degrees this settled melancholy and constant communing with the dead undermined his mental powers, and he became childish; alternating his time between the churchyard and the Mountain chapel, where he attended daily Mass and prayed for hours every day, doubtless for his loved and lost ones.

Next day I met him coming out of the church, and it was with difficulty I recognized him as the Matthias Power of seven years ago. He was sadly changed—thin, haggard, ghostly in appearance, careless in dress, and weak and shambling in gait. He was bent and broken, and his hair was snow-white,—in fine, the merest shadow of his former self. I accosted him by name,

asking him if he did not remember me. He shook his head in reply, peering at me the while as if trying to catch some vague, fleeting associations of the past.

"Don't you remember Father O'Carroll," I said, "who attended little Lucy long ago?"

"Oh, little Lucy," he answered,— "little Lucy is it? She's up there"— pointing heavenward,— "waiting for me, with Kate and little Matt; and I'm soon going to them,—aye, soon, please God!"

His face wore a mild, calm, untroubled expression, as he said these words; and his sunken eyes brightened as he shuffled off homeward, muttering to himself, or perhaps communing with the spirit world. Evidently he was nearing the end of his lonely road.

"The last leaf," I soliloquized,— "verily, the last leaf!"

"What is that?" said my companion, who evidently had not read Oliver Wendell Holmes' beautiful poem, "The Last Leaf."

"Listen to this," I answered, "and say if it does not describe him:

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone!'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

THERE is a unit of power in our common Christianity that can bring capital and labor together. Christ exemplified in His own person the union of both. Being God, the owner of all things, He was the great capitalist of the universe; and yet, the reputed son of a poor carpenter, He labored at the bench.—*Archbishop Ryan.*

Coronation of Our Lady of Dolors at Telgte.

ABOUT four miles to westward of Münster, the chief town of Westphalia, the small town of Telgte is situated on the banks of the river Ems. This insignificant town, formerly a mere hamlet, is the principal place of pilgrimage in the province of Westphalia, and is held in high honor by the good Catholics of Münster, who are justly noted for their unostentatious piety and firm adherence to the Faith.

The image venerated at Telgte represents Our Lady of Dolors holding in her maternal arms the lifeless body of her crucified Son. It is a beautiful specimen of wood-carving, dating from the fourteenth or fifteenth century: evidently the work of a skilful and pious artist in the Ages of Faith. The pathetic expression of Mary's features as she gazes in silent, tearless sorrow on the countenance of her Son, blanched with the pallor of death, is most touching. With her right hand she supports His thorn-crowned head, while with the other she holds His sacred limbs which rest upon her knees. None can look unmoved on this realistic representation of the Sorrowful Mother and the Dead Christ,—the Mother whose face expresses the tenderest compassion, most poignant grief, unutterable sadness; the lifeless body of the Redeemer disfigured with blood, lacerated with wounds.

At the time of the Reformation the sect of the Anabaptists (Wiedertaufer) set up their standard in Münster, and a century later the Thirty Years' War brought misery and desolation to the whole province. The pilgrimages to Telgte ceased, the shrine was deserted; the miraculous image lay in a corner, unheeded, covered with dust, until Bernard von Galen, the active and zealous prince-bishop of Münster, in

the middle of the seventeenth century restored order to the diocese and revived religious faith and fervor. He rebuilt the half-ruined chapel, redecorated the sanctuary, placed the Pietà on high above the altar, reorganized the pilgrimages, and himself became one of the most zealous and devout pilgrims.

It is now two hundred and fifty years since the devotion to Our Lady of Telgte was reawakened, and during that time the pilgrimages have known no interruption. In 1754 and 1854 the centenary and bicentenary were celebrated with solemn pomp and a great concourse of pious worshipers; and this year (1904), on the occasion of the fifth jubilee, a splendid ceremony, such as Telgte had never seen, gave proof of the deep attachment and faithful devotion of the Westphalians to their Patroness and Queen.

The inhabitants of the place began to prepare for the coming festival. When the Bishop of the diocese gave information at Rome concerning the proposed ceremony, the Holy Father graciously gave permission to crown the time-honored image,—a distinction accorded to ancient and highly venerated statues to which miraculous graces are known to be attached. Moreover, a plenary indulgence was granted, on the usual conditions, to all the faithful who, on the day of the feast or one day during the succeeding fortnight, should pray before the shrine for the Pope's intentions.

His Eminence Dr. Fischer, the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, was empowered to act as Papal Delegate on the auspicious occasion, and perform the ceremony of placing the crown on Our Lady's brow. All the people vied with one another in giving a festive aspect to their little town. Triumphal arches were erected on the way to and around the sanctuary; banners, garlands and bunting in profusion adorned every street. The ceremony was to be

held on the market-place, and there accordingly the decorations were most elaborate and magnificent.

On Sunday, July 3, at five o'clock in the morning, a long procession began to wend its way from Münster to Telgte. It was reckoned that over ten thousand persons from the various parishes took part in it. In the town all had been astir since three o'clock; thousands of communicants approached the Holy Table before directing their steps to the shrine, reciting the Rosary as they went. At the entrance of the little town they were met by Cardinal Fischer with the miraculous image, the bishops of Münster, Paderborn and Osnabrück, besides a large body of ecclesiastical dignitaries and clergy from far and near. In the meantime another less numerous procession from Warendorf entered the town from another direction.

All thronged to the market-place, where some thirty or forty thousand persons assembled, heedless of the scorching sun and the lack of space; and the voices of all this vast concourse were raised in singing the favorite German hymn, "To love thee, O Mary, is my only joy!" It was a scene never to be forgotten when the Cardinal Archbishop, on whom the eyes of all the multitude were centred, solemnly blessed the splendid jewelled crown and placed it upon the venerable image. At the same time a new mantle of crimson velvet was fastened round its shoulders.

When the ceremony was over the procession was once more formed and proceeded, with the bishops at its head, to the parish church, where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Eminence, who at the conclusion gave the Papal Blessing to the people. Afterward the Cardinal and other prelates and distinguished personages were entertained at a banquet, and a telegram was dispatched to Rome to

Pope Pius X., expressing the respectful obedience and loyal attachment of the assembled company to the See of Peter. The answer, through Cardinal Merry del Val, ran as follows: "The Holy Father thanks the Cardinal and the bishops, gathered at Telgte for the coronation of the miraculous image of the Mother of God, for their message declaring their filial devotion, and bestows on them his apostolic blessing with all his heart."

The pilgrims from Münster left the favored spot with joyful hearts. On reaching their own town they went at once to the cathedral, where a solemn *Te Deum* closed the memorable day. During the ensuing fortnight a large number of pilgrims came from all parts to kneel at the feet of the newly-crowned Mother of Sorrows. But the chief concourse was on Sunday, July 17, when the venerated image was carried in procession through the streets of the town, the Bishop of the diocese taking part in the ceremony, and giving the final benediction in the market-place to conclude the festival.

The Hope of the Church in America.

NOW that our schools and colleges are resuming their work, teachers will be encouraged to prosecute it with increased energy, and parents to lend their cordial and constant co-operation, by reading some sentences from the sermon preached by Archbishop Ireland at the Golden Jubilee exercises of St. Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Besides being a well-deserved tribute to the founders of that excellent institution, and to the Sisters who have continued their labors, the Archbishop's sermon is a clear and dynamic statement of the Catholic position regarding education. The absolute necessity of moral training in schools and colleges is thus emphasized:

Schools and colleges where the mind solely is cared for can not suffice for the education of the children of the land. For the masses of those children, the home and the Sunday-school do not supply the moral training refused to them in schools and colleges. The problem facing the country is awful in its portents: what is to happen as the result of the lack of moral training in schools and colleges frequented by the multitude of its children? They who give thought to the problem are affrighted; and well they may be. Remedies are proposed; but the sole remedy that is effective is feared and shunned—the inculcation of religion in schools and colleges. Moral training, it is admitted, should be sought; but it must be such that religion be not invoked to define and enforce its teachings. But morality without God is void of force, as it is void of sanction. As well may you bid the frail reed of the field to hold up against the passing storm as to bid the human soul apart from divine support to withstand the fierce assaults of passion. The peril of the age, the peril of America, is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the peril; how it is to be removed, the people of the land will some day declare when the harsh lessons of facts will have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation...

There is no room for argument: experience teaches too clearly the lesson. Nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of faith, and the assiduous breathings of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith, will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it must remain there through life, unaltered and unwavering. To be a firm and uncompromising Catholic in the midst of prevailing unbelief and indifference, to retain the warmth and ardor of Catholic Faith in the chilling atmosphere of the irreligious world in which we live, requires the heroism of the martyr, and the ardor and enthusiasm of the saint; and it is folly to think that the martyr and the saint are born of the perfunctory and superficial religious instruction which is usually vouchsafed by parent or priest outside the Catholic school.

We are glad to notice that, at long last, thought is beginning to be taken of innumerable children prevented from attending Catholic schools and who receive little or no religious instruction from any source,—the vast number of poor children especially in large cities who are neglected by parents and unknown to pastors. Says Archbishop Ireland:

We can not but look with alarm to the future of religion in America, when we recall what a

large fraction of children are excluded from Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious instruction of such children. The losses to the Faith will be immense unless much more is done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore we have not been made to feel, as we feel to-day, how vitally important it is to attend to the religious instruction of childhood. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely of a strong inherited faith, nor were they heretofore exposed to the perils which now confront them. Conditions and circumstances are altered: our plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If in the past we labored for children and youth, we must in the future labor for them with energy and zeal increased a hundredfold.

The difficulty of reaching the class of unfortunates referred to by Archbishop Ireland is realized only by those who have made the attempt. In many instances it is abandoned because great success is not met with. But surely the impossibility of doing all that we would for these poor children should not prevent us from doing all that we can. The number of these strayed lambs and the dangers to which they are exposed are best known to those who are familiar with the records of juvenile courts. It is just as well, all things considered, that these vagrants have no more than the merest smattering of secular education; more than that would not make them happier or better. But it is deplorable that they should be deprived of the knowledge of God and His Church,—the only knowledge that will uplift them and prevent them from becoming a menace to society. The welfare of the nation no less than the well-being of the individual demands that religion and education go hand in hand.

MERE culture of the intellect (and education as usually conducted amounts to little more) is hardly at all operative upon conduct.—*Herbert Spencer.*

WHAT is experience? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called our illusions.—*Abbé Roux.*

Notes and Remarks.

At the recent convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union resolutions were passed expressing pleasure at the fidelity of the members—they are a multitude—to their quarterly Communion; recommending an extension of the lecture courses hitherto given under the auspices of individual societies; urging the establishment of night-schools wherever possible; soliciting enthusiastic loyalty and support for parochial schools; deploring the persecution of the Church in France; recognizing the fairness of our federal government in appointing additional Catholic chaplains for the army and navy; exhorting members to supply Catholic literature to penal institutions, hospitals, and almshouses; endorsing Federation; suggesting that renewed efforts be made to introduce an equitable supply of Catholic literature into public libraries, etc., etc. All which commends itself to judicious minds; for, whatever be the effect, or lack of effect, of these resolutions on the general mind in America, it is no small gain to have right views and a zealous spirit emphasized for the members of the Union themselves.

That excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverage shortens life has never been seriously disputed; the effect of moderate drinking on longevity, on the other hand, has hitherto seemed to be one of the insoluble puzzles. What appears to be a most important contribution to the discussion is a paper prepared under the auspices of certain life insurance companies in England by Mr. Roderick Mackenzie Moore. Obviously, the only convincing method of pursuing such an inquiry was by taking full statistics, over a generation or more, of many thousands of individuals in two great groups of Moderate

Drinkers and Total Abstainers, each group being as nearly as possible of the same number, average age and social condition. Mr. Moore has done this. His investigation extends over sixty-one years and includes 124,673 individuals. He now submits that as regards these cases the following proposition has been conclusively proved: "That the abstainers show a marked superiority to the non-abstainers throughout the entire working years of life, for every class of insurance policy, and for both sexes." When it is remembered that the comparison is between abstainers and moderate, not excessive, drinkers, the value of Mr. Moore's researches is at once clear. Nor will popular confidence in them be lessened by his scientific temper and restraint of expression.

It is somewhat disappointing to find that those newspapers which "starred" two French bishops when they refused to go to Rome at the bidding of the Pope seem to consider those same bishops rather commonplace persons now that they have bowed to the authority of the Holy See. But it would be a great mistake to think that the newspapers and the rest of the world have not been impressed by the episode. Confronted with serious charges, and, in the consciousness of Catholics the world over, presumably guilty because of their disobedience to the Bishop of bishops when summoned to answer those charges, they were transformed in a moment from mediocrity and insignificance into the dignity of an international affair. Behind them were the might of the French republic and the applause of the anti-Catholic press; confronting them like an accusing angel was an old Italian priest offering them a choice of the promises of Christ or the lightnings of excommunication. They chose to go to Rome by the way of penance, and the old

story of the Christian centuries was repeated in our period. The world does not moralize aloud upon it, but the world notes it all the same and serious minds marvel.

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written shortly before his death by Mgr. Guidi and addressed to Archbishop Ireland. The tribute to Secretary Taft is well merited and should be known to those who were so free in their criticism of the late governor of the Philippines. Mgr. Guidi had a thorough knowledge of the situation, and his words carry all the more weight from the fact that they were among the last he ever penned. The letter is dated from Manila, April 7, 1904:

I thank you for your letter congratulating me on the happy result of my mission,—a result which I did not secure without having many obstacles thrown in my way. Yes, we may well thank God that this important affair of the sale of the Friar lands to the government of the Philippine Islands has been completed. This sale is a great advantage for the interests both of the Church and of the State and for the work which we all desired so much—the pacification of the Philippine Islands. Without the help of God first of all, and then without the efficient co-operation, the tact and even the patience of Mr. Taft, we could never have reached the present situation. The government of Washington and that of the Philippines owe a deep debt of gratitude to the intelligent and prudent administration of the late governor of the Islands, now the Secretary of War at Washington.

The visit to the United States of the Most Rev. Dr. Davidson, "Archbishop of Canterbury," has naturally induced a state of mental exaltation among Episcopalians; in consequence they refer to their society as "the National Church," and they dub Dr. Davidson—some of them—the successor of St. Augustine! The official journals of other sects deny that the P. E. brethren are the national church either "in fact or prophecy" (a phrase which we admire, in view of the steady decline of births

and baptisms among the P. E. population); and they say that only suspicion and resentment can result from such extravagant pretensions. On the other hand, some of our Catholic contemporaries are exercised at the claim of the distinguished visitor to be the successor of St. Augustine. The claim is hardly worth a word of dissent, and we are disposed to ignore it in view of the fact that, so far as we are aware, none of our P. E. brethren have announced the charming and accomplished Mrs. Davidson, who accompanies her husband on his American tour, as the official successor of anybody who lived before the Reformation.

It will be remembered that the Chinese Catholics of Montreal some time ago petitioned Archbishop Bruchési for a Chinese-speaking priest to minister to their spiritual wants. The unusual request was promptly granted, his Grace securing the services of the Rev. Father Hornsby, S. J., an American priest who had learned Chinese on the foreign mission. Few people in this country are aware that there are as many as two hundred Catholic Chinese in Montreal; needless to say the appointment of Father Hornsby has aroused great enthusiasm among them. The first funeral of a Chinese Catholic in Montreal was recently held in St. Patrick's Church, and the press dispatches say that "the procession of Chinamen on their way to the cemetery attracted much attention."

According to the *New York Sun*, "an estimate of 300,000 to 400,000 as the actual Italian population of New York and the immediately contiguous territory is probably moderate"; or, in terms of comparison, that our metropolis contains almost as many Italians as Rome. Recently there has been what some newspapers call an

alarming epidemic of Italian crime in New York, and one reads wild words about the perils menacing the country from Italian immigration and the unredeemed villainy of the Italian character in general. We do not often quote the *New York Evening Journal*, but here are some reflections which some of the alarmist editors might meditate with profit:

To say that the Italians are a criminal race is utterly false. They have their criminals among them, as have other races. A great majority of them, like a great majority of other races, are law-abiding, honest, hard-working, devoted to their families. Newspapers—especially such as are owned and edited by men that were themselves immigrants—should refrain from appealing to the stupid race prejudice of the crowd by false and stupid charges of race criminality. The ignorant among us are quite too prone to race hatred, to jealousies, to believing every foolish charge against another race. The stupid Chinese firmly believe that the missionaries eat the eyes of Chinese children. The stupid, bigoted Roumanians, Russians, and others, believe that the Jews murder Christian children in celebrating their Passover. These notions, breeding hatred among men of different nationalities, should be kept out of this country, where progress depends upon harmony between the races, emulation and friendship between them—not upon ignorant prejudice. We invite the newspapers to do what they can to detect kidnapers and discourage crime generally, without making wholesale charges against a desirable class of citizens or inflaming the prejudices of the ignorant.

And for our part, we invite the newspapers to consider honestly whether the parish schools of New York are not rendering a patriotic service in taking hold of the children of these immigrants and surrounding them with the only ethical influences to which they can ever respond; also whether newspapers and their readers have fitly appreciated that service.

What the Gaelic League has already done for the revival of the Irish language is thus stated by Mr. Seumas MacManus in *The World's Work*: "It has fought and overcome the hostile

National Board of Education, with the result that 3000 of the national schools are teaching the language to-day to 95,000 pupils, as against a few schools that taught it to 313 pupils thirteen years ago. In addition to this, Gaelic is taught to 100,000 others in the remaining primary schools, night-schools, intermediate schools, and colleges." Mr. MacManus cites, as another illustration of the extraordinary development of national spirit in Ireland, that "last St. Patrick's Day the Protestant church of St. Kevin in Dublin had its service conducted wholly in Irish."

According to the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*, the Marian Exposition, soon to be opened in the Lateran Palace, bids fair to be one of the most interesting features of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. "France, Germany, Spain, and Belgium will be especially well represented. Vilna has already sent a reproduction of the celebrated Madonna which stands on the walls of the city, and Innsbruck has forwarded excellent copies of wooden images of the thirteenth century. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli and Mgr. de Waal have both promised to lend many interesting pictures and objects of Marian devotion. In Rome itself a special collection of pictures, statues, and various works of art is being gathered together from churches and private owners. The Exposition will probably be open throughout the greater part of the year 1905."

"A Congregational clergyman who had been trained for the Catholic priesthood" is, we submit, an unfamiliar personage; for a course of Catholic theology rather unfits a man intellectually for preaching the Protestant word. The Rev. Dr. Starbuck knows such a *rara avis*, however, and in the *Sacred Heart Review* he quotes him as

saying: "What a ridiculous thing this common Protestant assumption is, that all the redeemed at death go straight to glory!" And Dr. Starbuck, speaking for himself, adds this commentary: "Indeed the ridiculousness of this opinion, as if death were the great purifying sacrament, and there were no discipline after death even for the most imperfect souls, is making its way more and more into the universal Protestant consciousness." In other words, the particular Catholic doctrine which used to be most scoffed at by Protestants is said by this Protestant scholar to be winning its way universally among non-Catholics.

The late Dr. Thomas Herran, formerly the Colombian *chargé d'affaires*, whose death took place at Liberty, N. Y., on the 31st ult., negotiated the Hay-Herran canal treaty, later rejected by the Colombian Congress. He was a native of Colombia, and his father was for many years its minister to the United States. Dr. Herran was recognized as an experienced and far-sighted diplomat. Always an exemplary Catholic, he had warm friends wherever he was known. His unpopularity in his native land was of short duration. Several of Dr. Herran's daughters are members of religious communities.

Thanks to the foresight of Father McDonald, of Manchester, N. H., and the energy of Bishop Healy (the diocese of Portland once included New Hampshire) and Bishop Bradley, the first incumbent of the new diocese of Manchester, Bishop Delaney finds ten flourishing parishes and a wondrously large number of religious institutions in the episcopal city. The list includes four Catholic high schools for boys. Half a century ago there were only three churches in the whole State; and the saintly Father McDonald was one of its three priests.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Little Wooden Soldiers.

BY HOPE WILLIS.



ALL day long for many days, on the corner of a side street intersecting the great, busy thoroughfare, a little boy stood selling gaily-painted soldiers. Clad in blue and gold, mounted on dark brown chargers, brandishing bright swords, they presented an array of splendor, beauty and courage that seemed to the thoughts of the child who sold them unsurpassed in the history of valor, warfare, and carnage.

And he was such a very little fellow—not more than seven,—with long, straight chestnut hair falling over his eyes, from which he dexterously removed it now and again by a quick toss of the head; with big, frank, blue eyes and smiling lips; and an old velveteen suit much too large for him, but which was whole and clean, and heavy enough to keep out the cold of those dull December days.

He was the son of a toy manufacturer, whose business equipment consisted of two sharp knives, a lathe, some pots of paint and a few brushes, and the brightest corner of the room in which the family lived. The family numbered four: Papa and Mamma Frou and their two boys, Charles and William. Charles, the toy-vender, was the elder, and to him had been committed the destiny of the beautiful soldiers which Papa Frou, confined to his corner by reason of a lame leg, fabricated during all his waking hours.

Twenty soldiers were daily carried down from the sixth story of the Rue des Acacias; but never yet had Charles

carried twenty francs back in the evening as the fruit of his day's labor. More often it was only ten, and sometimes even five; and, in spite of the way in which Papa Frou shook his head when he saw the brave cuirassiers returning, in his heart he considered it a very good day's work.

Every evening, as regularly as he returned, the boy would cast a swift, pleading glance up to his father's face, which was as quickly withdrawn. It was as though he hoped while he feared that his father would read in his eyes the desire of his soul,—one which he knew almost to a certainty could never be gratified.

On this particular afternoon Charles was feeling very melancholy. It had been raining all day, a soft, drizzling rain; he feared for the brilliancy of the uniforms of his beloved cuirassiers, which from time to time he wiped carefully with a small rag drawn from the breast of his jacket. Toward evening the sun shone out feebly, and his spirits rose. He arranged the soldiers in a new battalion, the one with the fiercest, most protruding eyes at the head. He had named him General Farouche. Above all the troop, he would have liked to have him for his own. Always among the various groups there was one whom he preferred, and he had found that almost invariably purchasers preferred it also. So it would prove, he thought, with General Farouche, whose shako he was polishing with a vigorous movement of his velveteen sleeve.

Just then a lady came toward him, and beside her walked a boy about ten years old. Charles had never spoken a word to him, but he knew him very well. He was Gaston Lambert, and the

lady was his mother. They lived on the first floor of the house in which the Frou family occupied the mansard. Madame Lambert owned the building. Charles supposed she must be very wealthy, with all the renters she had; and he hoped she would buy a soldier for Gaston, her delicate boy.

The contrast between the two children was great indeed. As Gaston paused in front of the wooden soldiers, the mother observed it with a pang. The two boys recognized each other with a smile.

"Oh, the beautiful soldiers, mamma,—the beautiful soldiers! Do buy me one, won't you?"

"How much are they apiece, my boy?" asked the mother.

"Twenty sous, Madame."

"Very well, I will take one. Choose, Gaston. Which do you like best?"

The eyes of both children rested simultaneously on General Farouche. Charles heaved a deep sigh as Gaston, putting out his thin white hand, carefully took the doughty warrior between his fingers.

"I think this is the prettiest, don't you?" he inquired. Having a very tender heart, he was not unmindful of the sigh, and wondered what had caused it.

"Yes," replied the little merchant, two crystal tears welling up in his big blue eyes.

"Why do you cry?" asked the other boy affectionately, as children do when their feelings are touched. "Why do you cry? Has any one hurt you?"

Charles shook his head.

"No, I am not crying. No one has been unkind to me."

"But tell me,—come now tell me! What is the matter?"

"Nothing—only I can never keep—and they always buy the one I—and they never—"

"What is it? Don't they pay you for the soldiers? Does some one owe you money?"

"Oh, no! I could not sell them like that, without the money, to people I do not know,—people just passing by. My father would not like it if I did that."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"I will tell you. I love them so much—they are so pretty—these little soldiers. When I have them here on the table before me, I look at them and arrange them differently all the time."

"And you play with them?"

"Oh, no! Papa will not allow me to do that. It would spoil them. I am forbidden to touch them unless when it rains: then I wipe them off."

"Why don't you ask your father for one for yourself?"

"Papa would never think of giving me one. It takes half a day to make two of them. He is not cross and he is not stingy, but he is poor. One soldier means twenty sous to him. My father could not afford to give me one. At least, I would not dare ask him."

"Here, then, take my soldier,—the one I have just bought. I have many other toys."

"What! General Farouche? Do you mean it—to give it to me?"

"Certainly I do. Here, take it. Mamma, please may I give it to him?"

"Yes, my dear child, you may."

The little merchant stood with eyes wide open, an incredulous smile on his lips, unable to speak a single word. The next moment Gaston had placed the soldier in the boy's hand, closed his fingers over it, and disappeared with his mother in the crowd.

Charles Frou returned to the little room under the mansard roof in the Rue des Acacias. He carried his soldier in his pocket. That night he played with it after he went to bed, falling asleep with it in his hand. In the morning he played with it again before he got up. He hid it in his bosom and took it out to the boulevards when he went, fearful that his father might

find it and make him sell it again. So it went on all during the wet, cold December. But now he was happy and gay, poor little fellow! And his voice, always weak and childish, was no longer sad as he called:

"Soldiers! Beautiful soldiers! Twenty sous apiece!"

Three months passed. It was Holy Thursday, Mamma Frou came in from church as Charles was ascending the stairs, not returning with soldiers now but carrying an empty basket, which in the morning had been filled with paper "windmills" of various colors. He was jingling the small coin in his pocket when his mother said:

"Go quietly, Charles. Little Gaston is very ill. They say he is dying."

The boy became very still, walking on tiptoe till he reached the top of the long flight of stairs. And two great tears stood in his innocent eyes. He was unusually quiet that night. On Good Friday evening Papa Frou said when the boy came in: "Another sorrowful Mother has her Calvary to-day, Madame Lambert has lost her only child. Little Gaston is dead."

Charles did not say a word. He looked at his father; his heart felt like a stone in his breast. After supper he shut himself up in the closet he called his bedroom, undressed, drew the coverlet over his head and cried himself to sleep. He wept without knowing why even while he slept and dreamed.

On Easter Sunday they laid the dead boy to rest. Many carriages followed the beautiful white hearse; and at a considerable distance behind the last vehicle, still wearing his old, velveteen suit, with his chestnut hair falling over his forehead, his head uncovered, his hands in his pockets, walked little Charles Frou.

The boy did not venture into the church: he was too timid. He continued his slow, measured walk, till, overtaken by the funeral cortege, he

followed it to the cemetery. Inside it seemed to him that everybody must be looking at him, so abashed was he, so conscious of belonging to another world than that inhabited by the devoted friends and mourners of little Gaston. He was even afraid of being driven out by the guardian. He shrank into the background, mechanically watching the mourners passing before him—men, women and children,—all well dressed, all sad, some with bowed head and red eyes as though they had been weeping.

Then came the time when the crowd had gradually melted away,—when the dead boy was left to lie alone beneath the cold, damp earth. Charles crept timidly forward till he reached the freshly piled mound, covered with beautiful flowers. Once or twice he looked behind to see if he had been observed. But no: he was alone,—entirely alone. Then, very slowly, very carefully, from the depths of his velveteen pocket, he drew forth his wooden soldier, his beloved General Farouche. Placing the brilliant warrior on the palm of his grimy hand, he made him go through his evolutions for the last time. A sob, a shower of tears, one last fervent embrace, and then, kneeling reverently, he lifted his eyes to Heaven, lowered them quickly, and laid the toy among the flowers.

In Honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the village of Minori, Italy, a quaint and touching custom has existed from time immemorial. On Thursday evenings everyone places a light in his window for a few minutes in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. A traveller says: "It was pretty to see the little tremulous sparks appearing one after another in the windows of the humble dwellings, resting there for a short time and then disappearing again."

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.—TEDDY MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH "THE LOOP."

All went well till Teddy reached the shore, to return to the castle. There to his horror stood the Sandman towering in his wrath. The veins of his face were swollen, his eyes were fairly starting from his head. He raised the oar which he held as if he would have felled Teddy to the earth; but, suddenly restraining himself, he lifted the boy by the collar completely from the earth. Teddy thought he was going to be thrown into the water, and congratulated himself that he could swim. But instead he found himself flung into the boat in which the Sandman had crossed and to which he had fastened the other.

The old man himself leaped in and began to row across stream with an energy that seemed superhuman. He did not speak a word, but only wiped his face from time to time with the ominous, flame-colored handkerchief, and glared at the boy in a manner which made his blood run cold.

When he had driven the boats ashore, he signed to Vladimir and Katrinka to look after them; and, seizing Teddy once more by the back of the neck, he hurried him up the slope toward the house, at a pace which fairly took the boy's breath away. He rushed in at the front door, hurrying Teddy along in he knew not what direction, kicking open doors which opposed his passage, until he at last reached one which had an iron grating in the centre like the door of a prison. Pausing here, he took down from the wall a huge key, which grated harshly in a rusty lock; and, having thrown wide the door, he forced Teddy into what seemed at first a living furnace.

The walls and floor were painted a vivid scarlet, portraying flames leaping and dancing in cruel tongues. So real were they that the boy involuntarily leaped aside to avoid being burned; and the Sandman laughed maliciously, seizing Teddy and forcing him into their very midst, to a certain point in the floor against which his foot struck with a metallic sound. He found himself immediately grasped by some unknown force and swiftly impelled upward almost to the ceiling.

"There you shall remain," cried the Sandman, in a voice almost inarticulate with rage, "till I come again and decide what further punishment shall be meted out to you!"

Then the old man closed the door with a bang, and Teddy heard the key turn in its rusty lock and the Sandman's retreating footsteps. The boy remained suspended in a position which was bound to become every moment more intolerable, and he remembered that he had heard Johnny refer mysteriously to "the loop" as one of the most terrible of the Sandman's punishments. The hunchback had never seen it, and knew of this particular instrument of torture only by hearsay.

To add to his suffering, Teddy was in a raging heat, caused by his late exposure to the sun and the violent exercise which he had taken on both sides of the river; and he was tormented by thirst. It did not require much effort of his imagination to believe that he was really suspended over a burning furnace where he might slowly roast to death. The vivid scarlet had been used with the most startling effect and with the special design of terrifying the timid; and Teddy felt it to be still more awful than the livid and ghastly horrors of the green room upstairs. Moreover, he was filled with an intense dread of the Sandman, knowing that he was absolutely help-

less and in his power, here in a locked room, away from all human assistance. He felt sure that the Sandman was mad, and knew not what further cruelty he might devise to wreak his vengeance upon the boy who had dared to disobey him by going to Mass.

The bright July day stole with interminable slowness toward a breezeless, murky night. Darkness came down and relieved Teddy from the horrors of vision. He could no longer perceive the fiery scarlet nor the mocking, dancing flames. He was conscious only of the intolerable pain caused by his suspension,—pain which made him almost long for the Sandman to come and put him out of misery, even if he killed him. He tried to remember the sufferings of the martyrs, but his head was giddy and confused and the thought brought him little comfort.

Mocking voices came to torment him, or—so he fancied—to reproach him for his obstinacy in going to church despite the Sandman's prohibition. His tongue was literally parched in his head and a fever raged in all his veins. He could not guess why it was that the Sandman had not returned, if it were only to execute some further cruelty upon him, or to mock him in his sufferings. For he had no knowledge of what was passing at the other side of the house, where a portentous thing had happened.

He was not very much the wiser when, after the expiration of a time which seemed to extend over days, he heard a step advancing along the hall and next moment the turning of a key in a rusty lock. Even in his exhaustion his pulses throbbed and his heart began to beat, fearing that he should see once more the awful figure which he had learned that day really to dread.

But no: the door was thrown wide open and in stepped Katrinka, looking cautiously about with her lantern till

she perceived the suspended figure of the boy. She gave a stifled exclamation and hastily turned on the electric light. Then she began to work at the machinery, whatever it was, which had forced the boy upward. At first it would not yield to her inexperienced hands. He was conscious of a sort of despair. If Katrinka could not release him, he might have to remain there till he died. At last, however, by a lucky turn she succeeded, and Teddy came down so rapidly that she had to put out both arms to stop him. Katrinka bore him away in her strong arms to his room and put him into bed, where he must have fainted,—awaking to consciousness after a long time, to find her bending over him and calling his name in anguish-stricken accents.

The old woman then applied some soothing embrocation to his inflamed joints, and gave him a cooling draught which was intended to lessen fever and induce sleep. As she moved about she crooned to herself in a foreign tongue some ancient lullaby which sounded almost like an incantation. And this and her weird figure became curiously blended in the sleep which presently came upon Teddy, but from which he often woke by fits and starts, imagining himself in the scarlet room again, suspended from the ceiling, or about to fall into devouring flames. He was haunted, too, by the face of the Sandman as it had glared at him in the boat that day, and he trembled and covered each time that he awoke.

The room was dark save for a small night-light which the old woman had left there. Teddy was sorely disappointed that she had gone away; for he was in hopes he should see her seated by his bedside. And of course he was ignorant—because Katrinka had thought it wisest to withhold the knowledge—of the portentous thing which had happened.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new prose work by the Poet Laureate is announced by The Macmillan Co. It is entitled "The Poet's Diary: Edited by Lamia."

—We learn from the *Pilot* that the maiden name of the late Mrs. Chopin, well known as a writer of stories of Creole life in Louisiana, was Kate O'Flaherty.

—O'Shea & Co. afford a reprint of "The Sufferings of Jesus," by Catherine Emmerich, translated by a Sister of Mercy. It is in forty-three short chapters, preceded by a brief sketch of the life of the saintly nun of Dulmen.

—"Pope Leo XIII.," by the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. (31 pages), "Cardinal Vaughan," by the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Ward (24 pages), and "Joan of Arc," by J. B. Milburn (32 pages), are the latest additions to the English Catholic Truth Society's penny biographies. These readable pamphlets are well printed on good paper, and each has an excellent cover picture of its subject.

—It is gratifying to announce a new edition of the late Mr. Allies' great work, "The Formation of Christendom." The mission of the Church to the world—the pagan world, the civilized world and the semi-pagan modern world—is admirably set forth in this historical masterpiece, which is not only a work of great value but of inestimable usefulness to students, writers and general readers.

—It is a great priest who pays tribute to a great priest in the pamphlet entitled "Le Père Juste," by the Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, Michigan. The subject is the late Monsig. Joos, of the Diocese of Detroit, whose life-work was singularly fertile in great and enduring results to the Church in that State. Father O'Brien takes no pains to conceal his admiration for Monsig. Joos, yet he never gives the impression that he is a mere eulogist. "Le Père Juste" was, in its origin, a paper read before the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

—Under the name of English literature is naturally classed all of literature that is written in English, whether the authors be of Saxon blood or not. The convenience of the term is its only excuse for being; for the inappropriateness of affixing an English label to the work of the recalcitrant Irish spirit must be evident even to Englishmen themselves. We therefore welcome the announcement that a collection of the very best literature produced by Irish genius, whether in English or Irish words, is to be published in ten volumes under the title of "Irish Literature." Distinguished names connected with the under-

taking permit us to hope that it will be scholarly and critical, not another of the pitchfork "collections" made to be sold rather than read. The publishers are John D. Morris & Co.

—A new edition of "We Catholics—Bishops, Priests and People," by One of Them—the author of the Prig books (?)—will be welcomed by all who were so fortunate as to secure a copy of the first limited edition. It is an exceedingly clever bit of writing—kindly though keen, humorous yet wise and stimulating.

—The Rev. Francis Mershman, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., will have the thanks of many clerics, masters of ceremonies especially, for a manual of "Pontifical Ceremonies" just published by B. Herder. In its compilation Father Mershman has followed Martinucci's well-known "Manuale Sacrarum Cæremoniæ," not losing sight of later decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

—We have nothing but praise for "Christian Doctrine," a manual designed to guide teachers through a complete course of religious instruction. It was evidently suggested by Bishop Bellord's epoch-making essay on "Religious Education and Its Failures" (to which only casual reference is made, so far as we have observed, but which surely ought to have been commended to catechists in such a work as this). A comprehensive and varied course of instruction is blocked out for every week of the school year throughout the eight grades, and all the instrumentalities of secular education are availed of to assist the learner. The work is remarkably well done, and must prove a Godsend to teachers who possess initiative. It is issued by the *Dolphin* press.

—Students of patristic literature in particular will be interested in "De Sermone Ennodiano," a thesis prepared by the Rev. James J. Trahey, C. S. C., for the degree Ph. D. received from the Catholic University of America last June. This thesis is a study of the diction of Ennodius as compared with that of St. Jerome. The aim of the author is to show that the decline in patristic Latinity was not, as is commonly supposed, a general and progressive one. Nothing could be more conclusive than Dr. Trahey's almost innumerable citations; they prove that the diction of Ennodius is even purer than that of St. Jerome, though he lived a century later. It need not be said that careful distinction is made between *style* and *diction*. While the superiority of Jerome's style is conceded, the inferiority of his diction to that of Ennodius is abundantly illustrated. A modest page of this interesting and important

work is devoted to a brief outline of the author's romantic career. His proficiency in classical lore and his mastery of the language in which he writes were presaged by his birth in a city which, though far remote from Rome, is nevertheless famed for ancient ruins, classic groves, noble monuments, and storied heights, not to speak of illustrious citizens and hallowed memories of historic events. *Nostræ Dominæ, Indiana, U. S. A. Typis Universitatis. 1904. Price, \$1.*

—The recently published Tresham Papers have a special interest to Catholic readers. These papers, which were discovered in 1828 in a secret closet adjacent to the great hall of Rushton House, contain a detailed account of the patient sufferings of Francis Tresham and other recusants under a monstrous system of persecution. As the *Athenæum* remarks in a notice of this collection:

The relentless persecution of the loyal Roman Catholics at the close of the sixteenth century, and especially the bitter disappointment caused by the continuance of their civil disabilities after the accession of a Stuart king, were undoubtedly the cause of much "disaffection" and discontent amongst that party. This "disaffection," however, did not prevent its leaders from manifesting an unswerving loyalty and genuine devotion to the person of their sovereign. The discontent is expressed in several dignified memorials preserved in this collection. But in an age in which the mildest forms of passive resistance were regarded as treasonable, and the most convincing arguments as disrespectful to the constituted authority, a complete *impasse* was inevitable.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Pontifical Ceremonies. *P. Francis Mersham, O. S. B.* 90 cts., *net.*

A Course of Christian Doctrine. 85 cts.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. *Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.* 10 cts.

The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, *net.*
Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, *net.*

The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.

In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, *net.*

The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *À Kempis.* \$1.25, *net.*

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, *net.*

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, *net.*

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, *net.*

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., *net.*

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, *net.*

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., *net.*

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, *net.*

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., *net.*

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., *net.*

Obituary.

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

Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. F. M.; and Rev. John Cook, C. S. S. R.

Sister M. Paschal, of the Daughters of Charity; and Sister Mary Joseph, Religious of St. Joseph.

Mr. Francis Fisher, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Jane Harris, Austin, Texas; Mr. Mark McCarthy and Mrs. Bridget McCarthy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hon. A. L. Monnot, Biloxi, Miss.; Mrs. Anne Livers, Littlestown, Pa.; Miss M. J. Cotter, New Bedford, Mass.; Col. Robert S. Baker, Exmouth, England; Mr. James Duffy, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mrs. John Ellwanger, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. Susan McFadden, Chester, Pa.; Miss Cornelia Turnay, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. H. H. Wolke, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Bernard McNichol, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mr. G. P. Wild, Pittsburg, Pa.
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.]

Where Wisdom Lies.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHO sets his heart upon the world's applause,
And bends his energies with single aim
To win the tinsel crown that men call Fame;
Who finds from day to day sufficient cause
For joy or grief in that the telltale straws
Of public gossip mete him praise or blame,
Award him honor or apportion shame—
Is but a child, transgressing wisdom's laws.

To speed with all our might whatever task
God's providence has set us here below;
To do His sacred will, nor stop to ask
If that the giddy world approve or no;
To seek His glory, heedless of our own,—
Herein, not elsewhere, is true wisdom shown.

Our Lady's Wells.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

NO account of ancient shrines and places of pilgrimage would be complete without some reference to the almost innumerable wells in England, Ireland, and Scotland, dedicated to Our Lady.

The devout practice of calling fountains and springs by Mary's name was so widespread as to be nearly universal; it had its origin in a deeply-rooted love of her who has been called "the Wellspring of Life," because she was the chosen means by which the waters of salvation refreshed this sinful world. And such fountains or springs were the

objects of a popular veneration, "to which," says a reliable authority, "the Church in many instances lent her sanction." They were, for the most part, noted also for their sanitary properties. This latter fact was commented upon by the late Archdeacon Denison, who said 'that when he went to East Brent, in 1845, there was no pure water to be had except what was held in two shallow wells near the foot of the knoll—the Lady Well, or Well of the Virgin, and the Dripping Well.'

There would seem to have been something peculiarly Celtic in this form of devotion; for, not to speak of Ireland, such Lady Wells are found especially in Cornwall, Wales, and the north of Scotland; though there are many in England also. Alluding to their dedication to the Blessed Mother of God, a non-Catholic writer charmingly says:

She is the Lady of the well:
Her memory was meant
With lily and with rose to dwell,
By waters innocent.

A few words must now be said regarding some of the most noted of these wells. To begin with London. There formerly stood "on the hill which separates Hornsey from Finchley Common, and not far from the Alexandra Park, the celebrated shrine of Our Lady of Muswell." It was, we are told, "attached to the priory of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, by Richard de Beauvais, Bishop of London in 1112."

Norden, who was a Protestant, speaks of "an image of the Ladye of Muswell, whereunto was a continued resort in the way of pilgrimage." He also says that there was on the hill "a spring of faire water"; and goes on to mention the miraculous cure of a king of Scotland by the water of this same spring; adding quaintly and significantly: "Absolutely to denie the cure I dare not; for that the High God hath given virtue unto waters to heale infirmities, as may appear by the cure of Namaan the leper by washing himselfe seaven times in the Jordan; and by the poole Bethesda, which healed the rest that stepped thereunto after it was mooved by the angell."

At Eccles, near Manchester, a well dedicated to Our Lady may still be seen. It is reached by descending a flight of thirty-six steps; and in the days of faith an image of the Blessed Virgin stood over the well. With respect to this well, it is curious and interesting to note that only a short distance from it is another, which goes by the name of Our Lord's Well.

At Sowerby, in Yorkshire, there was a Lady Well,— "a remarkable fine spring"; and a non-Catholic writer, speaking of its situation, observes that a considerable amount of property in the neighborhood went by the name of Ladyland. He gives as his authority for this statement an entry, MS. Harl. 797, dated the 44th year of the reign of Edward III. We also find amongst sundry Yorkshire wills that of Richard Lassell, of Sowerby, who leaves thirteen shillings and fourpence to the support of the light of Oure Ladye in his own parish.

In connection with the celebrated image of Our Ladye of Woolpit, in Suffolk, to which so many pilgrimages and such rich offerings were made, it must not be forgotten that in a meadow near the church is a far-famed well called Ladye's Well. This well was also

a favorite resort of pilgrims "far back in the long-ago years"; and a chapel is believed to have then stood near the spring. No traces of it, however, now remain.

We know that Scarborough was one of the numerous sanctuaries of Our Lady to which our Catholic forefathers loved to go; either in person or vicariously; and we are told that "under an arched vault in the castle yard near the ruins of the ancient chapel" there is a reservoir of water called the Lady's Well. This is supposed to be the spring dedicated to Our Ladye mentioned by old historians.

Another most interesting well is that to be found about a mile from Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It went by the name of St. Marye's Well, and was situated on a spot called Jesmond, or Jesmount—Jesus Mount. This well is said to have had as many steps down to it as there are articles in the Creed.* Moreover, the pilgrimages to it and to the chapel at Jesmond were so frequent that one of the principal streets in Newcastle—namely, Pilgrim Street—is believed to have obtained its designation owing to the numbers of pious persons who flocked through it on their way to the holy well; and also, it may be, because there was an inn in the street to which the pilgrims "used to resort."

Again, another well which has a quaint and charming—indeed one might almost say a romantic—story attached to it is that of Fernyhalgh, in Lancashire. Tradition says that "a virtuous and wealthy merchant," being in great peril "upon the Irish Sea," made a vow that if he escaped he would perform some lasting work of piety as a memorial of his gratitude. "After this," so runs the story, "the storm began to cease, and a favorable gale wafted his ship unto the coast of Lancashire," where, thankful though

* See Brand, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

he was to have landed safely, he straightway began to be anxious as to the means he must take in order to perform the pious promise he had so recently and solemnly uttered. "A miraculous voice admonished him to seek a place called Fernyhalgh, and to build a chapel *where he should find a crab tree bearing fruit without cores, and under it a spring.*"

For long he searched diligently, but all in vain, until at last he came to Preston. Here, where he had taken up his abode for the night, a milkmaid chanced to mention having been delayed by following a strayed cow as far as Fernyhalgh. The joy of the almost despairing traveller was unbounded; at length his weary search was wellnigh ended, the goal he longed for practically reached. He obtained a guide, and early the next morning set out for Fernyhalgh; there he found, as had been foretold, the crab tree and the spring, together with a hitherto undiscovered image of the Blessed Mother of God. On account of this statue, the spring was thenceforth called Our Lady's Well; and the chapel built near to it by the devout merchant was dedicated in her name to God's honor and service, and known to all as "Our Ladye's chapel in Fernyhalgh."

Traces of the ancient Faith still remain in such names as "chapel house," "chapel wood," and so forth; but of course, at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, Our Ladye's chapel in Fernyhalgh suffered the fate of many other such pious monuments. "Nevertheless, the devotion of the neighboring Catholics did not fail with the old chapel." They continued to assemble and pray together at the well on Sundays and holidays; "and especially on feasts of Our Lady, even in the severest times of persecution." Some of them also "thankfully acknowledged special benefits and help received by means of their frequent

visiting and constant prayer at Our Ladye's Well." The exact date of the building of this interesting chapel has never been definitely determined; but it is mentioned as far back as 1448 in a document in the office of the Duchy of Lancaster.

At Walsingham, the most celebrated of all the English sanctuaries of our Blessed Lady, are two wells, two hundred feet due east from the east end of the priory church. To them is attached a modern superstition that those who drink of their waters obtain whatsoever they desire.

As to Ireland, that fair isle of faith and fervor, to enumerate its holy wells would require a volume; a few words, however, must be said in conclusion about some sacred fountains in Scotland, which are particularly interesting because, though in a non-Catholic country, veneration has clung round them even to the present day.

We are told that "one of the chief places of post-Reformation pilgrimage" was the Chapel of Grace, on the western bank of the Spey, near Fochabers. The author of a work written in 1775 thus speaks of this much venerated spot: "In the north end of the parish of Dundurens stood the Chapel of Grace, and near to it a well of that name, to which multitudes from the Western Isles do still resort, and nothing short of violence can restrain their superstition." Such is the testimony of one whose religious views were strongly opposed both to Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice; one, moreover, who plainly felt no sympathy with a form of devotion he could neither understand nor appreciate.

But pious visits to the well still continued; and persons who have never known the true Faith yet frequent that famous Lady Well on Speyside, with those to whom Mary's name and Mary's love have been familiar almost from infancy. On the Sundays in May,

and also—though not in such large numbers—on those in August, Protestants no less than devout children of the Church flock to the Well of Grace. It is interesting to find that a certain Lady Aboyne went to the Speyside chapel every year, “being a journey of thirty Scotch miles, the last two of which she always performed *on her bare feet.*”

Another noted Scotch well is that to be found a little above the church at Stowe, formerly called Gwaedol, or Wedale, a place across the river Tweed, six miles to the west of what was once the noble and ancient Monastery of Mailros (Melrose). In this church were preserved in days long gone by the fragments of a very, very old and greatly venerated image, said to have been brought by King Arthur from the Holy Land. The well near this church is a beautiful perennial spring, known by the name of The Ladye’s Well; and a large stone, “recently removed in forming the new road, but now broken to pieces, used to be pointed out as impressed with the Virgin Mary’s foot.”* Near Tarbat also there is a plentiful spring of water which even to this day is called *Tobair Mhuir*, or Mary’s Well. We learn indeed from one who has studied the subject that throughout the north of Scotland there is scarcely a ruin or a memory of an old church *without a well close to the spot.*

But space forbids us to dwell longer on this interesting subject; we can only pray that she whom the old Anglo-Saxon Litany invokes under the exquisite title *Sancta Maria, Fons Caritatis*, will, by her intercession, lead us all to that Living Water of which those who drink shall never thirst.

* See Skene, “Four Ancient Books,” vol. ii, p 412.

COURTESY is a poor substitute for the cordiality that comes from the heart.

—Christian Reid.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

VI.—LIFE IN THE CASTLE.

HUMPHREY’S life now experienced a total change. Perhaps nothing could have been happier for the final relationship of the two boys than the sadness of its beginning. Had the Count realized his first wish, and brought Mirvan home as he was three months ago, in his wild and rebellious beauty, he might have terrified Humphrey into apprehension or even dislike. But now his solitary and heart-broken state awakened in his little host a passion of protective pity which eclipsed even the sense of strangeness. It was impossible to fear this beautiful, shelterless stranger, and from the very first Humphrey felt for him a sense of elected guardianship which he never wholly lost.

He watched Mirvan that first evening as he sat trying to eat his supper, and hovered about him with specially chosen morsels of cake and fruit, until Anna’s steaming bowl of bread and milk was encircled by untasted offerings. For the guest could not eat. Both Anna’s and Humphrey’s persuasions failed. The spoon fell repeatedly from his hand, and his head sank onto the table. At last Anna, who saw that sleep was his medicine, carried him to bed.

Humphrey sat up late that night, talking in whispers about their guest.

“Will he stay with us always, Anna?” he asked.

But Anna could not tell. She, too, her jealousy quickly on the alert at a hint of rivalry to Humphrey, had been disarmed by the helplessness of the rival. And Humphrey’s welcome insured hers. Whether her welcome to the stranger was the warmer in that she had

caught, with the inscrutable swiftness of her class, the wind of Lucia's disapproval, is not absolutely certain; for Anna was human. It surely made no part in Humphrey's feeling. This event, like all the real events in his life, had nothing whatever to do with his mother. Moreover, it engrossed him to the exclusion of all other thoughts; and when at last he was put to bed near Mirvan, he lay long awake, lost in wonder, listening to the strange breathing, broken now and again by a half-stifled sob.

Mirvan's sorrow did not pass quickly away. But its passing was hastened, if anything could hasten it, by Humphrey's never attempting to offer direct comfort. His pity was untinged by patronage, and was such as he might have felt for an exiled monarch, who must not be reminded of the kingdom he has lost. Humphrey did not know until later what this loss had been, but he felt the depth of the desolation from the first, and it lifted his compassion into awe. He would not for worlds have asked Mirvan a single question, but contented himself with gentle, silent offices; and when the fits of wild weeping came on he left him reverently to himself.

No open sympathy could so quickly have won Mirvan's heart. The passion of grief wore itself out; and in the blankness of soul that followed he began to long for the relief of human intercourse, and turned instinctively to Humphrey.

Late one night, when both the boys were in bed and Anna had gone downstairs, he told Humphrey about his mother. And Humphrey listened. The like of this he had never heard or dreamed; for it was his first glimpse of human tragedy, dimly understood. He did not know what death was, but thought of it, not so untruly, as a mysterious departure to an infinite and unknown distance.

"Will you never see her again?" he asked, in an awestruck whisper.

"Not until I go to God in heaven," Mirvan answered, well-versed in the articles of his faith.

Humphrey's religious creed was of the slightest.

"Will that be long?" he asked.

"It will be when I die," Mirvan said solemnly. "I prayed to God at first to let me die. But Brother Anselm told me that was to be a coward, and that I must live to remember her and to serve God."

"Who is Brother Anselm?" inquired Humphrey.

"He is the best of all except my mother," Mirvan answered.

"My father is the best," was the other's firm rejoinder.

"Yes, he is good," Mirvan admitted; "but he is not a monk."

And this Humphrey could not deny.

From that time Mirvan's grief abated. With Humphrey as a listener, he lived his life in the forest over again in remembrance; and the dead wall of separation which had risen between him and all he had lost seemed to fall and set him free. He told of his mother and of the monks, of the wonderful gardens and fish-ponds of St. Nazarius, its chapel with the world of music within its walls. On this his best-loved theme his childish speech strove in vain to enlighten Humphrey's inexperience. Humphrey could not help him out. The Castle, which so far had bounded his life, was a place of silence; and the echoing of its empty walls was the only music he had ever heard.

But it was on this point alone that his sympathetic imagination failed. Toward all the rest it was something more than sympathy: it was an ideal identification of himself with what he heard. To him, whose circle of affections began and ended in his father, this tale of Mirvan's dead mother was

almost like a resurrection. He was never tired of hearing what Mirvan could tell him about her; and any one listening might have imagined that it was Humphrey who was motherless, while Mirvan's mother still lived. Soon she came to live for Humphrey, who had never known her living, with a clear, unshaded spiritual reality, outlined plainly even when Mirvan's vision of her was dimmed in tears. It did not touch his entire devotion to Sebastian, but made a cold, complementary creation in his spirit, like the silent and scentless image of the world in water.

Sebastian himself sometimes took part in these late conferences, stealing up while Anna was downstairs at supper,—a social indulgence she had never allowed herself when it meant leaving Humphrey alone. There he often found the two sitting up in bed in the night-nursery, the white bed-clothes gathered round them, talking far into the night.

Meanwhile Mirvan, living as he thought in the past, was building a home for himself in the present and the future. He and Humphrey became friends in no light or partial sense of the word, but with a complete mutual abandonment and satisfaction.

Sebastian had sent to the monastery to relieve the Abbot of the presence of Mirvan's forest friends. Their transit to the Castle was effected with some difficulty, and the embarrassments which beset their existence did not diminish on their arrival. Lucia, outraged already by the presence of their master, declared that if they were to live in the house she must leave it.

This stormy scene took place in the hall, whither the children had descended on the morning after Mirvan's arrival. Lucia was already on the brink of hysterics; Mirvan angrily regarding her, his arms in fierce protection round

the bear and the fox, whose looks, to do them justice, were no more conciliating than his own. Sebastian stood doubtful, his old sense of guilt toward Lucia sharply awakened, but fearing the effect of this refusal on Mirvan's passionate temper. His suggestion of the stable, with frequent visits from their master, had already been silently disdained, when the problem was unexpectedly solved by Mirvan himself, whose eyes fell upon Humphrey standing apart with a distressed face, clasping the guinea-pig very tightly in his arms. Lucia, whose look had followed Mirvan's, saw her advantage.

"Poor Humphrey is terrified out of his wits," she said.

"He's not afraid for himself," Mirvan answered, scornfully, in his twelve hours' certain knowledge of Humphrey. Then to Sebastian, with the manner of a monarch granting a pardon: "They may go to the stable. Please show me the way."

And the unapproachable trio departed in Sebastian's conduct.

Mirvan's attitude toward Lucia continued to be one of irritated hostility. He made no attempt to veil or modify it, nor to treat with the enemy. It was open war from the first. Humphrey, inheriting his father's dislike of scenes, endeavored to introduce a policy of conciliation, based for the most part on a strict avoidance of subjects of dispute. But his diplomacy was too frail to guide so deep an antagonism of character. All subjects, if Lucia approached them, became for Mirvan subjects of dispute. His interviews with his aunt were short and stormy, and generally ended in Lucia's ringing for Anna and sending him to the nursery in disgrace,—a disgrace he openly declared to be an honor. Humphrey followed him as soon as he could; and once there, Lucia was soon forgotten in the peaceful interest of their life together.

To Humphrey, over and beyond the daily comfort of friendship, Mirvan's presence brought an imaginative realization of all his forest dreams. He was surprised to find, some weeks later, that since his cousin came he had not once thought of the doings of his forest people. Now, when he remembered them, his old creations seemed bloodless and pale beside this child of its own which the forest had sent him. For to him Mirvan was the central expression of the forest, the heart of its beauty, the spell of its wildness; not by anything he knew or told of it, but by the power of his own unmastered nature.

Humphrey was conscious, in his companionship, of that sense of remoteness and of mystery which he had formerly found only in his dreams,—a hint and promise of infinite spaces and of hidden depths. Mirvan was not aware of any mystery concerning himself or his old dwelling-place. He could tell of the trees and the glades and the wandering brooks; he knew the birds' notes and the wild creatures' haunts; but he had never met those stranger inhabitants whom Humphrey still firmly believed in, though he had forgotten to follow their fortunes.

When first questioned by Humphrey about these his shadowy brothers, Mirvan evinced absolute ignorance, with a tendency to disbelief. But the more he heard of them the more interested he became; and soon it was he who listened night after night, and Humphrey who unfolded, in a sort of endless epic, the marvellous mythology of the forest. He listened, all his own experience forgotten, subdued by the spell of a stronger and more poetic imagination than his own. But when the tale was done, the spell lifted, a doubt still rested with him unresolved. He had lived in the forest all his life: how was it he had never seen these things?

"How do you know they are real?" he asked.

Humphrey was disconcerted by this his first encounter with the spirit of destructive criticism. After long thought he replied:

"How do you know they are not?"

Which silenced but did not convince his questioner.

At last a practical solution offered itself to Mirvan's energetic mind.

"Let us go to the forest and see for ourselves," he suggested.

Humphrey, who yielded unquestioning obedience to the smallest wish of Sebastian, had only a very slight moral sense in respect of his mother's commands. After a little hesitation, he consented.

The project needed long and careful maturing. Short pieces of rope were coaxed from the gardener on various pretexts, and knotted by Mirvan into a ladder. This was carefully hidden to await its opportunity. But so many favoring circumstances must coincide to insure success that they had long to wait. It must be a moonlight night, with fair weather, and they must keep awake until Anna had finally left them alone. They must also make sure that the gate in the garden—the gate leading to the forest—should be left unlocked; and throughout all these preparations absolute secrecy must be observed. It was now October, and a continuance of storm and rain forbade even daylight outings; so the plan was long delayed.

But at last the moment came. Mid-November, a clear frost, and a full moon. There were no stories told that night. In excited silence they counted the chimes of the nursery clock as it struck the half-hours and the quarters, each quarter seeming an hour. But not in the same measure and quality of excitement. To Mirvan it was the joy of adventure and the foretaste of physical freedom. But Humphrey felt

that a new chapter was opening in his life. He was to touch and see the things he had dreamed about so long, and his expectancy was mingled with dread lest the reality should fail him where the dream had fully satisfied. Once he almost said to Mirvan that they should not go. But at that moment the full moon, rounding the roof of the house, sent a summoning, silver ray over his bed, and he refrained.

Anna's last visit was over. She little thought as she looked at the seeming sleepers how fast the two hearts were beating under the bedclothes. Humphrey felt sad to be planning a pleasure which Anna could not share. He would fain have admitted her to the plot, but he feared her feminine weakness and dared not enlighten her. She closed the door and left them, and in a few minutes all was silently astir in the night-nursery.

Mirvan, early accustomed to help himself, now helped Humphrey to dress,—fastened the buttons wrong, but fastened them somehow; and soon the two strangely-equipped figures were ready. Slowly and carefully they descended by the rope-ladder onto the castle terrace, the same where the old Count, their grandfather, had watched and walked. From there a stone staircase led to the ground. They crossed the garden quickly, found the gate unlocked, closed it behind them on groaning hinges, and stood a moment in the steep wall's shadow, the forest in front of them; between, a broad belt of moon-lighted sward.

As they passed under the shelter of the trees, the two instinctively drew nearer together and clasped hands, nor spoke one word thereafter. Mirvan walked with his head thrown back, breathing deep the welcome air of home. His warm blood, tempered to all changes of weather, knew no chill from the frosty night; but Humphrey, unseasoned to exposure, shivered in his

delicate clothing. He was unconscious that he was cold, conscious only of being in the forest. Never had he dreamed it like this. Every tree seemed a living presence under the pale spell of the moon. The grass at his feet, cold with dew; the long briar branches, silver-white,—all things were alive with an enchanted, invulnerable life. They had entered by a wide green avenue, flanked by mighty pines; but as they advanced it narrowed, and the darkness deepened, the moonlight only rarely struggling through. They never knew how far they wandered, or where they went, but walked like spirits in a trance, revisiting the world of their former life.

The winter dawn had not broken when they found themselves again in the nursery, and tumbled into bed to sleep far into the daylight. Anna wondered why Mirvan was so drowsy all the next day, and puzzled in vain to discover how Humphrey caught the cold that kept him in his room all winter. She had no inkling of the truth. The boys did not speak of it even to each other; and the reality of Humphrey's creations, in whose interest the forest journey had been made, was never named between them from that day. The question had sunk into insignificance in the light of the marvellous experience that answered it.

That experience was not repeated until the spring. But when the warm winds came, and the cool, fragrant nights, and Humphrey was well enough to go out again, the midnight excursions became a practice and a mysterious delight. Very soon the party was increased to four. The two additional members not being voiceless, grave precautions had to be taken. First Mirvan climbed in at the stable window, Humphrey waiting below. Presently two heavy, struggling, fur-clad forms, their noses tied in bags to disguise their muffled squeakings,

were dropped down upon him, Mirvan quickly following. Once in the forest, and their noses released, they were docile and suitable companions. They had, by a manifest effort, admitted Humphrey within the zone of their tolerance, and showed no jealousy of his relations with their master.

These spring nights were a fresh revelation to Humphrey. His soul seemed to expand and quicken under the midnight stars. His frailty passed away, and he grew nervous and strong. Sebastian, seeing his son's health and spirits so fortified and enlivened, rejoiced over the new companionship which had caused the change. If he ever felt a regret when he remembered the lonely child to whom he had once been everything, he did not admit it even to himself. He knew Humphrey's love to be unchanged; and if Mirvan's presence of necessity limited and altered that love's expression, and made his son seem less wholly his, he was too generous not to be glad of it. His sense of what was due to Mirvan eclipsed any personal claim, and made him forget to reckon his own loss in the matter.

He did not know that the loss was Humphrey's too, and that the child often secretly pined for that solitary intercourse with his father which was now impossible. For though Humphrey knew nothing about the inheritance, he, too, instinctively felt that some sort of reparation was due to Mirvan, and must be given, whatever it might cost; and though it was Mirvan who led and directed all their actual doings, Humphrey never ceased to feel for him that sense of spiritual protection with which their friendship had begun.

Mirvan did not really reveal himself to any one but Humphrey. Toward all besides he was as shy and elusive as a wild creature who will not be tamed. Even with Sebastian, whom he trusted,

he evinced a timorous reserve, which often led his uncle to mistake him and to ignore the passionate temper that lay hidden below. And yet Sebastian had occasional glimpses of the truth, startling in their intensity.

Coming to the nursery one day, he found himself in the midst of a tragedy. The guinea-pig was dead,—the cause of its departure unknown and mysterious as its living intelligence. It had refused its breakfast, and had died quietly in Humphrey's arms immediately afterward. So Anna explained between her sobs; for the children were blind to Sebastian's entrance,—Mirvan weeping his heart out in uncontrollable distress; Humphrey very white but not shedding a tear, gazing at his cousin, the dead pet clasped to his breast. Sebastian tried to reason Mirvan into quietness, but in vain, and he left the nursery sorely puzzled; for Mirvan had seldom noticed the guinea-pig in its life, nor shown for it any degree of affection which could explain or justify this paroxysm of grief.

He thought much of Mirvan that day, recalling vividly those two former occasions when he had seen the child's soul in visible travail: the first in the forest hut, at the bare suggestion of being parted from his mother; and the second in the Abbot's study, after his mother's death. These two remembrances haunted and troubled Sebastian; and, as if bound to them by some inseparable connection, rose the remembrance of the one man who had seemed to hold the key to this living mystery of character and mood.

The next morning the Count rode to the Monastery of St. Nazarius and asked the monk Anselm to undertake the education of the two boys. Anselm, in accepting the charge, made a condition: that his pupils should live at the monastery, and submit themselves, for some years at least, to the strict simplicity of its rule.

"At their age," he said, "a standard and habit of living is more important than learning in books. Mirvan, at least, will gain much from it."

"They can not be separated," was Sebastian's answer. "Yes, I will send them both," he added, after a moment's thought.

A few days later Sebastian and the two boys rode to St. Nazarius.

Anselm was walking in the cloisters; and Mirvan, who had seen him but rarely since his mother's death, uttered a cry of joy, and ran into his arms. Humphrey stood aside, holding his father's hand tightly.

"Can you welcome another son?" Sebastian asked.

The monk turned to Humphrey, and for a moment the two looked at each other in silence. Then, very seriously, he gave the priestly blessing.

"What do you think of him?" asked Sebastian, when the children had wandered away to look at the fish-ponds, real anxiety masking the tenderness of his tone.

Anselm smiled.

"I think he will be one of us some day," he answered.

Sebastian started.

"You will not force it upon him?" he said.

"Nay, nay," the monk answered. "If God will, not otherwise."

VII.—CHANGES.

So Sebastian rode home alone to the Castle; and, for the children, the years began that were to lead them out of childhood. At first, as Anselm had promised, their life consisted in a strict submission to the rule and discipline of the Order rather than in much study. This rule, though rigorous, was not unkindly, and neither spirit nor body rebelled. To Mirvan what little hardship the life involved was luxury compared with the privation he had endured in his early years;

and Humphrey, unknown to himself, had a watchful guardian of his health and safety.

The monk Anselm, partly because he was touched by Sebastian's self-forgetfulness in sending away his only son, and partly because his heart was drawn to the child himself, took Humphrey under his peculiar care. And seeing from the first that to a nature so delicately balanced material comforts could never be a temptation, while the undue lack of them might easily cripple the spirit's growth, he took it upon himself to modify and supplement in a measure the monastic rules, lest this sudden change from an only child's home freedom to the impersonal constraint of an ordered community should prove too painful to him. Anselm acted in this not wholly from reason but also from an instinctive sense, born of the look on Humphrey's face, that he would have enough to suffer in the time to come, and might well be spared something in his unconscious childhood.

From the first there existed between these two an intimate and sympathetic understanding. Anselm felt in Humphrey, even as a child, something that answered to his own nature,—something he must reverence and could not protect. He often watched the two children at their games together,—Mirvan always leading, planning, and directing; Humphrey an acquiescent and delighted follower. And the monk prefigured to himself, in their later lives, some keen spiritual crisis in which the characters would be reversed.

In all their daily doings, in all they spoke and thought and felt, the same difference ran, and not least in their allegiance to himself. Mirvan's tribute to his master was a blind, doglike devotion: his wild, loving heart submitting to a power which remained a mystery to his intelligence. Humphrey, too, acknowledged the power and felt

the mystery; but it was a power in accordance with his frailer forces, a mystery akin to his own.

Sometimes, in looking back upon them long afterward, Humphrey thought these years had been the happiest of his life; and he realized then, as he could not at the time, how supreme and beneficent an influence Anselm had been in his thought and life. Even the monk's stern asceticism, his outward sacrificial garment of renunciation, so discouraging to most, had for Humphrey a strange and gentle charm. He found nothing repellent in its cold, lofty loveliness. It suggested neither hatred nor contempt toward the manifold beauty of life, but rather expressed a means whereby life itself might be ennobled and beautified. It forbade nothing, save only absolute evil; but persuaded and compelled, by irresistible ensample, to its own free choice of beauty imperishable and eternal. Yet it was unbending and could be pitiless in its trenchant scrutiny of hypocrisy, self-deceit, or pride. Humphrey often wondered, as he grew older, how it was that for him it had no terrors; and that, while the genial and tolerant Abbot always created in him a sense of worthlessness and self-contempt, a word of grave rebuke from Anselm lifted his hopes and satisfied his heart.

He looked back on all this long afterward, then first understanding it, and acknowledged what a deep debt he owed to this great man, who was content, in his far-sighted serenity, to live out his life as a recluse of the Monastery of St. Nazarius; who shrank from all voluntary exercise of his spiritual power; and who, when he succeeded to the Abbot some years later, took from the Church, after repeated entreaty, the only temporal honor he ever knew.

In the meantime he was soul's director to the two boys. Perhaps he owed not the least part of his

influence over them to that something in his mind and manner which was not distinctly monastic,—the underlying suggestion of a life that sought not its source nor quenched its thirst at cloistral wells alone, however humbly it wore the cloistral garb; but had one day, if not now, felt the sweep of wide waters and the great spaces of the world. This hint of sovereignty, of power not put forth, of mystery unrevealed, the children felt, as Sebastian first had felt it, and it held them captive to its will.

Round about this central stronghold of individual character, even as the forest embosomed the great monastery towers, lay the gentle influence of the religious life, with its labors and its vigils all directed to an end unseen. Here, again, the symbols and services which for Mirvan were the utterance of a divine and compelling authority, spoke to Humphrey as with the voice of his own soul. In the chapel, music became to him something more than a name, and religion assumed for the first time a real presence to his thought. He approached it then on one side only—the side of peace and beauty; for Anselm forbade the children to be present at the penitential services, believing that the offices of penitence and pain must be self-chosen if they are to benefit the soul; and that until experience has taught the necessity and divineness of suffering, any direct teaching upon it or vivid representation must surely alienate and baffle the mind.

It was probably owing to this early forbearance that Humphrey never, in his later life, felt himself divided against the religion he embraced. It rested with him as a soothing and salutary persuasion, at one with all the activities of his soul. Perhaps Anselm knew that under his pupil's gentle deference and absence of self-assertion breathed an indomitable and fearless freedom, which could

be secured from rebellion only by the safeguard of reasonable liberty. But more probably he followed in this the bent of his own mind.

In all the other celebrations the children took constant part: in the grey morning twilight of Matins, its solemn chanting startled by the strident call of the cock; in the full-noon triumph of High Mass on feast-days and Sundays, whither the peasants flocked from far, until the chapel was crowded with the rich quaintness of their holiday gowns; and in the quiet splendor of Vespers and Benediction to complete the day's offering. To Humphrey this office of Benediction was the most moving of all; its lighted candles, dimly bright in the shadowed evening air, and the solemn amplitude of its music, breathing a world at peace with God. It was always associated in his remembrance with those summer sunsets he had seen over the forest from his nursery windows as a child.

This daily ritual of sight and sound invested the children's lives with dignity, and lent meaning to the stricter hours that lay between. They had, too, a certain measure of freedom, and wandered at will and unwatched in the forest. Their days were passed in a manner so ordered and so peaceful that they lost the sense of time and forgot the possibility of change. They saw Sebastian often, and less often visited the Castle. Sebastian, deprived of their society, dropped back into his old habit of acquiescent sadness, his hours at the Monastery of Lorsches rising like bright points in a dead calm sea. He always came away with a sense of leaving his life behind him, and turning his face to a void, vacant space. Let us watch him for a moment before he fades into the background of this story.

Lucia, as the years passed on, sank more and more into a chronic invalid, self-made, but none the less real; and

Sebastian rarely saw her, so that his life was now outwardly as well as inwardly one of solitude. He asked no better, and thought of himself as happy because he was untroubled, busied himself all day with the cares of the estate, and dozed through the evening, or wondered what Humphrey was doing. He was young and his health untainted; but the temper of his mind was already old, in its self-indifference, its even kindness, its joylessness. He knew no desires, and sat loose to the things of this life; yet he neglected not their slightest claim, nor was weary of their trivial passage, but seemed to find a certain satisfaction in his changeless daily round, while his demeanor never suggested that he had trust in a better life hereafter. It was an early autumn, with frost-bound sunshine, looking on to winter as its certain consummation, without hope and without fear.

(To be continued.)

After Many Years.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

BENEATH this gnarled old apple-tree
In youth I loved to lie;
To care unknown, from sorrow free,
Who happier than I?

Such spreading boughs, such depth of shade,
Such foliage green and fair,—
In all the world there was no green
Like that which glinted there.

Was ever fruit so mellow-sweet,
Such globes so golden, round,
Like old ambrosia of the gods,
There scattered on the ground?

I travelled East, I travelled West,
And home again once more:
To-day I sought the spot beloved,
The tree so prized of yore.

Within my mouth is bitterness
Where once were sweets untold,—
Bare branches spread, my tree is dead,
And I—am sere and old.

The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE storm of persecution raging over France did not spare Lourdes, and the enemies of the Church loudly boasted of prohibiting this year's pilgrimage. The material prosperity of that Pyrenean region, however, is so dependent on the sanctuary that Premier Combes was compelled to allow Our Lady's worshipers to pray unmolested at the Grotto. Dr. Boissarie declared that up to the 19th of August there had been fifty-four trains more than at the same date last year. Thus the National Pilgrimage took place with its accustomed splendor,—nay, with increased faith and enthusiasm.

Almighty God mercifully granted many a request. One of the first in date and importance was the cure—almost a resurrection—of a Franciscan nun residing at Rue Dombasle, Paris. Sister Anne-Marie, aged twenty-five, belongs to a congregation of nurses of the poor. These Sisters accomplish much good in the working district of Vaugirard, and are beloved by the suffering poor, who look upon them as real ministering angels. Needless to say, their task is wearing.

Sister Anne-Marie, after a series of night-watches in June, 1903, began to suffer from irritation of the stomach and loss of appetite. On the 10th of November, just after dinner, she was seized with violent stomachic pains, like the plunging of a knife, accompanied by a severe fit of retching. Later on, November 24, there came a vomiting of black blood, a symptom that returned frequently, the blood flowing sometimes in considerable quantities. The stomach rejected all food, the Sister's only means of sustenance being a little vegetable broth. Dr. Doury, who attended her, diagnos-

icated an ulcer of the stomach, and advised that she be examined by the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Le Bec. The latter deemed an operation urgent, and said that the patient, whose emaciation and weakness were extreme, must be taken without delay to the Catholic Hôpital Saint Joseph.

Sister Anne-Marie, in her terrible suffering, put all her hope in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The National Pilgrimage was at hand: this would be her chance. Dr. Doury, seeing her so often in a swoon, strongly disapproved of the plan; and the superior, half-shaken by the medical man's arguments, reluctantly gave permission to the dear sufferer to set out.

On Wednesday, August 17, the sick nun was conveyed to the Orleans depot on a mattress and carefully placed in a third-class car—like all the other sick,—with three Sisters to attend her. The parting from the rest of the community who had come to see her off was really affecting. As she feebly waved her hand in sign of adieu, the train moved on, and the nuns remained weeping on the platform, fearing they should never again see their gentle companion alive. Her death seemed so imminent that her nurses took with them everything necessary for such an emergency. No sooner had the "White Train" steamed off than the superior, fearing a fatal issue, reproached herself bitterly for not having gone herself to assist her spiritual child, and she could not resist taking the next train.

On arriving at Lourdes, she saw the three nurses without the invalid, and thought she was dead. No, not dead, but cured! The journey, though broken at Poitiers, had been one long agony, the exhausted patient fainting away continually; she was just alive on reaching Lourdes, Saturday, August 20, and was immediately carried upon her mattress to the Grotto, and then to

the piscina. During the procession in the afternoon she lay almost inanimate. Just as the Blessed Sacrament passed before her, the Sister felt an excruciating pain in her stomach, lasting about two minutes, followed by a delightful sensation of relief, and at the same moment a desire for food. She rose to her feet, and, after being bedridden for several months, found herself able to walk.

She returned to the hospital, where she ate a hearty meal of meat and vegetables, which was digested without the slightest difficulty. Sister Anne-Marie enjoyed a night of calm sleep, an ineffable blessing after her long sufferings. Next morning, Sunday, she took a substantial breakfast; and, feeling like another person, she presented herself at the Examination Office. The doctors found no trace of the malady,—nothing left of the sickness save the extraordinary emaciation of the frame.

She followed all the ceremonies of the pilgrimage, and returned to Paris on the 24th. When the train entered the depot at a slackened pace, there she stood at the carriage door, self-possessed and smiling. When the nuns, come to greet the *miraculée*, beheld the one they had prayed for so fervently, they gave a great cry of joy and rushed forward to see the wonder they could scarcely credit.

The procession of Sunday, August 21, was also marked by several notable cures. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Abbé L'Etourneau, curé of Saint Sulpice, Paris. The sick lay upon their litters appealing to the God of the Eucharist, while the rain fell in torrents upon their wretchedness. According to the custom at Lourdes, the priest stopped before each of the *grands malades* (desperate cases); and just as he lowered the monstrance over a poor paralytic woman, whose head the ladies in attendance (voluntary

nurses) raised slightly, the patient suddenly sprang to her feet and walked. The venerable priest was so overcome that his hands trembled, and as soon as the sacred function was over he hurried to the Bureau des Constatations.

The favored woman was there, facing an assembly of some thirty physicians, headed by Dr. Boissarie and his devoted assistant, Dr. Cox. At their command she walked quite freely, bending and extending each limb as they bade her. The following is her story, signed by Dr. Pruvost, August 10, 1904:

"Madame Marguerite Codron, of Bourbourg, Nord, aged thirty-two. Dr. Pruvost declares that he treated her for lesions of neuropathic origin, resulting in contraction of the lower limbs, with absolute impossibility to move them. This paralysis set in ten years ago, and for the last four years the patient has been unable to walk except on crutches. Up to this day her complaint has defied every kind of treatment."

In 1894 the young woman's health failed, owing to ill treatment on the part of a brutal husband. She suddenly lost the use of her left side, and very soon fell into the sad condition above described, dragging herself on crutches, her feet crossed one over the other. The very moment the monstrance was lowered she felt a sharp pain and cracking of her bones. She then rose unimpeded from her bath chair, followed the Blessed Sacrament with a firm step, and knelt down among the enthusiastic crowd, crying: "God be praised! God's holy name be praised!" All pain had vanished. She took part in the torchlight procession which lasted two hours; and later on she, who hitherto could scarcely retain any solid or liquid food except champagne, ate like a person in sound health. On Monday morning she said: "This is the first time I have breakfasted these ten years."

The lady who bathed her in the

piscina relates a touching incident that may have rendered Marguerite Codron very pleasing to God. The poor stricken creature prayed with ardent faith, but not for herself. She implored the cure of a fellow-patient, a neighbor in the ward at the Hôpital des Sept Douleurs, whose sufferings excited her compassion. God loves a generous heart.

Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, was at his post, receiving the pilgrims with characteristic graciousness. Several bishops honored themselves by leading their flocks to the Grotto of Massabielle. Most prominent among these was Mgr. Dubois, Bishop of Verdun, who by his zeal, eloquence and piety may be said to have presided over the National Pilgrimage of 1904. The sick never tired of extolling his kindness and the paternal encouragement he bestowed upon them. He has the faculty of always finding the right word that goes to their hearts.

Among the medical men present were several distinguished members of the profession, eager to see the marvels always wrought at a National Pilgrimage. We may make specific mention of Dr. Bérillon, editor of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, an adept in psychotherapy. He had come in a hostile spirit, but was forced to admit the absence of suggestion at Lourdes. "For an excellent reason," he said, "you don't know how to hypnotize." On several occasions Dr. Bérillon exposed his theories at the Investigation Office before the assembled doctors. He affirmed that ordinary physicians never have recourse to psychological agents; this was their great mistake, and showed their ignorance of the art of curing. Emotion and the resisting power of the spirit contribute much to restore health and can even effect the cure. He concluded by citing a personal example.

The Abbé Bertrin asked leave to put a few questions to the skeptic scientist.

"Do you recognize, Doctor, that there occur here very extraordinary and unquestionably authentic facts?"

"Oh, certainly I do!"

"Is there not absolutely good faith on the part of those who examine these facts?"

"Most assuredly. I even admit that I expected to find here a theatrical display, which is totally absent. You just let things go: you do not help them in the least. So far as the medical certificates stating the malady and the cure are concerned, the sincerity of these documents is undeniable and their accuracy complete. Only there remains the explanation of these facts, and here we differ."

"Permit me, Doctor, to record, and to state before your *confrères*, the avowal you have just made: there is no cheating, no voluntary inaccuracy, no aim at effect to act upon the imagination of the sick. It is quite clear you admit that. But you apparently wish to explain the cures obtained by the power of the emotions, and you bring up your own experience. What have you related as the result of your theory of emotion and suggestion? One case only,—a case of constipation. Now, here we can show many more conclusive cases. Can you say upon what diseases your method of suggestion may act? Can it, for instance, shut up instantaneously a wound of thirty centimeters, as has happened here?"

"Oh, no, not that!"

"Then how do you explain it?"

"I don't explain it."

"Ah, but you *must* explain it! A fact stands before you; in the name of science, you must endeavor to find an explanation, or admit at least that science is unable to furnish it. Now, Doctor, tell me candidly if you know of any agent, physical or moral, able to heal instantaneously a wound of thirty centimeters?"



"I know of none."

"Thank you! That is precisely what we wanted to ascertain."

Dr. Bérillon, nevertheless, kept to his theory of the power of suggestion, going so far as to affirm that Napoleon had stopped an epidemic by hypnotizing his army; whereupon a military surgeon of high rank objected that he had lived many years in the army and had never witnessed anything of the kind. He himself had experimented with the method without any appreciable result.

Dr. Bérillon furthermore maintained that paludine fevers were perfectly curable by suggestion.

"Well, Doctor," observed the Abbé, "you have an excellent opportunity of proving your theory in France. The region of Rochefort is afflicted with these fevers. I don't propose that you yourself should go to the place; but send five or six of your pupils. Let them hypnotize the district; and if they succeed in checking the permanent epidemic, they will have rendered an immense service to humanity and to the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*."

"You are jesting, Monsieur l'Abbé. You are aware we can operate only upon chosen subjects. You, too, select your subjects here."

"Doctor, let me show you how it is. When the National Pilgrimage left Paris the other day, nine names were missing from the list of sick admitted. These nine sick had died. If there be any selection, it is in favor of dying persons. In reality there is no choice, either of the diseases (excluding contagious and nervous affections) or of the invalids."

"Well, so much the worse. You might have more cures if you chose the patients."

"Doctor, that would not be acting honestly toward the public. But if we choose otherwise than you, we have not at all the same means of curing."

"Then, taking them all at haphazard, you must have a terrible death-roll."

"You shall have the facts, Doctor. Upon ten thousand sick conveyed by the National Pilgrimage during the last ten years, and sojourning here thirty days (three days each year), we have registered twenty deaths, an average lower than in any hospital; and yet we must take into account the great fatigue of the journey."

Dr. Bérillon, visibly annoyed, asserted that journeys were favorable to the sick. The other physicians present protested the contrary. As he insisted again upon the therapeutic virtue of suggestion, the Abbé Bertrin observed:

"You yourself are well aware of the limited action of that power. Allow me to quote the words of the greatest hypnotizer of the world, the head of the school of Nancy, far bolder, as you know, than the school of the Salpêtrière, Paris, founded by Charcot. Dr. Bernheim, one of the chief contributors to your review, declares that suggestion does not kill microbes, does not vivify tubercles, does not heal ulceration of the stomach; and, furthermore, suggestion can act only upon functional disorders: it remains powerless upon the organic evolution of diseases. Is not this clear? From the very words of the most determined partisan of suggestion, the method can do nothing for lesions; in particular he mentions the round ulcer of the stomach. The young nun that was in this hall a few minutes ago had a similar disease; she vomited blood for eight months. The ulcer was healed instantaneously, and the invalid so perfectly restored to health that she is able to eat and digest all kinds of food."

The foregoing discussion took place in presence of about twenty physicians, five or six politicians, three priests, and two ladies, one of American birth. The audience warmly expressed their admiration of the Abbé's courteous but logically irresistible argument.

Fresh Light on the Situation in France.

WE have often quoted Mr. Richard Davey for reliable information and sane views regarding the conflict between the Church and the French Republic. If we except Mr. Bodley, who seems to understand the situation in France as thoroughly as if he were a native of the country, no foreigner is better informed regarding the movements of the anti-clerical campaign so relentlessly prosecuted by M. Combes and his party than Mr. Davey. It is too much to expect trustworthy information from the average Frenchman. The temper of clericals and anti-clericals, as they are called, is incompatible with calm judgment or deliberate utterance. Of all men an overexcited Frenchman is least likely to think anything worthy of expression or to assert anything deserving of consideration.

Mr. Davey declares that the present anti-clerical campaign is in reality an artificial movement created by a party which, for the time being, pulls the wires of the vast civil and military organization of the country, to use them for its own ends; not, as is commonly believed, the result of a popular uprising against religion and its ministers, such as marked the opening years of the great Revolution.

It should be remembered that the third Republic was obliged to take over not a few of the least desirable legacies of the Empire, among them being the superfluity of functionaries which the defunct *régime* considered necessary to consolidate its influence. The Republic has rather increased than otherwise this army of employees, until it is estimated that at present between 500,000 and 600,000 persons have some direct interest or other in supporting the government. By means of this exceedingly expensive intelligence department, the Republic has the satisfaction of knowing that in a crisis it can rely upon the assistance of a vast number of people who must either obey its mandates or lose their posts.

Then, again, the spy system is marvellously

well-organized, thanks to so widespread an agency. The Socialists being just now in office, and anti-clericalism *in excelsis*, woe betide the postman or other petty official clerk found guilty of the dread crime of entering a church or hobnobbing with the *curé*—sure sign of clericalism! Some one is certain to report him to the Mayor, who, in his turn, will inform the Substitute of the Prefect, who will hand on the alarming news to the Prefect of the Department, who, the better to emphasize his zeal for *la libre pensée*, will straightway send a detailed account of the affair to headquarters. In a few days the poor employee will receive a mysterious intimation that if he repeats the offence his salary will be forthwith stopped.

Here is another informing paragraph from Mr. Davey's article ("France and Rome," in the *Fortnightly Review* for September). A reason for the seeming indifference of so many Catholics to the tyrannical action of the present government need not be sought further:

Although the French are collectively the richest people in the world, individually they are poor. Thus it comes to pass that thousands of people who would otherwise oppose M. Combes and his works hold themselves aloof from all public or even private demonstrations of a hostile character. They prefer their salaries to their convictions, prudence to valor, and content themselves with praying for better times to come after the next general election! Much the same spirit animates the majority of the Deputies, who, so long as they are in the House of Representatives, draw a salary of 20 francs a day, besides travelling expenses and other "pickings."

Voted into office by the party of the hour, the average Deputy or Senator soon discovers that if he wishes to keep his seat and not get into trouble, he has only to obey orders, keep a still tongue, vote as he is told, and sit tight. By adopting this passive mode, that famous *Bloc* has been formed which has proved the most formidable political organization known in France since the days of Louis XIV. It is really nothing more or less than a sort of chorus, approving or disapproving with admirable unanimity the sentiments expressed by its leaders. But once the *Bloc* is dislocated, the consequences may be fatal to the 20 francs per diem and the "pickings." With the dissolution of the Cabinet they, too, may dissolve into air—the thin air—like the "baseless fabric" of the all-famous vision.

The assertion that the clergy of France, almost to a man, are violently

opposed to the Republic has often been contradicted. On this point Mr. Davey says:

If in the capital and large towns anti-Republicanism still exists among the higher ranks of the priesthood, the rural clergy, even in conservative Brittany, would soon be included amongst the warmest supporters of the Republic, if the government would occupy itself only with the material interests of its subjects, and leave their spiritual concerns alone.

Referring to the latest phase of the contest between the French government and the Holy See, concerning which so much nonsense has been published, Mr. Davey says:

Never in the history of journalism has any matter of political importance been so distorted by the press as have been the opening scenes of this grave event. The official agencies and the various foreign correspondents no sooner heard what had happened than they straight away made up their minds that the Pope must, perforce, be in the wrong, owing to his inexperience and the narrow-minded advice given him by his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. Pius X., so it was said, had courted a rupture with France by summoning eight archbishops and bishops, known for their liberalism, to Rome; and had even invited them to vacate their Sees on account of their political bias, and for having refused to sign the protest against the Associations Law drawn up by the octogenarian Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. All this his Holiness had effected by direct communication with the offending prelates, and without informing the French government, as he should have done, in accordance with the first article, not of the Concordat, but of the Organic Articles of that treaty [introduced by Talleyrand, addenda which no Pope has ever accepted]....

A few days later six of the prelates mentioned in the official and officious papers of Paris, and named by the Paris correspondents of the English papers, published letters in which they protested they had never had any trouble with the Pope, had never been summoned to Rome by his Holiness to answer any charges whatever, and had never been asked to resign their Sees.... Six of the bishops were, therefore, soon outside the picture, and there remained only two—Mgr. le Nordez, Bishop of Dijon, and Mgr. Geay, Bishop of Laval,—within the limits of its frame. Their misdemeanors were not of a political character, but of a purely personal nature: both being charged by authoritative witnesses with certain habits that had greatly shocked the

members of their respective Sees.... In all this it is evident that the Pope was acting in his apostolic capacity as Head of his Church, whose episcopate he is resolved shall be kept as pure as possible. M. Combes has not the temperament to see things in any other light than the one he chooses; and he chooses very obstinately to behold in the Pope the chief enemy of a Republic which, it seems, "can not live in harmony with any sort of religion."

What will the outcome be? Mr. Davey is of opinion that M. Combes will make the metaphorical pilgrimage to Canossa, as did Bismarck and M. Orban, the Belgian Premier. "The Vatican is proverbially slow but sure." "The present long reign of anti-clericalism is rapidly becoming insupportably tyrannical and corrupt." "Nevertheless, the present crisis is a very momentous event, charged with peril for France, and even, indeed, for the rest of Europe."

A Convert's Impressions.

THE readers of the *Glasgow Observer* are being favored nowadays with a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First Impressions." More interesting and readable matter than is furnished by this particular convert's experiences on joining the Church we have not met with in a long while. In the latest issue of the *Observer*, the writer discusses the spontaneity and naturalness of Catholic piety, and illustrates his point by many a graphic picture,—among others, the following:

Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of this earth), and there you see how simply and naturally the people practise their religion. There is an easy, unconventional style about the whole thing which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week, whether in crowded cities or quiet villages, the church bell summons the faithful to Mass and Holy Communion—not after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical

Notes and Remarks.

Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie: "porridge first and then prayers"), but with an unbroken fast,—at 4 or 5 or 6 a. m., when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond; and Scotch folks would be astounded if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning, without any obligation but purely out of devotion, begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals forth through streets and hills and valleys. In the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet do they find it to be in the presence of their Saviour.

At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass. On the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling before a wayside crucifix or a shrine of our Blessed Lady; in the fields and on the hillsides you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary; and even the little children run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted.

These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practising their religion. I am not copying this from a guidebook, but writing what I know and have seen myself. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look preternaturally solemn on one day out of seven. They live in constant remembrance of their religion; and by ever-recurring fast and festival, by rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, medals, and the Agnus Dei, it is kept before their minds and eyes.

If the best of Catholics to the manner born were to be thrust into the darkness and barrenness of Protestantism or unbelief for a brief period, they would love their religion more than they do, be more faithful in practising it and more zealous for its propagation. We hope that "A Convert's First Impressions" will be republished in book-form for the good that they are calculated to do among Protestants, as well as Catholics, for whose benefit they were primarily intended.

FAITH is a compass, and the object of faith is fixed; but human society is as unfixed as the sea. Winds affect it, mists obscure it, and it is crossed at times by currents which we call, or miscall, progress.—*W. H. Mallock.*

At the German Catholic Congress recently held at Ratisbon, one speaker emphasized the point that the Church does not suffer in Germany as she does in France for the simple reason that German Catholics are well organized. We have frequently noted in these columns the beneficent results of such intelligent organization; and this latest Congress furnishes another proof of the effectiveness of united effort in any party, and more especially in a party that is a minority. No one who reads in detail the deliberations of this convention of German Catholics will wonder at the astonishing success which has of late years attended the legislative work of the Centre Party, or the general prosperity of the Church in the dominions of the Kaiser. As the *Catholic Times* opportunely remarks:

The best feature of the German Catholic Congress is its directly practical work. Long since the Congress brought about what the American Catholics are striving for—the federation of Catholic societies. Catholic organizations of all kinds join in the deliberations and also hold their own meetings during Congress week. At Ratisbon the workers made a demonstration, and as many as three hundred Catholic associations were represented on the occasion. The Catholic delegates specially interested in Catholic missions met in Congress and exchanged views as to the requirements and prospects of foreign missions. The Marian Association for the Protection of Girls discussed the means of finding employment for Catholic women who are in need of work. The Cecilian Association had under consideration the recent *Motu Proprio* of the Pope and decided upon certain alterations in their own programme. The League of the Cross and the Priests' Total Abstinence Association took counsel together as to the furtherance of the total abstinence movement, the necessity of which has of late years been felt more and more by German reformers. In fact, the German Catholic Congress may fittingly be described as an expression of Catholic activity in every department of public life.

There is a lesson here for our co-religionists not merely in France but

throughout the world. It is perennially true, in religious not less than in political matters, that in union there is strength.

Count de Mun's proposal to signalize the diplomatic rupture between France and the Vatican by a manifestation which shall be at once a protest against the government's action and a testimony of filial regard for the Holy Father has been well received throughout France. A number of Catholic journals have organized petitions on a mammoth scale. This is praiseworthy enough. It is eminently fitting, indeed, that the French Catholic laity should follow the example of their episcopate and affirm their absolute and unshaken allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff. At the same time there is perhaps reason for this comment of our Parisian contemporary, the *Annales Catholiques*: "Nothing more laudable—provided this be not all. For we must not once more delude ourselves with the notion that we are acting when we are merely attesting our fidelity. An address is not an act. It won't do to remain inert and supine simply because we have made a gesture indicating protestation." The advice is timely. French Catholics must be up and doing,—and doing more than professing their devotion to the Holy See, uttering impassioned denunciations of the enemies whom their own lethargy has allowed to become all too powerful, or even praying for the good times coming when Providence so wills. Providence helps those who help themselves; and good times will come to France only when good work, and much of it, on the part of French Catholics prepares the way.

There is wisdom, no doubt, in not taking the public into fullest confidence regarding the financial condition of the Catholic University of America; but it

is hard to understand why there should be positive misrepresentation of the facts of the case, or what good result is expected from such statements as, 'The financial affairs of the University were never in better shape than they are at present'; and, 'The prospects of the institution were never more bright.' If the University in Washington has suffered a serious loss and its finances are crippled, concealment or misrepresentation of the fact will not help matters. An institution of whose flourishing condition the public is constantly hearing is not likely to have a great many benefactors; and the number of its opponents will not be lessened by repeated assurances of increasing success and brilliant prospects. The Catholic University has numerous antagonists whose opposition there is only one way of overcoming; and to its interests there is much indifference, which misrepresentation on the part of well-wishers is not calculated to conquer. For decency's sake, mud-slinging by certain avowed enemies of the institution should cease; and we may be permitted to add that the practice of throwing dust had better be discontinued by its friends.

Recent Australian exchanges give unusual prominence to the death and funeral of one who occupied no loftier station in the Southern Continent than that of simple parish priest. Father Le Rennetel, Marist, was merely pastor of St. Patrick's parish, Sydney; but his passing has called forth eulogistic tributes such as one is accustomed to see only on occasion of the death of some aged and especially eminent prelate. Twenty thousand mourners attended his funeral, and throughout the whole Australasian country genuine grief ruled the hour. The sole secret of the extraordinary hold which Father Le Rennetel had upon the people was disclosed by Cardinal Moran, who

preached his panegyric. "He was a burning and a shining light. He was a true pastor; he loved his flock and his flock loved him. He proved that love in season and out of season."

Father Le Rennetel had been rector of St. Patrick's in Sydney for the past twenty years. As priest and citizen he was a potent influence for good, and was loved and revered by non-Catholics scarcely less than by his own flock. At the comparatively early age of fifty-three he has been called to the reward of his untiring and unselfish labors "for the greater glory of God."
R. I. P.

From the Rome correspondence of the London *Tablet* we learn that Father Ambrose Agius, O. S. B., the successor of Mgr. Guidi as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, is a comparatively young man, full of zeal, energy, and of exquisite tact. Although his name was not publicly mentioned in connection with the still difficult and delicate position to which he has been called, the selection is an ideal one in every way. He speaks all the principal European tongues with equal fluency; but English is really his mother tongue, and during his long residence in Rome he was one of two English confessors at the Church of Sant' Andrea delle Frate. Dom Agius is a native of Malta and a member of the Cassinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance.

That the eminent Academician M. Brunetiere is not merely a consummate literary artist and philosophical critic, but a thoroughly practical moulder of sane public opinion on timely topics, is evident from the tenor of a speech recently made by him at Dinard. On the burning question of the day in France he said: "Freedom of instruction means the freedom of you people to instruct your children in the principles, the convictions, the ideas that

are your own. It means the right to prevent any Tom, Dick, or Harry, a stranger, a political opponent, from substituting the teaching of the school for that of the family; the right to hinder your children from being turned against yourselves. It means that no young lady or gentleman, just arrived from Paris, shall take charge of your boys and girls to teach them that you, their father, are nothing but a ridiculous reactionary and a frightful 'clerical'; that you, their mother, are simply a foolish old woman thoroughly permeated with superstition; and that all we Catholics together are antiquated thinkers, public enemies, and fanatical idiots, for whom they, our sons and daughters, should entertain only pity and contempt."

This is rather pungently put, as is the following summary: "It is our right to dispose of those things for which we are responsible... Responsible for our children, it is we alone who should dispose of their education. Our children's sole right in this matter is to obey us. And the State's right, in its turn, is purely and simply to assure and sustain our right."

Our Irish exchanges bring us news of a death that has closed a notably long and beneficent religious career,—that of Brother Maxwell, of the Irish Christian Brothers. Away back in 1843, Richard Anthony Maxwell, a rising young solicitor of Dublin, doffed the lawyer's gown to don the habit of the simple Brother; and throughout the six intervening decades his words and works, his splendid energy and his inspiring ideals have superabundantly shown that his change of profession was willed of God. Brother Maxwell was for years the trusted friend of many an eminent churchman in England as well as Ireland. He has left the impress of his lofty character on the community of which during twenty

years he was Superior-General; and the stimulus of the example he set of unaffected humility and deep-seated piety is still animating hundreds upon hundreds of former pupils now scattered far and wide over the greater Irelands beyond the seas. In his eighty-sixth year at the time of his death, his career had been a long one, but also one filled to the brim with good works wrought all for God. *R. I. P.*

This glittering generality on the rights of free labor—it doesn't glitter the way it used to—is from President Roosevelt's letter of acceptance:

Within the limits defined by the national Constitution, the national Administration has sought to secure to each man the full enjoyment of his right to live his life and dispose of his property and his labor as he deems best, so long as he wrongs no one else.

"We do not suppose that in all the writings of Theodore Roosevelt there is another sentence that will survive it," remarks the *New York Sun*. Probably not. The same declaration has been made so often that it can hardly fail of endurance in political pronouncements. And to be very frank, it is only the artful dodging of a dangerous issue. The *Sun* ought to read the President's letter over again, more attentively, and try to discover something more fresh if less fair.

Mr. George T. Angell's account of a Sunday sermon once heard by him has been widely quoted. It was an up-to-date effort by a very progressive clergyman. "He spoke of 'ethics' and 'economics,' 'encyclopedic man,' 'speculative orthodoxy,' 'psychology' 'isosceles triangle,' 'unifying force from the great Universal Self,' 'elaborate scheme of social organization,' 'Antinous and Apollo,' 'complex realism,' 'sociological expansion,' and 'the old skeleton of a defunct philosophy,' etc., etc.,—all of which, while doubtless intelligent to the Lord, was an unknown language to

nine-tenths of the congregation. We contrasted it with the plain talk of Christ and the Apostles—'Christ and Him Crucified,' 'Our Father who art in heaven,'—and we wondered what headway lawyers would make if they talked to juries as this educated clergyman talked to his no more intelligent congregation."

It is said by eminent sectarians that there is too much preaching nowadays and too little teaching. If this be a fair sample of the preaching, we should say that one such discourse is an over-sufficiency. It is easy to understand why men do not go to church; the wonder is that so many women are still in attendance.

Major Henry Seton, U. S. A., who died last week in Baltimore, won distinction in the Civil and Spanish-American Wars, and in campaigns against the Indians in the Far West under General Crook. Major Seton came of prominent families on both his father's and mother's side, and his military career was one of which any soldier might be proud. He married a daughter of the noble but unfortunate Gen. Foster, under whom he served during the Civil War. Major Seton's own father was a commander in the United States Navy. One of his two surviving brothers is Archbishop Seton; the other is Mr. William Seton of New York, well known as a writer on scientific subjects. The saintly Mother Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, was their grandmother. *R. I. P.*

We share the conviction of the Rev. Thomas Thornton, superintendent of Catholic schools in the Archdiocese of New York, that the time will soon come when the citizens of that State will vote to appropriate some yearly recompense from the public school taxes for the maintenance of Catholic schools.

In an enumeration of the number of children in New York city for whom the Board of Education is unable to provide full-time school accommodation, the *Sun* took no account of the children in Catholic parish schools in which an elementary education is given free to the children, though at the cost of much money to our Catholic churches. In a communication to that paper, calling attention to the oversight, Father Thornton thus describes the situation:

The Catholic Church in New York city is providing, 75,000 Catholic children—children citizens—with an elementary education up to the requirements of the Board of Education, without a cent of cost to the city; thereby immeasurably relieving and assisting the Board of Education in its desperate efforts to fulfil the promises of the city's present administration to give every boy and girl of school age a seat in the schools for a full school day.

And, since it actually costs the city of New York \$40 a year to educate each boy and girl in our public schools, it follows that the Catholic parish school is saving the city annually in education \$3,000,000. When the value of the Catholic school-building itself is added to this great sum, the figure of profit to the city taxpayer by our Catholic schools assumes enormous proportions.

We like to see the Catholic side of the School Question presented in this way, with telling facts and impressive figures. Such statements must appeal, and before long they will appeal effectually, to all open-minded, justice-loving citizens.

Merely as one of the signs of the times in matters educational, we note that the present superintendent of public schools in Boston is a Catholic. People who do not know Boston intimately may fail to see any good reason why Mr. George E. Conley's appointment to this office should be considered at all noteworthy; but it is none the less significant—of various things. We learn, too, from our exchanges that the Catholic parochial schools throughout the country, though

ever-increasing in number, are well filled, so that there seems to be fairly good cause for rejoicing in the conditions generally prevailing in the school world.

The Trappists have experienced a heavy loss in the recent death of their Superior-General, Don Sebastian Wyart. A valiant member of the Pontifical Zouaves, young Wyart was wounded at Castelfidardo in 1860. Twelve years afterward he entered a Trappist monastery in the diocese of Cambrai, France. In 1880 he returned to Rome, where he founded the Monastery of the Catacombs, reunited the several branches of the Reformed Cistercians, and in 1892 became General of the Order. Four years ago he succeeded in regaining possession of Citeaux, of which famous old monastery he was named abbot by his late Holiness Leo XIII. Not less valiant as a monk than he had proved himself as a soldier, Don Wyart worked throughout his life with an eye single to God's glory, and has left behind him a memory that will be held in benediction. *R. I. P.*

Even the warmest admirers of the elective system of studies, now so prevalent in our American colleges, will probably admit that the system may be carried to extremes little less than absurd. The Massachusetts institution which offers its students their choice among more than a hundred different courses is not a model for imitation by any sane educators. The president of an Ohio University has recently called attention to the deplorable desultory habits that are nurtured under this exaggerated elective system. One sarcastic hit he makes is worth quoting:

We speak about our students as being young men, but they are only boys; they take all the liberty of men without any of their responsibility. In my opinion, a student who on coming to college is able to choose his course of studies, ought to be given a degree in advance on account of the unusual wisdom which he displays.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Clare's Statue.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

HAVE you heard how tiny Clare—
Laughing sprite with sunny hair—
Grew so wise
That when'er she woke at night,
All alone, no sudden fright
Filled her eyes?

On a table near her cot
Stood a statue she had got
For her own,—
A marble Virgin mild,
With the sweetest little Child
Earth has known.

At the statue's foot a light,
Soft and mellow, through the night
Pierced the gloom.
"I's not afraid," said Clare,
"'Cause I know our Mother's there
In my room."

Little Pierre's Fib.

MADMOISELLE MARGUERITE lives in the last house of the village,—a French-Canadian village in the interior of Quebec Province. They resemble each other a good deal, the old lady and the old house; they wear the same sad and weary expression proper to those whose lives have not been happy; the same gentle and timid air that appeals to the sympathy of passers-by. While the furrows were growing deeper in the face of the mistress, the cracks grew broader in the stone walls of the cottage; and when the old lady's head bent with the weight of years, the roof which sheltered her also sagged beneath its melancholy adornment of green and yellow mosses.

And yet, between Mademoiselle Marguerite and her house there is one great and cruel difference. With its little balcony whereon the vines are climbing and where great red geraniums are in bloom, with its orchard surrounding it as if to rejuvenate it with bright verdure and sustain it with sturdy trees, the cottage still looks pretty—nay, more charming than ever. Mademoiselle Marguerite, alas! looks anything but charming. She was never pretty; and time and trials have used her so severely that she is now altogether homely,—quite the ugliest inhabitant of the whole district. In her wrinkled little countenance one sees now only the nose,—an immense nose, that must be conscious of its extravagant size, for it appears to be begging pardon of all who look at it. The eyes, small and no longer bright, are sunk deep in their orbits. Only the arms of the old lady are still young and active; they are arms of a discouraging length, and, not knowing what to do with themselves, they are continually making awkward and ungraceful movements.

Mademoiselle Marguerite knows that she is ugly,—ludicrously ugly; and the knowledge is an affliction. She dreads ridicule and mockery as she does the direst catastrophes. Sometimes, indeed, she hears within herself a sweet voice, just a little severe, saying to her:

"It is your great foible not to know how to support ridicule. You are good to those who suffer; you have won the esteem of everyone by a life of entire devotedness: are not the murmurs of gratitude that herald your passing enough to drown the noise of an occasional little laugh? What if your nose is big, Mademoiselle Marguerite,

since your heart is a great deal bigger and all your neighbors admire and love you?"

It is right, altogether right, this sweet and grumbling voice; but the old lady won't listen to it, and her heart is torn when she sees people smile as they encounter her. It is with fear and trembling that, on Thursdays, she opens her door to the village scholars who come to munch her doughnuts and look through her book of religious pictures.

She often mends their jackets and trousers so that their mammas will not scold; she never reproaches them when in their giddiness they break a plate or saucer or upset the flowers on the balcony. But all this does not prevent some of the thoughtlessly cruel children from laughing at the plain view of their old friend's immense nose, her long arms, and her whole comical and pitiable little figure.

You will understand that, after such black ingratitude, the poor spinster has not a moment of rest, and sees irony everywhere, even in the grateful smile of the poor who receive her alms, even, in the tender gaiety of the young mother whose baby she caresses.

Like a good many timid folk, the old lady scarcely ever goes out in full daylight; she waits for evening and approaching dusk before making her village rounds. Last Monday, however, she went out before her usual hour, despite the heavy rain and the high wind; for some poor families in a neighboring hamlet needed her immediate help. Unfortunately, four o'clock sounded just as she re-entered the village, and a crowd of school-children came pouring out on the street ahead of her.

"Oh, if I can only get by without their seeing me!" exclaimed the distressed old lady. And she brusquely placed her umbrella in front of her to ward off the eyes of the boisterous

youngsters. All in vain: the enemy had perceived her and greeted her with joyous bursts of laughter.

There was a hurried step behind her. Did the wretches intend to follow her? But no: 'twas little Pierre, who addressed her most respectfully:

"Will you let me walk with you, Mademoiselle?"

There was not the faintest trace of irony in the boy's clear eyes as they rested with fondness on the old lady's withered face.

"Why, yes," said she, quite reassured; "we will walk home together, my little neighbor."

In the meantime the roars of laughter redoubled in the group behind them.

"Why are your companions laughing so much?" inquired Mademoiselle Marguerite, with a tremor in her voice.

Why? What a strange question! She knew very well, did Mademoiselle Marguerite, why these boys were laughing so heartily; but she wished to hear the reason from her little neighbor, so as to have the doleful satisfaction of being sure of it. And Pierre, too, knows why his schoolmates are so joyous,—knows that they are laughing at Mademoiselle Marguerite, whose umbrella is struggling with the wind, and whose long arms are struggling with the umbrella. He knows all this, and when she puts the terrible question again he grows very red and stammers:

"Because—oh, no, I can't tell you!"

"I wish you to tell me at once," said the old lady in her most imperious tone. "I wish it!"

"Well, then," murmured Pierre, blushing still more furiously at the explanation which had suddenly occurred to him,—"well, perhaps" (in a low voice) "they are laughing at me because—perhaps" (again in a low voice)—"because I had to wear the fool's cap this afternoon."

"You—you!" exclaimed Mademoiselle

Marguerite. "The fool's cap for you, little Pierre!"

But what ails the old lady to-day? She appears to be quite content, very well pleased indeed, that Pierre has had to wear the humiliating fool's cap. And little Pierre himself, although he hangs down his head in confusion, does not seem to realize all the shame that ought to cover him.

"To deserve the fool's cap," continued Mademoiselle Marguerite, "one must miss his lesson three times. You told me so yourself."

"Yes, Mademoiselle," acknowledged the boy.

"'Tis very bad," said the old lady, sorrowfully; "and you pain me very much. Your father and mother, who are watching you from heaven, can not be satisfied with you; and your grandmother will be sure to cry when she hears of your naughty conduct."

Oh, how severe the old lady is to-day! The emotion which she has undergone has altogether killed for the time her usual indulgence. And 'tis all very well for Pierre to tell himself that he is innocent: the scolding of his old friend brings the tears to his eyes all the same. You see, he values the good opinion which Mademoiselle Marguerite entertains of him; and, anyway, 'tis pretty hard when one is a good and industrious scholar, and isn't ten years old yet, to confess a fault one hasn't committed, simply to spare the feelings of a poor old woman.

"Well!" concluded Mademoiselle Marguerite, "'tis not my business to punish you, but you must promise me to acknowledge everything as soon as you get home to your good old grandmother. Perhaps she'll forgive you for this once."

He did acknowledge everything, did little Pierre; and his grandmother with a tender kiss forgave the fib which her cherished one had told out of the goodness of a kind and tender heart.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXI.—A MIDNIGHT DRIVE.

Teddy was so much better by the next day that he insisted on going downstairs, a feat which he accomplished with Katrinka's help. He felt very weak, however; and this gave him a sensation of helplessness and an almost inordinate fear of the Sandman, so that he begged the old woman to keep him out of that potentate's way. Katrinka gave the boy a strange look when he made this request, and she answered, gravely:

"For this day you are certainly safe. I do not think he will harm you."

With this declaration Teddy was fain to be content, and remained where Katrinka had placed him, in a shady spot on the lawn, with Kitty playing gleefully about at his feet. Only he asked the old woman for pen, ink and paper; and then she conveyed to him, surreptitiously, what he merely wanted to pass the time.

When he was left alone with his little sister, Teddy began to compose and put into shape a letter to X Y Z, in which he gave an account of all the late happenings, declaring that he could no longer remain at the Castle unless he was willing to lose his Faith and grow up like the hunchback, a pagan. He frankly admitted, moreover, that he was afraid of the Sandman and knew not what mischief the old man might do him in one of his outbursts of insane fury. He explained to the friendly stranger that, since the late barbarous treatment he had received, he would not think of leaving Kitty in the old man's clutches even if he himself could escape. He also gave Miss Sarah Tompkins' address on Fourth Avenue, thinking that X Y Z might find it useful to communicate with her.

Having completed this letter, he addressed it very carefully according to the directions given upon the stranger's card, and put it away into his inner pocket till he should have a favorable opportunity of posting it. The opportunity was nearer than he supposed; but, unaware of this, he sadly reflected that days, perhaps even weeks, might elapse before there were any means of speeding the missive to its destination.

As the day wore on, the stiffness and soreness began to leave Teddy's joints, owing to the twofold virtue of rest and of Katrinka's soothing lotion. He was glad to find that he could move with comparative ease and freedom.

In the evening he remarked that he had not seen the hunchback all day, and Katrinka had seemed strangely preoccupied; he had caught her, when she was out of doors for a few minutes, muttering curiously to herself and gazing upward from time to time at the window of the Sandman's sleeping apartment. She had given Teddy a hasty midday meal out upon the lawn, bidding him also give Kitty her bread and milk. This he had done; and Katrinka, clearing away the dishes, left him alone again, save for the presence of the child. He had found the time unusually long; and he had a constant terror, moreover, of perceiving the Sandman approaching from some unexpected quarter.

The old woman put Kitty to bed, however, at the usual hour; and it was some time later that Teddy saw her approaching to where he sat upon the gallery steps, and just behind her came the hunchback, looking pale and grave.

"Do you feel able for a drive?" Katrinka inquired.

Teddy, who enjoyed nothing so much as driving, answered eagerly that he felt quite able; adding almost immediately:

"Is there anything the matter?"

"The other boy has a message to deliver near the Ferry. He knows. You will go with him in the carriage and hold the horse while he gets out."

Teddy was ready in a moment or two, while Johnny brought forth the carriage and horse.

"You will hasten!" cried the old woman from the gallery.

"Yes, Katrinka: I will put Michael to his speed," replied the hunchback, who had a new solemnity in look and tone.

Teddy often afterward remembered that drive as among the most singular events of his life. It was a very dark night; but the boys, guided chiefly by the unerring sagacity of old Michael, sped through the country at a pace which caused the wheels to rumble, especially when they had reached the macadamized road. The harsh sound disturbed the stillness of the hour as the carriage flew through the balmy air. Night birds went circling above them, bats flapped their wings; once an owl crossed their path with its singular cry; and wherever there were dogs to bark, the noise set the dogs abarking. It seemed as if they were running a mysterious race between life and death, rendered more inexplicable by the demeanor of the hunchback. Ordinarily so communicative, he said not a word; usually so timid, he now assumed an air of authority,—took upon himself, as it were, some grave responsibility.

Teddy, on the other hand, strangely subdued, said not a word, asked not a question; only looked out upon the darkness, and drank in, unconsciously, those heavy, blended odors of the woods, which always in after years recalled to his memory that singular night drive. He could not get rid of the idea that some grim shadow pursued them or kept pace with them, and he contrasted this expedition with that other light-hearted one which he

and Johnny had taken together. If there had been a leader then, assuredly it was he; but now the parts were reversed, and Johnny, consciously or unconsciously, had assumed the leadership. Teddy felt quite a reluctance to ask him a question; nor would it have been much use to do so, with the clattering hoofs of the horse and the rumble of the vehicle.

Johnny drew up at a street corner some two or three blocks away from the Ferry, and, throwing the reins to his companion, leaped to the ground and disappeared. After the hunchback had gone, Teddy, looking about him, suddenly caught sight of a letter-box. This reminded him of the epistle which remained shut up in his inner pocket, and he instantly resolved to drop it in the mail. Whatever this mystery might mean, one thing was clear: that he had better get out of the Sandman's clutches as speedily as possible, and procure for his little sister and himself a powerful protector. A drug-store stood near: he fastened the reins to a lamp-post and entered.

"Will you give me a two-cent stamp, please?" he asked of a pleasant-faced chemist who stood preparing a prescription behind the counter.

"Certainly, my little man," replied the shopkeeper, opening a drawer to comply with the request.

"But I want you to give it to me for nothing," said Teddy, earnestly. "It is a matter almost of life and death."

The druggist looked sharply at the boy to see if he were jesting, and remarked, dryly:

"I see you are a wit."

"No, I am not," dissented Teddy; "but I must send this letter. I may not have another chance."

Here Michael gave a snort and a stamp outside; and Teddy, fearing lest some one should be tampering with the horse, rushed out to be sure that all was well.

Meanwhile the shopman had taken the letter in his hand and carefully examined the initials upon it. They conveyed nothing to his mind, but he knew that the address was in a reputable business centre. Moreover, he had been prepossessed by the boy's appearance and manner, and he felt his earnestness to be genuine. He was disposed to grant his request, but he made a last objection.

"It is very strange that you could not get hold of two cents," he observed, allowing his eye to rest upon the boy's comfortable suit and glancing meaningly at the horse and carriage without.

"Oh, sir, I can't explain just now!" Teddy cried desperately. "And you'll have to trust me."

A sudden thought then occurred to the boy. He wore in his scarf a cheap pin which had been given him long before,—one of the few presents he had ever received, and which he valued as the apple of his eye. He hesitated till he remembered that the letter might be the means of saving both Kitty and himself from the clutches of the Sandman.

"If you will give me the stamp, Mister," he said, with a choke in his voice, "I will leave this scarf pin with you. I may be able to claim it sometime, and I guess you'll let me have it back."

"Oh, I suppose we can give you the stamp on the chance of being paid some day!" said the shopman, with a smiling glance at the trinket which the boy was busy unfastening from his scarf. "And you'd better keep your pin. It might get lost here."

As he spoke he took out a two-cent stamp and affixed it to the letter. Teddy thanked him earnestly, and, bidding him a cordial "Good-evening!" rushed forth, leaving the shopkeeper highly amused at the whole incident. The boy thrust the letter into the

box, breathing a sigh of relief that, for good or evil, it was gone, and resolving not to say a word about it or its contents to Katrinka nor even to Johnny.

Teddy got back to the carriage not a moment too soon. Presently he saw Johnny waving to him from an opposite corner of the street. Touching up Michael, he drove hastily thither. To his amazement, the hunchback was accompanied by a stranger—a grave-looking man, with a small, black satchel, who stepped into the back of the carriage and sat down, laying his bag upon the vacant seat beside him, and settling himself comfortably for the drive.

Johnny immediately seized the reins, touched Michael with the whip, and the docile beast started at a rapid pace, having had a few moments' rest; though his mouth was still foam-covered and his coat wet with perspiration. Once they had left the thoroughfare, which was crowded although it was night, Johnny urged the horse to greater speed; and after a while the stranger, breaking silence, inquired:

"How far did you say this place was?"

"I think it is about eight or nine miles, sir,—so I have heard them say," the hunchback answered.

"Oh, true! I had forgotten," commented the stranger, sinking back into a silence which he did not break again during the whole continuance of that drive.

As the carriage and its occupants went on and on into the country, the stillness was disturbed only by the scream of the night bird, or the wrestling of tall trees with a wind which had suddenly stirred up. The latter sound was wild and weird in the extreme, rushing through the woodlands; and Teddy felt vaguely glad that this stranger, who seemed to be

an ordinary sort of a person, should be with them upon this furious midnight drive back into those regions of mystery. He regarded the Castle and its inmates with a new terror, increased by the fact that even his ordinary companion Johnny seemed to have taken on an unusual character.

As the hunchback drove stolidly along, Teddy looked sideways into his pale face, and the thought occurred to him that perhaps the Sandman had, for some unholy purpose of his own, enchanted Johnny. Then his sturdy common-sense once more asserted itself and he determined not to indulge in any fancies, and to conquer them just as he conquered the drowsiness which stole over him. His limbs were painful again, after his long drive and the sitting in a cramped position.

When they reached the Castle, it looked very dark. There was a light in only one window—that of the Sandman,—and Katrinka stood upon the top of the steps, looking, as Teddy thought, unusually haggard and weary. She received the stranger in profound silence, and, motioning him to follow, led the way hastily into the house. The hunchback sat perfectly still upon his seat in the carriage, not so much as stirring a muscle; and Teddy remained beside him, until at last Katrinka appeared and bade them put the horse in the stable.

"The carriage will not be wanted this night," she declared, briefly.

Johnny, requiring no further explanation, at once drove round to the stable-yard, where all was dark and silent. He lit a lantern and set to work unharnessing Michael and leading him into his stall, where he began to rub him down after his hard drive. The horse seemed delighted at having reached home, and showed his pleasure by every means in his power. Teddy fetched him water to drink and Johnny procured a bag of oats; and the

intelligent animal looked at them with his fine, full eye in friendly fashion, and rubbed his nose against each boy in turn. In fact, he did all but speak in his effort to show gratitude for their ministrations.

When they left the stable-yard, it occurred to Teddy that Katrinka had said nothing at all about going to bed, and he began to feel very weary after the long night drive, and while still suffering from the fearful ordeal of the day previous. He sat down somewhat forlornly upon the steps, and presently Johnny came and sat beside him. Both boys stared before them into the gloom and up at the sky, where no star appeared, but only scudding clouds, inky black or fleecy white. At last the hunchback broke the silence.

"Teddy," he said, "do you know where we have been?"

"Of course I do," answered Teddy: "to the Ferry."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" exclaimed Johnny, impatiently. "I mean do you know why we were sent there so late at night?"

"How should I know when you didn't tell me?" said Teddy, with some offence in his tone. "You're getting so strange, Johnny! But I suppose we were sent to get that gentleman."

"Yes," answered the hunchback, "it was to get him, Teddy. But can you guess who he is?"

Teddy shook his head. Possibly, if he had been in his ordinary frame of mind, with full command of his faculties, he might have put two and two together and arrived at a correct conclusion. But he was still dazed since his late adventure with the Sandman; he was overtired and his brain confused for want of sleep.

"He is a doctor," declared the hunchback, "and we have been to fetch him because—" (he paused and lowered his voice to an awestricken whisper, as he

shot one hasty glance upward to where the light still burned in the Sandman's sleeping apartment),—"because *he* is sick up there. Katrinka thinks he is perhaps sick unto death."

The words gave Teddy a rude shock as though some one had buffeted him, and it was not alone the night wind which seemed to chill him into the very marrow of his bones. A wave of deadly coldness stole over him. He had never before, within his recollection, been brought into contact with Death, having been too small to remember the passing away of his own parents. And that Death should have drawn nigh to the Sandman, that dread potentate, in the full exercise of his mysterious power, seemed somehow to terrify Teddy inordinately.

Involuntarily, he crept closer to the hunchback — who, curiously enough, was not so disturbed as his friend,— and the whole scene took on a new character in his eyes. It seemed to be invested with a sudden weird solemnity. There were whisperings in the trees, as he fancied; and voices never heard by day seemed to make vocal all the landscape. Then his Christian training and his faith awoke.

"Johnny," he remarked, "let us say some prayers. When anybody is dying people always pray."

And together they dropped upon their knees. Teddy sent up a strangely passionate petition, in his own simple words, for the old man who had treated him so cruelly. Johnny, on his part, began to recite almost mechanically the "Our Father," which, with the "Hail Mary" lately added to his vocabulary, was the only form of petition he had ever been taught. And as he repeated the words he looked long and earnestly at the lowering clouds which sped so swiftly through the sky, trying to realize the existence of that Great Being who is the Master of life and death.

With Authors and Publishers.

—*Le Propagateur*, of Montreal, publishes in its September issue an appreciative note of recommendation from Bishop Schwebach, of La Crosse. We may add that the appreciation is well merited.

—Cadieux & Derome announce a popular edition of the Lives of the Saints in French, for every day in the year, adapted to the use of general readers. An octavo volume of 684 pages, bound in cloth, it sells for the very moderate sum of sixty-seven cents.

—The announcement in the *True Witness* of Sept. 3 that the issue of that date was its last seems to be belied by its reappearance on Sept. 10. We trust that the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal will not allow their special organ to die of inanition or even contract anæmia through lack of patronage.

—The current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains some excellent translations, in blank verse, from the "Fioretti" of St. Francis. The translator, James Rhoades, has done into charming English the four chapters: Concerning Perfect Joy, Concerning John of La Penna, The Conversion of the Wolf of Agobio, and "Why After Thee?" The modern ear is not especially fond of blank verse; but Mr. Rhoades has so successfully reproduced the somewhat quaint and wholly delightful flavor of the original work that discriminating readers are safe to applaud his effort.

—So devout a client of Mary Immaculate as the Bishop of Covington could not permit the approaching Jubilee to pass without publishing a pastoral letter. Besides a remarkably luminous statement of the privileges and obligations of the Jubilee, Bishop Maes culls some choice flowers from the rich gardens of patristic literature, showing the constant tradition from Apostolic times, through the Eastern as well as the Western Church, in favor of the Immaculate Conception. "No other doctrine of the Church," observes Bishop Maes with characteristic fineness, "appeals so strongly to the pure manhood of the Christian community, and to the sacred motherhood of enlightened Christian women."

—The *Athenæum* thinks that Mr. Stead's preface to "Japan by the Japanese: A Survey by the Highest Authorities," is ultra-enthusiastic, and quietly remarks that excessive laudation defeats its own object. Says the London periodical: "The prodigious supremacy over all the nations of the earth claimed by Mr. Stead (altogether disavowed by every Japanese publicist of note that we are acquainted with, as, for instance, by the late Mr. Fukuzawa) is not a sane judg-

ment: it savors too much of the extravagant pretensions of the Mikados to a divine origin, and echoes the vanity of the common Japanese of to-day, who gravely ask the foreign tourist whether railways and telegraphs have yet been introduced into Western countries."

—"The United States, 1607-1904," is the title of a new history forthcoming from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The authors are William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes. The work will comprise ten volumes, the first of which is to appear in a few weeks. It is to be hoped that the intolerant spirit that vitiates so many histories of this country may, in the present instance, be conspicuously absent.

—Mr. Sidney Lee denies the report that he is engaged in writing a life of George Eliot, and adds that he is at a loss to understand how the report has come into circulation. Mr. Lee is old enough to know that spontaneous generation, though a fiction in science, is a fact in twentieth-century journalism. The up-to-date newspaper man doesn't require any basis for his most positive assertion about anything or anybody.

—Too late for the novena of months in honor of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, but in good time for a month of daily devotions in honor of the Queen of Heaven before the 8th of December, comes a sane and substantial booklet entitled "Mary Immaculate." It consists of extracts from the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church to be found in the Roman Breviary, as done into English by the late Marquis of Bute. The compiler to whom we are indebted for this really good manual is Father John Mary, Capuchin. Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

—Among recent publications we note a number of important pamphlets. "Catholicity and Civilization" by the late Dr. Bouquillon, sets up a comparison between Catholic and Protestant nations as to progress and civilization. It is scholarly and closely reasoned, as one would expect, yet eminently readable. This is one of the quarterly "Educational Briefs" issued by the Philadelphia Diocesan School Board. A handy reprint of Count de Mun's widely-published essay on "The Religious Crisis in France" is furnished by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. "A Spanish Heroine in England," a brief biography of Doña Luisa de Carvajal, whose holy memory was revived for readers of THE AVE MARIA some years ago by the Countess de Courson, comes from the English Catholic Truth Society; from which we have also received an excellent translation of the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius

Tenth on Christian Democracy and Sacred Music. "Catholicism and Reason" is the title of a valuable essay by the Hon. Henry C. Dillon, a second edition of which has been issued by the San Francisco C. T. S. Another of the Educational Briefs, from the industrious pen of the Rev. H. T. Henry, deals with the many grave defects of "Old Times in the Colonies," a work which is undeservedly included in catalogues of books proper for reading in the public schools. The author, Charles Carleton Coffin, was prejudiced and partisan to the last degree.

—"Immaculata: The Pearl of Great Price," is a poetic fragment of some three hundred lines, taken from "The Mysteries of the King," an unpublished poem by Emily Mary Shapcote. The lines are trochaic tetrameter, the metre of "Hiawatha," which poem is suggested in—

Simple was the life of Mary
At the knees of mother Anna,
In the Nazarean garden,
In the paradise of roses.
Simple in her acts of childhood,
In the lowliness of childhood,
In the sweetness of obedience
Which accompanies perfection.

Miss Shapcote handles the trochaic metre better than she does the sonnet. Her booklet contains three specimens of this stanza form, and all three are in utter violation of the rules for sonnet rhymes. The tone of both fragment and sonnets is elevated and reverential. The Art & Book Co.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Mary Immaculate. *Father John Mary, Capuchin.* 50 cts.

Pontifical Ceremonies. *P. Francis Merham, O. S. B.* 90 cts., net.

A Course of Christian Doctrine. 85 cts.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. *Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.* 10 cts.

The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.

The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.

In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.

The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *A Kempis.* \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.

The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.

The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.

Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.

Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.

Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.

A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.

Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.

One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.

Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.

A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.

The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.

The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.

The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Rouse, D. D., England; and Rev. Vladimir Molsyani, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Etienne, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

Mr. Henry Richards, of Winchester, Mass.; Dr. Herman Schafer, Monrovia, Cal.; Mrs. Mary McCaffrey, Mankato, Minn.; Mr. John Wagner, Sr., Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. Frank Phillips, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Hugh Fagan, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. Frederick Wolfsiffer, Defiance, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Clement Dietrich, — South America; also Mrs. Catherine Seifried, Lima, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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NO. 14.

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To America.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

AMERICA, how large thy spacious land!
Canst not thy heart like thy broad vales expand?
The Rockies rise to prick the stars with snow:
Canst not thy soul to heights as lofty grow?

Thy mighty streams flow onward strong with youth:
Why ebbs thy lovely tide of pristine truth?
Niagara from the sky leaps full and free:
Why shrinks thy waterfall of liberty?

All flushed with springing grain thy fertile fields,
But where the harvest that true justice yields?
Thine El Dorados gleam with gems of light,
But where thy treasure of belief in right?

O let thy heart like thy green vales be wide!
Lift up thy soul beside thy peaks of pride;
Still let thy streams and founts refresh mankind;
And, great in stature, be thou great in Mind!

Great Scientists and the Rosary.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

MODERN science is supposed by most people to repudiate more or less all idea of the efficacy of prayer. It can scarcely fail to prove one of the greatest of surprises to these people to find how many distinguished scientists, the men to whom we owe ground-breaking discoveries in many branches of research, were not only fervent believers in the efficacy of prayer, but lived up to a practical exercise of their convictions. They went far beyond ideal or spec-

ulative belief, and faithfully practised habits of devotion that to the skeptical can scarcely fail to be a never-ending source of amazement.

If there is one form of devotion which, on theoretic grounds, might surely be considered as unlikely to attract attention from scientific minds, it is that of the Rosary. Unfortunately, a misunderstanding of its real significance has led many people to think that it is little if any better than a conventional succession of formal words frequently repeated, without any proper realization of their meaning, by the ignorant and lowly. As a matter of fact, however, there are a number of prominent men in every department of science who have been especially faithful in their devotion to the Rosary.

Such men as Alessandro Volta, the first great worker in experimental electricity, whose name is enshrined in his discovery of the Voltaic pile; his contemporary Galvani, to whom we owe the first hints as to the existence of animal electricity and from whose name the word "galvanism" is derived; Ampère, the great French electrician, whose name also is preserved in the terminology of his favorite science, were all of them zealous devotees of this form of prayer which is often considered to be worthy only of the poor, of those who are unable to read, or of those whose deficient education does not enable them to meditate without some external help, and whose tendencies to distraction make

it difficult for them to keep their minds in contemplation of religious ideas.

Electricity, however, has no monopoly in this matter; and electrical scientists were not the only ones who were proud to carry their beads and use them. Chevreul, the great French chemist, was often remarked quietly telling over his beads. The same is true of Leverrier, the renowned French astronomer. Medicine, at least, might be supposed to make, in its great discoverers, an exception to this rule of love for the Rosary; but the assumed unorthodoxy of medical science does not extend so far. And such men as Morgagni, the father of modern pathology; Laennec, the founder of modern physical diagnosis; and, in our own time here in America, O'Dwyer, the discoverer of intubation, one of the few great original bits of progress America has contributed to medical advance, were all wisely proud to enroll themselves among the clients of the Blessed Virgin and add their contribution to the crown of roses which is daily woven in her honor.

To enter somewhat more into detail, the first great step in the development of the modern physical sciences was made by one of the gentlest spirits in the whole history of science,—a man whose personality does him as much honor as do his epoch-making observations. In a period when rationalism was rampant—the last quarter of the eighteenth century—preparing the awful climax of the French Revolution, Aloysius Galvani was almost quixotic in his devotion to the old religious principles, and in his fidelity to pious practices that were supposed to have lost their power to attract the men at least of that generation.

The name of Galvani is one of those that will be immortal in the history of electricity. His great discovery consisted in the recognition of the presence of electricity in animal tissues and his de-

termination of some of the phenomena connected therewith. His discovery was, however, no mere chance; for Galvani's theories of animal electricity as developed by him in the years after the discovery was made, though they generally failed of acceptance in his own day and in the immediately succeeding generation, have come to be recognized as containing anticipations of great truths whose real significance has come to be appreciated only in quite recent times.

Galvani was, moreover, one of the exemplary Christians of his generation. When, after the overthrow of the Italian governments by Napoleon, he was offered once more his professorship at the University under the new régime which had been established, he refused for conscientious reasons to accept it, because he considered that the new authorities did not have any proper right to assume the reins of government. It was no easy matter for him to follow his conscience in this regard; for he was poor and was absolutely dependent on his salary as a University professor for the support of himself and his family. These reflections, however, did not deter him from putting principle and duty, as he interpreted it, above material considerations. He had to suffer many hardships, and was obliged to submit to being helped by friends; though he was of rather sensitive disposition, and it must have been bitter for him to learn to eat the bread of others.

Galvani, though distinguished in the history of science as one of the founders of electricity, was a professor of anatomy and not of physics at the time his discovery was made, and all his life was devoted to medicine rather than to the investigation of physical problems. He is, however, only another example of the fact that, in spite of the impression to the contrary which so commonly prevails,

great medical men and especially great medical discoverers have usually been orthodox Christians and often fervent Catholics. The greatest of living physicians in Galvani's younger days was the distinguished father of anatomy, Morgagni, who had been the friend of four Popes and the father of two priests and eight nuns.

The mode of Galvani's discovery is interesting enough as indicating the character of the man. His wife was ill and he was preparing for her a dish of frogs' legs,—a delicacy which she liked very much. During the course of the cleansing operation he touched the exposed nerve end and muscle of one of the legs in such a way as to cause twitchings. It was one of the happy accidents that come to genius. Galvani, however, did not miss the opportunity, but proceeded to test over and over again just how the twitchings had been brought about. The result was his discovery with regard to animal electricity, and the opening up of a field for investigation that has done much to solve many problems in physiology destined otherwise to have remained in utter obscurity for many years.

As might be expected, Galvani was a faithful and devoted Catholic. He was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and he is said to have taken more pleasure out of his membership in this simple religious body than from his honorary membership in various prominent scientific societies throughout Europe. Like his contemporary Volta, one of his favorite forms of prayer was the Rosary; when he assisted at Mass it was his ordinary custom to say his beads. In the midst of the troubles that came to him at the end of his life this devotion was a special consolation to him; he often passed a considerable period in prayer before the statue of the Blessed Virgin with his beads as a companion.

(To be continued.)

The Castle of Oldenburg.*

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART II.

I. — VIGIL.

THE years at the monastery seemed endless, yet they came to an end. Mirvan and Humphrey were to leave it together for the university. The last month, the last week, the last night had come, and in the morning they were to depart.

The monk's prophetic words to Sebastian had come true. Humphrey's inclination for the priesthood made the question of the Oldenburg inheritance no longer a question. Even Mirvan's determined desire for self-sacrifice gave way to the prior claim of a spiritual heritage for his cousin; and Sebastian was glad to have the matter settled without a discussion.

But Anselm's prophecy, to be exact, was to be verified only in its widest sense. Humphrey had no vocation for the cloister. Its sequestered quiet and narrow circle of devotion might become from time to time the resting-place, but could not be the adequate expression, of his religious life. The very powers he meant to dedicate to the Church demanded, for her full service, that their training-ground and also their final field should be the world. Perhaps, for Humphrey, the Church and the World were no such irreconcilable foes as they must ever seem to the true ascetic. Perhaps he already dreamed of a church in the world, as the soul is in the body, not to kill but to give it life. His own religious experience, which was no way different from his whole self, may have helped him here.

It was this unity of nature which gave Humphrey, even from childhood,

* "St. Nazarius," adapted. By special arrangement with The Macmillan Co., proprietors of the copyright.

his power and also his weakness: his power, because in each of his serious acts or thoughts or feelings he consecrated his entire self, by one undivided impulse; his weakness, because when he failed or fell short, he had no spiritual shelter, no separate sanctuary to flee to, and was for the time in utter destitution. It was well for him that during the years when his intellect and his heart were instinctively forming the direction of his life, he should have been under the guidance of a man so keen-sighted, so temperate of control, so reverent of humanity, as Anselm. Well for Humphrey, and for the Church if she needed his service. Had he been subjected in this early time to an unreasoning or despotic religious temper, he might have become what is called a freethinker; for freethought was his birthright. His reason rode so strongly in the chariot of his soul that the winged horses of his fervent passion made no movement without its consent. So, to many, the chariot seemed stationary, incapable of impulse or of speed.

Anselm knew better. He knew the value and the rarity of a nature that moves not at all unless it moves altogether; he knew the deep dangers that beset it,—of apathy and inaction and sorrowful self-contempt; and he thought he knew their safeguard—a wide sphere of activity and complete freedom. He knew, too, the risks attendant upon this perfect liberty, this limitless scope. But he loved his pupil and trusted him. He believed Humphrey to be marked for a great ecclesiastical destiny in the Church and in the world,—that world where piety, if it would avail, must be tempered by knowledge and by infinite degrees of perception; and he knew that for such a destiny no training could be too inclusive or too leisurely, lest haste should mar a fine work.

But, so far, all these thoughts had

slept in his own mind; for he remembered his promise to Sebastian. And indeed his one care was to withhold Humphrey from a premature and uncultured dedication to the religious life. Humphrey's resolve had been taken independently of any word or hint from without; and it was strange that while he had mentioned to Mirvan and to his father, with reference to the disputed succession, his hope of becoming a priest, he had remained silent upon it to Anselm, whom it yet more deeply interested and concerned. Perhaps the monk's reticence inspired his own, or perhaps he felt that Anselm knew it without being told. At any rate, until the last night before he was to leave the monastery and begin his life in the world, no word had passed between his director and himself as to that life's ultimate destination.

It had long been Anselm's habit to walk a while in the cloisters before he slept, or passed the night in vigil. And at these times it was Humphrey alone whom he permitted to accompany him, finding his society, in speech or silence, of one spirit with solitude. This night, at first, they were speechless, their very footsteps hushed to make way for a spell that was not speech. The organ in the chapel was awake, and the sound of it mingled with the starlight and with their thoughts. Perhaps nothing but music could just then have drawn Humphrey's mind from its impending crisis. Upon him music was a tyrannous and absolute power, wherein he lost himself as he never could elsewhere save in sleep.

As he listened now, he thought he had never heard music so strange, so far from peace or passion, so lost in dreamless shade. A pitiless reiteration of broken chords, like the echoes of forgotten pain, passed into a slow, monotonous melody, sustained by single bass notes. It was like the suspension of life, longing to die, yet unable to

pass away. So long it continued, neither changing nor resting nor repeating its exhausted yet tireless measure, that Humphrey felt himself painfully enthralled and enchained, and longed to break free from its infliction. Then suddenly it dissolved into a delicate, distant chord passage; and, as if he experienced a physical relief, Humphrey sighed aloud.

And now the Abbot spoke.

"I fear Mirvan grieves very bitterly to leave this place," he said. "He takes root so deeply where he takes root at all. Has he spoken to you?"

"Not much," Humphrey answered. "Only once or twice he has said little things. Will it be hard for him, Father, where we are going? Will he have to meet troubles?"

"Doubtless," the Abbot responded; "but they will be mostly of his own making. Do not fear for him, my son, nor try to guard him too tenderly. Nothing that he meets will hurt him, for his heart is as pure as clear water."

"I know it," said Humphrey. "I marvel at it more each day I live. But why may I not try to shelter him?"

"Partly because you can not," was the answer, "and partly because you need not. As I said, he will make his own difficulties, and no one else can help or hinder; but he will also get through them, or over them, in his own way, like water in its strength as well as in its purity. Let him feel that you are always his friend, and leave the rest."

"Surely he could never doubt me," Humphrey said, dismayed.

"I hope not," the Abbot answered. "I did not speak to warn you. But he might be unreasonable, and you impatient. Patience is a Christian virtue you have not as yet acquired, my son."

Humphrey was silent; but Anselm knew that his silence covered no sore pride or hurt humility, and that the

rebuke had been taken as gently as it was given. He went on speaking after a moment:

"No, I have no fears for Mirvan in the end, but I grieve for his present sorrow. It has been my lot to be near him in his early troubles, and I know the suffering his passionate affections bring. "And you, my son," he added, with a change of tone, as if he were now indeed speaking to his own child,— "you leave this place with hope in your heart?"

The words were a question, and Humphrey answered:

"I don't love things as deeply as Mirvan. I suppose I'm heartless. And yet I *do* love them, only they don't hold me."

"For here we have no continuing city," the monk said gently, half to himself.

"I'm afraid it isn't that," Humphrey rejoined. "For I suppose I am as near the City of God here as elsewhere, if I had the heart for it alone. The hope you speak of lies nearer, and is not wholly of heaven."

"Listen, my son," Anselm said; "and believe me, for I speak with knowledge. Nothing but God can satisfy the heart. Moreover, nothing but God can entice and allure the heart's hopes; and in all that brings even partial satisfaction it is God that satisfies. This need that calls you away is the need of Him; and if, where you are going, you fail to find Him, the new road will open upon you from there. He can never be to you, as to some, a dim and distant glory one day to be attained. He must be your life's very presence, and without Him you would perish."

"But, Father," observed the boy, doubtfully, "there is error and self-deception and sin."

"We reach God slowly or swiftly, we wander and we return, but we can not wander beyond His knowledge of us," the monk answered. "Let those blind

themselves who can. You, at least, are to go through life with your eyes open, and not to cheat yourself with phantoms. But what are these hopes which are not wholly of heaven?"

"It was of the future that I was thinking," replied Humphrey.

His voice was shy, as though he shrank from self-expression even now.

"I think I know," Anselm said. "You would fain, would you not, live that life which is nearest,—nay, not nearest, but most richly rewarded of God?"

"Rewarded hereafter?" Humphrey said, questioning.

"Nay!" the monk answered, and his voice rang with the denial. "Here, here, not hereafter. Whoever puts the reward of the religious life out of itself has never lived it. Some call it suffering, sacrifice, renunciation. Others speak of its joys and satisfactions, and these will tell you that they far outshine the worldly losses it demands. But I tell you there is *no loss*. I tell you, child, what it gives is not some good for which we have sacrificed life and love: it is life and love in their fulness, for there is no other good. Not something new, not something different, but the very same that we have lost,—lost so deeply, so long ago."

Humphrey's heart stood still. The monk's eloquence had lifted and carried him like a wave. But the last words were its retreating whisper upon the sand, spoken inwardly as though in unconsciousness. It was the first and the only time in all Humphrey's knowledge of him that Anselm had approached his own experience. He felt as if he had seen the corner of the veil of the sanctuary lifted and then dropped again on the darkness within.

The monk's next words were spoken in his kindly manner of every day.

"I have preached you a sermon," he said. "But we must not talk any longer; for there is little time and much to arrange."

"I ought to have spoken sooner," Humphrey observed.

"It is no matter, for I have long thought about it," said Anselm; "and what I think can be briefly told. You will stay three years at the university, according to the usual custom; and I need not urge you to get all you can from the time: your own love of learning will do that. But that all is not enough. You must spend three years longer (we will decide upon the place hereafter) in the study of philosophy and letters."

"But, Father," said the boy, "how can I meanwhile make any special preparation for the priesthood?"

"I am coming to that," the Abbot said. "Have patience: you will want all your small stock before I have done. You are to make no such preparation until later. During these six years I want you to study as widely, as unreservedly as possible. Read no Christian literature *as such*: read it only if it answer the ends of thought. And do not think about your vocation at all."

"I see you doubt my fitness," Humphrey said, sadly.

Anselm turned on him a keen look in the darkness.

"Humphrey," he answered, startling his listener by the unwonted use of his name, "do we give the best or the worst tempering to an instrument we would reserve for fine service? Do we grudge a year or two more or less in preparation for eternity? You *may* find yourself mistaken in this hope of yours, but it is in no such dread that I would have your training perfect. And when I said 'Study unreservedly,' I did not mean books alone. It will be natural to you to seek the society of those who intellectually and morally attract you. Seek it freely, and drink deep of the springs of human excellence wherever they rise. How can you be a physician if you do not study the laws of life? And now, my son, it is late, and you must rest

for your journey to-morrow. Sleep in peace; and beware of self-distrust. Reverence your own nature if you would reverence your office; for great things are expected of you."

He gave the usual blessing and dismissed him.

As Humphrey lay in bed his mind was restless with eager hopes. His late dejection, so haunting and painful a part of his nature, was all gone; but in its place not the peace of the monk's bequest but an intense spiritual excitement possessed his thoughts and held him long awake, even until the early dawn lightened the window,—for it was summer. Then, the tension of darkness once lifted, his brain relaxed, and he was just growing sleepy when the door was gently opened and Mirvan came in.

He was in his dress of yesterday, and it was evident that he had not been to bed. He wore no hat, a silver shower of dew whitening his hair; and to his cloak, thrown back, clung green burrs and bramble leaves. The very breath of the forest, fresh and keen, seemed to come into the room with him. He sat down on the bedside without a greeting.

Mirvan's beauty had not transgressed the promise of its childhood; and yet the first impression he awakened was not of beauty but of strangeness. The dead pallor of the skin against the dead darkness of the hair, and the unchanging intensity of the eyes, were apt, at first, to startle and arrest rather than to please. But on a second looking, while the strangeness remained, the beauty seemed to increase, and ended by subduing the gazer to its own singular spell,—a spell whose power was upon the intellect rather than the heart: it left the gazer cold.

Humphrey gazed at him calmly. Mirvan seemed to have forgotten why he had come; for he sat silent, his face, untired as the morning, turned to the open window. The strength of his

sorrow had seemingly spent itself in music, for no trace of it lay upon his features.

"I have been in the forest," he said, "saying farewell."

It was strange to Humphrey to be roused from his crowding, imperious expectations of the future by this spirit, as fervent as his own, the whole strength of whose desires was set upon the past. He chid himself inwardly for feeling so little pain at the prospect of departure. "If I were like him," he thought, "I, too, might be content as I am."

"You will return to it," was all he said.

"Yes, but who knows how changed?" Mirvan answered. "This world where we are going is all new and uncertain."

"At least we are going into it together," Humphrey said.

"Yes, I know. But there, too, I am afraid. What if it should change us to each other? What if, when I have lost everything else, I should lose you, too?"

Humphrey remembered the Abbot's words.

"I shall never change to you," he said.

Mirvan turned his luminous eyes upon him.

"Are you perfectly sure?" he asked.

"Of course," Humphrey answered. "It isn't a promise,—one can't promise in such matters. It's simply a fact. My affection for you is part of myself."

Mirvan laid his hand on his cousin's, turning his face again to the window. The next instant he was gone.

Humphrey lay still for a while, thinking about him. Then he fell asleep.

The next morning they departed. As they left the monastery towers behind them, Mirvan turned in his saddle from time to time for a last look at the places he loved; but Humphrey rode straight onward, his face set to the future he was going to meet.

THE AVE MARIA.

The Bell-Ringer of Garlau.*

I.

IT is a quaint old parish in the depths of the Morlaix, on the other side of the ridge of Dourdû. A chain of hills surrounds and isolates it. There it lies in a nest of verdure, far from the public highway. Neither by the pointed spire of its tower nor even the voice of its sweet-toned bells ringing joyous carillons on Sundays or holydays does the world know of its existence. The odd, pretty name of Garlau came to it from some long-forgotten saint. The entire village is composed of the church, the presbytery, and a few stone houses built close to the cemetery, their old-fashioned roofs projecting over the sacred enclosure.

In one of these, surrounded to its very doorsill by flowering elder bushes, lived, at the time of this history, Agapit Quesseveur, better known under the affectionate sobriquet of Gapit. At the age of sixteen he had begun as an apprentice to a cooper at Morlaix. Then one evening before his time was up he had returned to the village,—but how thin, how sad, how entirely changed! For a long time he hovered between life and death. His limbs, it was said, were afflicted with a strange disease, for which there was no remedy.

His mother, a widow, to whom he alone of five children had been left, took excellent care of him, using all the unguents she knew of; and often repaired, besides, on pilgrimages to famous miraculous shrines. He improved, but remained infirm,—his body bent almost in two at the waist, leaving him an object of commiseration and astonishment to the kind neighbors, who pitied while they deplored the spectacle of the head of a youth

united to the body of an old man. It was months before he could bring himself to venture out: his misfortune seemed to him like a disgrace. By way of consolation the Curé said to him one day:

“We must submit to the will of God, Agapit.”

“Yes, Monsieur le Curé,” he replied. “But it is hard to do so—with the proper spirit.” Then, with a deep sigh, he wiped a tear from his pale cheek. “I am a useless being,” he continued: “unable to help either myself or any one else.”

Although this thought afflicted him very deeply, there was still another, unavowed, unsuspected, which caused him still greater suffering, filling his soul with intense sadness.

Little by little, nevertheless, he began to go out, to walk about; and, in order to be less of a charge on his mother who subsisted by carding flax, he undertook certain light tasks around the house and garden. Some of his old energy seemed to return in the performance of them; he dreamed of a possible restoration, and hope began to stir anew in his heart.

One Sunday in early spring he made his appearance at High Mass. He noticed with gratification during the service that curious eyes were seldom turned upon him, and this was in itself a source of great consolation. When Mass was over he joined the group of young men who took up their usual station in the graveyard, with his back to the bevy of girls issuing from the church porch on their way homeward.

“God be thanked, you are on your feet again, Gapit Quesseveur!” said one of these, in a pleasant voice, which seemed a fitting accompaniment to her bright eyes and cheerful countenance.

“Yes, Jeanne Louise,” he responded in a low tone.

He could not utter another word. Pale and embarrassed he stood before

* Adapted for THE AVE MARIA from the French of Anatole le Braz.

her, all the blood in his body seeming to gather about his tumultuously beating heart. But his large, beautiful eyes looked pleadingly up into hers; and the girl, herself a little disconcerted by his seriousness, withdrew her gaze and feigned to look for some one in the crowd, as she said with an effort at carelessness:

"Since you are feeling so much better, Gapit, if you should be coming our way step in sometime and have a glass of cider."

"Yes, Jeanne Louise," he answered for the second time.

She turned away with a kind smile; and as he watched her form disappear between the trees, his soul once more descended into the ocean of bitterness which now so often threatened to overwhelm it.

He had sat beside Jeanne Louise Mével at catechism; they had made their First Communion together; and often, under the pretext of hunting for birds' eggs, he had accompanied her with other young girls of the parish far along the road which led from the village to Kergoz, where her parents owned a flourishing farm.

Their fathers had been boyish friends, and, later, companions in the same regiment. Pierre Mével had been cross-bearer at the funeral of Agapit's father, who had died early, when the boy was fifteen. Afterward he had kindly proposed taking the orphan into his service, provided his widowed mother intended him to spend his life on a farm.

"But look you," Pierre had said to the widow. "He is your only one, and you have nothing. He can never make much headway as a farm laborer. He is intelligent, learns quickly at school, and in your place I should give him a trade. It will not be so hard, and ought to be far more profitable."

It was on account of this advice that Agapit Quesseveur had been apprenticed

to a cooper at Morlaix. And laughingly—but earnestly, Gapit thought then—Pierre had said as he bade him farewell:

"When you are able to earn three francs a day, Gapit, come back to Kergoz and under our roof-tree you shall find a dove waiting for you."

And Agapit had set forth, tears on his cheeks but laughter in his heart, as he trudged along, all his worldly possessions slung in a bright-colored handkerchief over his shoulder.

Alas! thus he had set forth, and how had he returned? Dragging a body under the grasp of an incurable malady. Gone were his youth, his vivacity, and his ambition; all that remained to him, the now hopeless love of his happy childhood. Never would he be able to earn them now, those three francs per day which were to have been the price of his heart's desire; never would she be his on earth, the sweet white dove of Kergoz.

Slowly and sadly he took his way homeward, and as he passed beneath the trees bitter thoughts began to take possession of his soul. If it had not been for the advice of Pierre Mével, he might now be a strong and healthy man. If he had never left his native village, the mysterious malady which had wrecked his youth and happiness might never have afflicted him.

Then his reflections changed, and he began to wonder whether perhaps, conscious of this and regretting it, the farmer might not still be willing to take him for a son-in-law. Might it not be possible Jeanne Louise herself would look upon him with favor? She had, indeed, appeared glad to see him; had invited him, as one who meant what she said, to take a glass of cider at the old farm-house. But these latter reflections were short-lived, for Gapit Quesseveur was no craven heart.

"Away with ye, cowardly hopes, unmanly thoughts!" he exclaimed almost

aloud. "Get ye gone and forever! What am I that I should dare to think of crossing the threshold of Pierre Mével as a suitor for the daughter who is to him as the apple of his eye? No, never again until these limbs have recovered their power, until I can stand erect among my fellows, until I can present myself in the stature and strength in which I gloried of old,—never until that day comes shall my feet cross the threshold of Kergoz."

Five or six months later the bell-ringer of Garlau, a very old man, was stricken with fever and died after a few days' illness. Gapit Quesseveur had often given him a helping hand, persuaded that the exercise necessary in ringing the bell was beneficial to his spine, wherein the seat of his disease seemed to be located. He asked for the place and obtained it.

From that moment life assumed a new aspect to Agapit. His mother was growing old, and he need no longer be dependent upon her. While the position yielded only a regular income of fifty francs a year, there were additional fees for marriages, christenings, and burials.

"I am no longer a pauper," he said to himself, as for the first time he summoned the parishioners to High Mass.

He was, besides, an incomparable bell-ringer. He loved the music of the chimes with the love of a true artist. Suffering had refined his whole being, and now he gave expression to his pent-up feelings with the only music known to him. He had a véritable passion for the bells.

"He makes them say whatever he pleases," remarked one villager to another as they passed, to the sound of the carillons, within the porch of the old village church.

But it was when he saw Jeanne Louise approaching to High Mass that he set forth all his energies, giving vent

to his feelings in a very exultation of harmony. Seated one morning on the edge of the stone wall with the bell-cords in both hands he said to the young girl:

"Well, did you like my music to-day, Jeanne Louise?"

"Very much indeed," she answered, with a radiant smile, blushing slightly as she spoke. His eyes were upon her, but she did not turn hers again toward him. With a slight inclination of the head, she passed into the church.

"The bend of her neck is like that of a pigeon," murmured Gapit, gazing after her. "My pure little white dove of Kergoz."

In the parish of Garlau it was customary from time immemorial for the bell-ringer to make a visitation among the better class of inhabitants for the purpose of collecting what were called his "Easter-eggs" as an acknowledgment of his services. Remembering his self-registered promise, Agapit had refrained from visiting the farm of Pierre Mével, until he reflected that the omission to do so might look churlish and could hardly be explained or excused. He made several ineffectual efforts to call there, hovering near the outskirts and then shrinking away on some trifling excuse of going to another patron in the vicinity.

At length on Good Friday afternoon, about four o'clock, he summoned courage to enter the gate and knock at the door of the kitchen. It was Jeanne Louise herself who opened it.

"Ah, it is you, Agapit!" she said. "Come in. My father is just taking a bite."

"Yes, yes, here I am!" cried Pierre from the long table where he was attacking a huge piece of dry bread. "This is my breakfast, boy," he continued. "Will you not join me? Good Friday, you know, and the fare meagre. But Jeanne Louise will fetch us a pitcher of cider."

The girl had already gone for it, and, presently returning, placed it on the table before them.

"It took you a long time to respond to my invitation, Gapit," she said, pouring out the sparkling draught with a charming smile that went to Agapit's head like new wine.

He could not answer her. She remembered, then, that she had asked him! She had meant it! She still thought of him, perhaps, as of one who might have been her lover—if—if— Then he said:

"Yes: I was not well, but now I am better."

"Judging from the manner in which you ring those bells, you are," interposed the farmer. "So you feel your strength returning, Gapit?"

"Yes, indeed."

The boy straightened himself as he answered; and he said afterward that he felt a sensation as though all his bones had cracked on the instant. So strong was the impression that he looked at his companions for some observation; but apparently they were unaware of it, for they said nothing. At the same time his limbs trembled so violently that he pressed his arms on the table and his feet firmly to the floor, so that the father and daughter might not notice it.

"Perhaps you may entirely recover after a time," said the farmer, kindly.

"I am almost well already," replied Gapit. "The doctor says I shall soon be all right."

Pierre Mével arose from the table and went into an adjoining room. Jeanne Louise had remained standing, and was now smiling at Gapit with a sweetness that completely upset him. The love he had so faithfully tried to repress again reasserted itself under the magic of her presence. Hope filled his heart; health seemed to glow in his enfeebled limbs, his sluggish veins.

Soon the farmer reappeared. In his

hand he held a five-franc piece, which he extended to the young man.

Agapit's face turned pale.

"No," he said, shaking his head,— "I can not take it. That is not what I want."

"You do not want it?" exclaimed Pierre Mével in surprise. "Is it not enough?"

"It is not money I would ask from you, Père Mével," answered Agapit, with strong emotion.

"What, then?"

"It is your daughter Jeanne Louise,— when I shall be well."

"My daughter!" cried the farmer.

"What are you saying, Agapit?"

"I love her. I shall soon be well. Will you give her to me?"

"Poor fellow, you will never be well!" said Pierre Mével, laying one hand on the shoulder of Jeanne Louise. "Be a man, Gapit. Do not even in thought seek to link the life of a cripple with that of a bright young girl."

Agapit raised his eyes to those of her whom he loved. In a moment he realized what he had done,—the selfishness of it, the horror of it.

"You are right,—oh, you are right! Forgive me, Père Mével! Forgive me, Jeanne Louise,—Jeanne Louise!"

Tears were streaming down his cheeks. Father and daughter turned away: they could not bear to witness his anguish. He went so quietly that they did not know the moment of his departure; but when they looked again upon the place where he had been standing he was gone.

(Conclusion next week.)

In Trials.

I PUT my frightened hand in Thine,
 Father, and look to Thy dear face,—
 Stretching these childish steps of mine
 To keep the measure of Thy pace.

F. P. D., S. J.

The Filipino Exhibit at the World's Fair.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

OF all the exhibits in the great World's Fair, there is none more vitally interesting, at least to the American public, than the exposition of our new possessions. To the visitor it is strangely new: all the lore one has read on the subject is at once forgotten. From the instant the eyes discover the bamboo porticos, the thatched roofs of the villages, and the grey walls of the old Spanish fortifications of Manila, one is awakened to a new world and feels at once transported to the "Pearl of the Orient." The surroundings are apparently so exact in topography that the illusion is perfect. One is carried by the intramural railway to the very bridge spanning the lake leading to the walled city of Manila, so the Philippine Exposition is not difficult of access. This picturesque bridge is an exact reproduction of the old Bridge of Spain crossing the Pasig River into the citadel.

The bridge here crosses an artificial waterway, called Arrowhead Lake. This body of water is dotted with queer-looking barges and Oriental sailboats, all of which are long and narrow. Just where the sailors or fishermen seat themselves is a mystery; but we must remember that the Filipinos are small and agile. The barges have bamboo canopies like basket covers; closely woven bamboo is used even for sails on some of the boats. One observes, too, projections at the sides of the sailboats, ostensibly to prevent capsizing,—an idea which should suggest itself to summer pleasure-sailors. Along the shore of the lake are the bamboo and nipa-palm thatched cottages of the native tribes: odd places indeed for human habitation; but when we remember that in

the Philippine Islands it is perpetual summer, they seem cool, airy, and intelligently constructed.

All these scenes are taken in at a glance because of our impatience to enter the walled city and come at once to the heart of the Exposition. The massive stone fortifications look strangely out of place, considering their sudden termination at the fragile huts of the villagers on the borders of the lake. But the stonework is reproduced to give an idea of the massive and picturesque walls of old Manila, built over three hundred years ago by Spanish commanders to protect troops and citadel. Their duplicates enclose forty-seven acres of the choicest portion of the World's Fair, divided into government exhibits and villages of the various tribes. There are thirty different tribes represented, but only twenty-one on the grounds. Just within the walls is a corner in Manila; to our right is the Philippine Constabulary Building, and on the left the quarters of the United States Constabulary in the Islands.

In the centre of the square rises a shaft to the memory of Fernando Magellan, the Portuguese navigator who discovered these Islands, and claimed them in the name of Charles V. of Spain, on March 16, 1521. As in the story of America, Spain fitted out the voyage of discovery which the navigator's own country declined to furnish, and all the glory belongs to her. Magellan named the archipelago San Lazaro; on his death another explorer, who completed the conquest, changed the name to "Philippines" in honor of Philip II. This later navigator, Miguel de Legaspi, brought with him five Augustinian friars. It was according to the old Spanish custom: expeditions were always accompanied by heroic apostles of the Faith, and every voyage of discovery was made more glorious by spiritual

conquest. This was the commencement of the friar dominion in the Philippines.

From information posted about, we learn that there are 7,000,000 civilized Filipinos; 650,000 wild people, 647,740 non-Christians, 6,987,686 Christians. The wild people—the Mangyians, the Negritos, the Igorots, the Bagabos, and the Moros—are represented at the Fair by their various villages.

Setting aside dry statistics, we enter the Philippine Constabulary Building. This is a display of "appropriated material," for all the articles bear cards of private ownership. Things are confusedly intermingled. There are odd-looking cannon, ancient and murderous; strangest of all, a cannon made of bamboo, mounted on heavy, solid wooden wheels. Next to this is a case of needlework; farther on, an ancient carved chest, rich and beautiful. There are cases full of crises and bolo knives, stacks of bamboo spears, old Spanish blunderbusses, battle-axes; and wherever one looks, all manner of crude, death-dealing devices. It would seem that killing is the chief pastime of all the wild tribes; and men go out to hunt heads as our hunters go forth for bear or deer, only more successfully.

One almost falls into the jaws of what appears to be another instrument of horror; and quickly saves oneself, to discover to one's great relief, that it is only a printing-press,—in this case harmless, for it is broken and crude. The card attached avers that it is the Insurgent printing-press used by Aguinaldo. On it were printed the revolutionary sheets, *La Independencia*, etc. There are evidences in this building that Uncle Sam will always be obliged to contend with an insubordinate spirit in the Orient; for it will be most difficult for these wild people to abandon their "killing times." As it is, they are ever engaged in intestine warfare.

There is an immense hat assortment: great, helmet-shaped head-coverings

made of tortoise shell; hats with peaked tops, such as one sees in pictures of mandarins; dainty feminine creations of nipa-palm; little round affairs which are set jauntily on the back of the head,—very fashionable among the Igorots and often serving as pockets. Here also are necklaces made of shells and coral,—exquisite specimens of both. Then we come to a case filled with pipes: little ones for the children, for these wild people all smoke from their second birthday,—men, women and children.

On the north wall of the building are charts of Magellan's discovery, also some of Kipling's poetry about the Philippines and the East. There is an interesting collection of military coats, superstitiously supposed to protect the wearers from the bolos and bullets of the enemy. Some of these coats are of rich material and exquisitely embroidered; others are suspiciously similar to church vestments; one is adorned with a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Surmounting a carved case is a wooden statue of a saint; on inquiry, the guard said that it was a "Christian Father," that he was at one time in a church and his name was Antonio. If it be really St. Anthony of Padua, he has work to do restoring most of this property to rightful owners in the Philippines.

Before leaving the building we visited the officer's room, which is fitted out with rare old furniture. There is a hand-carved bed of rich wood; for a spring it has a woven cane bottom. There is a table made of native narra wood resembling rosewood or mahogany,—a solid block, seven feet and a half in diameter, having been used in its construction.

The Philippine Constabulary in the Quartel numbers two hundred soldiers, also eighty-five musicians not regular soldiers. The drills of the Constabulary and Philippine Scouts, and the band

concerts, are leading features of the World's Fair. The band is exceptionally good; the Filipinos have music in their souls, and know how to give it true expression. Their interpretation of classic music, as well as their rendition of popular airs and patriotic hymns, elicits surprise and enthusiasm. They still cling with ardent love to their "own" national hymn, not seeming to realize yet that "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" should claim their fullest loyalty. One never forgets the Philippine drill or the band. It is a veritable revelation of military and musical proficiency.

Across the way from the Philippine Constabulary Building is the exhibit of the United States Army in the Philippines. Here we find an alarming repetition of bolo knives, head-hammers, stacks of old guns in ominous array, old rifles and cannon,—all captured from the enemy, who evidently did not lose much in "laying down its arms." Farther on, the walls are lined with Mauser rifles, and the really "up-to-date" killing machines of the United States Army. In contrast with these terrible weapons, so simple in construction but so powerful in destruction, those captured implements of war are ridiculous in their crudity.

Partitioned off from the exhibit is a miniature hospital, fitted up with newest appliances for first aid to the wounded and sick. On the walls are pictures of improved methods of bandaging, etc. Throughout the room are newly-patented stretchers and beds. It is a gruesome study, but a fitting finale to all this display of armament.

It is difficult to decide whither to turn next. A "Trip Through the Philippines for only fifteen cents" looks reasonable. The entertainment consists of panoramic views taken on the World's Fair grounds, with music by Filipino artists. It is under government auspices. An Igorot chieftain

stands at the doorway, serving to attract some and debar others. Quick decision brought us from this to the Fisheries and Game Building. It is a large bamboo construction, a model of a Philippine residence. The rear extends into a dock over the lake. Immense shells border the landing, where are moored various styles of fishing craft.

The scenery within the building is luxuriantly tropical. Perched in the wide-branched trees are large birds radiantly plumed; twined around the limbs of trees are mammoth snakes brilliantly colored; creeping against walls are bright-hued lizards; from dark corners gleam the eyes of wild animals, and great, solemn owls look wisely out at us. A wild buffalo confronts us; it is called a timarau, though it will never more do harm; for the taxidermist has been at work on it. Nevertheless, it is something to be afraid of, and fixes itself in one's memory. Crocodiles and snakes are everywhere. Huge sea-turtles and tortoises are plentiful. There are sea-spiders, whose filmy-nests are like frozen foam. There are strange fishes, their scales resplendent in the water. There are ant-eaters, alligators, wild pigs, small deer, giant bats whose skins, tawny, soft, and luxuriously rich, are piled in confusion; also mother-of-pearl, conch shells, coral, and iridescent mysteries from the deep-sea palaces of the blue Pacific. Radiant-plumed canaries fill the higher branches of the tropical trees. One would think that the melodies from their golden throats would "soothe the savage breasts" of Luzon's forest. We lose fear of the poisonous reptiles, fascinated by their beauty of coloring, as they lie with coiled lengths glistening like molten gold in the sun.

The Meteorological Building is the next attractive point. Its original at Manila is well known in the world of Science because of the important service it has rendered in the causes of

registration, observation, survey, and navigation. It is under the care in Manila of Jesuits from Spain. There are maps here of geographical survey (one is seventy-five feet wide by one hundred and ten feet long), on which are depicted all the physical features of the Islands, with the locations of tribes, mines, etc. This and the other maps were made under the direction of the Rev. José Algué, chief of the Weather Bureau. This Philippine region is frequently visited by earthquakes, and ample opportunity for scientific observation of this phenomenon is here given; also for the study of peculiar atmospheric disturbances, typhoons, hurricanes, etc. There are also further maps made by missionaries of other Orders; these are invaluable, because they are accompanied by anthropological observations and ethnological discoveries. In fact, all that science knows of the Philippines is due to the missionaries, from the first Augustinians to the present friars. This Exposition at the World's Fair is in the main their work, or its result, gathered together, systematized and labelled by the United States Government.

The Agricultural and Horticultural Building contains one of the most vitally interesting exhibits of the whole Exposition. From the moment we enter the door we begin to wonder at the richness and variety of the productions. Specimens of sugar cane preserved in huge glass jars, and all the varieties of sugar produced therefrom, fill the shelves and tables. There is a sled made of bamboo loaded with cane for market. This sled looks out of place: one begins to marvel at the incongruity; but on reading the placard near by we learn that these sleds are used to transport produce over muddy or stony ground, by means of the carabao, the beast of burden in the Philippines. Great jars of wild-bee honey, amber and translucent, and specimens of the wax, are also on exhibition here.

The Filipinos cultivate a poetry of motion which American labor unions would discountenance. Every stage of work is accompanied by music. They "trip the light fantastic" very frequently, thus lightening labor and, of course, killing time. In the planting and culture of rice, which is a pre-eminent industry in the Islands as exemplified here and in the villages, the natives sing, dance and smoke during the whole process.

The hemp industry is the most flourishing of all, and Manila hemp and twine are famous the world over. The adoption of new methods will stimulate this and other industries. From the rafters of the Agricultural Building hangs soft silken fleece, ready to be turned into golden coin by the magic touch of American industry. It is said that the natives carry the yearly yield of hemp many miles on their shoulders to the boats for transportation.

Among the vegetables, the sweet potato grows to mammoth proportions; also yams, long and yellow, such as are seen in the far South. There is a sort of tuber in large glass jars designated "Ube"; this is very plentiful; also all varieties of familiar gourds, beans, peas, onions, etc. Ginger, too, is a plentiful commodity; and rows of glass jars containing preserved edibles form an attractive display.

While we were endeavoring to translate the foreign names on some of the jars, an old lady—possibly a farmer's wife from Pike County near by—wanted to know if "them things are put up by the wimmen folks down there." They seemed to give her a higher impression of the Filipinos than anything else in the whole Exposition. She explained that she "hadn't thought them beasts capable of that much civilization." She had, like so many other visitors to the Philippine Exposition, made straight from the gates to the Igorot; and had

logically derived her opinions concerning all from that exhibit of wild people, made wilder still to please the American public. People crowd to this village to witness the unwilling native feasting on canine roasts; though one of the Igorots, with much scorn in his nose, indignantly declared to a visitor: "Me no eat dog; eat beef-cow!"

Philippine tobacco is given a prominent place in the exhibits; it is grown at its best on the north shore of Luzon. There are cigars as long as the forearm, thick and dark-looking; and we see the plant in every stage of growth and manufacture. This industry, like others, is retarded because of oldtime methods of culture; but the output is declared to be truly excellent. Everywhere in this and other buildings are baskets and hats of fanciful and delicate weaving,—one of the favorite and most paying industries for women and men. The whole agricultural display testifies to the richness of the soil of the Islands; everything that grows flourishes.

The department of floriculture is very beautiful in rich-hued flowers, the rarest and strangest of orchids, queer parasitical plants from the depths of forests, luxuriant vines and creepers, mammoth palms. All the flowers are rich in color and heavy in odors; many of their perfumes are extracted and exported.

A grey stone edifice over the way from the Agricultural Building claims our attention; we stand in admiration of its Old-World architecture and its massive proportions. On inquiry we find that it is the replica of the cathedral in Manila; within it is the Educational Exhibit. The American public school display occupies almost the whole extent of the edifice. The industrial arts have been cultivated to the highest stage. Glass cases are filled with exquisite designs of embroidery and needlework, of laces delicate in texture and artistic in design. The penmanship is of the

vertical system taught in our public schools. The spacing is neat and accurate; the spelling is irreproachable; there are no blots or evidences of struggle; the language is choice and simple. The drawings in almost every instance show talent or aptitude.

An essay on Pocahontas is interesting and amusing; it is written by a pupil of eight years, and illustrated by her. The picture represents the romantic Indian maiden carrying venison to Jamestown. There are other essays on abstract subjects by older students, showing remarkable American patriotism; and still farther on, wonderful dissertations by normal school graduates on abstruse topics, displaying astounding insight and deep research, not at all unlike the usual output of graduation essays, which are replete with deepest lore, and sometimes cause one to soliloquize: "How can such a little body carry such a weight of sense?" And all this in three years! Surely such brain power rightly applied should be a mighty force in the Philippines. But the intelligent American must not forget that in this new field of labor there were already trained hearts, minds and hands. The civilization, it is true, was that of an old world; but the simple beauty and truth of their religion can find a poor substitute indeed in any education that would endeavor to displace it.

The University of Sant Tomas has a creditable but limited display, and the curriculum denotes advanced and comprehensive studies. This institution has a naval branch. Many of the churches in the Islands have been utilized for schools, and bear the names of Santa Maria and Rosario. The Kindergarten exhibit is pleasing, consisting of toys—boats, dolls, tops made of bamboo and native wood. Outside the educational palace is a native school taught by a native girl; it is made of the usual bamboo and nipa-palm. Here a class in

English for the benefit of the Igorots and the visitors is conducted daily. The sessions are short, often interrupted by tourists, but highly entertaining to pupils and onlookers.

In the art department of the Educational Building one happens on various shrines, curios, and rare pieces of art. There are many wooden statues of saints: St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus, St. Antonio, St. Dominic,—in fact, the patron saint of every band of early missionaries in the Islands. A statue of the Blessed Virgin and a very old statue of St. Augustine are particularly worthy of notice; they are noble in expression and execution, and much superior in workmanship to the statues one sees in our American churches. They are carved out of the native wood, and have been venerated for centuries. Here also are two remarkable pieces of sculpture enclosed in ancient carved wooden cases. One represents the Crucifixion; the other, Christ's descent from the cross. Evidently they are Stations taken from some old church. There is a wood panel two hundred years old, representing the Nativity; one could wish it were on more lasting material, it is so beautiful and simple.

This art display is another evidence of the refining influence of the Church. Even the poorest effort puts to shame much of the work shown in American expositions and submitted by bold amateurs. Some of the oil paintings are done with a master-hand; they are fine in coloring, delineation and action. There is nothing crude in the whole exhibit. Of course this is due to Spanish training, but the native genius is evident.

The way from the Palace of Education leads to a model Manila dwelling-house of the better sort; it is built after the old Spanish style of architecture, wide terraced, with spacious inner courts. The rooms are full

of treasures — handsome carved beds, chairs, bookcases, chests, tables, — all made from Philippine woods and carved by Filipino artists. In the rooms we remarked a soft, pleasing glow; and on investigation we found that the small mullioned window-panes are made of shells, which not only subdue the glare but also keep out the heat. This is the Women's Building of the Philippine Exposition, and it is a credit to them. The walls are adorned with notable paintings and specimens of weaving and lacework; the hard-wood floors are covered with cocoa rugs, like finest matting. Glass cases hold filmy laces and embroideries, many in ecclesiastical designs; also cloth made from the fibres of the cocoanut and banana, and fashioned into pleasing apparel. This home is spacious and luxurious, with the hospitable air of the mansions of planters in the South.

Outside the Ethnological Building one hears people trying to decide whether to go in or not, but it is the most interesting building of the whole exhibit. In part it is an epitome of the other buildings; in it we learn the habits and mode of living of the wild tribes. In the central court is a tree having a Moro dwelling house in its branches; for the Lanao Moros live in trees to escape wild animals or warlike enemies. Entering the building, one recognizes the now familiar head-hunters' baskets and weapons. In a case devoted to musical instruments we find fifes, drums, horns, and violins. This whole orchestra in operation, as we heard it in the Moro Village, is maddening; it drives the visitor from the spot.

All the "villagers" resent the American weapon of offence, the kodak. In one of the savage villages is a placard warning kodakers away, with threats of peril to their lives if they persist.

The Bontoc Igorots have a display of pipes made of clay, metal and wood;

some of fancy carving. There are also pack-baskets, mining pots, and rice mortars. But strangest of all for these people who abjure clothing are the rain coats of nipa-palm leaves; they are worn on the shoulders and extend out over the body, forming a shelter for things carried. They are ingeniously made, and the underside is a fine piece of work. The rice mortar is an immense round piece of solid wood with two holes hollowed out to almost the full depth. Pounding rice is a strenuous occupation. Four workers come forward at one time; two grasp the heavy pestles and proceed to pound the rice in the holes; the other two dance and sing in wild rhythm and metre, until it becomes their time with the pestles. If their tempers are roused, they dance and sing more vehemently; they may break one another's heads, but the Igorot housewife never has to shed tears over broken china,—this will come with American civilization.

The natives seat themselves on the floor at mealtimes and eat their meals quite informally out of wooden bowls; the lower tribes use their fingers, but the better class have wooden table implements. The bowls are intelligently made; each one has a little seasoning cup carved in the same piece of wood. They have fish-baskets which fasten to the girdle; there is a bamboo dirt scoop answering the purpose of the ordinary dustpan; sieves of bamboo; travelling bags with compartments for hair-brush, toothbrush, necklaces, etc.; food baskets of all shapes and sizes; jugs, too, of all sizes. The Filipino has as yet no taste for "fire water,"—this also, alas! will come with civilization.

The Negritos have the next exhibit. These people are the aborigines; they are the most degraded. Against their will they are farmers; by nature they are wanderers, exceedingly small of stature but lithe of limb. They are good hunters with the bow and arrow. The

Negrito display of work is unlimited. Hair ornaments of inferior designs are seen, with deerskin rain coats, and bark skirts for the women; also spears of bamboo, the tips so poisoned that the victim never recovers. One of the American workmen at the Fair, in arranging this exhibit, pricked his hand on one of these spears: the wound has never healed, despite heroic treatment,—the poison gradually permeating his whole system.

The Moros, the pirates of the seas, are mostly Mohammedans; in their exhibit is a Mohammedan bible. The head datto, or chief, of the Moro Village here is the brother of the Sultan of Zulu. In their village they perform a spear dance and have sham battles for the edification of World's Fair visitors. They are mostly polygamists; of late years, however, many of these people have abandoned the Prophet and become Catholics. The Custom House officer in the building, who has been among them for years, declares that they are much more refined because of Spanish association.

In contradiction to these wild tribes are the Visayan, the highest type of Filipino. They possess the ingeniousness and industry of the Japanese with the modest grace of the Spanish race; they are polite, orderly, anxious to please, extremely sensitive to the rude curiosity of some of the American tourists. Once through the archway leading to their village, the cross of the little Visayan church greets the eye; it is a simple white building, of Spanish architecture, dedicated for them some months ago by Cardinal Satolli. Over the door is the inscription: *Iglesia Catolica de Sta. Rosa de Lima*. Within is a pretty carved wood altar with tasteful pictures of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and Our Lady of Good Counsel. It is simply furnished. The children speak English a "leel bit"; they are happy and friendly,

and try to tell the visitor about their little church and their good priest. The dress of the women and children is picturesque and of their own weaving; over their shoulders they wear a little three-cornered lace mantle, with wing sleeves of the same material. Some of them wear their rosary beads around their necks.

Surrounding the church are private residences, the market-place, and the theatre. The market-place is full of interesting things: dress patterns of native fibre, cloth made from cocoa, banana, pineapple fibre; also the pina, jussi and sinamay webs,—a piece of twenty yards of the finer cloth costing from thirty-five to fifty dollars. The material is transparent and beautiful. Here are for sale polished carabao horns, walking-sticks, hats, lacework, and cocoa mats. The residences are mounted on strong bamboo poles about seven feet in height. In the lower portions the weaving and other work are done; the upper portions are private apartments. These houses are all made of bamboo thatched with nipa-palm. In the theatre a high class vaudeville entertainment is given every afternoon. The music is the best feature; it is furnished by the Visayan orchestra.

The Visayans are as highly intelligent as their race can hope to be. They are of a world very unlike ours; their civilization is entirely different; their climate and environments preclude the possibility of our progress. They are passionately religious and devoted to their families. It remains to be seen what America and American institutions can do for the whole Filipino race. Go from the neat villages of the Filipinos to the filthy, poverty-stricken wigwams of our Indian tribes; then lift up your heads and criticise Spain. Thanks are due the United States Government for this display: the visitor can draw his own conclusions.

The Philippine Archipelago, with its

vast wealth unfolded, will be a rich field for the adventurer. America can not prevent it. There are gold-fields in Luzon: already the speculator is encamped there awaiting the lapse of the five years' tenure to stake his claim. For one who goes there in the spirit of Christ that inspired the old Spanish monk, ten thousand will rush for self-aggrandizement; many perhaps, like Kipling's adventurer, ready to break the Ten Commandments as many times in the day.

As a result of a visit to the Philippine Exposition, our faith in the friars and their work is strengthened. We have seen how they have labored with and for these people; how they have brought them from savagery to civilization, from wandering tribe-life to stable government, from paganism to Christianity. Let us hope that, under American rule, the Filipinos may meet men as unselfishly interested and as faithful and sincere in their friendship as were their first friends—the friars of the Philippines.

Practical Piety.

THE notion that in Catholic schools little else is taught besides religion is as absurd as the belief of many non-Catholics that in convents the practical view of any subject is the last to be taken. As an illustration of how sane and sensible nuns can be, a contemporary writer relates that at a certain convent where the Most Blessed Sacrament is exposed all day, the Mother Superior found some novices apparently praying with great devotion before our Divine Lord. She tapped each on the shoulder, and when they were outside the little chapel she said to them: "Your duty is in the kitchen now, Sisters. You can get any amount of sanctity out of saucepans, but none at all out of neglected duties."

About a Famous Essay.

AN important article on Cardinal Newman's theory of doctrinal development, by the learned Bishop of Newport, appears in a recent number of the *Ampleforth Journal*. It would be well, perhaps, if some such article were prefixed to future editions of that famous essay, so many readers of which see in it a solvent for all dogmatic truth and a proclamation of the relativity of all the Creeds.

As the Bishop points out, Newman admits no progress or development that is not controlled by external authority. "He devotes many pages to the demonstration that the effect of man's intelligence upon dogma, unless externally guided, would be simply to corrode, disintegrate and destroy. Not a word in all his splendid panorama can be quoted to show that he looked upon religious truth otherwise than as dictated by the mouth of God, as protected by God in every generation, and as substantially fixed amid all possible intellectual vicissitudes. His notion of 'development' and the modern doctrine of 'evolution' differ as completely as the course of the well-broken horse that obeys the bit and the rein differs from that of the wild creature of the prairie. The one begins and continues in human impulse, and the other begins in revelation and goes on under infallible guidance."

The idea that the theory of doctrinal development was a novelty to the theologians of the Church is as common as it is erroneous. On this point of his subject the Bishop says:

What was new in Newman's celebrated treatise was the richness of treatment and the wealth of illustration. The main thesis, though novel to the wooden English Protestantism to which the work was addressed, was perfectly familiar in the schools. Ever since the fourth century Catholic doctors had pointed out that there was a certain progress, not so much in faith as in

man's apprehension of things revealed. What was only "implicitly" believed in one generation might be "explicitly" held in the next.

This *profectus fidelis in fide*—this "advance of the faithful in faith," to use the expression of Albertus Magnus,—was described by Vincent of Lerins himself, in the well-known passage where he speaks of the growth throughout the ages of the intelligence, the knowledge, and the realization of the Church and of each of the members of the Church, in that "heavenly philosophy" handed down by the Fathers.

As St. Augustine says, there are many things belonging to Catholic Faith which, by occasion of questions raised, come to be "considered more attentively, to be understood more clearly, and to be preached more urgently." It is thus that St. Thomas explains how the Creeds gradually increased in length. The Creeds, he says, differ from one another only in this: that certain things are more explicitly set forth in one which in another are contained implicitly,—the questions raised by heretics making such explicit statement necessary.

Nothing from the pen of Newman is more frequently quoted than his theory of doctrinal development, but the extracts often convey an altogether erroneous idea of the author's meaning. It is hard to understand how any intelligent reader of that famous treatise could fail to apprehend the importance of the introductory pages, or how any conscientious writer could quote it second-hand. But, then, it is the fate of such books to be known to most persons only by extracts, which at best convey only a vague notion of the work as a whole.

It is a strange and sad mystery to us, the children of God's holy Church, how men with wonderful mental endowments can reject the true faith. But faith depends not upon greatness of intellect but humility of mind; and this humility is within the power of each one of us to obtain, whether we are learned or unlearned, because God bestows it upon us or withholds it according to the way we use that most marvellous of all His gifts to man—free-will.—*Henry Potter*.

Notes and Remarks.

A bit of advice that may well be pondered over by students young and old—and, for that matter, by people generally—is contained in these words of Dr. Mahaffy of the University of Dublin:

I have lived many years in the world and have known many great and strong men; and it has been my observation that all strong men, the men who have done the most for their country and the world, are men of strong convictions on religious subjects. These men have not all held the same religious views that I hold, but they believed their own doctrines just as strongly as I believe mine. They believed that they were right. My advice to you as you go out into the struggle of real life is that you make up your mind that some way is right and then follow that way unflinchingly.

The tendency of too many graduates of non-Catholic institutions is to regard religion as an antiquated subject, and to reject specific creeds as being incompatible with thorough scholarship. Dr. Mahaffy's eminence in the world of scholars may possibly impress some of them as worthy of attention.

The report of the Census Bureau, just published, shows that divorce is on the increase in this country in spite of all efforts to check it. In 1900 five out of every thousand men gainfully employed, who had been married, were living in a state of divorce on census day. In 1890 the ratio was four out of every thousand. The census figures show that early marriages are least often annulled; also that fickle above all men in their marriage relations are those who go down to the sea in ships—sailors, marines, etc.

In connection with the thirty-second National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, an account of which was given in our issue of last week, the following statistics will prove of interest. They have been compiled, at the request of

Mgr. Schoepfer, by Abbé Bertrin of the Catholic University of Paris, who was to read a paper on Lourdes at the Marian Congress to be held in Rome during the month just ended. The figures may therefore be relied upon as being exact for the period covered.

From the year 1867 to 1902 inclusive, Lourdes received 4176 pilgrimages; of these 467 were foreign. Within the last five years of the period there were fifteen foreign pilgrimages. In 1898, thirteen in 1899, nineteen in 1900, nineteen in 1901, fourteen in 1902. The pilgrims from all countries numbered 130,000 in 1898, 160,000 in 1899, 150,000 in 1900, 248,000 in 1901, 170,000 in 1902. These numbers relate merely to pilgrims belonging to pilgrimages in special trains: isolated pilgrims are far more numerous. It is estimated that the station of Lourdes receives yearly over one million travellers.

Our interesting contemporary *Les Missions Catholiques* of Lyons—whose illustrations, by the way, are always good,—prints in its issue of the 2d ult. a reproduction of a Chinese photograph. It is the picture of the expiatory monument erected by the government of China at Lang-P'ing on the spot where the Belgian missionary, Father Joseph Segers, suffered martyrdom in 1900. The inscription on the monument is frankly laudatory of the martyred priest, and is somewhat lengthy, containing seven or eight hundred words. Its concluding sentence is: "The sub-prefect of Loan-P'ing has erected this monument and caused this inscription to be painted thereon in red."

From private letters as well as public journals of recent date, we have an account of a somewhat notable cure wrought at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Mlle. Cécile Filion, bedridden for four years in consequence of some

malady affecting the spinal column, had been attended and given up by ten successive physicians. She had patiently resigned herself to the prospect of a lifelong martyrdom when a few weeks ago friends of the family suggested to her parents the advisability of taking the suffering girl to Ste. Anne. Arrived at Beaupré, Mlle. Filion was carried from the steamer to the church, where she received Holy Communion in company with her mother. Immediately after receiving, the young woman arose and walked down the aisle, to the utter astonishment and delight of her mother and the congregation, who shortly before had witnessed her helpless condition. The cure has thus far proved permanent.

Making all due allowance for the tendency of superemotional politicians during a strenuous campaign to indulge in exaggeration, is not our excellent President getting perilously near to utter rhodomontade when he says, "During the last five years more has been done for the material and moral well-being of the Filipinos than ever before since the Islands first came within the ken of civilized man"? The fact is that "during the last five years" the intelligent, thinking people of this country and the world at large have learned that the overwhelming majority of the Filipinos—say six out of eight millions—were civilized, many of them being highly educated and cultivated men and women, long before Dewey fired a shot in Manila Bay.

There is no need to quote the superabundant proofs, furnished by non-Catholic as well as Catholic authors, of the immense work done by the friars "for the material and moral well-being" of the islanders: any one at all familiar with the subject knows that Mr. Roosevelt's statement is simply buncombe. The conversion and civilization of the Philippines, according

to Dr. Bourne, professor of history in Yale University, "must be pronounced an achievement without parallel in history." That achievement had already been consummated when witches were being burned in our country. If President Roosevelt were familiar with that report of Gen. Miles, he would know how little American soldiers have contributed to the well-being of the Filipinos.

When the Archbishop of Montreal takes the trouble of issuing a pastoral letter or an address of any kind on matters of doctrinal import or on social problems, it is safe to expect a lucid statement of the Church's position on the points discussed. The recent celebration of Labor Day in Canada furnished Mgr. Bruchési with an opportunity of telling his people just where the Church stands on the question of capital and labor. Among other not less noteworthy pronouncements to the laboring classes, he said:

As workmen you have duties to perform. The Church, through her august head, has called your attention to them on solemn occasions, and she has reasserted them when occasion demanded it. But you have also rights. Who has defined them and proclaimed them more clearly and more sincerely than the Pope? The Church condemns labor that is too hard or too prolonged, which would be detrimental to health. She insists that you shall be treated as persons endowed with intelligence and freedom should be treated. She demands that you shall have an equitable wage proportioned to your work, and, as far as possible, suitable for the needs of your family.

Some months ago *McClure's Magazine* published an illustrated article entitled "Holding Up a Train." The method set forth in the article was adopted, practically in its entirety, by a band of robbers who on the night of August 1, boarded an Illinois Central train just outside of Chicago. In view of the similarity of the tactics suggested by the *McClure's* writer and the actual

working of the Chicago robbers, it is not surprising that many are inclined to consider the magazine article closely connected with the subsequent hold-up. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fallows thus stigmatizes the offending monthly:

I firmly believe the article, "Holding Up a Train," is now in the brain of many an embryo desperado and will ultimately hatch into a disastrous launching of him and others upon a career of crime. To banish such magazines from the library is a step toward civilization and honor. The article is bad enough; and to add illustrations to it—veritable diagrams, showing how to go about a train hold-up—is simply an unspeakable crime, and a thing which is as bad morally as the very crime it describes.

The offending magazine with others of its rank is a favorite, we believe, with Catholics in some parts of this country and Canada. They will know what to think of it now, after these strictures of a Protestant preacher.

The excellent work that is being accomplished by the Salesian Fathers in distant Patagonia is brought into unusual prominence by an announcement made in a recent number of their always interesting *Bulletin*. His Lordship Mgr. Cagliero, who has labored for many years among the tribes of Patagonia, had the happiness a few weeks ago of giving the clerical habit to ten young native novices. These will form the nucleus of a band of home missionaries destined to win their own people to the faith and fold of Christ. The opening of the Patagonian novitiate augurs well for the future of these children of the Pampas.

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Another interesting item in the same issue of the *Bulletin* is the following:

While cruising in the southern waters of the Pacific, his Royal Highness the Duke of Abruzzi put into Punta Arenas, a port on the lonely Magellan Strait. The nuns of Mary Help of Christians have an institute at this place, where they are providing for the orphan native children of Southern Patagonia, and spreading civilization and Christianity in those wild

districts. The Duke paid a visit to their house, and his kindly words and encouragement were quite a gleam of sunshine to the good Sisters who are toiling away there, almost at the end of the earth. But his appreciation was shown in a more palpable manner by a gift of two hundred francs and in sending over his own medical attendant to see a poor orphan girl. The officers of the ship also made a courteous visit to the convent, and, imitating their chief, left a substantial offering as a remembrance of their call.

Judging from the infrequent references in our various exchanges to actual measures taken for the reform or the restoration of church music, it would seem that the Holy Father's forcible insistence on the urgency of a change was not at all exaggerated. So prone are even the best people to the foible of discovering specious pretexts for the avoidance of uncongenial tasks that it will scarcely be considered inopportune to quote, even within a year of its first appearance, this pregnant paragraph from Pius X.'s *Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music:

As soon as we consider the very sacred object for which any art is put to the service of religion, and the necessity of offering to God only things that are good—or, rather, as far as possible, things that are perfect,—we shall see that the laws of the Church concerning sacred music are nothing but an immediate application of these two fundamental principles. Whenever the clergy and their choirmasters clearly realize these principles, good church music at once begins to flourish spontaneously, as may be seen in many places; on the other hand, when the principles are neglected, neither prayers nor entreaties, nor severe commands, nor threats of canonical punishment, succeed in improving matters; so easy is it for passion, or, at any rate, for shameful and inexcusable ignorance, to elude the will of the Church and to continue year after year in the same regrettable manner.

It is gratifying to learn that the admirable method of teaching the blind invented by Mlle. Mulot, of Angers, France, is now attracting some attention in the United States. In order to rouse interest in this new system, it was necessary to combat incredulity as

well as prejudice. Prof. Samuel Green, superintendent of the Missouri School for the Blind, says of Mlle. Mulot's work: "She has solved the problem that has vexed all teachers of the blind. By her method the blind can communicate with the seeing in writing. It is certainly a wonderful advancement in the education work of the blind. She has filled a wide gap between the seeing and the blind. Her idea of establishing maternity schools for the blind is very laudable. Her system is new and the best I have ever seen."

It is to be hoped that this excellent woman, who has devoted her life to the blind and who is among their greatest benefactors, will receive some measure of encouragement and support from Catholics in this country. The mere statement that she is making heroic efforts to establish a maternity school for the blind in St. Louis should cause many purse-strings to loosen. Who would not pity blind children? Her undertaking has the cordial approval of Archbishop Glennon. Contributions to aid this most deserving charity will be welcomely received by us and duly acknowledged in our Contribution Box.

An unhackneyed tribute to the Catholic clergy, and inferentially to the Church, is contained in the following clipping from Josiah Flint's latest exposition of the tramp problem, quoted in the *Sacred Heart Review*:

"Here you and I are," a young mechanic remarked to me, as we sat in the cold at a railroad watering-tank; "and what does any church in this town care about us? Ten chances to one that, excepting the Catholic priest, every clergyman we might go to for assistance would turn us down. Is that Christianity? Is that the way religion is going to make you and me any better? Not on your life!"

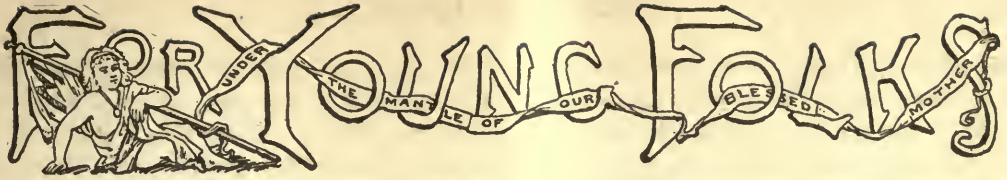
The average vagrant, tramp or "hobo" may not be proficient in the terms and formulas of the modern science of sociology, but he probably

has sufficient clear perception and sound judgment to know genuine religion when he meets it, however scarce it may be; and the mechanic of whom Mr. Flint speaks is a type of a large class of the "great unwashed."

The great event of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception will be the Papal Mass in St. Peter's on Dec. 8, and the solemn crowning by Pius X. of the mosaic picture of Our Lady in the choir chapel. The crown consists of twelve large stars, formed of hundreds of precious stones and united by an aureole of solid gold. Either during the function in St. Peter's or on the same day in the Vatican, in the presence of the Holy Father, Perosi's new *Cantata all' Immacolata* will be sung; and it is announced that in the evening there will be a general illumination of the houses of Rome in honor of Mary Immaculate.

An article in the *Nineteenth Century* by an Anglican prelate, on "The Difficulty of Preaching Sermons," ought to suggest to some lay writer a paper on the difficulty of listening to them. It was the famous Dr. Magee who, in a lecture on the art of preaching, divided preachers into three classes—viz.: (1) preachers you can't listen to; (2) preachers you can listen to; (3) preachers you can't help listening to. The latter class, we presume, are those who have something to say that one feels it is for his interest to hear.

Father Edouard Baur, who has been doing mission work in Zanzibar and adjacent localities for the past forty-two years, has just received a well-merited distinction from the German government. Emperor William has forwarded to him the decoration known as the Order of the Crown for distinguished services rendered in the field of his arduous labors.



A Month of Favors.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ANOTHER new month,—grave October's here,
With its flaming leaves that will soon grow sere
As they flutter to earth, all stricken with fear
Of the sharp white frost in the morning.
The blue of the heavens oft fades away,
In its stead we have skies of sober grey;
And the winds get bleaker from day to day,
The warmth of the summer breeze scorning.

Not the loveliest month, yet to you and me
Full as welcome as May or as June can be:
'Tis the Month of the Holy Rosary,
With favors as rich as aught other;
For oft as with fervor we say our beads,
The Queen who all potently intercedes
With her Son Divine will supply our needs,
—And prove our most tender Mother.

The Legend of the Crystal Slipper.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

TEN ECKMAN and Johanna, his wife, were trudging slowly along the highway, little Asta sleeping cozily in her mother's arms,—the one cradle of which not even the direst poverty could deprive her. The two peasants had just sold their last pig, and were deploring the fact that the price received for it was insufficient to pay the rent due their landlord, Stenkil Bjorn; for Bjorn had threatened to evict them forthwith if they failed to pay up in full.

This Stenkil Bjorn was as hard-hearted as he was wealthy; very little hope of softening him dwelt in the hearts of husband and wife. Yet nothing further was left them to dispose of in order to make up the required

sum; and so, perforce, they were wending their way to their creditor to proffer him their partial payment and make a last appeal for delay until after harvest-time.

Despite their deep-seated sorrow at the prospect of their threatened misfortune, the Eckmans noticed, as they entered the village where Bjorn resided, unusual bustle and stir. Peasants were coming and going in great excitement, and neighbors were engaged in lively conversation from doors and windows.

Our travellers, however, asked no questions as to the cause of the excitement; and, as they were scarcely known in the village, no one volunteered an explanation. They accordingly proceeded straight to Bjorn's house, a very handsome residence, with a spacious veranda whose latticework was as dainty as a piece of old-fashioned lace.

Cattle were lowing in the stable-yard, but above the outdoor noises could be heard sobs and piercing cries from the house. Timidly the Eckmans entered. Whatever might be the matter, they had to remit their little sum of money, and endeavor once more to secure an extension of time.

Stenkil came forward to meet them. On his usually impassive countenance profound despair was clearly written; and, although the peasant couple knew not its cause, they experienced a slight renewal of hope. Perhaps his own evident sorrow would incline his heart to pity. But no!

"Begone!" he harshly answered them, without even listening to their explanation. "Before cockcrow to-morrow see that you are clear of the farm."

It was evidently useless to entreat further, so the stricken pair turned away, little Asta still sleeping uncon-

cernedly on her mother's bosom. Passing through the great hall to reach the outer door, they saw Bjorn's wife, Frederika, sobbing and groaning upon a sofa where she was forcibly held by two stout serving-women.

"My child, my beautiful little Ragnar, where are you?" she cried. Then, noticing Asta's cherubic face, she exclaimed: "Alas! why not that baby instead of mine?"

Sten and Johanna thrilled with sympathy; for they were both too good Christians to rejoice in the misfortunes even of those who oppressed them with cruelty. They supposed that Bjorn's son was dead, but they soon learned that little Ragnar had disappeared that morning, stolen by some kidnapper, or else, as several of the villagers asserted, by wicked genii,—for this is a story of a time when giants and fairies, elves and spirits of all kinds flourished in Norway and many other countries.

The poor couple, just dispossessed of their home, considered themselves rich as they glanced at their treasure whom the mother strained to her breast with redoubled love. And Sten remarked:

"Poor people! How trifling is our trouble compared with theirs!"

To get home again, the Eckmans had to pass through a forest. As they were hastening through the trees, Johanna suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, the beautiful pearl!"

Stooping down, she picked up a wonderful little object,—not a pearl as she had thought, but a tiny slipper of clearest crystal, so light that it had caught on a grass blade, which did not even bend beneath its weight. Sten grew pale with emotion as he looked at it.

"Wife," said he, "don't you see that this is the slipper of an elf? He must have lost it while dancing. Thanks to your lucky find, our troubles will soon end. Our fortune is as good as made."

"Yes," she replied. "If an elf loses his slipper, he refuses nothing to whoever returns it to him. But where shall we find this fairy?"

"Let us wake the neighboring echoes and they will let him know."

Sten accordingly put both hands to his mouth, trumpet fashion, and called aloud:

"Slippers!"

"Slippers!" answered the echoes.

"Found!" cried Sten, as the last sound died away.

"Found!" repeated the echoes.

The woods were still ringing with the sound when the Eckmans heard the tinkling of a little bell mingling with jolly shouts of laughter. Then the grass just at their feet became illuminated, and up through it came a diminutive elf. He was scarcely longer than Asta's little finger, but was perfectly formed; and, with sparkling eyes, pink cheeks, and golden hair, was very pretty indeed. On one of his feet he wore a slipper just like that found by Johanna.

"My name is Tag," said this personage, in a distinct if not a very strong voice. "To-morrow, just as Aurora glides through the clouds, I must be on hand to help hold up her crimson train. Just think of the spectacle I should make with one foot covered and the other bare! I should die of confusion or at least live forever in the depth of the forest with the wild beasts. All our power resides in these two slippers which we receive on coming into the world and which can not be replaced; and I've been looking for this one, which you have picked up, ever since three o'clock. Now I'm going to reward you magnificently. Come with me to the elves' kingdom, and you shall take your choice of all my treasures. First, however," he gaily concluded, "let me have my slipper."

Johanna gave it to him, and he put it on without further talk. Then he puckered up his lips and whistled softly.

The forest immediately disappeared; and, without knowing how it had happened, the Eckmans found themselves alongside Tag on the shore of a lake over whose waters darted thousands of genii, sparkling like so many luminous butterflies.

"Don't utter a syllable," advised Tag, "or these genii will keep you prisoners among them forever."

So saying he marched into the lake, followed by Sten and Johanna, still carrying Asta, who, awake now and lively, stretched out her hands to catch the pretty things flying all around her.

All four sank slowly to the bottom of the lake,—and the next thing they knew they had landed, quite dry, in a wonderful city, where all the houses were built of diamonds. Johanna had a hard time to refrain from uttering a cry of admiration.

Tag led them to his palace and showed them great piles of precious stones, gold and silver. He told them they might choose whatever they wished, and were free to take away just as much as they could carry of the kind of treasure they preferred.

Dazzled and astounded, for a time they could choose nothing. Of course they wanted money,—not that they were avaricious, but they knew it would save their farm for them; and, moreover, as they were naturally charitable, they understood how pleasant it would be to relieve the distress of others poorer than themselves.

"Well," said Tag, with a smile, "have you decided?"

Sten was just going to point to a pile of gold when a child's cry attracted his attention. Turning toward the sound, they saw a handsome baby boy, just the age of Asta, lying on the floor and sobbing bitterly. They drew near and recognized Ragnar, the son of Stenkil Bjorn, their inhuman landlord.

Johanna's eyes sought an explanation from Tag.

"Oh," said the elf, wrinkling his eyebrows in a funny frown, "don't mind that little fellow. His father is a scoundrel, and his mother is not much better. Both of them by their wickedness exiled me from their house, of which I was the protecting spirit. I made their fortune for them; but, as they have shown themselves ungrateful, why, I'm taking my revenge."

Then Asta's parents forgot the wondrous riches that surrounded them: they saw only a great hall where Frederika in despair was calling for her son. The same thought came to both of them. Johanna stooped down and picked up the baby, whom she held on one arm, while the other clasped her own little daughter. Of all Tag's treasures, that should be their choice.

It was already dark when the Eckmans knocked at Stenkil Bjorn's door. Johanna entered, and, going straight to the hall where the mother was still lamenting, placed Ragnar on her knees, saying simply:

"Here he is."

What a cry of delight the mother uttered! The poor peasant couple felt their very hearts thrill with joy as they heard it; and, although they regretted the fortune they had lost, they knew that they had done right.

When Bjorn's happy household finally looked for the saviors of the young heir, they could not be found. In fact, they were then with heavy steps drawing near their empty home.

But when they reached the house and went inside, just imagine what they saw. A bright fire glowed on the hearth, and on the kitchen table was served the finest supper they had ever seen. From the barn, which they had left empty in the morning, came the sounds of oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry.

Stupefied, they asked themselves what

it all meant—when all at once who should make his appearance but the elf they met in the forest!

“Where Tag lives,” chirped their magnificent friend, “there’s no room for cold or trouble or misfortune. I am all right in this house, and I’m going to stay here for a hundred years at the very least. Now get to the table and do the supper justice.”

The Sandman’s Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXII.—JUST IN TIME.

While Teddy and Johnny knelt and prayed, Katrinka and the doctor, in a darkened room upstairs, watched the tremendous conflict from either side of the bed whereon the Sandman lay, breathing stertorously, unconscious of all that went on about him. He had overtaxed his energies in the mad fury of the previous day, and in the course of that fierce struggle with the religion which he hated and of which Teddy had seemed to his unsettled mind the living presentment. When he discovered that all his efforts had been in vain—that the drugged drink had been useless, and that Teddy had awakened evidently more fresh and vigorous than ever,—his wrath had known no bounds. And it was in pursuance of a desire for vengeance, as well as a futile hope of preventing the boy from assisting at the sacred mysteries, that he had so rashly ventured upon those proceedings, which would have been far more suitable to some young athlete in the best of training than to an old man whose constitution, however vigorous, had been weakened by years and many tribulations.

The doctor had asked a few questions, and had learned, of course, but a portion of the truth; for Katrinka

was not minded to disclose the inner details of the Sandman’s life and conduct—his fierce passion of anger, his insensate desire for revenge—to a stranger, even if he were invested with the character of a medical man. But he saw enough to know that some abnormal strain had been put upon the patient’s energies, and he could only sit by and await the issue.

The first faint light of morning stole into the room where Katrinka watched, her catlike eyes seeing everything in the apartment; and where the doctor dozed. Kitty slept unconscious in her pink room, smiling at the dreams of childhood. And downstairs upon the front steps were the two neglected boys, unconscious of the chilly air of morning. The head of each had fallen forward upon the step, and Johnny and Teddy slept heavily. Katrinka, stealing down at last, looked at them and murmured a weird rhyme:

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep, keep the boys still,
While thy brother, Death, with finger chill,
Touches who rests above!
Sleep, Sleep, Sleep, let the boys not wake,
But their slumber take,
While he rests above!

During the next few days the boys saw very little of Katrinka. She served them hasty meals, very unlike her usual elaborate cookery; and she left Kitty almost entirely in their care. The doctor went away during the course of each day, but usually returned at night.

It was the fourth day after the Sandman’s seizure, and the two boys, with Kitty, were out upon the lawn. Teddy had dressed Kitty up in the pink tarlatan. It was one of the pile of dresses which Katrinka had brought down from the black trunk in the attic,—in which, indeed, there were so many that the little girl could have worn a different one every day. The bright coloring, the tinsel and gold, seemed strangely out of place in the

gloom that shut in the Sandman's Castle; though perhaps it had been with an instinctive desire to escape from this gloom and to plunge into brightness and color that Teddy had selected this very frock.

The boys fell to talking very seriously about the portentous happening which had so suddenly changed the aspect of affairs. They were wondering, in awestricken whispers, what might come to pass if the Sandman were to die. They would probably have to leave these scenes to which they had grown accustomed; and though Teddy, in the fear of the master of the house which had followed upon his mad proceedings of the Sunday previous, had made up his mind to get away if possible, he still felt a vivid regret in leaving these scenes, where, but for the Sandman's tyranny, he might have been so happy. And, moreover, it was one thing to go away under the patronage of a powerful protector and another to drift back again to the little house on Fourth Avenue, where he should once more be a trial as well as a burden to Aunt Sarah.

The future weighed darkly upon the two lads as they looked forward with mingled dread and wonder to the moment when Katrinka and the Sandman's Castle and even the Sandman himself should fade into nothingness. So they stood whispering anxiously together, while the long, golden afternoon began to wear toward its close.

Suddenly they heard the noise of carriage wheels. It was an unexpected and unusual sound, coming from that portion of the road which was traversed only by those who had business at the Castle.

"I wonder if it can be the doctor?" volunteered Johnny.

"Oh, no!" answered Teddy. "He won't be here again until night. I heard him tell Katrinka it might even be late when he came."

"I don't know who it can be," said the hunchback.

"Nor I," agreed Teddy; and then, like a flash of lightning, came a thought into his mind which sent the blood in a great wave up into his face.

After that the two stood still and stared, Teddy shading his eyes with the peak of his cap, while the carriage, like Fate, came on steadily for weal or for woe. Kitty had dropped her toys and taken her place beside Teddy,—staring, too, with all her eyes. The three made a picture standing thus upon the lawn, with a bough of a tree bending down and almost touching them. The carriage swept on past them, and drove direct to the front door. As it went by, Teddy caught a glimpse of a face at the carriage window, and he knew that the surmise which had flashed into his mind was correct. It was X Y Z who had just arrived.

But who was that second person in the vehicle,—a figure erect and stiff, which did not change its attitude when the first passenger alighted? The gentleman extended a hand; and Teddy saw that the second figure was that of a woman, who, accepting the proffered hand, alighted likewise and stood upon the gallery steps. There was no one to receive the pair; and as they stood there Teddy could not but think how indignant the Sandman should have been at the invasion of his premises, and how guilty he himself should have felt at having summoned one of them at least. But it all seemed to matter very little now—the Sandman's anger, his own confusion; and he even felt that in all human probability his letter had been sent too late.

The two figures stood uncertainly, but only for a moment. X Y Z, with a promptitude which was either natural or had become second nature in the course of a long and successful business

career, espied the group upon the lawn, and, calling his companion's attention thereto, they both began to walk speedily in that direction.

Teddy, staring at them, suddenly felt as if he were in a dream. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. It was—yes, it certainly was a very familiar figure which accompanied XYZ. Teddy, after that first hesitation, felt a quick movement of surprise and pleasure.

"Aunt Sarah!" he cried joyfully,—
"O Aunt Sarah!"

He rushed boy fashion toward her, seizing her for the first time in all his life in a bear's hug, which astonished and touched the grim woman. Blood, after all, is thicker than water; and, despite the grievance which the Sandman had insinuated against Miss Tompkins, old habit and old affection caused an emotion of real joy to surge up within Teddy at sight of his relative.

Aunt Sarah, on her part, was truly delighted to see the boy again, though her undemonstrative nature prevented her from expressing what she felt. When she drew near to where Kitty stood, wiping away the tears which had dimmed her eyes, she threw up both hands in astonishment.

"For the land's sakes!" she cried, "what a costume! In whatever play-acting finery is your sister dressed up? Where did she get the thing at all?"

"Me dot money on my dess," said Kitty, looking proudly down upon her spangles, which she displayed to Aunt Sarah, seeming to find it perfectly natural that the woman should be there, and expressing no astonishment.

Then XYZ spoke, addressing Teddy:

"Well, my lad, here's the highwayman come again. This time he has kidnapped a highly respectable lady and brought her here to add to your collection."

Teddy smiled shrewdly but said nothing; and the stranger, with a

significant glance at Johnny, called his companion aside. When they had strolled off to a little distance he turned and said brusquely:

"I got your letter and—here I am."

"It's real good of you, sir," replied Teddy, "to have taken such a lot of trouble for a boy you hardly knew, and to have gone and got Aunt Sarah."

"You didn't suppose I gave you my address and my promise for the fun of the thing," retorted the stranger. "But what's to be done now? Where's your robber chief, captain of pirates,—in other words, the Sandman?"

"Since I wrote to you, sir," Teddy breathlessly explained, "something else has happened. The Sandman took sick just the day after he rowed across the river to catch me coming from Mass."

"Serves him right! But let that pass for the moment. Now, this illness complicates the situation."

"Does it, sir?" inquired Teddy, earnestly.

"Yes," answered XYZ, poking idly with his cane among the grasses. "But tell me, my boy, is the Sandman in danger of death?"

"I don't know, sir. Katrinka said so at first; but the doctor comes and goes every day, and once he told us that the patient was no worse."

"Well, anyway I won't be able to see him and settle the matter out of hand to-day, as I hoped to do. But I'm going to take the responsibility of leaving Miss Tompkins here. Fortunately, I made her close her house and prepare for emergencies."

Teddy opened his eyes very wide at this announcement; though, in truth, he was rejoiced to hear the news. He had found the undivided care of Kitty rather beyond him, and the house had become very lonely. Aunt Sarah, whom he now appreciated, would be a sure protection against whatever might happen.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Literary successes are not confined to the United States and England. We learn that 301,000 copies of "Cuoré," by Edmondo de Amicis, have been sold in Italy.

—Under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, a complete Petrarch bibliography is being prepared, to serve as a basis to the critical edition of his works that will be issued at the expense of the Government. This bibliography is regarded as one of the most valuable works in connection with the centenary.

—Middle-aged people who can recall their boyish delight in the adventures of Peter Simple, Midshipman Easy, Jacob Faithful, etc., will be interested in "Captain Marryat as a Novelist," a paper contributed to the *Monthly Review* by the Earl of Iddesleigh. "Thackeray at Cambridge," by the late Rev. Whitwell Elwin, appears in the same number.

—Writing in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Arthur Symons says: "Campbell shares with Longfellow the position of the favorite poet in elementary schools, where verse is learnt by heart as an exercise." While most readers may accept this estimate, not all will agree with Mr. Symons' summing up of the first of the two poets mentioned: "Campbell is never visited by any poetic inspiration, except in those few poems in which he has not been more sincere, or chosen better, than usual, but has been more lucky, and able to carry an uncertain technique further."

—Persons who desire to discuss intelligently the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the French Government will do well to secure "Documentary Exposition" of the rupture, an excellent pamphlet just issued by the International Catholic Truth Society of New York. All the letters, notes, and verbal notes that passed between the two parties are given in orderly sequence; and a perusal thereof will convince any impartial reader that the Vatican acted clearly within its rights, while France arrogated to herself an authority to which she had no shadow of a claim.

—"La Grande Giornata della Vergine Maria," in two volumes, by Giovanni Tonello, C. M., is a welcome addition to the literature of Mary's Jubilee Year. The work consists of a series of beautiful meditations on the principal mysteries of the life of the Immaculate Mother of God, arranged for each day of the month of May. To sound, solid doctrine is added that sweet unction and filial piety of a devoted son toward his Heavenly Mother. The meditations are, perhaps, rather long for one reading, especially as

they are followed by examples; however, this is a slight defect and one that may easily be remedied. The work is sold in aid of the Italian mission of the author's brother at Joliet, Illinois. Mendovi, Tipografia Vescovile.

—The current *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* contains an appreciative notice of Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," a fifth volume of which has recently appeared. Although a non-Catholic work, it is one of undoubted utility to even Catholic writers, and is unlikely to prove dangerous to any level-headed scholar.

—We feel prompted to give a free advertisement to Ainsworth & Company, the Chicago publishers of the Lakeside Classics. Recognizing that, for Catholic school use, distinctively Catholic literature is a desideratum, this firm has issued seven numbers of "Selections," from Adelaide Procter, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Father Faber, Father Ryan and Boyle O'Reilly, Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Newman, and Eliza Allen Starr. The idea is an excellent one, and it is to be hoped that the patronage extended to the publishers by our Catholic people will be sufficiently generous to warrant them in prosecuting their plan of popularizing the best things in genuine Catholic letters.

—Longmans, Green & Co.'s announcements for October include the long-promised memoir of Aubrey de Vere, by Wilfrid Ward and "The Adventures of King James II. of England," by the author of the Prig Books. Among other items of interest Mr. Ward's volume will contain contemporary records of Mr. De Vere's intercourse with Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, and Cardinal Newman; considerable selections from his correspondence with Sara Coleridge, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mrs. Edward Villiers (Mother of the Dowager Lady Lytton) and contemporary descriptions of incidents of the Irish Famine of 1846-7. Some hitherto unpublished letters from Cardinal Newman will also be included in the volume.

—To the German university professors who took it upon themselves to discredit "Luther und Lutherthum," Father Denifle, the author of that scholarly and adequate work, makes a fully satisfactory reply in the second edition, a portion of which has just been issued. The commotion which the book has raised in Germany, and indeed among scholars everywhere, makes it a noteworthy publication; and the thoroughness with which the unmerited fame of the arch-reformer is demolished entitles it to be styled "the last word about Luther." Possibly the

effectiveness of the work would not be lessened if the demolition were a little less energetic, not to say savage; though it must be confessed the temptation to strike hard was a strong one.

—Ernest Hartley Coleridge, whose name is familiar in English literary circles, is editing a book that will be eagerly welcomed by the reading world at large. It is "The Life and Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England." The volume will contain hitherto unpublished letters of Cardinal Newman, Gladstone, John Bright, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and others.

—From Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., Bruges, we have received two brochures which are timely additions to the ever-growing volumes of Marian literature; *Mois de Marie Immaculée*, and *Faits Edifiants à la Gloire de Notre-Dame*. The first is a Month of Mary, arranged with specific relation to the Immaculate Conception, and discussing the glorious privilege of Our Lady with notable clarity and completeness. L'Abbé Desmarchelier is the author. The other book is a compilation, by Father Bischoff, C. SS. R., of stories and incidents redounding to the Blessed Virgin's honor. Not all of these are new or particularly striking in character; but they well deserve the author's epithet, "edifying."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Mary Immaculate. *Father John Mary, Capuchin.* 45 cts.
 Pontifical Ceremonies. *P. Francis Mersham, O. S. B.* 90 cts., net.
 A Course of Christian Doctrine. 85 cts.
 Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. *Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.* 10 cts.
 The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.
 Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.
 The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.

- Pippò Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.
 Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.
 The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.
 In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.
 The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.
 The Haldeman Children. *Mary E. Mannix.* 45 cts.
 Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. *À Kempis.* \$1.25, net.
 Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* \$2.50.
 Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. *Wilfrid C. Robinson.* \$2.25.
 The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. *John Gerard, S. J.* \$2.
 The Two Kenricks. *John J. O'Shea.* \$1.50, net.
 Carroll Dare. *Mary T. Waggaman.* \$1.25.
 Modern Spiritism. *J. Godfrey Raupert.* \$1.35, net.
 Ideals in Practice. *Countess Zamoyska.* 75 cts., net.
 A Precursor of St. Philip. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* \$1.25, net.
 Woman. *Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.* 85 cts., net.
 One Hundred Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. *Rev. L. P. Gravel.* \$1, net.
 Non Serviam. *Rev. W. Graham.* 40 cts., net.
 A Year's Sermons. *Preachers of Our Own Day.* \$1.50, net.
 The Symbol in Sermons. *Very Rev. Alex. McDonald, D. D.* 68 cts., net.
 The Mercies of the Sacred Heart. *The Same.* 60 cts., net.
 The Tragedy of Chris. *Lady Rosa Gilbert.* \$1.50, net.
 Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. *M. S. Dalton.* \$1, net.
 Belinda's Cousins. *Maurice Francis Egan.* \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Dr. Walter Richards, of the Oblates of St. Charles.

Mr. John Dupont, of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Frederick Stolze, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Mary Keys Brady, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. D. Ryan, Glenwood Springs, Colo.; Mrs. J. Whelan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. John Kuchenbecker, Oaklank, Pa.; Miss Anna Towers, Leadville, Colo.; Mr. John McNellis, Charlestown, Mass.; Miss Julia Curtin, Peoria, Ill.; Miss Agnes Fisher, Detroit, Mich.; and Mr. Austin J. King, Bath, England.

Requiescant in pace!





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

VOL. LIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

NO. 15.

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Hymn at Prime.

(*Jam lucis orto sidere.*)

TRANSLATED BY R. O'K.

WHILE morn awakes the sleeping skies,
 Let us with grateful hearts arise,
 And to our Heavenly Father pray
 That He direct us through the day,—
 Help us from idle speech refrain,
 Lest unto others we give pain;
 Instead of vanities that fade,
 Teach us revere all He has made.
 Be our inmost thoughts as clear as day;
 From envy keep we far away;
 Let moderate food and drink repress
 Our fallen nature's lawlessness.
 Thus when the day is past and gone,
 And in its turn the night comes on,
 With chastened heart and tongue we raise
 Once more to Him our song of praise.
 To God the Father, and the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and worship given,
 This day on earth as 'tis in heav'n!

A Notable Demonstration.

HEAR by year one realizes that in the grand epic of Christ's incarnation, passion and death, there is nothing more striking than that He should have elected to become of such lowly estate as to labor with His hands. In the Greek tragedies, many of which seem dimly to foreshadow, as it were, the sublimest tragedy of the rejection and crucifixion, the gods, demigods or heroes who

figured therein were usually entrusted with glorious rôles, and even their most heroic sacrifices tended to personal aggrandizement. The Messiah, on the contrary, announced by prophets from the dawning of the world, fulfilling in His mission every prophetic utterance, and giving to it the sanction of many miracles, chose to make His life and death the apotheosis of lowliness. He chose a life of poverty and obscurity, veiling His splendor, eclipsing His omnipotence in the shop at Nazareth, while preparing for that proclaiming of His kingdom which was to confound the gods of Rome and humble the proud of earth. He gave as one absolute proof of His divinity that the Gospel should be preached to the poor.

History proves how the Catholic Church continued to preach that same evangel to those who toil and to those who suffer; her watchwords, "Blessed are the poor!" "Blessed are they that mourn!" The records of the Papacy show an almost uninterrupted struggle for the rights of the people against princes and rulers, a generous recognition of their just claims, a perpetual protest against all sorts of serfdom or slavery. Wherever abuse existed, it was against the spirit of the Church, and frequently in open defiance of her Sovereign Pontiffs.

While resisting encroachments upon the liberty of the lowly, she loaded them with benefits, providing free education for their children, founding hospitals and charitable institutes of every kind

to meet the multitudinous needs of humanity, even when charity was an unknown word and the downtrodden masses were groaning under pagan oppression. Her very organization was the perfect idea of a democracy. She raised men from the humblest conditions to the Throne of Peter, or elevated them still higher—to the very altars of the Church. She canonized the beggar who sought alms on the public highway, the shepherd who watched his flocks on lonely hillsides, the artisan who gained a painful livelihood by the sweat of his brow.

In the Middle Ages the various trades were banded under the ægis of the Church; and men held their labor so honorable that they frequently offered at least a portion thereof gratuitously to the Almighty, as when employed in the erection of cathedrals or monasteries,—a commentary upon the boasted civilization of the hour, which would fain impose a tax upon property consecrated to the service of God or His poor. Each trade or guild had its patron saint and its separate rules, by which the hours of labor were shortened, the weariness of toil enlivened, and the general welfare of its members safeguarded. The holydays of the Church, then carefully observed, supplied needed intervals of rest. These guilds rose very often to extraordinary power and obtained wonderful privileges from succeeding monarchs. As they were almost invariably Christian and Catholic in their tendencies, they gradually declined in influence and ceased to exist after the Reformation, when so large a portion of Christendom broke away from the Church and refused its blessings, as the ungrateful cities of old refused the Divine Master's benefits. The oldtime spirit of the Catholic guilds, however, yet survives in many a land.

A few weeks ago his Grace the Archbishop of Montreal addressed a pastoral letter to the various labor organizations

and to workingmen in general, inviting them to assist at a solemn celebration on the Sunday evening preceding Labor Day, to sanctify, as it were, that annual holiday. The result was a splendid solemnity unsurpassed even in that city of magnificent religious demonstrations. They had been requested to assemble there for the purpose of consecrating themselves, their families, their employments—in short, labor itself—by an act of solemn homage to the Creator, and to Jesus the Man-God, who forever sanctified manual labor by voluntarily assuming, Himself, the character of a workingman and following at Nazareth the trade of a carpenter.

It seemed almost like a return to those beautiful festivals of old which drew the tradesfolk into magnificent cathedrals to consecrate their labors and their very merrymaking to the Almighty, when on September 4 of this year twenty thousand workingmen responded to the invitation of Archbishop Bruchési. Historic Notre Dame, the scene of so many splendid demonstrations, had its large seating capacity taxed to the uttermost. With this noble, Gothic edifice every visitor to the metropolis of the North is familiar: its imposing interior, the richly stained windows, the chancel with its carved stalls, and row upon row of bassi-rilievi portraying holy scenes and sacred images. It was a fitting background to the grand pageant of that evening: the Archbishop, in his robes of state, followed by numerous acolytes in white and scarlet cassocks, and an immense concourse of the clergy, comprising representatives of the various religious Orders, the pastors of the principal churches, and other secular priests. The far-famed organ of Notre Dame pealed forth, and the multitude of workingmen joined in singing that inspiring hymn of the French Papal Zouaves:

En avant, marchons!
Soldats du Christ, en avant!

The first sermon of the evening was preached in French by the learned superior of St. Sulpice, the Abbé Lecocq. His forcible and polished oratory gave fitting expression to the sublime thoughts suggested by the gathering. But there was an almost appealing tenderness, a cry from the heart in the words which he addressed to these children of toil. "Ye labor and ye suffer," he cried, "therefore are ye the favored ones of Christ! For who can suffer more than you, bending from morning until night under arduous tasks, harassed by care for the morrow and the anxieties consequent upon provision for a large family,—since it is your glory, Christian workingmen, to surround yourself with childish faces? To you in a special manner Jesus Christ addresses those touching words: 'Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you.'" He begged of them to come to the foot of the altar, there to learn the lessons of wisdom taught by the Church which it was at once their duty and their highest interest to hear and to obey. He recalled the unceasing solicitude of the Church for the masses, and assured his listeners that that divine institution alone could give the solution of the social question.

The superior of St. Sulpice was succeeded in the pulpit by the Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan. Taking for his text, "Labor like a good soldier for Christ," he forcibly pointed out the rights and duties of the workingmen, according to the principles enunciated in the famous encyclical of the immortal Leo XIII. He proposed to their imitation that eldest Brother of the human race, "the ideal workingman," who, amid many toils and little recompense, passed on to the final glory of the Resurrection. "Love your work; glory in being hardy toilers. Manual labor has always been held in honor in the Church of Jesus Christ, who came upon earth to

raise man to his proper level; who dignified, who consecrated labor when He Himself earned His bread by the sweat of His brow. The Apostles, whom He commissioned to evangelize the world and to continue His mission to the end of time, were all chosen from amongst the laboring classes. St. Paul was not ashamed to proclaim himself a tentmaker. The great monastic Orders, too, all inculcated and enforced manual labor."

Having then called their attention to the glories and privileges of their condition, and to the eternal reward promised to those who persevere to the end, and obtain salvation by the simple and direct means of daily toil, he sounded a note of warning, not unnecessary in view of "those scenes of strife, turmoil and consequent hardship" which we, alas! are called upon to witness on this and other continents.

"The Catholic Church does not oppose your unions. They are for the mutual support and assistance of the members, and in union there is strength. However, a spirit of Christian faith and charity must ever characterize them. For, unless grounded on these solid bases, such associations, thriving for a time, will dwindle into insignificance or end in becoming a menace to the Commonwealth. Had the principles inculcated by the Church and her heaven-directed counsels been sedulously followed, there would be no struggle between capital and labor, between employer and employed.

"The capitalist and master has his rights and obligations, as the workingman has his. Unless these mutual rights and obligations be respected, the solution of the momentous question of the hour, 'the labor question,' will never be rightly solved. The rights of the employer must be respected. His capital is involved; he is in a true sense a benefactor of the human race, and is entitled to gratitude and con-

sideration; to ample compensation for the enormous outlay of money which he invests and which he risks in the marts of trade and commerce. The employee must act fairly and squarely toward his employer, take a deep interest in his concerns, and remember that honesty is the best policy. The capitalist must necessarily treat his subordinates with like consideration, and not as if they were white slaves. He must pay them fair wages to enable them to provide for the comforts and necessities of life both for themselves and for their families, and to reward them for their services in his behalf. Nor should the hours of labor be too prolonged."

Upon the laborer the speaker urged the necessity of honesty, sobriety, and strict economy,—the household virtues of the poor. He quoted from an address by the newly elected Bishop of Joliette to the working-people, wherein he laid down as cardinal maxims to avoid intemperance, to keep holy the Sabbath Day, and to give their children a Christian education. Father Callaghan then touched upon the burning question of strikes, in the following forcible terms:

"Strikes should be avoided at all costs. Daily experience teaches that while few if any advantages are derived therefrom,—they tend to impoverish the workingman and his family, to plunge them into debt and lead to the most deplorable excesses. In a recent pastoral letter written to you, my dear friends, the Archbishop begs of you for the sake of God, for the sake of yourselves and of your families, not to have recourse to strikes. He implores you to employ every means of conciliation—to make use of the influence of your true friends, and particularly of his own influence—to bring about an amicable solution of your difficulties. You are all free men: do not accept a galling yoke which means slavery. You have many friends

of your own class to espouse your cause and fight your battles. But when the voice of your chief pastor is raised do not permit yourselves to be misled by demagogues, who, under the cloak of friendship, are only too anxious to lessen your respect for the authority of Church and State and dechristianize the world. They preach the necessity of godless education, of divorce and other evils, the trend of which is to rob you of what you hold most dear and sacred and to sap the very foundations of the social fabric."

Father Callaghan proceeded to show that when the two mighty forces of capital and labor become opposed to each other, they upset the entire social autonomy and entail the gravest consequences upon whole communities and eventually upon nations. A complete harmony between the two would produce an ideal condition, wherein the question would be not altogether how each might make use of the other for personal advantage, but how they might make use of their relative stations for the common good, and fulfil the requirements of that higher service which all are called upon to render.

After the execution of some fine music by the choir of Notre Dame, his Grace the Archbishop, in a voice vibrating with strong emotion, made a brief discourse, as follows:

"All honor to you, workingmen, my friends and brothers! I thank you for having responded in thousands to the appeal which I had addressed to you from the bottom of my heart. I behold here before me the realization of a cherished dream, and it fills me with inexpressible happiness. I do not think that in any other city of the world to-day it would be possible to witness what is at once a religious demonstration and a festival of labor. Never has Notre Dame appeared so glorious and so beautiful. It has presented in its time many an impressive spectacle, but

none to surpass that which is now before us. Workingmen, from my heart I bless you and your households, your wives and your children. May each fireside bear a close resemblance to the gentle and holy dwelling of Nazareth! I bless your work and your joys, and even your very trials and afflictions. I bless you and your employers, that the bonds of Christian charity may always unite you. I bless you in the name of Christ, who loves with a special love those who labor."

Benediction over, the closing hymn was sung, the signal for departure given, and the various unions and associations filed out into the Place d'Armes—that great square in which stands the church,—marching homeward with bands playing and banners flying, amid the acclamations of the bystanders.

It was a momentous occasion, that 4th of September, 1904; a splendid demonstration, long to be remembered by the participants. The memory of that first religious festival of labor will be handed down from generation to generation as an example of what might be, what has been in the past, a truly Christian democracy, under the ægis of the venerable Church which is wise with the accumulated experience of humanity for nigh two thousand years. She only can guide the toilers of this earth in their struggle for just rights, and preserve them from those excesses which alone can injure their cause and impair its nobility. She teaches them that their strength lies in patience and self-control combined with indomitable firmness.

The Church of Christ has taught in all times those lessons which were emphasized by the orators of the occasion, and, so to say, synthesized in the encyclical of Leo. But at the present day the spirit of Christianity has so infiltrated the crust of prejudice and social convention that thoughtful

observers of all conditions are interesting themselves in the problem of the welfare of the working classes, and are beginning to recognize the immense debt which the world owes to the humblest amongst them. They are the glorious units in the magnificent whole of Progress.

What a share has been taken in the building up of the splendid Republic of the West, the United States, by the hewers of wood and drawers of water, by the hedgers and ditchers, by the vast brotherhood of toil! Sometimes they were the children of Erin, driven by misgovernment from their own beautiful island, to toil, to suffer, and to fill alien graves in the cities of the New World. Perchance they were Germans, who left behind them the noble Rhineland to contribute their share to the solid foundations of the country. Or they were Italians or Swedes or Hungarians, who had to endure, in addition to other trials, the misrepresentation which is often the lot of strangers in a strange land, and the difficulty of making their language understood. Or they may have been the sons of Scotia, who looked longingly back upon their legend-haunted Highlands; or Frenchmen or Spaniards or Englishmen.

The world owes them much, and the world is beginning to recognize the debt. The lessons of the Divine Master perpetuated by the Church are having at last their logical result. The Church, while continuously teaching those lessons, was not always able to enforce them. She was engaged from her inception in a magnificent struggle, in which only the power of her Founder enabled her to conquer. She reared her head against the whole omnipotence of Imperial Rome, and by a stupendous miracle undermined the influence of the pagan gods, which was all upon the side of self-indulgence. The condition of the masses was then intolerable:

little by little the struggling infant Church ameliorated those conditions.

The infant grew to colossal proportions, became at last the mighty Church of the Middle Ages, and still had to defend the poor and the unfortunate, while constantly moulding horde after horde of barbarians who streamed successively into Christendom. During the course of centuries she had to contend almost incessantly against unruly kings and barons who warred against her authority; but she never failed to extend the powerful arm of her protection to the lowly and the oppressed.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the principles of Christianity have, in one sense at least, permeated the whole of the social fabric, and are met with under a variety of names, and often employed even by the bitterest enemies of Christ and His Church. There is much talk of liberty and equality, of justice and benevolence, of altruism and of ethical virtues. They are all Christian. Without the Church there never would have been justice or benevolence or equal rights or fraternity; never any altruism, nor that diviner quality of charity. When perverted, these attributes are but the caricatures of Christianity, and with diabolical ingenuity become the apes of Christ.

All men are the children of the Church, but the poor, the oppressed, the toilers are her children of predilection, the sons of destiny; for in their poverty they shall possess the land. Hence the importance of anything tending to unite the workingman and the Church. It is a natural union, and whosoever or whatsoever tends to dissolve that union works irreparable disaster to individuals and to nations. Hence the beauty and significance of the scene enacted in the grand old temple erected long ago on the banks of the St. Lawrence to honor the Mother of the Man-God, the Mother of humanity.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

II.—GAIN AND LOSS.

MIRVAN need not have dreaded, for himself at least, the power of change in his university life. It was destined to affect him but little, and that little rather by antagonism than by acceptance. Fresh from the forest solitudes, the great city seemed to him a terrible place, full of everything that made life unbearable, and empty of all that made it possible to live. He was exasperated by its opulence, depressed and sickened by its squalor and misery; and, in the blind intensity of youth, he exaggerated these two extremes until he almost came to believe that the city held nothing but heartless luxury and heart-broken woe.

Neither did his scholastic life suffice to control or satisfy his intellectual instincts. Unable to pierce through the formal organization to the prompting spirit, he found in its opportunities only a restricting routine which fretted and wearied his brain, and taught him nothing that he cared to know. Where it was more than indifferent it became hostile; he consequently scorned its bounty, and went his own way, leading as wild and isolated a life in the crowded university town as ever he had done in the forest.

It was no idle or dissipated life; neither was it lawless, though its laws were self-imposed. It was a serious, unswerving dedication to art and to beauty, according to his own spirit's prompting choice. These promptings were not always in accordance with the existing rules, but they became only more strenuous if thwarted by external opposition. He neglected his regular classes to the verge of expulsion from the university, and it was only by Humphrey's persuasion that he made

any concessions at all in favor of the established law. The academic authorities, whose limited scope of comprehension classed all acts of rebellion under the same head, were but barely appeased by a submission which in its manner might have been a revolt.

Humphrey tried in vain to represent to Mirvan the nature of expediency, and to convince him that there was a realm of things indifferent where this god might justly claim to rule. He could gain no hearing for such a half-hearted and trifling creed. Mirvan's ideal of beauty, his measure of virtue, was absolute, not relative, and included no admission of standards differing from his own. With him it was always peace or war, love or hatred; never neutrality or indifference. So the life that to Humphrey unfolded a thousand new possibilities and successive states, so swift and fugitive in their operation that he sometimes hardly felt himself the same person for two days together, remained for Mirvan no more than the unsympathetic background to his spirit's self-appointed path.

Yet in their mutual relations it would have been as unjust to Humphrey as to Mirvan to accuse him of change. Indeed, in the midst of the tyranny of change that surrounded and swayed him, his feeling for his cousin was the one thing steadfast, a point of rest in a sea of mutation; and he sought Mirvan's society not for his love's satisfaction alone, but because it brought him into relation with that past which else he could not realize, and gave him a sense of permanence where all things were fleeting.

Mirvan, hedged about by his own shy reserve, and by a hundred instinctive antipathies, could not interpret his companion's easy, free-hearted intercourse with all and sundry students, masters, and servants. It was impossible for him to conceive that such intercourse, to him an intolerable

burden, was no effort to Humphrey, but rather a relaxation and a rest. A certain amount of society in which his real feelings were not deeply concerned, where he might sit light and watch the game, brought Humphrey the self-oblivion he could not always find in solitude.

Mirvan craved no self-oblivion: That strange self, which found expression in his intensity of gaze, in his singular movements and gestures, was tireless in its energy. It asked no immunity from its own impassioned progress, no circle of inferior interests wherein to breathe and rest on the road to its desire. He could be happy alone, or with those whom he loved; but in general society he retreated into a scornful isolation, from which he regarded his temporary companions with no friendly eyes. He had neither sympathy nor tolerance for what he could not understand; he could not understand unless he loved; and at this time he loved no one but Humphrey. Nor did Love wholly clear his vision, and he often failed to understand even Humphrey.

To do Mirvan justice, there was no selfish motive in his dislike of the companionship his cousin tolerated so easily. If he grudged them the society which was all in all to himself, it was because he deemed them unworthy, not that he would fain draw its riches to himself alone. Perhaps it was no wonder that, judged by the extreme standard of beauty which he had learned from nature, religion, and art, his fellow-students fell lamentably short. They were neither better nor worse than human youth in general: full of noisy spirits and pointless mirth; not very clever nor very refined for the most part, but neither so deeply abandoned nor so devoid of good as Mirvan thought them. He saw them only at casual gatherings, where the most conspicuous were in truth the

least commendable. So seen, they did not invite his fastidious taste to a closer and more intimate appreciation, and he hardened his heart against them. How Humphrey could suffer their society, and even seem to enjoy it, was Mirvan's standing and unanswerable problem.

"Never ask me to go there again!" he said vehemently, after an evening spent at a certain house, where the entertainment, begun in good order, had ended in a sort of schoolboy riot, and where perhaps too much wine had been set free.

Humphrey sighed.

"It's not very attractive," he said; "but there's no great evil in it. You expect too much of people, Mirvan."

"I expect them not to be drunk," Mirvan answered, passionately. "I could have knocked that fellow down when he spoke to you like that."

He alluded to a little scene which had taken place immediately before their departure. A young student, whose gaiety was not altogether of Nature's bestowing, formed the ill-advised scheme of asking Mirvan to drink with him. It was an unfortunate selection on his part; for Mirvan, whose temperate taste disliked all wine, was filled with sick disgust at the mere thought of any excess. He was standing with Humphrey near the door when the youth approached, and his face darkened ominously. Humphrey, seeing the gathering storm, and dreading a public disturbance, took the proffered glass from the boy's unsteady hand, and, under the semblance of himself accepting the convivial offer, drew him away from so dangerous a neighborhood. The cousins had walked home in silence, and it was only when they reached their own rooms that the outburst had come.

"And you *condone* it!" Mirvan said. "You took his arm as if you were his friend!"

"It was to save you from a scene," Humphrey answered. "Besides, there's no harm in that boy. I went with him partly to get him to go home. He had never tasted wine before, and hadn't drunk near so much as some who were quite steady."

Mirvan paced the room like a wild creature prisoned. He stopped in front of his cousin.

"I do so wish you wouldn't go to those places, Humphrey. What can you find there?"

Humphrey was silent. At last he said:

"I think it's best not to refuse all the hospitality that's offered us; and I like some of the men very much. It was exceptionally noisy to-night."

Mirvan made an inarticulate sound of exasperation.

"You speak of it all so quietly, as if it didn't matter, when the mere remembrance of it turns me sick! If we go to such places, surely we're responsible for what happens there."

"If there had been a scene to-night, I think *you* would have been responsible," Humphrey answered, "and not that silly youth. He wasn't quite master of himself, and you were, or ought to have been."

He spoke with unwonted sharpness, tired of the fruitless discussion.

"I'm not master of myself now when I think of it," Mirvan said. "It's the thought of your being among them that I can't bear. They're not worthy to tie your shoes, and I suppose you would think it 'no harm' if you grew to be like them."

"If I got drunk do you mean?" Humphrey asked. "I'm very grateful for your high opinion. But you might add a little confidence in me, for your own comfort if not for mine."

"I have no comfort," Mirvan said. "We are not ourselves in this place. I wish we had never come."

He went off to bed, to pass the night in stormy wakefulness.

Humphrey, left alone, sat for a long time sunk in sadness. Caring not at all for the point under dispute, he felt depressed and degraded by the dispute itself. It, and others like it in the past, seemed to have hurt the fairest part of his life. Humphrey did not expect much from life in general. He was not easily to be disillusioned or disappointed; for his generous imagination saved him from shallow judgments, and his spiritual aloofness had so far secured him from suffering on his own account. But with Mirvan he had no such guards. Because he loved him wholly, he was defenceless; and the element of unrest which Mirvan's criticism brought between them was no less painful to him because his reason told him that the criticism was unjust. In the injustice lay the pain. Besides, now that Mirvan was no longer there, Humphrey began to wonder, with his old trick of self-distrust, whether, after all, Mirvan was not right. He blamed himself, in a tired, vague way, for what had happened; though he did not clearly see where he was to blame.

To Mirvan, who was ready to risk his whole strength on each moment's challenge, who went forth armed to meet fate and circumstance and force them to his will, such a disposition as Humphrey's, bending itself by slight concessions to every wind that blew, might well seem negligently slight. Mirvan was unaware that, in any vital question, his delicate and compromising cousin was every whit as decided as himself, and far more rapid and unwavering. He was unaware, because no sudden, stormy sallies revealed the hidden power, and nothing in the present summoned it from its sleep.

The present seemed to Mirvan of supreme importance. Each moment came to him as a sort of eternity, bearing its weight of imperative command or its need for a full satisfaction. But Humphrey's succession of days

and hours seemed to himself only a preparation for something that was to follow,—not the priesthood, but something unknown, which might come upon him he knew not when, and for which he must be ready. So his demands upon present realization were slight, and unsusceptible of disappointment. His daily life assumed, in his eyes, something the nature of a probation, wherein he must train his faculties to the utmost, must husband and not dissipate his strength; for the whole of it, and more than the whole, would one day be wanted.

If the kind of dispute recorded above did not soon recur, it was only because no immediate occasion for dispute arose. Mirvan held to his word and remained altogether aloof from society; and Humphrey, when he sought it, did not tell his cousin where he went or whom he met. He would have sacrificed any number of entertainments if by so doing he could have spent the time with Mirvan instead. But Mirvan was as wild and uncertain in his habits as a storm-bird. He kept no fixed hours, ate only when he happened to remember that he was hungry, and was as often out wandering by night as by day.

The very next evening after their discussion he came in at dusk and looked round for Humphrey, oblivious of the fact that Humphrey's classes kept him close at work until an hour after dark. He lingered for a while; then, feeling a breath of evening air from the window, sighed and went out, not to return until midnight. An hour later Humphrey came in, eager for music and his cousin's society; learned that he had gone out, leaving no message; and after bearing as long as he could the dingy atmosphere of the rooms, whose only tolerable feature was Mirvan's piano, he gave it up and went forth to seek any relief he could find from that most terrible form of

self-realization produced by two hours alone in a furnished apartment.

Their best times were on Sunday, when Humphrey was free; and this day they always spent together, over music or in the woods. Their rooms lay near the outskirts of the town, and half an hour's walk took them into the country. Once there, the disguise of misapprehension fell away and they found freedom and reality. They would walk home by starlight, and spend a long evening in music or in talk.

Mirvan, by the time he left the university, had become a master in music. Born with a genius that makes its own best methods, he asked no teaching nor would have accepted any. He dared to trust his impulse as a law, and was not deceived. His playing, always remarkable, grew to be a wonderful thing,—broad, deep, and delicate. It lost its first wandering wildness, and began to seek expression through form, and to gather itself into a measured perfection. Based on the reverent study of the elder masters, the lords of music, it followed where they led, and submitted unconsciously to the eternal laws of harmony in sound. Yet upon each interpretative effect he set the seal of his own nature—a rhythmical wildness and infinite freedom; as if the woodland creatures were always present when this Orpheus played, an invisible primeval following, their hearts and footsteps tempered to his melody.

Humphrey often said that when Mirvan played it was as if he himself had created what he played. Yet he seldom sought utterance in set formal composition. His creative power seemed to pass into his playing and there to exhaust itself. Sometimes, however, he would improvise by the hour together—a half-lighted wilderness of sound, revealing and veiling his thought by turns; now deep and dark as a hidden pool, and now distinct as an instan-

taneous vision, swiftly fading and not again to be remembered.

Humphrey, while he listened, felt that he too was an enchanted creature, with no will left but to follow and to hearken. His conscious thought sank down into the unseen depths of his being, while his thirsty senses drank deep of the water of life. The very first note served to untie the knot of their difficulties and misunderstandings; and as Mirvan ceased, Humphrey would say to himself:

“How should he be like the rest of us or understand our ways?”

But, alas! the magic faded with the fading sound, and the difficulties remained, unsolved and undiminished. Mirvan had fulfilled his own prophecy, and created the change he dreaded: no real nor final separation; the deep waters of their friendship rested undisturbed, but the surface was continually ruffled by differences of opinion and unsympathetic moods.

These did not diminish as their three years together drew to an end, and almost seemed to efface for the time the underlying affection. Humphrey was sadly conscious that he looked forward to Mirvan's departure with a sense of relief. He was becoming more and more keenly engrossed in his studies, and the intellectual strain of his life left him little energy to be patient with human entanglements. He grew irritable with Mirvan; and, though he loved him no less, sought his society less eagerly, fearing the disputes that inevitably arose.

Three years in an uncongenial environment had not made Mirvan easier to live with. His restless dissatisfaction had passed into a real tyranny; his instinctive dislike, into a settled condemnation. He made no friends; and when circumstances forced him to meet his fellows, he did so with uplifted head,—a vision of obdurate beauty, gazed at from a distance like the

passage of a winter storm among the mountains. Humphrey, with his prevailing instinct to let things come right of themselves and avoid disturbance, had long given up trying to plead a losing cause against Mirvan's fierce disdain. He let things take their course, and left the future where it must be left.

It has been noticed that where love and sympathy are as yet imperfect, absence is a most salutary power. No sooner had Mirvan reached Oldenburg, putting five hundred miles between himself and his cousin, than all the sweetness of their first friendship returned, flawless and serene. Mirvan wrote seldom, but his letters breathed a soul at peace and were full of his own deep simplicity. His recent experience seemed to have fallen away from him like a haggard dream, leaving him untouched; and he had taken up his life where he left it on the day he rode away from the monastery.

Humphrey, left alone, found a gentle solace in the thought of his friend; and now that he could look clearly at the past, set free from the constraint of personal irritation, he realized, with self-reproach, how sad and strained Mirvan's life in the city had been, how unnatural and hurtful to his soul's health. He blamed himself bitterly, like one who has been impatient with the troubled tossings of a sick man; for he saw how deeply homesick and heartsick Mirvan had been, and how his restless moods were no wilful self-assertion, but the unreasoning outcry of a pained and prisoned creature, who would be gentle if set free, but in captivity turns even upon the hand it loves.

So, for Humphrey as well as for Mirvan, the years that now followed were far happier and more fruitful than the last, not only in their separate destinies but in their mutual love. That love, blurred and broken by a material nearness in which their spirits had no part, became healed and whole

by a timely abstinence, and found its salvation in solitude.

Mirvan began to share with his uncle the management of the estate. But Sebastian took the lion's share, in work at least; and left Mirvan full freedom for his music and his forest wanderings. And in these he spent the greater part of his time.

Humphrey remained yet a year at the university. Then he spent a year in France and a year in northern Italy, mastering the two languages through literature and social intercourse. Though he followed strictly the lines previously laid down, and made no special study of religion, he found access, through Anselm's means, to the most cultured and intellectual of the priesthood; and his vocation, from its dreamlike distance, began to assume a certain reality to his thought. He felt the time for preparation so short, the work to be done so long, that he cut off all holidays and home-goings during these last three years, purposing not to return until they were over. But in the beginning of the third and last he was unexpectedly summoned home by his mother's illness and death.

Lucia, long ailing and lifeless, passed away suddenly at the end; and though Humphrey made all possible haste, he did not see his mother living. Her life had so long flickered, like a burned-out candle, that Sebastian had forgotten to be anxious; and her self-chosen seclusion left him ignorant of her actual state until Death was at the door. Then it came upon him as a shock. All his old sense of guilt toward Lucia revived. He forgot how his own life had been hampered and restricted by her feeble egoism, and remembered only her sufferings and her joyless days.

Humphrey gave his father what comfort he could in this sorrow, which could not be called a loss.

"I shall stay at home for a week," he said to Sebastian, as they walked

up and down the terrace together on the day after the funeral.

"Can you spare the time?" Sebastian asked, trying to hide how eagerly he longed for his son's society.

"Easily," Humphrey answered. "I should like to stay." Presently he added. "I suppose it would have been useless, but I can't help wishing that I had been in time to see mother again."

"I wish I had sent for you sooner," said Sebastian. "But it came so suddenly. We had no warning. I was so accustomed to her illness that I never thought of death. And, then, I saw her so seldom—hardly, once a week until the end."

"You were with her then, father?"

"She sent for me when she knew she was dying," Sebastian answered; "and then I felt I should have gone sooner. She did not notice me much; but I think she liked me to be there, and I stayed to the last. She had her own priest with her, and his prayers comforted her. But it is desperately lonely work—dying."

Sebastian leaned on his stick and looked out over the forest, as he added:

"Her life was half a death already. And now the door is shut and no reparation is possible."

"Father," said Humphrey, "I *entreat* you not to suffer from self-reproach. Every memory of my childhood tells me how good you were to her."

But Sebastian only shook his head.

(To be continued.)

Warp and Woof.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

©OUR deeds, our thoughts, are the threads we weave;

Life is the loom. Though we joy or grieve—
However tangled the threads may be,
They lead at length to Eternity.

The pattern we may not understand:
God holds the shuttle in His hand.

Great Scientists and the Rosary.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

II.

THE work of Galvani proved the spark of inspiration that fired many a mind with ardor for original observation in electricity. Two of the greatest were the Italian Volta and the Frenchman Ampère, whose names, like Galvani's own, have been very properly selected for exceptional honors by the International Electrical Commission, and are thus assured of a well-merited immortality. Both of them were men of simple, earnest religious faith; and their discoveries, far from weakening, seemed rather to strengthen their belief in a spiritual world and in the ruling power of Providence.

Perhaps the most important name in the history of applied electricity is that of Volta, to whom we owe the Voltaic pile, the first practical electric battery. One of his recent biographers says: "After eight years of observations and experiments, Volta, one day at the beginning of 1800, completed in his laboratory at Como, the construction of an instrument which was to revolutionize the study of electricity and initiate the practical applications of the science. The apparatus was so simple that no one but Volta could have promised any results therefrom. It gave a new kind of electricity, which did not work merely by jerks, but flowed in a smooth and constant stream from pole to pole; and as a result this mighty natural agent was won to the service of man."

Within a few years thereafter Volta was made a member of most of the distinguished scientific bodies of Europe. His discovery had been no accident, no result of a happy chance: for years he had been doing original work of the greatest value. In order to obtain some

method of measuring electricity, he had invented, long before this epoch, the condensing electroscope, in which, however, instead of the ribbons of gold-leaf now employed he used straws. He had also invented the combination of metal and shellac disks, now known as the electrophorus. This was one of the first really satisfactory instruments for the condensation of electricity by means of induction, a process that permits its employment for experimental purposes. This proved especially useful, in the physical laboratories of the time, for the demonstration of various electrical phenomena; it also contributed largely toward encouraging the study and bringing about the development of electrical science, making it much more popular than it had theretofore been.

When scarcely more than twenty, Volta, as a result of the impression produced by his scientific originality, had received the offer of professorship of experimental physics in the College of Como. Three years later he was called to the chair of physics at the University of Pavia. While engaged there in studying electrical phenomena, and especially Galvani's observations with regard to animal electricity, Volta made the important discovery that two portions of metal of different kinds, separated by a moist nonconducting material, might be made to produce a constant current of electricity. As the result of this simple observation, supplemented by three years of study and experiment, came the Voltaic pile. Of this one of the most distinguished of his scientific contemporaries in later life declared: "Volta's pile is the most wonderful instrument that has ever come from the hand of man, not excepting even the telescope or the steam engine."

Our scientist, however, was by no means merely a one-sided genius. Everything he touched in physics he illuminated; and his observations with

regard to gases, his invention of the eudiometer—an apparatus by means of which the oxygen content of air can be determined,—and his demonstration of the expansibility of gases under heat, especially expansion at high temperature, would of themselves, even apart from his great electrical discoveries, have given him an enduring name in physical science.

Of Volta's personality it is to be said that he was a man who became so absorbed in scientific work that he would forget all about himself, his meals, and his most pressing ordinary duties. More than once when his students came into the class-room they found him in his shirt-sleeves working at some experiment, and utterly oblivious of the noise they had made in getting in.

And yet, with the scientific mind developed to what would usually be considered the highest degree, he combined the simplest piety. As pointed out some time ago in this magazine, the Rosary was a daily exercise in his family, he himself leading in its recitation. At Mass his beads were always in his hands; and often when taking his walks along the roads near his country home he was observed by the peasantry to be occupied with this same devotional practice. While the experimental faculty that questions Nature was at its highest powers in him, his faith suggested satisfactory answers to difficulties which others of less mental acumen, in that rationalizing period, found quite insuperable. For him the old-fashioned devotions were a consolation in the midst of trials; and the attitude of unbelief seemed only a cutting off of the main source of encouragement in life.

Another great modern scientist, whose work in electricity has made him famous not only for the nineteenth century but probably for all time, was

André Marie Ampère. His memory is enshrined in the history of the science as one of the units of measurement of the electrical current. Within a week after the announcement of Oersted's discovery of the identity of magnetism and electricity, Ampère, by a series of most brilliant experiments, succeeded in demonstrating a number of additional principles with regard to this important subject. He has with good reason been called the founder of the science of electro-dynamics; because it is, above all, its magnetic quality that makes the electrical current applicable to work of various kinds. He even anticipated the invention of the electric telegraph by planning an apparatus in which a separate wire was used for each letter, but by which communication could well be kept up between two distant stations.

Ampère was no mere electrician, however; but a broad thinker of wide knowledge. A work on the classification of the sciences, prepared shortly before his death and published after it, made this evident to the most skeptical. The first work of his that had attracted attention had been on mathematics, being the application of that branch of knowledge to the chances in gambling. In it he showed that most of the chances were against the gamester. He had also been a professor of physics and chemistry, as well as of languages, in various schools, and was known for the keen interest he manifested in a multitude of different subjects. In a word, he was one of the great intellects of the nineteenth century.

In the midst of it all, however, he was a most lovable character, deeply Christian in his opinions and practices. During the awful period of the French Revolution he had some doubts with regard to religious truth; but once these were dispelled he became one of the most faithfully practical Christians of his generation. He seldom

passed a day without finding his way into a church, and his favorite form of prayer was the Rosary.

Frederick Ozanam tells the story of how he himself, overtaken by misgivings with regard to faith, and roaming almost aimlessly through the streets of Paris, trying to think out solutions for his doubts and the problems that would so insistently present themselves respecting the intellectual foundations of Christianity, finally wandered one day into a church and found Ampère there in an obscure corner, telling his beads. Ozanam himself was moved to do the same thing; for Ampère was then looked upon as one of the greatest living scientists in France. Under the magic touch of an example like this, and the quiet influence of prayer, Ozanam's doubts vanished, never to return.

For any one who desires to study the beautiful Christian simplicity of a truly great soul there is no better human document than the "Journal and Correspondence of Ampère," published some years after his death. He himself wrote out the love-story of his life; and it is perhaps one of the most charming of narratives, certainly the most delightful autobiographic story of this kind that has ever been told. It is human to the very core, and it shows a wonderfully sympathetic character in a great man, whose work was destined a few years later to revolutionize physics and to found the practical science of electro-dynamics.

When Ampère's death was impending it was suggested that a chapter of "The Imitation" should be read to him; but he said "No," declaring that he preferred to be left alone for a while, as he knew "The Imitation" by heart and would repeat those chapters in which he found most consolation.

Yet, with all his solid piety, this man was not so distant from ordinary worldly affairs as not to take a lively interest in them. He was especially

enthusiastic for the freedom of the South American Republics, eagerly following the course of Bolivar and Canaris, and rejoicing at the success of their efforts. South American patriots visiting Paris found a warm welcome at his hands, and introductions that made life pleasant for them at the French capital. His house was always open to them, and no service that he could perform for them seemed too much.

In a word, this great scientist, for whom the Rosary was one of the pleasant duties of life, was a man among men in his wide sympathy with humanity as well as in his broad knowledge of the developing sciences of his time,—sciences that in many ways were to revolutionize human life.

(To be continued.)

The Bell-Ringer of Garlau.

II.

ON Holy Saturday, after two days of funereal silence, the bells, to use a phrase common in that Morlaix country, "came back from Rome." It is a return always impatiently awaited by that primitive people, some among the younger and less pious of whom do not enter the church until the joyful carillons of the *Gloria in Excelsis* have rung from the gray turreted steeple.

As Agapit made his appearance in the porch, one of the girls cried out:

"You must give us your best touches to-day, Gapit!"

"I will try,—you shall see, Pierrette," he said briefly, as he passed them.

"How sad he looks!" remarked another. "But I think he is straighter than he used to be."

There was no sadness, however, in the peal that rang out from the tower a few moments afterward. Loud and long rang the bells; never had the oldest inhabitant of the parish of Garlau heard them give forth so jubilant a

song. But even as the people looked at one another in pride and delight, the chimes suddenly ceased in the midst of an exuberant theme; three solemn funereal strokes succeeded each other, strange, muffled, slow,—then there was silence.

Louis, the old sacristan, hurried from the vestry. At the same moment several of the men left the church. They met at the foot of the tower.

"Something has happened!" cried Louis. "Let us go up."

He took the lead, and, following him, the others ascended one by one. When they reached the top, the three bell cords were still swinging, but the longest and thickest had been wrenched apart. Half of it dangled from the roof of the belfry, the other could not be seen. And Gapit Quesseveur was not there.

"There is something wrong," said Louis, going at once to a small trap-door near the wall. "Look here, my friends! The old rope parted in twain: Gapit standing near the trap was thrown violently upon it. It is old and rotten. He has fallen through. We shall find him at the bottom."

"We shall find him dead, then," said Athanase Dufour. "It's a fall of sixty feet at least."

Without another word they slowly descended the stair; and there, behind it, as Louis had predicted, they found the apparently lifeless body of the young bell-ringer. Blood was flowing from a wound in the back of the head; there was also a deep cut in the forehead. They bent over him.

"He breathes," said Louis,— "very faintly, but he breathes. Run, Victor, for the doctor! There may be some hope. Meanwhile, before the people come out of church, you and I, Athanase, can easily carry him home."

In a second Victor was gone.

The Widow Quesseveur lived close to the church. A premonition of accident

had caused her to come out. They met her at the door of the tower, surrounded by a crowd of idlers eager to learn what had occurred. One glance at the pale face covered with blood told the true Breton mother that action was required at present, whatever weeping might come after; and she led the way to her humble home, where the doctor had already arrived.

"Father," said Jeanne Louise on the evening of Easter Sunday, as they sat together eating their supper, "they say Gapit may never come to himself again before he dies."

She was very pale and her voice trembled. She had spoken but little since the day before.

"He will surely die, then?" inquired Pierre Mével.

"So it is feared."

"Too bad! Grita Quesseveur has indeed been sorely afflicted."

"She is alone, father."

"No women to help her?"

"Ah, yes! They are in and out, but no one to stay with her. May I go, father? It will not be so hard for her then."

"To stay there, Jeanne Louise?"

"Yes, father."

"But you know what that would seem to mean?"

"Yes, father."

"That you are the next thing to being the wife of Gapit—his betrothed?"

"Father, I love Agapit Quesseveur. I have loved him all my life. If he had not been unfortunate, you would have given me to him, if he had asked for me?"

"I would have done so, my daughter. I said as much six years ago when he left for Morlaix."

"To him?"

"Yes, to him."

"I did not know it. Still it makes no difference. Had I not been sure you would never give your consent, I should

have married him even as he is. But I knew that my first duty was to you. When he began to get better I asked him to come again to Kergoz, hoping that in time you might not be averse to him as a husband for me. There is enough and to spare for all, and life would have been easier for him and happier for me. I will deny nothing. I loved him, I love him still. His misfortune is nothing to me: I shall always love him. I beg that you will allow me to go and stay with his mother, and help her to take care of him till he dies."

"And if he should live, Jeanne Louise? What then?"

"Then it shall be as you wish, father."

"And who will take care of me while you are gone?"

"Jeanneton can do everything necessary, as she did when I was a child. I will write to you very often. And, if you wish, Pierrette can come over from the dairy."

"You may go, Jeanne Louise," said Pierre Mével, after a moment's reflection. "And the good God can take care of us all."

Jeanne Louise left the table, gave some directions to the surprised but kindly Jeanneton, packed a small bundle, and in half an hour was walking briskly beside her father on the road from Kergoz to Garlau. The widow welcomed her as though she were an angel from heaven, and without further ado the two women took up their watch at the bedside of the unconscious boy.

As one waking out of a dream, Agapit began to realize what was passing around him; and with it came a revelation so astounding that it seemed to him he must have died and come to life again. He had entirely recovered consciousness, and this revelation had become a certainty before the two women were aware that his brain had cast aside the cloud which had enveloped it since his dreadful fall.

He spoke his first conscious words to the patient, loving mother, who hung above his every breath; and, after she had wiped the tears from her eyes, she was hastening to tell Jeanne Louise, busy at something in the kitchen, when she met the doctor face to face and communicated to him the joyful news.

"He will live, he will get well," said the physician, after a careful examination. "The wound is healing, no bones were broken. Take good care of him and feed him well, Grita. He will be ringing the bells for Pentecost, or I am no prophet."

The good news spread fast. Neighbors came with their congratulations, Pierre Mével among them. But for thirty-six hours after the announcement Agapit caught only one fleeting glimpse of Jeanne Louise, as she stood on the threshold of his room, thinking him asleep. Thus seven days passed, and one morning he said to his mother:

"Do not come in, or do not let any one come in, for an hour. I wish to be alone."

"You will not try to get up or to dress yourself, Gapit? The doctor said perhaps to-morrow or next day, and then I will help you."

"Go away, little mother!" he said affectionately, kissing her toilworn hand. "Be not afraid, but do as I ask you; and to-morrow or next day, when the doctor says I may get up, you shall help me."

"It is perhaps to make a thanksgiving, all alone, that he wishes it," she explained to Jeanne Louise in the kitchen; and the young girl agreed with her.

A little more than an hour later she was passing through the garden close to the window of the room where Agapit lay. From his bed he could have touched the low sill. She did not look up, but he called her.

"Jeanne Louise," he said, "will you not come in to see me?"

"If you like, Agapit," she answered, still with head averted, as she passed swiftly from his sight.

His eyes fixed on the door, he waited for her to appear; which she did very soon, lingering a moment on the threshold. He stretched out his hand.

"Come here, Jeanne Louise," he said; "come close to my bed. I want to see you and talk to you."

She came and sat down beside him; thinking that never, save in pictures of the saints, had she seen anything half so beautiful as that pale face, amid its halo of clustering curls, against the dark background of the old carved Breton closet bed.

Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears. She could not utter a word. But his voice was calm as he asked:

"Jeanne Louise, why are you here?"

"To help your mother: she was all alone, you know."

"And your poor father? He did not object,—he was willing?"

"Yes, or I should not have come."

"That was kind. Jeanne Louise, you are so good,—so very good! But do you know what the people will say of you?"

"Yes, Agapit, I do know."

"You thought I would die when you came—perhaps?"

"I did not know,—I feared that you might."

"And yet you were willing to be thought the betrothed of poor Gapit the cripple?"

"Yes, Agapit."

"That meant but one thing, then, Jeanne Louise?"

She understood him at once.

"But one thing," she rejoined, a deep flush overspreading her pure, pale face. "And it was true."

"That you loved me?"

"That I loved you."

"But now—now that I am not going to die?"

"It is the same—if you wish it."

"And your father?"

"I can not say. My heart he can not change, but he has the power to order my life. I shall not disobey my father."

"And I shall not ask you to do so, Jeanne Louise. What I want now is to beg your pardon for having dared to offer myself to you at Kergoz on Good Friday."

She looked at him mutely, her eyes overflowing. Perhaps he read what was in her faithful heart—the conviction that he was renouncing her forever, and that it grieved her.

"I have still something to say, Jeanne Louise," he continued. "Death has come too close for either to deny that we love each other,—that if I were a man like other men, hale and sound, I should claim you for my wife. But I must tell you—I must let you know just what I am, in order that you may decide if I be worthy of the love you have given me. I have been a wicked sinner, and you shall know my sin."

"You, Agapit? I can not believe it."

"Yet I am going to tell you even before I confess it to Père Navagod. When I left you that day, I resolved to kill myself. How, I did not know,—whether by throwing my miserable, useless body into the river or in some other way. The devil had entered my heart and I did not care what became of me. I could not have you for my wife and I was a burden on my poor mother. That night as I lay in bed I resolved to throw myself from the little window of the bell tower when I went up to ring for the *Gloria in Excelsis* on Holy Saturday. But as I mounted the stairs—were you praying for me, Jeanne Louise, in the church that morning?"

"Ah, indeed yes, for my heart was full of you!"

"And my mother—I am the whole burthen of her prayers, poor woman,—she was praying for me, too. Well, as

I ascended the stairs a sudden horror of what I was about to do came over me. I grew afraid, I hated myself, I begged pardon of God for the great offence I had determined to commit against Him. I resolved to take up the cross which had been laid upon me and bear it to the end of my life. And then, Jeanne Louise, my soul felt exalted within me; I breathed as one set free of a nightmare. I rang the bells as I had never done before, till—suddenly the rope broke in my hand and I fell backward, through the rotten trapdoor, sixty feet to the ground. The rest you know—and yet not all: there is still something more. But tell me first, Jeanne Louise, if this confession of my sin does not cause you to hate me?"

"Poor Agapit," she said, "only to love you better! It was a temptation of the Evil One, and you overcame it. If you had died from that terrible fall, I think you would have gone straight to heaven."

"You are an angel, Jeanne Louise. But there is still something more. Say it again,—say that you would be willing to join your fortunes with mine, cripple that I am, if your father would give his consent."

"I repeat it over and over, Agapit."

"It is a selfish thing to ask, but it warms my heart to hear it from your dear lips."

Then, as she gazed at him in mute astonishment, he lifted his head from the pillow, threw aside the bedcovers, and springing, fully dressed, to his feet, he stood before her, tall, erect, well as he had ever been, moving his limbs this way and that, walking from one side of the room to the other, as he cried out:

"I am cured!—I am cured, Jeanne Louise! God has worked a miracle. The fall set in motion the stiffened springs of my body; and here I am, please God, ready at any moment to

measure the distance between Garlau and the farm, to ask Pierre Mével for the sweet dove of Kergoz!"

At High Mass on Pentecost Sunday the people of Garlau were advised of the publication of the banns of marriage between Agapit Quesseveur, of that place, and Jeanne Louise Mével, of the Farm of Kergoz.

"If there is any person here present," added Père Navagod, "who knows of an impediment to this marriage, let him come forward and declare it immediately; otherwise he will incur the penalties of Holy Church."

That no such person presented himself is evident from the fact that for the last ten summers the writer of this story has spent his Brittany vacation at the home of Agapit and Jeanne Louise, the pious, respected and well-beloved proprietors of the Farm of Kergoz.

(The End.)

A Caution.

(Cardinal Newman.)

Just as children are caught by the mere good-nature and familiarity with which they are treated by some grown man, and have no means or thought of forming a judgment about him in other respects, and may be surprised, when they grow up, to find how unworthy he is of their respect or affection; as the uneducated, who have seen very little of the world, have no faculties for distinguishing between one rank of men and another, and consider all persons on a level who are respectably dressed, whatever be their accent, their carriage or their countenance; so all of us, not children only or the uneducated, are but novices, or less than novices, in the business of deciding what is the real state in God's sight of this or that man who is external to the Church, yet in character or conduct resembles her true sons.

Notes and Remarks.

There is a dogmatic assumption, common to this country and England, that crimes of violence are far and away more prevalent in Italy, Spain, and other Catholic nations of Southern Europe, than in lands over which waves the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack. The assumption is not a little exasperating to the well-informed Catholic, because it is utterly at variance with fact. As a matter of downright statistical truth, such crimes are three times as numerous in Great Britain, and five or six times as numerous in this country, as they are in Italy; and it is well-nigh time that our smug Anglo-Saxon critics of the Latin nations should take cognizance of the fact. Talk about crimes of violence! In the eight months ending Aug. 31 there were five hundred and sixty-nine known murders in the State of Mississippi, which has a population of only about a million and a half. So common has murder become down there that in many counties law and order organizations have been formed. Mississippi, by the way, is a prohibition State. It is not permitted to peddle whiskey everywhere, but in remote places nothing is thought of "nigger killing."

The pharisaical conceit that we are not like to other peoples needs an occasional puncturing to prevent its inflation beyond all bounds of discretion and sanity.

Our conviction that it will not be long before the much-vexed school question is brought to a settlement is strengthened not only by accumulating testimony as to the necessity of religion in education from non-Catholic sources, but by fair-minded discussion of the question in the secular press. There is no longer a disposition to ignore the

lightening of the burden to taxpayers in consequence of the existence of so many parochial schools; or, as formerly, general unwillingness to consider the contention of the Catholic body that they are entitled to a share in the fund for public education. A correspondent in Detroit directs our attention to a notable article on the subject of parochial schools published last week in the *Free Press* of that city. The writer of it does not hesitate to say that "if the parochial schools in Detroit were abolished, the city would at once be called upon to make an immediate expenditure for new buildings of \$2,854,800, which, if in the form of bonds, would add \$85,644 interest to the tax rolls annually. But this would be slight compared with the \$544,192 required for salaries, and the \$200,092 for maintenance. This brings the total amount which the taxpayers of Detroit escape annually as a result of the existence of the parochial schools up to \$829,928, aside from the original investment, as against a total appropriation last year, exclusive of all sources of income, of but \$1,003,714.67."

It was Lincoln who said: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it." At long last the citizens of the United States are beginning to realize that something must be done to settle the school question. Once this conviction becomes general, "how to do it" will be an easy matter.

The selection of non-Catholic colleges and non-Catholic homes as places of instruction and residence for the young Filipinos who have been brought to this country has naturally elicited protests from the Catholic press. The *Standard and Times* insists that the matter be not allowed to drop out of notice until the truth about it has been made clear. The statement that

no Catholic college would receive these students at the price fixed upon for their board and tuition is false. It looks as if Catholic colleges had been discriminated against, and, what is of more consequence, that a principle had been violated. It should be easy enough to get at the truth of this matter. The gentleman who selected the institutions that are to educate the young Filipinos is presumably a subordinate of one of our governmental departments; and in our system of government the administration is in the last analysis responsible for the acts of its servants.

In default of satisfaction from other sources, could not the President himself be interrogated as to the true inwardness of the apparent discrimination? A courteous request from the editor of—say the *Boston Pilot*, or the professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of America would no doubt elicit the desired information. It would be well to have this done before the campaign grows torrid-like in temperature. But the explanation should explain. It will not satisfy Catholics, whether their political affiliations be Republican or Democratic, to be assured that no discrimination was intended, that no one is to blame, that it was a purely fortuitous circumstance, etc.

There is naturally much in Archdeacon Wilson's recently published "Cambridge Lectures on Pastoral Theology" with which we are not concerned, much also from which we dissent; for instance, his contention that the mediæval ideal of a university is that of simply conserving and transmitting knowledge and opinion. A fair-minded non-Catholic critic has already shown that this estimate does less than justice to the mediæval universities, which were centres of discussion and criticism. But there is one sentence—it is no platitude—in the Archdeacon's volume well worth quoting. In the

third lecture he tells his hearers that "God is truth, and every truth won by man brings man nearer to God." Belated theologians of all schools might make a profitable meditation on these few words. They recall a memorable saying of Max Müller: "All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth or withholds it from man for motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal or both."

The Real Presence being the central fact in Catholic worship, the Eucharistic Congress held last week in New York city may well rank as the most noteworthy event in the religious life of the United States during the past month. A glance at the names of prelates and priests who took part in the deliberations was a preliminary guarantee that effective work would be accomplished; and the summarized report of the proceedings, already published, will rejoice every zealous advocate of increasing devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. Attendance at daily Mass, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the hour of adoration, frequent Communion, and kindred practical topics, discussed by such congresses, are as a result safe to be urged with renewed fervor and unwearied insistence upon the great body of the faithful. The ever-growing interest in the Priests' Eucharistic League, and the additions constantly being made to its membership are among the most gratifying facts in the contemporary history of the Church in the United States.

A genuine vocation and a copious daily supply of the "grace of state" must be requisite to render life on the Alaska mission agreeable or even endurable. Father Devine, S. J., of Montreal, returned recently from Nome after a two-years' term as missionary; and some of the information which he has imparted to the newspaper

interviewer is not of a nature to appeal to the pleasure-seeker or the pusillanimous. His church was only sixty miles south of the Arctic Circle, and the same distance from the Siberian coast. It was the most westward religious edifice on this continent. The mercury frequently drops during the Alaskan winter to sixty degrees below zero; and, worst of all, during that season the missionary's mail matter had to be transported on sledges a distance of more than two thousand miles, often reaching him months behindhand. Think of getting one's favorite paper only ten or twelve weeks after its date of issue! There seems to be excellent reason for congratulating Father Devine on his appointment to the staff of Loyola College, Montreal; although we doubt not that both the whites and the Esquimaux of the Northland are deeply regretting his removal.

The latest student of the labor question, as exemplified in Mr. Leon Harmel's noted establishment at Val des Bois, is the Rev. James Adderly, who speaks of himself as a Church of England parson. Mr. Adderly is an appreciative and thoroughly sympathetic critic of the methods employed by Mr. Harmel, and an outspoken admirer of the magnificent results achieved in this model colony of Catholic laborers. We have often sketched in these columns the life at Val des Bois, but we can not refrain from giving our readers a part of this English clergyman's comment thereon:

Then, again, the Church is a great reality to these people. It is the one real, true, human living body to which they belong and in which they are active members. Their committees and councils are merely parts of the great whole which is the Catholic Church of Christ. It is as churchmen that they do their daily work, just as it is as churchmen that they make their Communions and confessions. Nor do they live religiously only within the narrow circle of the

usine. They are made to feel that their hearts are beating with the one great pulse of the Christian Labor Community throughout the world. Regularly, year by year, Mr. Harmel takes them, together with thousands of other French working-people, to Rome to visit the Pope. For a week or more they live in the Eternal City, fed at an astonishingly small cost per head at the Vatican itself.

In connection with this matter of visiting Rome, we may mention that the fourteenth annual Val des Bois pilgrimage to the Eternal City, that of the present year, comprised no fewer than 1500 workmen and women. Mr. Harmel is one Frenchman who commands the respect of Catholic people and prelates everywhere.

From a recent article by Mr. Mallock we learn that discussion as to why the habit of church-going is so generally on the decline is frequent in England as well as with us. The secularization of the pulpit is, perhaps, the true explanation of the falling off in this country. In England, according to Mr. Mallock, the fact which alarms good men "may be due to a deeper and far more obvious reason; and laymen may perhaps be ceasing to go to church because our church services are impregnated with assertions and implications, many of which they have come to doubt, many of which they have come to deny, and some of which even the most reverent of them have come to regard with ridicule." No wonder that there is emptiness of pews when pulpits are secularized and both preachers and congregations are lacking in faith and reverence.

Of more or less eminent politicians in this country, it may be said that their name is legion; but the number of our public men who can without incongruity be called statesmen is so limited that the passing away of a figure like Senator Hoar can not but be considered as a national loss. In

order to make panegyric outweigh censure in their estimate of his career, writers of the obituary notices of Massachusetts' grand old man do not need to be reminded that "of the dead nothing but good should be said." The late Senator was a thoroughly sane, virile, tolerant, broad-minded, large-hearted, and farsighted American,—too big a man to be affected by the clamor of fanatics, however numerous; and too true a patriot to compromise the welfare of his country for the sake of preserving partisan ties, however strong. Within the past two or three decades we have frequently taken occasion to make in these columns appreciative comment of specific acts of the dead Senator; and to-day, with the nation at large, we mourn the close of a notable and noble public career.

Our able transatlantic contemporary the *London Catholic Times* has strong hopes of increased Catholic progress in England, as a result of the conference of Franciscan Tertiaries lately held at Leeds. Apart from the benefits likely to accrue from the specific action taken at the conference, it sees in every meeting of this kind a sort of stepping-stone to a general congress of the Catholics of the British Isles. The *Times* has more than once advocated the formation in England of a Catholic party such as the German Centre; and to the usual objection about the unwisdom of Catholics disassociating themselves from both Liberal and Tories, it has replied that such a party would act upon principles broader than those of either Liberals or Tories, "and would, if guided aright, take the lead in the work of social betterment."

In any case, adds our contemporary, "the objection does not apply to a Catholic congress; for the congress would merely offer in outline directions which would not, of necessity, clash

with the program of any political party. A congress, for instance, would lay down clearly and definitely the Catholic demands in respect to the Royal Declaration and the education problem. Liberals and Tories would then know in the most distinct way that unless they agreed to the conditions set forth by the congress they would not get Catholic support, and Catholics of the rank and file would have no doubt or hesitation as to the attitude they should take. A congress would thus exert a powerful influence not merely in bringing Catholic views and claims before the public, but also in inducing political parties to consider them with favor."

Accumulating evidence emphasizes the fact that the best results from the activities of lay Catholics are realized in those lands where conventions or congresses of the Catholic laity are regularly held. United systematic action is a lever with which many an abuse can be corrected, many an obstacle to progress be removed.

A bronze statue of St. Bernard trampling underfoot the dragon, which he has already secured by a chain, has been erected at the head of the famous Alpine Pass, in full view of the hospice where for so many centuries hospitality has been extended to those who cross the mountains on foot. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* states that as many as nine hundred guests were accommodated on the night of August 14, of this year. The hospice is manned at present by about fourteen monks, who are assisted by nine dogs.

In 1846, in the reign of Louis Philippe, the Christian Brothers in France were menaced with expulsion. Their Superior-General was a prey to natural anxiety, and willingly granted the request of one

of his subjects who asked permission to go to Ars and consult M. Vianney as to the future of the Order. The saintly Curé reflected a few moments and then said: "Let your superiors be reassured: this crisis will pass and leave no trace. But shortly after the canonization of your holy founder, your Order will be reduced to almost nothing and will be violently attacked. It will be within a finger's breadth of ruin; yet when all is (or appears to be) lost, everything will come right again."

On the occasion of the beatification of the Venerable De la Salle, in 1888, Brother Joseph, Superior-General, told his religious of this prediction, and urged them to prepare themselves for persecution. The prophecy is being cited in France nowadays, and the hope is indulged that the date when "everything will come right again" may not be very far distant.

The erection of a new diocese in Montana, with its episcopal see at Great Falls, is an indication of Catholic growth such as is becoming of unwonted frequency in recent years. The consecration of the Right Rev. M. C. Lenihan, D.D., as Bishop of the diocese was the occasion of a notable gathering of prelates and priests, who applauded the wisdom of Rome in its selection of the first ordinary of Great Falls. A priest of exemplary life and apostolic zeal, Mgr. Lenihan will be sure to render his section of Montana a great centre of religion.

It is a significant fact that the largest number of delegates to the Free Thought Congress held in Rome last month were Frenchmen, and that Germany was hardly represented at all. A mighty change has come over both countries in recent years, though in the case of Germany it seems to be little understood.

Notable New Books.

Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. R. and T. Washbourne.

The need of books of the class to which this volume belongs is felt on all sides,—books of solid worth, conveying, in simple and popular form, needed knowledge on subjects of unflinching interest. The wonder is, considering the recognized need, that such works are not more numerous; and the pity is that any should be neglected by those whose duty it is to make them known and promote their circulation.

Leo XIII. exhorted the faithful to familiarize themselves more and more with the Written Word of God; and he granted a special indulgence to all who should spend a quarter of an hour in reading or meditating on the Inspired Volume. Monsignor Vaughan's book will enable the masses of the people, to whom he addresses himself, to read the Bible with intelligence, appreciation and reverence. He presents a general account of it, together with the vicissitudes through which it has passed, and the uses and abuses to which it has sometimes been put. Our author has conferred a lasting benefit by the publication of this book. We have nothing but praise for it, and we share the hope that it may attain the popularity which it merits.

The Land of the Rosary. By Sarah H. Dunn. Burns & Oates.

Like to the feeling of restfulness that steals over one when walking by cool waters in shady places is that which stirs one in following the footsteps of the Holy Family in the Land of the Rosary. We start at Nazareth—that home of peace, of purity, of humility,—and wend our way to the hill country of Judea, where St. Elizabeth dwelt; then to Bethlehem, and to the Temple, mysterious, darkened with forebodings and shadows. The scenes of the sorrowful stages of the Mother and the Son, too, are visited; and from Gethsemane to the Sepulchre is indeed a way of sorrows.

One reading this simple record of a pilgrimage of love must find the meditations for the Rosary made easy and profitable.

The Immaculate Conception. By Archbishop Ullathorne. Benziger Brothers; The Art and Book Co.

This new edition of Archbishop Ullathorne's admirable book on the Immaculate Conception, first published in 1855 and now carefully revised by the Very Rev. Canon Iles, emphasizes the fact that the year 1904 is destined to be productive of something more lasting than eloquent

sermons on the glorious prerogative of the Blessed Virgin Mary. No sermon could possibly possess the enduring power for good that such a work as "The Immaculate Conception" undoubtedly contains. The book has an air of scholarship about it that inspires confidence in the author's methods of proof. Scripture and Tradition are the golden links of the finely wrought chain of argumentation that runs through the work. We are particularly pleased with the Archbishop's thorough realization of his own proposal in chapter II:

Those who have read the Fathers of the Church in the brief extracts from their works which are so often cited, can have no idea of the amplitude and magnificence with which they extol the praises of the Mother of God. I propose, therefore, in this chapter to give more satisfactory examples of the mode in which they speak of her.

The very first lengthy citation from the works of St. Proclus reminds us that his oft-quoted praise of Our Lady—"the unsullied shell that contained the Pearl of price"—is, after all, only the jewel without the setting. The Archbishop takes special pains to give us both. In a concluding chapter the implicit and explicit belief of Catholics in the Immaculate Conception is happily stated thus: "In the former ages 'it was believed with the heart unto justice,' but in our own 'confession of it is made with the mouth unto salvation.'" We are pleased to add that the book is fittingly published.

Poems by Richard Crashaw. The Text edited by A. R. Waller. The University Press. Cambridge.

This new and excellent edition of Crashaw's poems brings the seventeenth-century religious poet before the reader in a worthy manner; and those who read for either pleasure or literary interest will find a delightful savor in both matter and style. The volume includes "Carmen Deo Nostro," "Epigrammata Sacra," "The Delights of the Muses"; also poems from the Sancroft Manuscript in the Bodleian, not printed in any of the original editions, and two poems from a manuscript in the British Museum.

The seventeenth century witnessed a reaction against Elizabethan conventions of verse; and the age was one of notable religious poets, among whom the world ranks him who gave us the famous line,

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

Hazlitt said of Crashaw, "He was a hectic enthusiast in religion and in poetry"; and by adding, "and erroneous in both," the English critic showed that he did not understand his office. Among Crashaw's characteristics are enthusiasm and a remarkable power of splendid imagery, both of which distinguish his religious poems; as witness, "The Weeper," "Hymn to St. Teresa," "The Teare," and "The Shepherds' Hymn on the Night of the Nativity." But the

enthusiasm is the rapture of the poet's soul under the spell of mystic beauty.

The quaintness of poetry in Crashaw's age is exemplified in this snatch of song "On the Blessed Virgin's Bashfulness":

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humilitie.
The faire starre is well fixt, for where, O where,
Could she have fixt it on a speare so fair?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven she sees; heaven's God there lyes,
She can see heaven and ne'er lift up her eyes:
This new guest to her eyes new lawes hath given,
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to heaven.

Sabrina Warham. By Laurence Housman. The Macmillan Company.

This latest work from the distinguished author of "Bethlehem," "A Nativity Play," and a score of other books, will assuredly not lessen, if indeed it does not enhance, his reputation as a novelist. The story will win its warmest welcome from readers who have been satiated with the turbulent activities of the "yore-and-gore" fiction, and so turn with a sense of tranquil enjoyment to a leisurely narrative, probable in incident, sufficiently interesting in its development, and handled throughout with that indefinable skill which gives literary distinction, and in which the average twentieth-century novel is lamentably deficient.

As in all Mr. Housman's works, there are many quotable bits, like this dictum of a leading character: "I am attracted to science because it is the most speculative and romantic thing I know; it is cram-full of the most colossal assumptions." In a prefatory letter which serves as a dedication the author says: "If I mistake not, Sabrina and her lovers have all been before me in the flesh long enough to come true." And the discriminating reader will arrive at the same conclusion.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. By Don Antonio de Capmany. Translated by the Rev. W. McLoughlin. James Duffy & Co.

In the translator's preface we are told how Father McLoughlin came to undertake the English rendering of this book:

Looking through the shelves of the Abbey [Mount Melleray] one day, I happened by the merest accident to meet an old Spanish book, neatly printed and handsomely bound, with ornamental gilding, in what might be termed a genteel style, but bearing all the marks of age. On examining it more closely, it seemed to me a most excellent work, written by an accomplished scholar, of sound judgment and refined taste, perfectly familiar with the great models of antiquity; and I could not but conclude that if it were translated into English it might be useful to many persons.

The book was first published in 1777, and its author was a distinguished historian and littérateur; we are all the more surprised, therefore, that it has been allowed to fall so far out of sight as to require rediscovery. For it is

without question a remarkable treatise on its subject; learning, experience, sanity and taste are present in abundance. It is not quite so analytical as some of the modern text-books, none of which, however, can be compared with it for synthetical qualities. We heartily commend it.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co.

Hugh Armstrong, ambitious and college-bred, is paralyzed by the fall of a tree, and becomes a misanthrope and a blasphemer. Roused to new interest in life by the attentions of a kindly stranger, he becomes a distinguished woodcarver, earns a comfortable living, regains his faith and evolves a cheerful philosophy of life. There is a pretty bit of realistic portraiture in the drawing of a rustic uncle and aunt; and the evolution of Twiddle is managed with power and restraint. In the case of Hugh Armstrong the lesson taught is one of resignation, courage and strenuousness; but there are also certain valuable warnings against what is called the sowing of wild oats.

Strong-Arm of Avalon. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Brothers.

Maryland in 1655,—how much there is in time and place to determine the trend of a story! Roundheads and Catholics crowd upon the scene; and for those who still hold an interest in tales of those troubled times, there is much of interest in the recital of brave deeds and of venturesome doings. The names that meet one on every page are those identified with Maryland's early history. In these stories one reads as much of history as of fiction.

In Many Lands. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. O'Shea & Co.

England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland and Italy are visited in spirit as one reads these delightful records of an appreciative observer. History, biography, anecdote, geography, archeology,—all find place in the notes of this traveller, who verily has eyes that see. A subtle play of humor adds to the interest of her recital; and, as is always the case with truthful characterization, tears are not far from smiles.

Wanted—a Situation, and Other Stories. By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. B. Herder.

The title-story of this collection of twelve short stories tells of a mistake and its result; and the last complication, that at the employment bureau, is the best of all. "Her Novel" has some excellent touches and shows good character-portrayal. There is an up-to-date spirit about these stories, and a wholesome atmosphere that commends them, though the plots are not remarkable for depth or complexity.



A Hero.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

NOT Alexander, who of old
Made war an occupation;
Nor Charlemagne, the wise and bold,
The pride of a great nation;
Nor Hector, who fought well at Troy,
And all for worthless booty,
Was more a hero than is the boy
Who always does his duty.

He's just as brave as many who
Are famed in song and story,
Who've won in countries old and new
A meed of fadeless glory,
If, in his due appointed place,
Though met by trials daily,
He shows the world a smiling face
And does his duty gaily.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIII.—A CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.



Y Z stood staring out over the bay, and it was some time before he spoke again. A deep melancholy overshadowed the habitually keen and alert visage, and it seemed as though some weight of memory hung heavily upon him.

"Many a high head is low since I was here last," he said, speaking rather to himself than to the boy.

But Teddy inquired eagerly, his face alight with interest and curiosity:

"Were you ever here before, sir?"

"Yes, my lad: I was here many and many a time."

Teddy looked at him wonderingly. What new surprises were destined to

be in connection with the Sandman's Castle?

"Well," continued the stranger, "it is better, I suppose, that I should see the woman Katrinka."

"You know her name!" said Teddy, in surprise.

"Yes, I know her name; and I knew her long before I ever saw you," smiled the stranger. "But where is she to be found?"

"She is upstairs in the Sandman's room," Teddy answered. "Since he got sick she scarcely ever leaves him except to come down and cook."

"Poor Alexandrovitch!" murmured X Y Z. "Brought low at last!"

His tone was so subdued that Teddy could scarcely catch what he said. But the man presently asked aloud:

"How can we reach the woman?"

"Perhaps Johnny will go and ask her to come down," suggested Teddy, looking across the lawn to where the hunchback stood under Aunt Sarah's inspection.

The good lady had seated herself majestically under a tree, with Kitty on her lap; and, adjusting her spectacles, looked at the boy, who stood uncomfortably before her, as if he had been brought thither to be judged on a weighty charge. She had already questioned him, in her direct fashion, concerning his age, place of birth, parentage, and religion; and it must be owned that he felt greatly relieved when Teddy called him and permitted him to escape from those searching eyes and pointed queries.

Johnny willingly agreed to summon Katrinka from the sick room, and it was not long before the stolid face and grotesque figure of the old woman appeared at the head of the gallery

steps. X Y Z immediately approached and addressed her.

"Katrinka, do you know me?" he inquired abruptly.

She regarded him impassively, and answered after a pause:

"You are the stranger of the forest."

"Yes, the stranger of the forest. But you know as well as I do that I am not a stranger here. You saw fit to pretend that you did not know me the night I accepted your hospitality at the Tower; and I tacitly agreed to the arrangement, for what would our knowledge of each other have availed then? But now it is different. Henceforward all must be open and aboveboard."

Katrinka regarded the man's face with a curious expression of mingled dislike and distrust.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed, in a harsh, discordant voice. "Why are you here?"

"Chiefly to protect the innocent," answered the stranger. "But what is this I hear? Is Alexandrovitch really dying at last?"

"Dying? No!" cried the woman. "He can not die: he will live like the oaks of the forest—for a century at least."

"Scarcely," smiled X Y Z. "The end must come to all, to him as to the rest. But you may as well be honest and frank with me. Is your old master in danger of death?"

"Why do you ask? What is it to you, anyway?" she almost shrieked, in her defiance.

"Well, withhold the knowledge, if it pleases you," continued the stranger, calmly. "If he die, then he will have to reckon with the Supreme Judge alone; if he live, well—he shall have to regulate certain matters, and must yield me up these children."

"Was it not enough that you robbed him before?" cried the woman,—“took from him what was the best?"

"God knows I did what I thought right," retorted the stranger, with sudden passion. "Whatever he or any one else may think, I acted according to my conscience."

"You acted with cruelty," Katrinka exclaimed, vehemently,—“yes, I say with cruelty!"

"We are wasting time," remarked the stranger coldly, seeing that his justification was of no avail. "Since it is impossible to see Alexandrovitch now and I must await the outcome of his illness, I may as well return to town. But I am going to leave Miss Tompkins here. She is the aunt of Teddy and the little girl. There she is yonder."

Katrinka turned her eyes, dulled by want of sleep, toward the spot indicated by the stranger, and perceived the figure of a woman dressed in severely plain habiliments and sitting bolt upright upon a bench under the tree. She held Kitty in her lap; the hunchback stood in the rear, while Teddy with eager finger pointed out various features in the landscape. The sight was bitterly distasteful to Katrinka, who felt a sudden, fierce jealousy of the intruder, to whom she knew that Teddy belonged,—Teddy, who had become a sort of idol to the lonely old woman. But she realized that it would be useless to make any objection: X Y Z's manner and tone were absolute.

"If she must remain, she *must*," Katrinka said sullenly; "but the master wants no strangers in his house."

"What he wants or doesn't want matters little at the moment," replied the stranger. "If he be dying, it is nothing to him; if not, then it may be worth considering what his pleasure is. But one thing is certain: either Miss Tompkins remains here or the children—her nephew and niece, at all events—must come with me *at once*. This is imperative."

Katrinka saw that this was final; and in her sudden fear of losing Teddy at the very moment when, perhaps, the Sandman was about to die, caused her to yield instantly.

"She will be welcome," she said, with the same sort of bow and gesture of submission which she would have made to the Sandman.

X Y Z, following up his advantage, led her to where Miss Sarah sat under the tree. When the latter caught sight of poor Katrinka's grotesque figure advancing toward her, she muttered under her breath:

"For the land's sake, what a strange figure!"

However, matters being explained to Miss Tompkins, and Teddy having given testimony how kind the old woman had been to himself and Kitty, Aunt Sarah became quite gracious and condescending, and made several remarks, to which Katrinka responded only by a word or a gesture.

So outward harmony, at least, having been established between the powers, X Y Z took his departure; warning Miss Tompkins to let him know if the Sandman recovered, or in any case to keep him informed of what was going on at the Castle. He then called to the driver who had brought him, and who was disporting himself and his horse in a quiet and shady nook, with the impassive air, common to cabmen, of seeming to notice nothing that goes on.

Miss Sarah and the children watched X Y Z drive away in the evening light; and Katrinka, turning, went slowly into the house. The sense of change weighed heavily upon her spirits. She prepared, however, an elaborate supper that evening in honor of Miss Sarah, thus exercising that instinct of femininity which ever likes to display its culinary accomplishments before a rival housekeeper. Meanwhile she left Johnny in charge of the sick room. She had

never permitted Teddy to enter its precincts, having an instinctive idea that the sight of him would be disturbing to the Sandman, should he suddenly regain consciousness.

And so, by a singular course of events not often to be met with outside the pages of a romance, the three inmates of the little domicile on Fourth Avenue, New York, became transplanted, one after another, to the Sandman's Castle.

It is not to be denied that Miss Tompkins found the change in almost every respect a pleasant one, after her strenuous existence of toiling and pinching. Here was a lovely situation. She delighted in the country air, of which she had been deprived summer after summer for many a long year. She had now a comfortable abode, with delicious meals, which she was quite capable of appreciating, served without the slightest trouble to herself. The rich cream and the fresh butter alone would have commended themselves to any dweller in a city. She had offered her services in the sick room, but they were resolutely though respectfully declined by Katrinka; so that she was free to spend her time as she pleased, in the society of Kitty and the two boys.

Aunt Sarah thanked God that she had recovered the two objects of her solicitude; and they seemed dearer to her than ever now, since she had been abiding in great loneliness and desolation of spirit, fearing that they were lost to her forever. She found Teddy very much improved in appearance and otherwise. He had grown and developed bodily in the wholesome country air; and he had taken an attitude of greater manliness and self-reliance, with a much more thoughtful and intelligent view of life and its various happenings. He treated her with a new consideration and deference, which quite charmed her and wore away the barrier of constraint which in times past had existed between them.

Miss Sarah's sympathetic heart was also very favorably impressed by the hunchback, whom she declared to be "a sensible, discreet and well-conducted boy."

She took Kitty back again into her own charge, choosing out of the wardrobe which Katrinka had unearthed the frocks which were the plainest and simplest in fashion, and grumbling even then at their tawdriness. She gradually lost her feeling of resentment against the Sandman for having stolen the children, especially when Teddy told her one day of the conversation which the Sandman had overheard in the corner grocery. With many exclamations of annoyance and dismay, she explained that her remarks to the grocery woman had been merely the outcome of a momentary impatience and had in no way represented her real sentiments. She argued that the Sandman, acting according to his lights, and being, as all averred, somewhat crazed, had certainly given the children a good home.

Teddy, by some instinct of pity and forgiveness in view of the Sandman's illness, had refrained from telling her of his occasionally cruel treatment, and in particular that of the previous Sunday; and X Y Z, for reasons of his own, had been equally reticent. So the good lady had come to entertain quite a friendly feeling for the Sandman long before the day she was able to write to X Y Z that the master of the house had just been assisted downstairs for the first time. He sat very still and helpless upon the gallery, his expressionless eyes gazing out over the landscape or fixed upon the sky.

Miss Sarah continued to waylay the doctor with questions as to the patient's health, till at last he was able to inform her that the Sandman was momentarily out of danger, but that he was paralyzed in one side and would never be the same again. All this she

communicated to X Y Z, who reappeared one evening and announced that he was going to stay overnight and see what arrangements he could make with the Sandman in the morning.

After supper, when Miss Tompkins had put Kitty to bed, and was sitting out upon the gallery with the two boys, the mysterious stranger proposed to relate for their benefit the history of his connection with the Sandman and his Castle.

(To be continued.)

Some Stories of King Alfred.

Many kings have ruled England with weak or strong will since the days of Alfred the Great; yet in all that long line of monarchs he stands out pre-eminent for his piety, wisdom and bravery, and after a thousand years is still remembered and revered.

He was England's darling as king and clerk,
And full well did he ever love God's work.

Of this King and scholar, statesman and warrior, a few stories have come down to us. His age was a barbarous one, and Alfred was a lad of twelve before he had learned to read. His mother once offered the prize of a richly-illuminated book to the one of her four sons who could first read it. Alfred applied himself assiduously to the task, with the result that the Lady Osberge bestowed the prize on her youngest son.

One wonders if at this time Saint Swithin, his father's trusted adviser, was Alfred's teacher. The saint, known in these days for his supposed connection with the weather, was Bishop of Winchester; and it was in that historic city that a part of the great King's boyhood was spent, under the Bishop's care.

Through the death of his brothers Alfred became, in course of time, King of Wessex. In 878 the Danes ravaged

his kingdom, and Alfred was forced to fly to the little isle of Athelney in Somerset. He found shelter in a swineherd's cottage. The mistress of the house, ignorant as to the rank of her guest, left him once to watch over a griddle of bread. The King, dreaming over the ruin of his country, forgot to turn the cakes, with the result that the baking was destroyed; and the irate dame returned to the cottage to bestow a vigorous Saxon scolding on the negligent cook.

It was while Alfred lay concealed in Athelney that he received much good advice and comfort from a holy confessor, Saint Neot; and it was there, too, that a beggar sought him one day, asking food. There was but one loaf in the house, and his mother, who was with him, was about to refuse the beggar's petition. The King asked her to remember Him who fed a vast multitude on five loaves and two fishes, and half the bread was given to the beggar. That night the great Saint Cuthbert appeared to the King in a vision, and told him that the poor beggar was Our Lord Himself; and the saint assured him further that he would shortly be restored to his kingdom. Soon after Alfred called the thanes of Somerset together, and defeated the Danish host at Edington.

Alfred, it is said, gained time by never losing any. It was his custom to rise at cockcrow for his private devotions; and he divided the day into three parts: eight hours for study and prayer, eight for the affairs of his kingdom, and eight for corporal refectations and sleep. Clocks there were none in the land, but the King had some waxen candles made on which the hours were marked. He found, however, that at times, when the wind blew strong, the candles burned away more rapidly. He consequently devised a sort of screen to protect them; and this screen, some historians tell

us, was the first invention of lanterns in England.

On the thousandth anniversary of Alfred's death, in 1901, there was a grand procession of ships on the Southampton Water, a few miles from Winchester, in memory of the King who founded the British Navy. Much occupied as Alfred always was, he managed to design a new sort of ship, which placed him on an equality at sea with his enemies the Danes; and historians relate that his ships sailed with alms for poor Christians as far as the East Indies.

Few monarchs of either ancient or modern times can say of themselves as Alfred did: "Whilst I lived I have desired to live worthily, and so leave to those that come after me a remembrance of good works." And few of the world's rulers have better deserved to be called Great.

The Painter's Saint.

The 18th of October is celebrated in the Church as St. Luke's Day, and he is the saint to be invoked by artists. He was educated as a physician, but is said by the early Church writers to have been an artist as well as a doctor. Several paintings of the Blessed Virgin are still extant which are believed to be authentic portraits painted by him. This constitutes him patron of painters, and he is usually represented as painting or writing, behind him the head of an ox, sometimes winged.

This strange symbol is given him because he, of all the Gospel writers, wrote most fully of Our Lord's suffering and death, when He was offered as a sacrifice for our sins. The ox was the symbol of sacrifice, and an ancient writer says of St. Luke that he was represented with the ox "because that he devysed about the presthode of Jesus the Christ."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The third volume of the new series of "Living Masters of Music" is "Sir Edward Elgar," by Mr. R. J. Buckley.

—St. Peter Fourier, by L. Pingaud; and Thomas More, by Henri Bremond, are the next volumes in "The Saints" series to appear in English.

—Yet another edition of Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations" is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. A work on political economy that has survived the vicissitudes of more than a hundred years has fairly good claims to be considered a scientific classic.

—We are in receipt of a booklet bearing the rather alluring title, "Joy in All Things." It is the work of Mr. Henry Potter, and admirably accomplishes its professed object of bringing joy to those who have none, and adding "some rays of extra sunshine to those who often taste the sweetness of holy happiness." Published by Henry Potter, 90 Sydenham Rd., Sydenham, S. E., England.

—One of our French contemporaries, *Les Missions Catholiques*, of Lyons, has been the recipient of a graceful tribute from a source that makes the incident noteworthy. The General Chapter of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, convened at Liège, addressed to the editor of the journal mentioned a letter of cordial thanks for the services rendered to their different missions by the Lyons publicist and his colleagues.

—From the press of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, there comes to us a booklet of some hundred pages on "The Immaculate Conception." It bears a foreword of appreciation from the author's Ordinary, and is, on the whole, a timely and compendious explanation of the great dogma promulgated fifty years ago. We would suggest, however, that future editions of this little work be so revised as to eliminate some lines of argument that scholars nowadays insist upon less than did the apologists of the past century.

—"Catholic Ideals in Social Life" is the title of an important new book by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., to be published in this country at the end of the month by Benziger Brothers. The plan of the work will be understood from the headings of the chapters: The Church and Personal Liberty, The Idea of Responsibility, The Christian State, The Education of Women, Marriage, The Responsibility of Wealth, The Value of Work, The Priest and Social Reform, Religious Aspects of Social Work, The Workingman's Apostolate, St. Francis and You. Any one reading these titles will see at once that they contain the promise of a very valuable book if the work is well done; and

we are glad to be able to assure our readers that they will not be disappointed in Father Cuthbert's discussion of the problems of the day, with particular reference to social work.

—"A Spoiled Priest"—the name given in Ireland to ecclesiastical students who do not persevere in their vocation—is the title of a new volume by Father Sheehan, announced by Messrs. Burns & Oates. It is said to be on the lines of "My New Curate."

—A cheap edition of Newman's "Lectures on the Position of Catholics," with an introductory essay by Dr. Barry, is announced by the English Catholic Truth Society. The volume will have for frontispiece a portrait of the great Cardinal from a photograph taken in the summer of 1889.

—"The Land of the Blessed Virgin: Impressions and Sketches in Andalusia," by W. S. Maugham; "Beatrice of Venice," by Max Pemberton; "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," from the French of Bourrienne, newly edited by Edgar Sanderson; "Mediæval Lore," from Bartholomew Anglicus, selected by R. Steele, with a preface by William Morris (a new edition); and Miss Manning's "Household of Sir Thomas More," edited by Daniel O'Connor, are among the books announced by English publishers.

—The October issue of *American Catholic Historical Researches* is the concluding number of the twenty-first volume of that ever-interesting and genuinely valuable publication. We share the regret of its capable editor and publisher, Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, that "far more of the material I have been years in gathering, the references to much more to be had, and the many Catholic historical records available, have not been published and so saved." *Researches* deserves a far wider patronage than has as yet been extended to it.

—"Are Indulgences Sold in Spain? (The Bulla de la Cruzada)"; "A Tale of Mexican Horrors"; and "Rome's Appalling Record; or, The French Clergy and Its [*sic*] Calumniators," are the titles of important pamphlets by three careful and competent writers, lately published by the English Catholic Truth Society. In the first named all the main features of the famous Bulla de la Cruzada are reviewed, and it is clearly shown that indulgences are *not* sold in Spain. Thus "one of the grave scandals of the Catholic Church" is exploded for all fair-minded persons. Although the controversy over Rider Haggard's novel "Montezuma's Daughter" has ceased—the obnoxious statement which he made has been with-

drawn,—“A Tale of Mexican Horrors” will be useful whenever the subject of the Inquisition in Mexico comes up, or the assertion is repeated—it is sure to be—that in the Middle Ages it was the practice, in some countries, to wall up alive recalcitrant monks and nuns. Fifty-two gross charges against clerics or religious in France, which have been widely echoed by the anti-Catholic press of England, Belgium, and Italy are carefully reviewed in the third of these pamphlets. The evidence of mendacity and effrontery on the part of the accusers is damning to the last degree.

—An exceptionally busy and useful life was that of the late Father Walter Richards, D. D., of the Oblates of St. Charles. In spite of his engrossing duties as inspector of schools in the archdiocese of Westminster, and other educational work, he found time for much literary labor, and a short time before his lamented death published an excellent little book on “The Grounds for Hope.” Most of Father Richards’ writings, however, were connected with his educational work. He was a member of several learned societies, the proceedings of which he followed with unabated interest. Father Richards was a convert to the Church and was one of the earliest members of the community founded by Cardinal Manning. R. I. P.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse.
Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. \$1.60, net.

The Immaculate Conception. Archbishop Ullathorne. 70 cts., net.

Poems by Richard Crashaw. Edited by A. R. Waller. \$2.

The Land of the Rosary. Sarah H. Dunn. \$1.10

In Many Lands. A Member of the Order of Mercy. \$1.50.

Strong-Arm of Avalon. Mary T. Waggaman. 85 cts.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. M. E. Waller. \$1.50.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. Don Antonio de Capmany. \$1.50, net.

Wanted—A Situation, and Other Stories. Isabel Nixon Whiteley. 60 cts.

Sabrina Warham. Laurence Housman. \$1.50.

Mary Immaculate. Father John Mary, Capuchin. 45 cts.

Pontifical Ceremonies. P. Francis Mersham, O. S. B. 90 cts., net.

A Course of Christian Doctrine. 85 cts.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. 10 cts.

The Burden of the Time. Rev. Cornelius Clifford. \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. Joseph Carmichael. 75 cts., net.

The Great Captain. Katherine Tynan Hinkson. 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. Ralph Francis Kerr. \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. Cardinal Vaughan. \$2.

In Fifty Years. Madame Belloc. 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. \$2, net.

The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. A Kempis. \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.50.

Antwerp: An Historical Sketch. Wilfrid C. Robinson. \$2.25.

Carroll Dare. Mary T. Waggaman. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Francis Jachimiak, of the diocese of San Antonio.

Sister M. Evangelista, of the Sisters of Mercy. Mr. M. E. Greene, of Montreal, Canada; Mr. James Cantillion, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Helen Haines, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. Delaney, Sr., Peterborough, Canada; Dr. Thomas Devreux, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Edward Huber, Marion, Ohio; Mrs. Patrick Cabry, Co. Mayo, Ireland; Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy, Shenandoah, Pa.; Mr. Martin Clarke, Mr. J. H. Carey, Mrs. Mary Hannan, and Miss Nellie Murphy, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. W. S. Scott and Mrs. Veronica Felder, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Michael Moynihan, Fairfax, Iowa; Mrs. James McDonald, Butte, Mont.; Mrs. V. W. Vold, Braddock, Pa.; Mr. James Reardon, Simpson, W. Va.; and Mrs. W. G. Workman, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Love's Language.

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

THE purest love that glorifies our earth,
Illuming softly e'en life's darkest ways,
Seeks not expression in the ample phrase,
Nor varies evermore its vows. No dearth
Of words she feels who croons with tender mirth
The changeless pæan of her newborn's praise;
And trite the language in Love's golden days
When youth and maid approve each other's worth.

E'en so, when'er our hearts with love o'erbrimmed
Would at our Mother's feet their treasures pour,
We fondly choose the words the Angel hymned,
Repeating his "Hail, Mary" o'er and o'er:
She grows not weary of the strain, nor we
Of savoring her Holy Rosary.

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines.*

BY THE HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR.



SINCE my return from the Philippine Islands, it has been my privilege to discuss the questions touching Church and State, arising in the administration of those Islands, before Presbyterian and Episcopalian bodies and before the General Chautauqua Assembly. This is the first time that I have addressed a distinctively Catholic audience upon the subject. I am glad to do so, because, naturally, the Roman Catholics of America are more closely interested than any other denomination in such

issues, affecting as they do 7,000,000 of people in the archipelago, a large majority of whom are Roman Catholics.

Magellan, in search of spices, was the first European to land in the Philippine Islands. He lost his life near the present city of Cebu in 1521. The archipelago was not really taken possession of as a colony of Spain until 1565. This was in the reign of Philip II. The colonization of the Philippines had its motive not in gain but in the desire to extend the Christian religion. The Islands were indeed a Christian mission rather than a colony, and this characteristic has affected their history to the present day. It is true that Legaspi, the former alcalde of the city of Mexico, who was sent out with Friar Urdaneta, of the Augustinian Order, was directed to examine the ports of the Philippine Islands and to establish trade with the natives; and that the importance of winning the friendship of the natives was emphasized as a means of continuing the trade. But the viceroy of Philip II. ordered Legaspi to treat the five Augustinian friars in his company with the utmost respect and consideration, so that the natives should also hold them in respect; "since," as he wrote to Legaspi, "you are aware that the chief thing sought after by his Majesty is the increase of the Holy Catholic Faith and the salvation of the souls of these infidels."

In other Spanish expeditions the sum

* An address delivered before the faculty and students of the University of Notre Dame. From the author's manuscript.

of money paid for the trip was paid by adventurers who contributed part of the fund and who were aided from the royal treasury, the understanding being that there should be an equitable division of the profits between the adventurers and the King. There was, however, no adventurer connected with this expedition. It was purely a governmental enterprise sent out by order of Philip II., and he paid all the expenses. A contemporary writer says that when the King was informed that the Philippines were not rich in gold and pearls, and that their occupation might not be lucrative but the reverse, he answered: "That is not a matter of moment; I am an instrument of Divine Providence. The main thing is the conversion of the kingdom of Luzon; and God has predestined me for that end, having chosen me His King for that purpose. And since He has intrusted so glorious a work to me and my crown, I shall hold the islands of Luzon, even though by doing so I exhaust my treasury."

Again, in 1619, in the reign of Philip III., it was proposed to abandon the Philippines on the ground of their useless expense to Spain, and an order to that effect was given. A delegation of Spanish friars from the archipelago, however, implored the King not to abandon the 200,000 Christians whom they had by that time converted; and the order was countermanded.

I may digress here to say that some years before the American occupation, a popular subscription was taken up in Manila to pay for the erection of a statue of Legaspi, the founder of the city. Subsequently the plan was changed so as to include Urdaneta, the Augustinian friar who accompanied Legaspi. Querol, a Spanish sculptor of note, designed the monument, and it was cast in bronze and sent to Manila. When the American forces captured the place, there were found in the Custom

House the various pieces of the monument, but nothing looking to its erection had been done. The Military Government of Manila, under General Davis, decided, and properly decided, that it would be a graceful act on the part of the American authorities to erect the monument. This was done, and the monument now stands on the Luneta overlooking the Bay of Manila, and occupies the most prominent site in the whole archipelago. It is a work of art. The two figures are instinct with courage and energy. Legaspi on the right bears in his left hand the standard of Spain; on the left and slightly in advance of Legaspi, Urdaneta carries in his right hand, and immediately in the front of the Spanish standard, the cross. The whole, as an artistic expression, satisfies the sense of admiration that one feels in reading of the enterprise, courage and fidelity to duty that distinguished those heroes of Spain who braved the then frightful dangers of the deep to carry Christianity and European civilization into the far-off Orient.

Under the circumstances I have described, the occupation of the Islands took on a different aspect from that of ordinary seeking for gold and profit, and was not in the least like the conquests of Pizarro and Cortez. The natives were treated with great kindness and consideration. The priests exerted every effort to conciliate them. The government was first established at Cebu, subsequently at Iloilo in Panay, and finally at Manila in 1571. There was at Manila some fighting of a desultory and not very bloody character; but Legaspi, obeying the direction of his superior, at once entered into negotiations with the natives. He found that there was no great chief in command, but that each town had its own chief and there was no other government than that of many petty rulers. They were jealous of one

another, were easily induced to acknowledge allegiance to the King of Spain, and were quickly brought under the influence of the active missionary efforts of the friars who accompanied Legaspi. History affords few instances in which sovereignty was extended over so large a territory and so many people (for the Islands must then have had half a million inhabitants) with less bloodshed.

When Legaspi's lieutenant, Salcedo, first visited Manila, he found evidence that there had been an effort to convert the people to Mohammedanism, but it had not proceeded far. Undoubtedly, if Legaspi had not at that time come into the Islands, all the peoples of the archipelago, instead of only five per cent of them, would now have been Mohammedan. The willingness of the natives to embrace Christianity, their gentle natures and their love of the solemn and beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church, enabled the friars to spread Christianity through the Islands with remarkable rapidity.

It should be borne in mind that these are a Malay people; and that nowhere in the world, except in the Philippine Islands, has the Malay been made a Christian. In other places where the race abides, Mohammedanism has become its religion; and there is no condition of mind, which offers such resistance to the inculcating of Christianity as that found in the followers of the Prophet of Mecca.

The friars learned the various dialects of the natives, and settled down to live with them as their protectors and guardians. In the first two hundred years of Spanish occupation, the Crown had granted to various Spanish subjects large tracts of land called *encomiendas*. To those who occupied the *encomiendas* it was intended to give the character of feudal lords. They, of course, came into contact with the natives and attempted to use them for the develop-

ment of their properties. The history of the Islands until 1800 shows that the friars, who had increased in number from time to time, were constantly exercising their influence to restrain abuse of the natives by these *encomienderos*, or large landowners; and the result of their efforts is seen in the royal decrees issued at their request, which were published and became known as the "Laws of the Indies."

It is very probable that the *encomienderos* frequently violated the restrictions which were put upon them by these laws in dealing with the natives; but there is nothing to show that the friars winked at this or that they did not continue to act sincerely as the protectors of the natives down to the beginning of the past century. Under the law a native could not be sued unless there was made party to the suit an official, who was ordinarily a friar, known as "the Protector of the Indian." The *encomiendero* who had to do with the natives was not permitted to live in a town on his own estates where the natives lived. The friars exerted their influence to induce the natives to live in towns near to the church and the convento, or parish house; because they thought that this would bring the natives more fully "under the bells," as they called it, or within religious influence. One of the friars laid down as a rule, which was adopted by his Order and approved by the government as early as 1580, the following:

I. It is proper that *pueblos* should be formed, the missionaries being ordered to establish themselves at a certain point where the church and the parish house (*convento*), which will serve as a point of departure for the missions, will be built. The new Christians will be obliged to build their houses about the church, and the heathen will be advised to do so.

II. Elementary schools should be established, in which the Indians will be taught not only Christian doctrine and reading and writing, but also arts and trades; so that they may become not only good Christians but also useful citizens.

So great and complete became the control which the friars exercised over the natives by reason of their sincere devotion to their interests, that Spain found it possible to police the Islands with very few troops. The Spanish military force in the Philippines in 1600 was 470 officers and men. In 1636 this had increased to 1762 Spaniards and 140 natives. From 1828 to 1896 the Spanish forces varied from 1000 to 3000 officers and men. In 1896, just before the revolution, the army included 18,000 men, of whom 3000 were Spaniards; and a constabulary of 3500 men, most of whom were natives.

The Spaniards, but not the natives, were until 1803 subject to the jurisdiction of the Inquisition. Idolatries, heresies and errors of belief committed by the natives were brought before the bishop of the diocese, but not before the Holy Office.

Although the natives held slaves upon the arrival of the Spaniards, the custom was discouraged by a law forbidding Spaniards to hold slaves, and by prohibiting judges from deciding in cases of dispute whether a man was a slave; so that a slave appearing before the court was ordinarily liberated.

In Cavite the friars maintained a hospital for sick sailors; in Manila, Los Banos and Caceres were hospitals for sick natives; in Manila, Pila and Caceres were hospitals for Spaniards, the clergy and natives who could afford to pay. In Manila was maintained a hospital for sick Negro slaves.

Between 1591 and 1615 the friars of the Philippines had sent missionaries to Japan, who devoted themselves to the succor of the poor and needy there, and especially the lepers of that country; so that there were in Japan, when the ports of that country were closed, about thirty-two priests. Twenty-six of them were crucified or burned alive. When the Mikado expelled the Christians, he sent to the

governor-general of the Philippines three junks laden with 150 lepers, with a letter in which he stated that, as the Spanish friars were so anxious to provide for the poor and afflicted, he sent them a cargo of men who were really sorely oppressed. These unfortunates were taken ashore and housed at Manila in the Hospital of San Lazaro, which has ever since been used for lepers.

I draw much of what I have said from an introduction by Captain John R. M. Taylor, of the 14th Infantry, Assistant to the Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, who is engaged in compiling original documents connected with the Philippines, with notes. Speaking of what the friars did in the Islands, Captain Taylor says:

To accomplish these results required untiring energy and a high enthusiasm among the missionaries, in whom the fierce fires of religious ardor must have consumed many of the more kindly attributes of humanity. Men who had lived among savages, trying to teach them the advantages of peace and the reasonableness of a higher life, who had lived among them speaking their tongues until they had almost forgotten their own, must have felt when promoted to the high places in the religious hierarchy that their sole duty was to increase the boundaries of the vineyard in which they had worked so long. Spain had ceased to be everything to them: their Order was their country; and the cure of souls, and the accumulation of means for the cure of souls, was the truest patriotism.... They were shepherds of a very erring flock. Spanish officials came and went, but the ministers of the Church remained; and as they grew to be the interpreters of the wants of the people, and in many cases their protectors against spoliation, power fell into their hands.

The influence of the friars was thrown against the investigation and development of the resources of the Philippines. The priests reasoned that the working of the mines in Peru and Mexico had meant suffering and death to many of the natives; and that it was better to let the mines in the Philippines—if mines there were—lie unopened. Few Spanish merchants lived permanently in the

Islands; and these were chiefly engaged in the transshipment of Asiatic merchandise from Manila, and had but little interest in Philippine products. The internal development of the Islands was neglected. Taxes were light and there was little money to make improvements or to establish schools. One Spanish-speaking priest among three or four thousand natives could not do much in spreading the knowledge of the language. It is probable that, apart from the convenience of the priest's learning the language of his parish instead of requiring the parishioners to learn his, it was deemed expedient from a moral standpoint to keep the common people ignorant of Spanish. To know Spanish meant contact with the outside world, and the priests feared—not civilization, but the evils of civilization. Modern material progress seemed to the missionaries of little worth compared with keeping their people innocent.

It ought to be noted, however, that while the policy of the friars seems to have been to keep the common people in a state of Christian pupillage, they founded a university, that of St. Thomas, which is older than either Harvard or Yale, and is still doing educational work. The Jesuits, too, founded and are now carrying on several very good academic schools in Manila, and there are a few others in the Islands. All the well-educated Filipinos owe their education to institutions of learning founded by friars or Jesuits, or conducted under their auspices.

This brief description of the control of the Philippine Islands and of the Philippine people by a thousand Spanish friars prior to the nineteenth century, at once prompts the question how it has come about that the Philippine people now manifest such hostility to those who were for two hundred and fifty years their sincere and earnest friends, benefactors and protectors.

There were several causes for the change. The intimate and affectionate relations existing between the friars and their native parishioners had led to the education of natives as priests, and to the acceptance of some of them as members of the religious Orders. Before 1800, of the bishops and archbishops who had been appointed in the Islands, twelve were natives; but after the first years of the nineteenth century no such places of preferment were offered to them; and after 1832 they were not allowed to become members of the religious Orders. This change of policy created a cleavage between the native clergy and the friars, which gradually widened. In all countries in which the Roman Catholic religion has become fairly established, it has been the ultimate policy of Rome to make the Church as popular as possible by appointing the priests and the hierarchy from the natives of the country; but in the Philippines, and especially in the nineteenth century, under the Spanish influence—which, by means of the Concordat between the Spanish Crown and Rome, largely excluded the direct interposition of Rome in the Philippines,—a different policy was followed, and the controlling priesthood was confined as much as possible to the dominant and alien race. The inevitable result of this policy, as soon as any small percentage of the Philippine people passed out from under the pupillage of the Spanish friars, was to create an opposition to them among the people.

In 1767 the Jesuits had been banished from the Islands by the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles the Third, and their properties had been confiscated. They were at the time very powerful and rich, and the thirty-two parishes which they had administered were now given over, through the influence of a secular archbishop, to native priests. The parishes were chiefly in the prov-

inces of Cavite, Manila and Bulacan. In 1852 the Jesuits were permitted to return; and the order permitting their return directed that they should receive again their thirty-two parishes, but in the remote island of Mindanao. Those parishes had been occupied by Recoletos, the barefooted branch of the Franciscan Order. The Recoletos demanded that if they were turned out of their parishes in Mindanao, they should be restored to the parishes occupied by the native secular clergy in Cavite, Manila and Bulacan, which had been originally Jesuit parishes. This proposal was resisted by the native secular clergy, but was, nevertheless, carried into effect, increasing the hostility already existing on the part of the native clergy toward the friars. The bitterness of feeling thus engendered spread among the people.

Secondly, the friars had become, generally by purchase, large landowners. They held land enough to make up 250,000 acres in the Tagalog provinces, in the immediate neighborhood of Manila. This land, which was rented by them to thousands of tenants, was the best cultivated land in the Islands, and was admirably suited for the cheap conveyance of the crops to market. Charges were made that the friars were collecting exorbitant rents; and other agrarian difficulties arose, which, however free from blame the friars may have been, contributed very decidedly to the growing feeling on the part of the native people against their former friends and protectors.

Finally, the construction of the Suez Canal brought the Philippines into comparatively close communication with Spain, and hordes of Spanish adventurers came to the Islands. Republican or liberal political views which were then spreading in Spain, leading later to the formation for a short time of a Spanish republic, reached Manila, and, finding lodgment among some of

the educated Filipinos, led to a small uprising and so-called insurrection in 1870. A prominent Filipino priest named Burgos, who had been active in the controversies between the friars and the native clergy, was charged with complicity in this uprising, was convicted and was shot on the Luneta. The Spanish government looked to the Spanish friars, because of their intimacy with the people and control over them, to do what was necessary in ferreting out sedition or treason, supposed to be then rife.

By custom, and subsequently by law, to the parish priest was given complete supervisory power over the municipal government of his town. His civil functions became very many, and one of his chief duties was supposed by the people to be to report to the central government at Manila the persons in his parish whose political views or actions were hostile to the Spanish régime. The friars thus became involved in a reactionary policy, which placed them in opposition to the people, and made them responsible in the popular mind for the severity with which the Spanish government punished those suspected of liberal political opinions. So bitter did the feeling become that in the revolution of 1898 there were forty friars killed and 300 imprisoned. The latter were released only by the advance of the American forces and the capture of the towns in which they were confined.

I have at various times discussed the dilemma which was presented to the United States after the battle of Manila Bay and the taking of the city of Manila, the signing of the protocol, and when the question arose as to what form the treaty of peace should take. It is not my purpose now to review the situation; it has convinced me that the course which was taken—to wit, that of assuming sovereignty over the Islands—was the only honorable course open to the United States.

The condition of the Roman Catholic Church after the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was a critical one; and while it has somewhat improved, there still remains much to be desired before the Church can assume its proper sphere of usefulness. Many of the churches were injured in the war of the insurrection, and many of the parishes had to be abandoned for lack of priests. The native clergy, consisting mainly of priests of limited education who had acted as assistants to the friars, have become the parish priests; and the learning and character of many of them are by no means as high as those of Catholic priests of other countries. The friars who were parish priests could not return to the parishes because of the enmity felt against them; and it was difficult to obtain priests from other lands who could discharge the duties of ministers of religion among people whom they did not understand and who did not understand them.

I am informed that arrangements are now being made to bring in French, Belgian and American missionaries. The funds which the Spanish government was under obligation to furnish for the salaries of the parish priests, by reason of the Concordat with the Pope, are of course not now available; and this makes it important, from a churchman's standpoint, that as much of the money as possible realized from the friars' lands should be kept in the coffers of the Philippine Church. The truth is that the Church has been placed under the necessity of preparing a new priesthood and of establishing the old Church on a new foundation. The policy of the Vatican looks now to the creation as soon as practicable of a new clergy, by the education of young Filipinos of good character in theological seminaries to be established for the purpose in Manila, Rome, and America.

The transfer of a people from a sovereignty like that of Spain—in which the Church and government and the State were so closely united that it is at times very difficult to distinguish the possessions and functions of each—to a sovereignty like that of the United States, in which the Church and the State must be separate, has presented a number of most interesting questions for readjustment and settlement; and these questions have been much complicated by the political bearing which the hostility of the people toward the friars' ownership of large agricultural holdings has had upon the situation.

Let us take up, in order, the classes of questions arising between the Roman Catholic Church and the government of the Philippine Islands established by the United States:

First. The three Orders—the Augustinians, the Recolletos and the Dominicans—owned among them about 420,000 acres of land. Of this, 120,000 acres had been very recently acquired by grant of the Spanish government; 60,000 acres of it lay in the remote province of Isabela and was granted to the Augustinian Order, in order to secure its improvement; and a similar grant in the Island of Mindoro was made to the Recolletos. The remaining 300,000 acres, however, had been held by the Orders for periods ranging from 50 to 200 years. I do not find any indication that this land was acquired through undue influence, as has been sometimes charged. The chain of titles seems to show that it was all purchased either at private sale or public auction. The lands, especially those in the neighborhood of Manila, the friars highly improved by irrigation at large expense. After the Revolution of 1896, the popular feeling against the friars made the collection of rents from their tenants impossible. The Insurgent Congress at Malolos, under Aguinaldo, passed acts confiscating to the Filipino

Republic all the lands of the friars in the Islands; and many of the tenants based their refusal to pay rents to the friars' agents, on the ground of this "nationalizing" of the lands, as it was called.

In 1901 American civil government was established, and courts were created for the purpose of determining civil rights. The friars had meantime transferred their titles to promoting companies, taking back shares in the corporations as a consideration for the transfers. With the restoration of tranquillity in 1902, there was no just reason why the companies now owning the lands should not proceed to collect their rents and to oust the tenants if the rents were not paid. The tenants were sullen and not disposed to recognize the titles of the friars or to pay their rents. A systematic attempt to collect the rents would involve eviction suits against many thousand tenants; judgment would doubtless follow the suits, and the executive officers of the courts must then proceed to evict from their houses and homes thousands of farmers in the most populous provinces of the Islands, and chiefly among the Tagalogs, a tribe easily aroused to disturbance and insurrection. After four years of the difficult work of tranquillization, it seemed impossible, were these evictions to be instituted, to avoid a return to the disturbed conditions that had so injuriously affected the interests of the Islands between 1898 and 1902. Something must be done to avoid the manifest danger to the public peace and to well-ordered government which wholesale evictions of the character described would involve.

Second. It was found that the political hostility toward the friars was so great on the part of the people that any effort to send them from Manila, where they were housed in their monasteries, to the parishes where they had

formerly exercised priestly functions, created disturbances that it was difficult for the civil government to control. On political grounds, therefore, it seemed wise for the Church, on the friendly suggestion of the government, to select other ministers than the Spanish members of the Orders which had aroused such political antagonism among the people in the recent history of the Islands.

Third. Under the Spanish régime, whenever either a civil or religious charity or school was founded and maintained, the immediate executive officers selected by the government for the purpose of supervising and carrying on such institutions were members of the clergy. There were several large foundations, educational and charitable, with respect to which the claim was made, as soon as the United States government assumed control, that they were not religious charities and so subject to the control of the Roman Catholic Church; but that they were really civil foundations, the care and custody of which necessarily passed with the transfer of sovereignty from the Crown of Spain to the government of the United States. This question has arisen with respect to two hospitals and the College of San José. The union of Church and State under the Spanish régime was so close that the decision whether a particular foundation was civil or religious involves a consideration of some of the nicest and most puzzling points of law. Take the instance of the College of San José.

A Spaniard named Figueroa, who was governor of the island of Mindanao in 1600, died and left a will by which he gave a fund for the establishment and assistance of a school for the education of young Spaniards. In this will he directed specifically that the school should not be subject to ecclesiastical domination; but he provided that the pupils should have a Christian educa-

tion, and that the rector of the school should be the head of the Jesuit Order in the Philippines. In 1767, as already said, the Jesuits were expelled from the Islands by the King of Spain. After the Jesuits left, the Archbishop of Manila and the governor-general took possession of the property of the College of San José and divided it between them for church and governmental purposes. When this was brought to the attention of the King of Spain, he severely criticised both officials, and directed that the property—which, he said, had not belonged to the Jesuits, but was only under the control of the superior to carry out Figueroa's will—should be continued in the same trust. He then appointed a Dominican to supervise the administration of the college.

Though the Jesuits were allowed to return to the Islands in 1852, the superior of the Order did not resume control of the college. The foundation continued to be under Dominican supervision, and is now a part of the University of Santo Tomas. The funds are used, under the doctrine known to lawyers as the doctrine of *cy pres*, to maintain a school of medicine in the university. The Filipino Medical Association, as soon as the American government took control of the Islands, insisted that this San José trust was a civil foundation, and that it was the duty of the American government to take possession as the trustee, and to "run" the institution as a medical college free from ecclesiastical control. Much local bitterness grew out of the controversy, and the commission finally concluded to pass a law providing a special case for the Supreme Court of the Islands to decide. It is now pending, but has not been brought to a hearing, because it was hoped, after the visit to Rome, that it might be settled by compromise.

Fourth. Another class of questions arising between the government of the

United States and the Roman Catholic Church is the question of rent and damages for the occupation of churches and conventos by the troops of the United States during the insurrection and subsequent thereto. You must know that nine-tenths of the population of the Philippine Islands reside in houses made of a very light and temporary material. They live in what are called "shacks," made of bamboo frames with roofs and sides of the nipa-palm. The houses are quickly constructed, easily moved, and much subject to destruction by fire. The only permanent buildings in the ordinary town in the Philippines, with the exception of the municipal or town building and a few houses of the wealthy, are the church and the rectory, called the convento. The church is usually a large building of stone or brick, finely situated; and the convento is a great structure adjoining the church and connected with it. The convento offered excellent facilities as a barracks for the troops. As it happened that during the insurrection many of the churches and conventos were abandoned, the troops moved into them,—very much to the satisfaction of the church authorities, because in this way their destruction was avoided. The insurgents early in the war had pursued the policy of destroying the churches, in the belief that in this wise they would prevent the American troops from having places in which to live. The occupation of the churches and conventos for military purposes continued for two years, and sometimes longer, and often for quite a period after all hostilities had ceased. This is the foundation for a reasonable claim against the United States for rent and for damages caused by the occupation. The difficulty is in settling the proper amount due.

Fifth. Another class of questions, and one which at present is perhaps

the most troublesome, involves the question of title to a number of parish churches and conventos. In these cases, the title is claimed by the respective municipalities in which the parish church and conventos stand; and the people of some of these municipalities claim the right to turn the church and convento over to the so-called Independent Filipino Catholic Church, a schismatic body established by an apostate Roman Catholic priest named Aglipay. I shall speak more in detail of this question farther on.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

I.—THE WHITE HORSE.

It was a morning in early spring, a year later. The March sunshine, full of prophetic sweetness, illumined the breakfast-room at Oldenburg,—that room where Humphrey's mother, long ago, had assailed Sebastian with her last appeal against justice and pity. It was here that she had pleaded Humphrey's cause (which was her own) against Mirvan's rights; and here the two rivals now sat together. Humphrey had come home only the night before. He had slept late after a long journey, and was now breakfasting hungrily, glancing from time to time at his cousin or the open window.

"You never eat, do you, Mirvan?" he said.

Mirvan, though seated at the table, was taking no part in the meal, but wrote absently, now and again, on a scrap of music-paper in front of him. At Humphrey's words he smiled and looked up.

"I was out early in the woods," he replied, "while you were sleeping; and I got some milk at a forester's cottage."

"So you do insist on your feudal rights?" Humphrey said.

"I paid for it, of course," Mirvan answered.

But the words seemed to raise a doubt within him, for he looked puzzled.

"It's strange I've no recollection of paying!" he said. "I'll go back there at once and find out."

"I'll come with you," said Humphrey. "Where was it?"

But this question opened an insoluble problem on Mirvan's dreaming brain. He gazed at Humphrey in great distress.

"I can't remember. I must have been thinking of something else. It was somewhere deep in the woods. A woman gave it to me, and there was a child in the doorway."

Humphrey smiled. He saw the scene distinctly.

"Was there by any chance a cat on the hearth?" he asked. "The description has an eternal verity; but it's hard to localize it, as it would apply to every single cottage on the estate."

But, seeing that Mirvan looked really troubled, Humphrey laughed.

"I'm so glad you've not changed!" he said. "From what father told me, I really thought you were developing into a 'man of affairs.' You know quite well that there's not a tenant in Oldenburg but would give you his last crust if you needed it."

Humphrey spoke the truth. Mirvan's tenantry knew and loved him well, but they persistently refused to acknowledge his title to the inheritance. They had never known his father, whose whole life, saving his short childhood, had been spent in foreign lands; and, long accustomed to Sebastian's care and rule, they obstinately continued to regard him, and him alone, as their rightful lord. Sebastian lectured and persuaded them in vain as to where their allegiance was due. He had set himself too hard a task. For upward

of twenty years he had been the sufficient shelter and strength of his people, scolding and comforting them into a reasonable measure of virtue and happiness; and now that he would fain transfer to Mirvan the fruits of his patient toil, he found that love and allegiance are insubordinate subjects, that can not be dismissed at will. He repeatedly explained the facts; but stronger facts were fighting against him in the hearts of his hearers, whom no words could convince. One old man, long a servant of Sebastian, and now his crippled dependant, voiced the common feeling in stating his own case:

"I've served you, and your father before you, all my days. I'm near the grave, and I'll have no change of masters now."

"You're a stupid, tiresome fellow!" Sebastian answered. "I've told you again and again that I've never been your master at all. Your master is Count Mirvan of Oldenburg, and I have been his guardian all these years."

But the old peasant had fits of convenient deafness, which were wont to afflict him during Sebastian's explanations; and he only repeated:

"No new masters for me!"

And Sebastian had to give it up.

Mirvan offered him no help. He loved the castle and the forest, but he never felt that they belonged to him. Sebastian tried to inspire him with a sense of ownership and responsibility, but each attempt was a signal failure. Mirvan signed the documents submitted to him without so much as reading them through. He might have signed his estate away nine times over without knowing it. Sebastian made feints of consulting him on doubtful points: it was much if Mirvan's attention did not wander before the end. But even when he listened, nothing was gained.

"You know all about it, uncle. Everything you do is right. Why ask me?" was his invariable conclusion.

And Sebastian began to see that if Mirvan was to inherit anything more than a name, he must give time and toil as well as empty signatures; and for this he was as unwilling as he was unfit.

Yet while old and young grudged Mirvan his substantial honors—some even denying him the prospective title, and looking upon Humphrey, in that he was Sebastian's son, as the nearer in succession,—this obstinate attitude was no measure of their personal feeling. With poor and simple people Mirvan was at his ease, and he had, without knowing it, won their hearts. They loved all who were of the House of Oldenburg; and Mirvan's wandering ways, his strange, silent claims on their hospitality (a smile often his only thanks), his gentle manners with their children and with themselves, inspired them with a sense of mingled protection and reverence toward him,—something of the kind that nations long ago felt for prophets.

The matter presented a real difficulty to Sebastian; for Mirvan's rights seemed irreconcilable with his happiness. Sebastian would gladly have abdicated altogether, but he dreaded the loss and decay attendant upon an unwise administration. Moreover, he could not bear to fetter this free spirit with the dull routine of estate management, even if he could hope that Mirvan would accomplish it in any creditable way.

So matters stood when Humphrey came home. This home-coming was Anselm's doing. Something in the tenor of Humphrey's recent letters, strengthened by reports which described him as worn away with study, had persuaded the monk that his pupil, in his eagerness for the goal, was driving his powers too hard; and he sent Humphrey an imperative order to take a year's rest. He was too wise, and knew Humphrey too well, to lay the

weight of his reasoning upon health alone. He was aware that youth feels in itself an inexhaustible fund of energy, and has to learn by experience the bitter fruits of over-spending. He thought to save Humphrey the cost of the lesson.

"Your period of general preparation is over," the monk wrote. "Before you begin the more special training, it is needful that you do nothing for a time, save breath and rest, and gather your forces in repose. I am as eager as you can be to hasten the completion of your life; but the soul will not be hastened. You need rest, and the time will not be lost. Come home to Oldenburg for a year, and lock up your books. After that we will go forward again. I told you from the beginning that you must not grudge time and strength and patience. Nor must you now grudge idleness. Besides, your father and Mirvan need you; so do not fail to come and to stay."

Humphrey, in reading, frowned, fretted for a while; then, accepting, as he always did, the monk's rare commands, felt the relief of the coming holiday. These last years had taxed him, and the thought of the future brought a weight of seriousness which he could not face as yet. He was glad to throw it all aside for a time and take rest with the persons he loved best. Now, as he sat talking with Mirvan in the spring sunshine, both his past and his future seemed infinitely withdrawn, so light at heart and joyously free he felt.

"What shall we do to-day?" he said.

"Let us spend it in the forest," Mirvan answered. "I have found a new stream, and we will trace it to its source."

At that moment Sebastian opened the door and looked in.

"Ah, you're down?" he said, seeing Humphrey. "Can you come to the stables presently? I have something to show you."

Mirvan looked at his uncle with a peculiar smile; and Sebastian nodded, coming on into the room.

"I'll come now," Humphrey said. "Have you had breakfast, father?"

"Hours ago," Sebastian answered. "Do you eat enough, Humphrey? There's less of you than ever, I think."

He looked anxiously at the thin, eager lines of his son's face. The forehead and temples did indeed seem worn to their finest by nervous thinking; but the eyes, though so keen, were peaceful, untroubled and full of happiness.

"I'm going to do nothing now for a year but feed and grow fat," he said. "Then you'll see. I'm to be the kind of priest that ambles on a stout palfrey, and always has a venison pasty in his cupboard."

"I've something in the stable that may suit you, then," Sebastian said. "We'll walk that way now. Are you coming, Mirvan?"

"I'll follow you," Mirvan said, lost once more over his music.

Humphrey had inherited his father's passionate love of horses, and was eager to see what Sebastian had to show him. As they passed along the stalls, fragrant with the smell of fresh hay, and full of the gentle sound of munching, soft eyes were turned upon them inquiringly. About the middle Humphrey suddenly stopped.

"What is that one?" he said. "I don't know him."

The horse he looked at was pure white, and even under the disguise of his stable dress the vigorous, delicate lines of his beauty were apparent. He turned to look at them, and revealed a head exquisite in form and intelligence, the eyes and nostrils pencilled in black.

"I picked him up recently," Sebastian said, trying to speak with indifference.

He called to the groom to remove the horse's rugs, while Humphrey went up to caress and examine him. Sebastian's face was full of a suppressed delight.

"Do you think he could carry a fat priest?" he asked, when the creature's full beauty was revealed. Fire and swiftness lay sleeping in the proud gentleness of its repose.

Humphrey looked round.

"You don't mean—" he hesitated.

"Yes, he's yours," Sebastian replied. "He's been here a week waiting for you; but I've not so much as spoken to him, lest I should steal his heart. Well, will he do?"

For Humphrey was speechless. He buried his face in the white mane.

"I can't thank you, father!" he said at last. "When shall we go for a ride?"

"I'm free now," Sebastian answered. "I got my work off early on purpose."

But Humphrey's face fell.

"I forgot," he said. "I've promised to-day to Mirvan and the woods, and he never cares to ride. To-morrow, then. How early can you be ready?"

"As early as you and the sun are up," was Sebastian's answer.

He looked ten years younger since Humphrey had come home.

Just then Humphrey felt something pulling at him from behind; and, turning, discovered an old yellow nose poked over from the adjoining stall to attract his attention. It was Vizier, full of years and honors, and unforgetful of Humphrey's voice. He kissed the soft nose as he used to when a child.

"Is he past work?" he asked.

"Don't insult him," Sebastian said. "His paces suit his master; and as long as I can sit in a saddle he's not going to give in to time. He takes me about the estate every day; and if I don't ride him hard, it's rather because I think he's earned his leisure than because he couldn't bear it."

They walked back slowly, drinking in the sweetness of the time,—spring in the air and in the birds' hearts and voices, but no leaf as yet upon the wintry trees. As they approached the house they caught sight of a horseman

at the door, in talk with Mirvan, who frowned as he listened.

"Who is that?" Sebastian asked.

"It must be Aloys St. Minver," Humphrey replied. "I met him on my way here yesterday, and he threatened to look me up."

"He's an empty-headed scoundrel," Sebastian said. "And he's got a horse a great deal too good for him," he added, as the rider, seeing their approach, made his costly chestnut mare prance and rear.

"Does he call that riding?" Sebastian exclaimed, under his breath. "It puts me out of all patience to see a young jackanapes taking liberties with a horse like that."

They were now at the door.

The newcomer was light-haired, with a handsome, high-colored face,—a face that, under the good looks and free spirits of youth, already bore the prophetic stamp of that profligacy which would eclipse both youth and beauty all too soon.

He greeted Humphrey gaily.

"Welcome home!" he cried. "You see I couldn't wait a day to show you my new mount. What do you think of her?"

And again he stung the horse to a spasmodic display.

"In heaven's name, leave her mouth alone!" Sebastian said, sharply.

The lad flushed, and loosened the curb rein. He was young enough still to feel a just reproof, especially from Sebastian, who was a finished rider.

Humphrey patted the horse and smiled.

"If you'd asked me yesterday what I thought of her," he said, "I should have praised her to your satisfaction; but to-day I can't. Will you come in?"

"Thank you! I must be off home. We've a houseful of guests and my mother depends upon me for their entertainment. Which reminds me, I've brought you a message from her. We're

giving a great ball before our party breaks up, and she begs you'll come. You shall see all the beauties of the land; and Circe too, if we can get her out of her magic castle."

"Thank you!" said Humphrey. "Tell your mother I will come. Which day?"

"The sixteenth. I suppose it's of no use asking your cousin?"

Humphrey looked across at Mirvan, who shook his head, not answering in words.

"Well," Aloys said, "let him who likes be a hermit. 'Ladies' love and flowing cups' for me. We count on you, Humphrey. Don't disappoint us."

"I will come," Humphrey repeated.

And, waving his cap, the guest was gone, with a great clatter, down the avenue.

"What did he mean about Circe?" Humphrey asked his father.

"He seldom means much," Sebastian answered. "Some silly title for his last flame, I suppose; or else pure light-headed folly. It's inconceivable to me that ladies should even tolerate such a puppy."

Mirvan, who had stood like a statue through the interview, now spoke.

"He was regaling me with the same kind of thing before you came," he said. "It's worse than folly: it's most offensive. He talks as if every lady he knew were at his feet."

Sebastian had gone into the house, leaving the two alone.

Humphrey laughed.

"You mustn't be too hard upon his romances," he said; "for they're purely ideal. Any one who had really suffered the embarrassment of even one lady at his feet wouldn't talk about it, I think."

"Think of his coming here the very first day you are home!" Mirvan went on, indignantly. "As if you could possibly want to see *him*! Why didn't you refuse his invitation, Humphrey?"

Humphrey was reminded of Mirvan's old intolerance in their university days,

but it awakened in him none of the old irritation.

"You know he is my cousin," he said. "I can't well drop him even if I wanted to. I must pay my respects some time to his mother, and this is the simplest way. Don't bother about it, but come to the woods, and forget him and all his kind."

He drew his arm through Mirvan's and they vanished under the trees.

(To be continued.)

To Scatter Flowers.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SŒUR THERESE DE
L'ENFANT JESUS, BY S. L. EMERY.

ⓐ JESUS, O my Love! each eve I come to fling
Before Thy sacred Cross the flow'rets of the year.
By these plucked petals bright, first roses of the
spring,
Would I might dry Thine every tear!

To scatter flowers!—that means each sacrifice,
My lightest sighs and pains, my heaviest, saddest
hours,
My hopes, my joys, my prayers,—I will not count
the price:
Behold my flowers!

With deep, untold delight Thy beauty fills my soul:
Would I might light this love in hearts of all who
live!
For this my fairest flowers, all things in my
control,
How fondly, gladly I would give!

To scatter flowers!—behold my chosen sword
For saving sinners' souls and filling heaven's
bowers.
The victory is mine: yes, I disarm Thee, Lord,
With these my flowers!

The petals in their flight caress Thy Holy Face;
They tell Thee that my heart is Thine, and Thine
alone:
Thou knowest what these leaves would tell Thee
in my place;
On me Thou smilest from Thy throne.

To scatter flowers!—that means, to speak of Thee,
My only pleasure here, where tears fill all the
hours;
But soon with angel hosts my spirit shall be free
To scatter flowers!

Invincible Ignorance.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

“SO, then, because I’m not a member of your Church, Pat, you say I shall not be saved?”

“I say you *will*,” returned Pat.

“But how?”

“By invincible ignorance.”

Pat had got hold of this phrase, but had quite mistaken its meaning. And many a better educated Catholic makes the same mistake. No one is *saved* by invincible ignorance. It is faith that saves; and faith requires sufficient—at least implicit—“knowledge of the truth.”

Invincible ignorance—that is, ignorance *which one has not the means of overcoming*—merely excuses a person for not being in visible communion with the Catholic and Roman Church, “out of which there is [*ordinarily*] no salvation.” Or, again, it may excuse a poorly instructed Catholic for not knowing what he ought to know. (I say *may* excuse, because there are Catholics who will not take the trouble to inform themselves, or to get instructed, when they have the opportunity.)

In using, then, this phrase “invincible ignorance,” we should be careful to convey its proper meaning. If we are speaking to a non-Catholic, we should not let him suppose that we mean insuperable stupidity; but neither should we leave him to infer that ignorance of the true Church is always inculpable. We must be precise in explaining the term “invincible”; and make it clear that ignorance which is *voluntary*, whether it result from indifference, from bad will, or from obstinate prejudice, is far from being “invincible.”

Now, that ignorance often is voluntary can not be doubted by any one who has mingled much with people outside the Church. And what makes

it voluntary is, for the most part, indifference. This indifference may come from sheer worldliness, which really means living for this world alone; or, again, from the spirit of luxury, which holds pleasure the chief good of life; or from that insatiable greed which finds life too short for anything but money-making.

To be sure, some show of respect for religion is quite compatible with love of the world, with sensuality, or even with avarice. Prominent votaries of mammon have been known to lend their names to some sect whose tenets “lay a flattering unction to the soul.” In all probability, however, there is less of downright hypocrisy at the present day than there used to be. It is so easy to side-track religion as too wearisome a subject; and fashionable agnosticism is a very convenient substitute.

A very large number of people, then, who live and die out of the *soul* of the Church, as well as out of her visible communion, are voluntarily ignorant of Catholic truth, because they do not wish to be troubled with God and the things of God, and only ask to be let alone. They are like the “five brethren” to whom the lost “Dives” implored Abraham to send Lazarus. “They have Moses and the prophets,” answered Abraham: “let them hear *them*.”—“Nay, father Abraham,” urged the wretched petitioner: “if one went unto them from the dead, they would believe.” But what was Abraham’s rejoinder? And it is our Divine Lord who puts the words into his mouth: “If they believe not. Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.”

So it is with these contemptuous indifferentists. The means of dispelling their ignorance may be close at hand. They may mix with intelligent Catholics socially, and know enough of a priest’s logic to warn some rash friend not to argue with him. Were they to

witness a miracle at Lourdes such as I was once privileged to see there, they would explain it away. And as to one coming from the dead, a message of that kind would be treated as a bad dream.

Here I may aptly mention something which happened but a short while ago in Louisville, Kentucky: told to one of my brother Passionists by a well-known priest of that city.

Four gentlemen resident there had become fast friends because greatly interested in spiritism.* They would hold private *séances*, and call up departed persons, who would readily respond in some way—at times even taking visible form. One of the four died, and a few days after the funeral the other three met for a *séance* and called *him* up. To their joyful surprise, he appeared as they had known him, and sat at the table and spoke with them. "Then it is really you?" they said. "We are *not* deceived in believing that there is another life?"—"Indeed there is," he answered.—"And you will live forever?"—"Forever." Here one of them ventured to ask: "But are you happy?" A look of stern displeasure came over his face. "You must not ask me *that*," he said, "or any question like it; or I shall not come again." And he disappeared.

This last answer should have made them suspicious, to say the least. But it did not prevent them from calling their departed friend to speak with them again at the next session. He came; but, after saluting them as before, said plainly that this visit would be his last. Whereupon the one who had asked if he was happy lost no time in putting a question of surpassing moment. "Then, if this is the last time we are to see you, and I, like yourself, am to live forever, what must I do to be happy for all eternity?"—"You must

become a Roman Catholic," he replied—laying stress on the "Roman,"—and vanished.

Now, the questioner, who had a Catholic wife, was sufficiently in earnest about truth to be deeply impressed by this answer. He soon called to see a priest, told him what had happened and asked for instruction in the faith. And he received a more thorough course of instruction than converts generally get, because of the strange questions and difficulties he would sometimes put to the priest. Indeed, his instructor's nervousness once elicited the remark: "Father, you seem to be afraid of me!"—"Well, I must confess that I *am*—a little. You say very strange things. I never heard such before. There must be some evil spirit near you, who suggests them."—"Very likely," replied the catechumen, "since I know not how these things come into my mind. But I beg you to believe me quite sincere." He persevered, and was received into the Church; and spent the one remaining year of his life as a most exemplary Catholic.

But what of his two companions? They had heard the answer to his question at the *séance*. Did it not concern *them* as much as him? Why did not they, too, seek instruction in the Catholic faith? Was it indifference or worldly interest? Probably both combined. And if a dozen instead of three had heard that remarkable answer, how many would have done as the *one* did?

But I have said that bad will and obstinate prejudice are likewise causes of voluntary ignorance. By bad will I mean a refusal to give up some darling sin, or to make other sacrifices, for God's sake; or, again, to acknowledge oneself in error, by reason of pride or from fear of ridicule. It would be superfluous to show that in cases such as these—and there is reason to fear that they are many—ignorance of our holy

* Commonly, but erroneously, called "spiritualism."

religion can never remain "invincible."

With regard to obstinate prejudice, however, a distinction must be made. To adhere persistently to one's own notions about the Catholic religion, or to the traditional opinions of a sect, in spite of clear light thrown upon their falsity, is, of course, to act in bad faith; and the ignorance is inexcusable. So, again, to resist the plain duty of inquiry—persuading oneself that no amount of investigation could ever change one's convictions—betrays a perverse *will* dominating the mind. On the other hand, quite conscientious prejudice may be equally obstinate in its way,—especially if hereditary and educational. A mind thus prepossessed will not refuse to examine, once it sees research to be a duty; but it may be very slow in coming to see this; and its method of investigation will be overcautious.

Just here comes up an interesting question as to persons whom we can not doubt to be good and earnest Christians, yet who live and die estranged from the visible communion of the Church, although they certainly have within reach the means of overcoming their ignorance. Well, we must remember that before a soul can be expected to seek information regarding our holy religion, it must be *moved* to seek it. In other words, God must touch its will with a grace, a grace strong enough to start it on the road of sincere inquiry. What, then, if He allow a soul to remain in good faith where it is, in order that it may do a work for Him which there is no one else to do?

Is this never the case? I am very sure that it often is the case. I have known Anglican clergymen whose exemplary lives were a shining light to their parishioners, and who preached the necessity of keeping the Commandments, of sincere repentance for sin, and of faith and hope in our Divine

Redeemer. These men never slandered the Catholic Church, never assailed her in any way. And I believe they lived and died in the *soul* of that Church, and beheld after death the truth they could not see here.

I do not doubt that many such earnest Christians may be found, both ministers and laymen, not only in the Anglican but in the other great sects which still profess to hold the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible. And to such invincible ignorance *does* apply.

But what, it may be asked, of those "High-Churchmen" who will have it that they are priests, and who believe in the Mass and in pretty nearly everything which Catholics hold, except the Supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope? Indeed, there are some extremists now who even acknowledge the claims of the See of Peter—to everything except *individual* submission on their own part and that of their followers. "The Pope must wait," they seem to say, "till we are all ready to come over *in a body*." Can invincible ignorance apply to such as these? I believe it can—provided they are blinded by the idea that *private judgment* has sovereign rights.

That distinguished convert Mr. Orby Shipley wrote a very important letter to the *London Times* soon after his reception into the Church. The letter is given in "Catholic Belief." He says that, while in the Church of England, he had held for years "all Roman doctrine" not positively contradicted by Anglican formularies; but that he had held it *on private judgment and not upon authority*; that when he came to see that authority is everything—that it does not matter so much *what* we believe as *why*—he had no other resource than to turn to the See of Peter. And he adds that hundreds of Anglican clergymen are in the same position as he was; and

that people who do not understand that position wonder how it can be maintained in good faith.

So long, then, as these men, and their followers with them, have not the grace given them, as Mr. Shipley had, to see that the principle of private judgment is wrong and that "authority is everything," they may be truly said to be invincibly ignorant. And in *their* case we may surely add without temerity that God has left them where they are for the leavening of a large number of minds with Catholic doctrine. For this is what they have successfully accomplished.

But while we stretch our charity in favor of invincible ignorance, let us beware of indifference on our own part to those whom we consider thus blinded to truth. For, undoubtedly, we have a duty to them: the obligation of doing all that in us lies toward removing their ignorance. Were we to hold aloof from this effort, on the plea that it is better to leave them in good faith, we should be acting in direct opposition to the missionary spirit of the Church, whom her Divine Founder plainly commanded to "go and make disciples of all nations"; and, again, to "preach the Gospel to every creature." We should also be manifesting a great lack of appreciation for the treasures of our holy faith and for all that comes from visible membership of the one and only Church.

An interesting question, however, comes in here. May not zeal for conversions act very indiscreetly? Is there not a danger of doing harm rather than good by thrusting unwelcome information under noses that will only turn up at it? May we not be removing invincible ignorance, and leaving bad faith in its place?

Yes, there is danger of doing harm; but there ought to be no difficulty in avoiding it. We need not *obtrude* our religion upon such non-Catholics as

come under our influence; but we can show them in a quiet way that it is a religion which "means business." We need not *argue* with our neighbor. Mere arguing is apt to be a "showing off" on either side, and may cause our opponent to turn away from the light for mere opposition's sake. But we ought to be capable of giving a plain answer to a respectful question: of stating a point of faith, and even of defending it, in such a way as to remove misconception from the mind of a sincere inquirer.

Again, we should be glad to put our inquiring friend in the way of obtaining fuller information from books. We should know some one or two works to recommend, and have copies of them at hand to show or perhaps to lend. "Catholic Belief" and "The Faith of Our Fathers" are two of the very best for ordinary inquirers. "The Invitation Heeded," too, and (if I may be allowed to mention what is my own) "A Short Cut to the True Church," have been, and may again be at any time, instrumental in bringing souls into the Church.

Those of us who are priests can do great good by explaining Catholic doctrine in sermons and in lectures. It is not controversy, but clear explanation, that opens the eyes of the sincere. And a little patient charity is never thrown away upon an earnest soul.

But the first and the last thing for all of us to do is to *pray*, and for *all* "who are not of this fold." We should pray for them especially at Mass, and at the feet of that sweet Mother whom they know not—to their great misfortune. We should also remember particularly in our prayers any who are near to us by ties of blood or of affection, and any for whose enlightenment we feel ourselves responsible. In a word, let us hold ourselves bound to do our utmost toward making away with invincible ignorance.

Great Scientists and the Rosary.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

III.

ONE of the most distinguished scientists of the nineteenth century, a veteran whose life extended to the unusual age of one hundred and three, was Michel Eugène Chevreul, who died in 1889. When, on the 31st of August, 1886, his hundredth birthday was celebrated, there was scarcely a great scientific society in the world that did not send its congratulations. The celebration itself was one of the notable events of Parisian life during the century. Not only was every European country represented, but the felicitations began with an address from the representative of the Chinese mandarins.

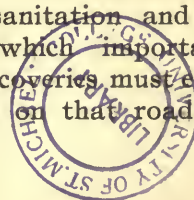
The man whose life was thus crowned with honor was one of the modern world's pioneer chemists, a lifelong student who for three-quarters of a century succeeded in keeping himself well in touch with the progress of a great science. His initial work, an investigation into the chemistry of fat, marked an epoch in the study of organic substances. He was, in fact, one of the founders of modern organic chemistry,—one of those whose researches have turned light on the chemical composition of bodies which are the result of life processes.

On his hundredth birthday the Berlin Academy of Science said in its address of congratulation: "It is hard for us to put ourselves back in proper relation to the time when you, practically as a lone pioneer, without any companions except your own courage and your own scientific knowledge, seeking and finding a path into the obvious but absolutely unknown region of organic chemistry, pressed on so successfully in your investigations. Your first thought had

been for the development of the elementary analysis of substances derived from living sources. By your studies of the elements, you were able to take up your noteworthy investigations of the animal fats. Even at the present day we read with lively interest your classical work on the subject, and are not sure which is the more admirable: your patient years of study with the almost endless series of consecutive facts which you succeeded in establishing, or the scientific intuition which enabled you to take the sum of all these facts and, setting them together as viewed from a single standpoint, permitted you to grasp them with a scientific hold."

The most interesting feature of the celebration of Chevreul's birthday was the frequent declarations in the addresses that many of the more modern discoveries in chemistry were due to suggestions derived from his work. The French Academy of Sciences declared most of the advances in organic chemistry to be "the fruits of the tree which Chevreul had planted." They took occasion to call attention to the many departments of science in which he had interested himself; for it is to be remarked that he was by no means merely a chemist, devoted to laboratory work: his theories of light and color deserve mention as the most acceptable in their day. He had, moreover, investigated the nature of many minerals, and had explained the composition of numerous organic substances.

It is not surprising that Chevreul should also have been distinguished in physiological chemistry, and that his work should have proved suggestive to physicians as well as to collaborators in his specific field. He delved still further into the realm of sanitation and of public hygiene, in which important study some of his discoveries must ever remain as milestones on that road of



progress which has brought us, at the beginning of the twentieth century, to a position with regard to public health where at least the gradual obliteration of infectious disease seems to be assured.

Chevreur was not a man likely to accept assertions without due evidence therefor: his critical faculty, indeed, was considered by many of his friends as his highest quality. His appreciation of the value of evidence, not only in science but also in various sociological and political questions, was tested over and over again in the course of his life, and never proved wanting. At a time when spiritism was attracting much more attention than ever before or since, and when many scientists had declared their belief in the possibility of there being some truth in its manifestations, Chevreur wrote a book which is perhaps the best review extant of the evidence for such phenomena as table-turning, the divining rod, and so forth.

This sort of man might possibly have been considered as likely to be rationalistic in his views, since he used reasoning so much in science and was so critical of all facts which he would admit to be true. Yet this very quality seems to have helped to make of him one of the most practical of Catholics. There was never at any time with him a question of so-called rationalism, or any swerving from belief in the great truths of Christianity. More than this even: he was what would be called a pious Christian, faithful in the practice of his religious duties, a regular attendant at Mass and at the sacraments, and a devout believer in the efficacy of prayer.

The story is told of him that while travelling, a few years before the celebration of his hundredth anniversary, he missed a connection at a small town and found himself compelled to wait for several hours before he could get a train for his destination. The old

scientist passed the time of his enforced detainment in the little church of the place, before the altar of the Mother of God, saying his Rosary. There the pastor found him; and, seeing that he was a stranger, approached and addressed him. Chevreur seemed very glad to meet him, told him who he was, and spent some time in affable converse with the much-impressed *curé*.

This incident was not related until after the celebration of Chevreur's hundredth birthday, when it was told to offset an attempt to make the scientist's life and its significance appear different from what it had really been. The celebration was arranged mainly by French officialdom. As may readily be understood, no one connected in any way with religion in France was asked to take part in the ceremonies. This fact was exploited by some of the French newspapers as demonstrating that Chevreur, like so many other French scientists, was not a practical believer in Christianity; that, indeed, he was utterly indifferent to Christian practices. These imputations drew from Chevreur himself a very straightforward expression of his real opinions. He said: "I am only a scientist; but those who know me, know also that I am a Catholic, born of Catholic parents, and that I have lived and shall die a Catholic." During the course of the newspaper discussion a number of stories with regard to the old scientist's religious habits were published, and among them this of the Rosary that we have recalled.

Many years before his death Chevreur made a declaration of faith, in which he brings out very clearly the opinions he had held all his life with regard to the important questions that concerned religion and science, the existence of God, and the significance of life. He emphasized the fact that he had never been either a sceptic or a materialist, and he gives his reasons thus:

"With regard to the certitude which I have of the existence of things outside myself, I have never been a sceptic. I have always had a conviction of the existence of a Divine Being, the Creator of a double harmony,—the harmony which rules the inanimate world and which is revealed by celestial mechanics and molecular phenomena; and that second harmony which reigns in the living organic world. I have never been a materialist at any period of my life, my mind being utterly unable to conceive that this double harmony of which I have just spoken, and the human thought which is able to conceive it, could ever have been produced by chance. Man, then, I repeat, is perfectible, and is the only one among living beings that is so. That he is so is due to his intellectual faculties, so superior to those of the brute, however well these may be organized; to the consciousness which he has of his own existence, his own *ego*; and finally to his moral sense by which he discerns good and evil, and to his free will by which he accepts the one or the other. . . . It is incomprehensible to me that men should be divided, and that some should proclaim humanity while others talk Divinity."*

Jean Joseph Urbain Leverrier has been universally conceded to be one of the greatest astronomers of modern times. As became his Norman ancestry, Leverrier, though his mind was typically that of the veritable scientist, remained faithful to the religious principles he had imbibed in his youth in the little town of St. Lo. While enjoying a European reputation as a man of science, he retained in the midst of his notable career the simple religious practices of his early life. There was a crucifix always in the workroom of his observatory, and he is said to have

carried his beads with him at all times and to have used them for his favorite form of prayer.

Very early in life Leverrier showed the scientific bent of his mind, and demonstrated at the same time that he was destined to win distinction. His success in the examinations at the Ecole Polytechnique gave him a free choice among the departments of the public service in France, and he elected to associate himself with Guy-Lussac in some chemical researches connected with the administration of the national French tobacco manufacture. During the two years spent at this work his investigations with regard to phosphorus and its combinations with hydrogen and oxygen attracted no little attention. When he reached the age of twenty-five there was offered to him the place of teacher of mathematics in connection with the astronomical department of the Ecole Polytechnique. Here all his energies were devoted to the study of celestial mechanics, and it was not long before important discoveries rewarded his efforts. His studies of the perturbation of comets showed a complete mastery of the details of his subject and finally gave him an opportunity for his greatest work.

The planet Uranus had been discovered, and many attempts had been made to trace its course in the heavens as well as the times and places for its recurrences. All these astronomical tables proved to be wrong in important details. The planet refused to follow the time-table set down for it. Over and over again mathematical calculations were made, but only unimportant corrections could be suggested, and Uranus was still as unpunctual as ever. Finally Leverrier concluded that there was another planet disturbing Uranus by its attraction, and he accordingly set to work at the solution of the problem of finding this other planet.

All the data that he had to work

* *Comptes Rendus*. 75. lxxix. Paris, 1874. p. 631.

on were the aberrations of Uranus. These proved, however, to be sufficient for this great mathematical genius. He not only determined that there must be a planet, but also fixed its approximate position at a given hour. He wrote this conclusion to Galle, the royal astronomer at Berlin, who on the 23d of September, 1846, discovered the hitherto unseen planet Neptune within one degree of the spot indicated by Leverrier.

While Leverrier's name is popularly identified with this discovery, it really was only an incident in his career. His forty years of unremitting labor in the elaboration of the scheme of the heavens traced out by Laplace constitutes his real monument. This scheme, or plan, was accomplished with such extraordinary care that it may almost be said to have been done for all time. His great work was recognized not only by his French contemporaries but also by foreigners, as witness his twice being the recipient of the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

Leverrier might have had a more successful career had he not adhered so tenaciously to his religious convictions. He was stamped as a "clericalist," and hampered even in his scientific work by those whose bigotry did not hesitate to put obstacles in the way of the greatest of living astronomers. Far from being discouraged or rendered lukewarm in his faith by such unfortunate incidents, Leverrier became more devoted to what he considered his first duty, and was till the end of his life always looked upon as a model Christian, whose actions were guided by the profoundest attachment to the Church.

(Conclusion next week.)

FAME is the scentless sunflower with gaudy
crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose with sweets
in every fold.

—Holmes.

About Parochial Schools.

BOOKS issued from the Government Printing Office do not as a rule possess any entrancing interest for the rank and file of our fellow-citizens. Even the most omnivorous general reader is apt to draw the line at the ponderous, statistics-swollen volumes in which our various commissioners embody the records of their different departments; and the man who would deliberately peruse such a volume from cover to cover might be relied upon to duplicate Mark Twain's feat—recorded in "Roughing It,"—that of looking through the initial pages of Webster's Unabridged and wondering how the characters would turn out.

It was an excellent idea, therefore, to issue in pamphlet form chapter XXI. of the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education for 1903,—the chapter in which the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy deals with the Catholic parochial schools of this country. Even in this less deterrent form, however, Father Sheedy's valuable paper is not likely to reach ten per cent of those who would derive benefit from its perusal; so we venture to summarize for our readers the case he makes out and some of the conclusions which he draws.

Perhaps the most impressive statement in the pamphlet is that Catholics "are saving to non-Catholic taxpayers a vast sum, estimated from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 annually; for this is what it would cost if the children now being educated in the Catholic parochial schools had to be provided for in the public schools."

Now, when one remembers that in addition to this enormous outlay for their own schools—the only ones to which they can conscientiously send their children,—Catholics are forced to bear their proportionate share of taxation for the support of the public

school system, it is difficult to withstand the conviction that in this matter elemental justice and fair play are being violated.

While it is true that, as Father Sheedy says, "advocates of the parochial school system do not condemn the State for not imparting religious instruction in the public schools as they are now organized, because they well know it does not lie within the province of the State to teach religion," it is equally true that very many of us emphatically *do* condemn the State for not either exempting Catholics from the general school tax, or else contributing from the fund thus provided a *pro rata* amount for the support of our parochial schools. The argument that the Constitution will not allow such action is, in its last analysis, unsound and puerile. If the Constitution sanctions injustice, it clearly needs amendment. The educational difficulty, as to Catholic and non-Catholic schools, has been successfully solved in Canada, England, and other countries; there exists no valid reason for its permanence in our country.

Discussing the principle that underlies the whole scheme of parochial schools, our author says:

The Catholic Church holds that a Christian nation can spring only from Christian schools; and that neither private zeal nor home education nor the Sunday-school suffices to supply the Christian teaching and formation of character which she desires in her children. It is because of this settled conviction that, at all costs and at great sacrifices, she preserves here in the United States the unbroken and unimpaired tradition of Christian education from the parochial school of the humble mission to the majestic colleges and universities of the land.

Father Sheedy reports a most gratifying growth both in the number of the parish schools and in the excellence of the results which they are achieving. Nor is he parsimonious in awarding due credit therefor, as will be seen from this tribute:

The success of the parochial school is largely due to the devotion and self-sacrifice of the thousands of religious women and men—the members of teaching Orders of the Church—who have consecrated their lives to Christian education. To these we owe the present excellent condition of our free Catholic parochial schools; without them it would be almost impossible for the system to succeed. The network of parochial schools extending into every State and Territory is, under the guidance of the Catholic bishops and priests, of their creation.

To the devotion and self-sacrifice thus generously praised, supplemented by the equally notable devotedness of pastors and people, is due this concrete fact which the reverend writer truly calls "the greatest religious fact in the United States to-day,"—over a million children educated in the Catholic parochial schools without any aid from the State.

An especially interesting portion of the pamphlet before us is that in which non-Catholic authorities are cited as advocates of religion in education. "For a long time Catholics were alone in their stand for denominational schools; but the logic of events has brought to their side many Lutherans, Methodists, Episcopalians, and even Baptists. The orthodox Jews are the last to get in line." Readers of our columns are familiar with the opinions of many an eminent non-Catholic as to the inadequacy of the public school training, so we shall content ourselves with reproducing only two or three of the testimonies which Father Sheedy adduces. An association of non-Catholic educators lately declared that "efforts will be made from a new viewpoint to obtain religious and moral education in the public schools."

President Hadley, of Yale, in an address delivered in Philadelphia within the last few days, boldly announced that "a way must be found to blend religious and secular instruction in the schools." And he added: "I do not believe that you are going to make the right kind of a citizen by a godless education and then adding on religion afterward. That idea is wrong. Education and religion must go hand in hand."

Within the past year President Eliot, of Harvard, in a magazine article, deplored the fact that "our educational system had not solved any one of the great problems that trouble the country at the present time"; that vice and crime had increased instead of diminishing with the extension of our public school system. At the National Educational Convention held in Boston last summer, several of the most prominent delegates avowed their conviction of, the "necessity of religious instruction in the public schools."

Goldwin Smith, in a letter to the *New York Sun* (December 13, 1903) discussing this subject of religion in the schools, says of Canada: "There appears to be a growing disposition here on the part of those who can afford it to send their children to voluntary and religious schools." And he adds: "Under our purely secular system, intellect is outrunning character, with bad consequences to the child and to society."

These statements are typical of the opinions held by a steadily increasing number of thoughtful citizens; and it is reasonable to predict that, eventually, this whole country will recognize the wisdom of the historic Church and adopt her plan for the formation of genuinely worthy citizens. Meanwhile there should be no delay in relieving Catholics from the unjust burden of a double school-tax. The existence of such a burden is a dishonor to our country and to the statesmen who direct its polity.

No doubt much truth, much valuable instruction, is given from Protestant pulpits. The Protestant clergy take no delight in the state of things they see around them. They would gladly see Christ reign in the hearts of men; they, no doubt, would gladly dispense the bread of life to their famished people; and they do dispense the best they have. But, alas! how can they dispense what they have not received? The Living Bread is not on their communion table. They communicate, according to their own confession, only a figure, a shadow; and how shall the divine life be nourished with shadows?

—Brownson.

Notes and Remarks.

The man on the street, and more especially the newspaper man, is warming up for next month's political battle; and his extravagant assertions are affording considerable amusement to his less emotional neighbor, the man in the study. "When hard up for an argument, abuse your opponent," is an oldtime rule of immature polemicists; but it is elementary that, to avoid defeating its own aim, the abuse should be tempered by some measure of discretion. The typical partisan paper, however, throws discretion to the winds and deals only in superlatives. Its own party's candidate possesses all the virtues that can ennoble, its opponent's all the vices that can degrade, a citizen of the country. The utterances of its leader are genius-inspired words of wisdom; the speeches of that leader's adversary are vapid vaporings. Thus, Judge Parker's letter of acceptance is, in one paper, "the letter of a strong man, . . . and is diametrically the opposite of President Roosevelt's loud, insistent, blustering arrogation of all wisdom and virtue"; while, in a paper on the other side, this same letter "is a weak, negative, and nerveless production. In contrast with the brilliant and trenchant letter of President Roosevelt, it is vapid and inane." Surely Shakespeare must have had the campaign editor in mind when he exclaimed: "What fools these mortals be!"

Commenting on Mr. Bonaparte's address, "Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics," published by us a few months ago, the *Catholic Herald of India* says: "Though addressed to and meant for Americans, the speech impresses us as a very weighty and pregnant exposition of duties which are not altogether peculiar

to American citizens. It is, for instance, not only from American laymen that the Church requires *action*.... It is a subject well worth the attention of our Catholics in India; and they will make a good investment of ten cents by procuring a copy of the speech, and reading it with reflection."

By one of those coincidences which occur so frequently as to suggest telepathic influences, the first paper we picked up after reading the *Herald* contained a notable instance of Catholic lay action, quite in line with the tenor of the address mentioned. The *Omaha Bee* of the 3d inst. has a report of the dedication, by Bishop Scarnell, of the first Catholic church in Florence, Nebraska. "To D. J. O'Neil, a young man employed in the Union Pacific headquarters at Omaha," says the *Bee*, "is given the credit for the construction of this new church. Mr. O'Neil, on moving to Florence, found about one hundred Catholic families there and in the contributing territory, who were inconvenienced by the distance from the Omaha parishes. He set about to encourage interest in the church project, and his efforts met with prompt response."

Of Catholic laymen resembling Mr. O'Neil, and Mr. Collins, of the Chicago Catholic slum mission, we can not have too many. They are effective helpers of the Church in her work of redeeming and Christianizing society.

Multifarious comments, ranging in tone "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," are still being made on General Corbin's suggestion that "no officer should enter the marriage relation without first getting the authority of the War Department." We confess to a feeling of surprise that none of these comments, so far as we have seen, contains the counter-suggestion that no young man should enter the army without first making up his mind to

remain a celibate throughout life's spring and summer, with the shadowy perspective of being able to marry when he is about to "fall into the sere, the yellow leaf." The average civilian of this country will probably agree that, if our young officers do not receive sufficient pay to warrant their taking upon themselves the responsibilities of the married state, then their pay should be forthwith increased. If, on the other hand, the inadequacy of their present income arises from extravagant habits, overfondness for elegant equipments and gorgeous uniforms, or the like, then the influence of their superior officers and of the War Department itself might well be directed toward bringing about a return to the simplicity which characterized the oldtime soldiers of the Republic. In any case, bachelorhood is not the ideal condition for the average man in the thirties, whether he be in the army or elsewhere.

Writing in the *North American Review* of "Literature in the New Century," Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, quotes the following definition of the scientific spirit by "an acute American critic," a man of letters who had found in science "a tonic force" stimulating to all the arts:

The scientific spirit signifies poise between hypothesis and verification, between statement and proof, between appearance and reality. It is inspired by the impulse of investigation tempered with distrust, and edged with curiosity. It is at once avid of certainty and sceptical of seeming. It is enthusiastically patient, nobly literal, candid, tolerant, hospitable.

How many men there are who claim to be scientists and yet are totally devoid of the scientific spirit as thus defined!

Discussing the charge of favoritism preferred against the Catholic manager of some railway workshops, the *New Zealand Tablet* says: "The Catholic employees maintain that their position

would be materially improved and their rightful claims to promotion be duly recognized if the manager were a Protestant." We can well believe it. The thoroughly conscientious Catholic layman who occupies a position of authority, and has under him a mixed company of Catholics and non-Catholics, not seldom discriminates against the former simply through fear of exposing himself to the charge of partiality to his coreligionists. In his determination to stand perfectly straight, he occasionally, and unconsciously, bends over backward. We have known Catholics, whose rectitude of purpose was unquestionable, to experience, in the matter of promoting or aiding Catholic inferiors, a scrupulousness from which they were quite free in the case of non-Catholic subordinates. Impartiality is excellent, but it may be pushed to the extreme of real injustice; and the more upright and conscientious a man is, the greater the danger of his unduly distrusting what he considers his natural prejudice in favor of those of his own Faith.

In a notice of the passing of Senator Hoar we referred to him as a thoroughly sane, virile, tolerant, broad-minded, large-hearted and farsighted American. All these qualities are evinced in a letter which he wrote toward the end of last year to the Hon. Herbert S. Carruth, of Massachusetts, deputy commissioner of penal institutions. This letter was published last week, presumably for the first time, in the *Boston Republic*. It is too good not to be quoted at length:

I think there is no example in history, unless we perhaps except the recent growth of Japan, of a more rapid growth in all the elements of character of which men and women, and especially good citizenship, are made than in the Catholics, and especially those of Irish descent, who have been in this country during the last sixty years. They, or their fathers, when they came over, had great qualities. They were affectionate, brave, high-spirited, generous, easily susceptible to kind

treatment. What they sent home to their parents or kindred of their scanty earnings is among the marvels of history. With these virtues they had many faults, which is natural. They had the drinking habit, injurious everywhere, and doubly injurious in our New England climate; but they never had it, at the worst, to the extent of our ancestors of the English race. At the time of my own birth, or shortly before, we were called by a famous French traveller a nation of drunkards. They were also impatient of control, easily moved to quarrel; and they disliked, as was natural after their experience under the heel of England, to submit to any lawful government whatever. All these faults they have steadily outgrown....

They were charged with religious bigotry and intolerance,—a charge which is now not infrequently repeated by men who should know better. I do not believe any audience can be gathered anywhere on this continent from whom the sentiments of freedom, whether religious or political, would elicit heartier sympathy and applause. Certainly there is to-day more bigotry, harshness, intolerance and misjudgment of other men in unbelief than in faith....

You will teach your young men that the bedrock of the Republic is not in institutions or constitutions, but is in personal character—sobriety, integrity, public spirit, love of country and faith in God. It is upon these that the Republic rests rather than any mechanism, although the mechanism of the Republic is the most admirable on the face of the earth.

Somewhere in the administration of every great republic, whether by the legislator, by the voter, by the judge, by the juror, by the President, or by the governor or the sheriff or the teacher, comes the time when the safety of the people depends upon the question whether a man who has a duty to discharge will do right when it seems for his interest to do wrong. If you will prepare the boys under your charge to decide that question each for himself, and to decide it right, you have so far contributed to the safety of the Commonwealth.

The assassination of Von Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior, by an infuriated Finn, ought to be a lesson to despotic rulers the world over. Tyranny has limits like everything else. The wrath of a downtrodden mob is a fearful teacher. The *South African Magazine* is thankful that no such retaliation has visited the crime of the French Prime Minister. "If he is alive

to-day in spite of the wicked laws enacted by his government," observes our distant contemporary, "he owes it to the fact that his victims are men and women who have imbibed the spirit of Christ. They have learned to turn the other cheek to the smiter, and no doubt will continue to carry out the peaceful and charitable campaign of revenge that consists in doing good to those who hate us. How different things might be if, instead of Christ's law, these persecuted citizens professed the Gospel of Humanity or the cult of Pure Reason! In either case M. Combes might have had a successor by this time."

In a recent pastoral letter emphasizing the necessity of Catholic schools for Catholic children, Bishop Hedley remarks: "To banish religion from a school is to teach a child in the most impressive way that there is no religious authority in the world. Now, as it is a central point of Catholicism that a teaching Church has been founded by Christ, and that all are bound to obey its authority, no proof is needed that a school which is professedly without religion is a school that will be likely to pervert Catholic children."

The child mind is severely logical. Eliminate religion from education, from the first place in its system, and you convey the impression that to serve God is not really the end of man. It is a delusion to think that this impression can be corrected by the influences which churches exert once a week. The religious training that is limited to one day in seven will scarcely develop men and women of robust faith.

Some time ago a number of school-children in this country and England were put in correspondence for the purpose of exchanging ideas on subjects of mutual interest. The *London*

Teacher quotes this extract from a letter written by an American boy to his English correspondent: "I wish to thank you for the picture of Lincoln cathedral. The name of the sixteenth President of our United States was Abraham Lincoln, and I suppose the cathedral was built to commemorate him. If it was, I wish to thank the English people for erecting such a great cathedral to commemorate one of our Presidents."

There is naïveté for you! It is to be hoped that the people of England are properly appreciative of Young America's gratitude.

It was quite natural that the placing of students from the Philippines in non-Catholic colleges and schools, an incident which we commented upon last week, should have occasioned surprise and indignation. This act seemed to involve violation of principle, unjust discrimination, and betrayal of trust. The explanation offered by the official in charge of the matter is unsatisfactory; however, it is only personal. He declares that no thought was taken of the religion of these young men. Thought should have been taken. If they were Baptists, for instance, no doubt care would have been exercised to place them in institutions of that denomination; and had a single one been placed elsewhere, pressure would have been promptly exerted to bring him under Baptist influence. We feel sure that there was no intention on the part of Secretary Taft, the responsible person in this affair, to have Catholic schools discriminated against; and until he has been heard from we suggest a suspension of judgment. The matter has been brought to his notice, and a just settlement of it can be counted upon. His action will be awaited with interest by the public. That it will be entirely satisfactory to all reasonable persons is not too much to expect.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

No Work, No Food.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

A FROG, a mouse, and a little red hen
Together one time kept house;
The frog was the laziest one of its kind,
And a great gadabout was the mouse.
The little red hen worked very, very hard,
But the others did never a chore;
Behind her back they nodded and jeered,
And called her a tiresome bore.
The little red hen one day went out
And found a bag of rye;
"Who'll help me bake some bread?" chirped she.
Said the frog and the mouse: "Not I!"
Then the little red hen stirred up the fire,
And deftly kneaded the dough;
"Who'll get some wood for the oven?" she asked.
"Not we," growled the twain,— "oh, no!"
So she gathered the wood and shovelled it in,
And the loaf was soon well done;
"Who'll put the bread on the table for me?"
But answer there was none.
Now right in front of the twain she stood.
"And who will eat?" she said.
"I will!" croaked the frog. "I will!" squeaked
the mouse—
But the little red hen had fled.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIV.—X Y Z'S STORY.

COMFORTABLY seated in the summer-house on the lawn, X Y Z began his story. And as the boys listened to the narrative it was borne in upon their unsophisticated minds that human lives are very often fitted mosaic-like together. As in a panorama, X Y Z unrolled various chapters in the long career of the Sandman, showing

the connection between him and the mysterious stranger of the forest, as well as the link in that chain of events which brought them together. These revelations also threw light upon the causes which had induced the Sandman to lead so singular a mode of life and to act in so erratic and perverse a manner.

The story went back to a distant period, when the Sandman had been left a widower with an only child, a daughter. This girl was very lovely, and gentle and caressing in manner, returning as far as in her lay the almost adoring tenderness of her father, who idolized her after the fashion of strong natures; but she could in no sense respond to those fiery depths which lay hidden in that truly Slavonic temperament.

Alexandra, as she was called after her surviving parent, had early developed an inordinate passion for the stage, and it had been the fear of her father's life that she would leave him to follow the profession of an actress. He made every effort to attach her to her home; and, in order that she might safely indulge her fancy, he caused to be fitted up in his house a gem-like theatre, perfect in all its appurtenances, where, with her friends, she delighted in rendering, every season, a whole series of plays. It was her chief occupation and became an almost absorbing pursuit. But it did not altogether lessen her father's apprehensions; for she still talked from time to time of the wider life of the real stage and of the claims which Art has upon its votaries.

One evening a party of friends came out from New York to be present at a rendering by Alexandra and her troupe of a drama written for the fair Russian

by a playwright of her acquaintance. With the party came a young man, moderately good-looking, with excellent abilities, and of an unusual force of character. He was fascinated by Alexandra's beauty, especially in certain scenes where, in the title-rôle, her costume was particularly adapted to set off her charms; and from that moment he never wavered in his resolution to win her for his wife. Her father, who had always looked forward with dread to her marriage, and who could not help regarding the stranger with dislike and mistrust, nevertheless preferred this alternative to that other one of Alexandra's going upon the stage.

As it was soon evident that she reciprocated the young man's affection, attracted by that very strength and solidity which her own nature lacked, the father gave his consent, and even rejoiced that she had chosen so wisely. For his most diligent inquiries had resulted only in unlimited praise for the young man, who was fast attaining the highest mercantile success.

One obstacle now remained: the suitor was a devout Catholic and would not marry any one outside the fold; whereas Alexandrovitch and his daughter belonged, like most Russians, to the Greek Church. The Sandman had not, however, developed that intense hatred for all matters pertaining to religion which afterward possessed him, and he offered very little opposition when Alexandra declared her intention of entering the Catholic Church. He consented to the marriage upon one condition only: that the young couple should, for the time being at least, take up their abode under his roof. To this they willingly acceded, and so they were married.

For a time Alexandra appeared to have given up her passion for the stage, and the theatre was practically abandoned. She seemed totally absorbed in devotion to her husband; and after the

birth of a little daughter she was fully occupied by her maternal duties. But when the child was about eight or nine years old Alexandra began to grow weary of the monotony of her life, and she spent considerable sums of money in restoring the theatre to even more than its pristine beauty. In this she was encouraged by her father, partly out of opposition to his son-in-law, whom he had never cordially liked, and who observed Alexandra's return to her old fancies with alarm and disapproval.

The young woman herself not only acted, but provided an entire theatrical outfit for her little daughter, teaching her various parts and delighting in her appearance as a youthful star.

What might have been the upshot of the affair it is difficult to say, but Alexandra of a sudden contracted fever. Despite the devoted ministrations of father and husband, of the faithful nurse Katrinka, and of the most skilful physicians, the young woman died.

Alexandrovitch became as a madman; in fact, it is doubtful if he ever altogether recovered his reason, which reeled from the blow. He blasphemed God, uttering the most awful imprecations; and, seizing upon his daughter's child, whom he thenceforth worshiped in its mother's place, he made a solemn vow, in presence of the dead, to bring her up an infidel in defiance of the God who had stricken him.

The father, who was himself almost prostrated with grief, heard Alexandrovitch's utterances with horror. Still, he believed them to be the ravings of delirium, and for a time attached no great importance to the matter; contenting himself with seeing that his child said her prayers morning and evening before a little statue of Our Lady which stood in her deceased mother's room. But having been called away for some weeks on very urgent business, upon his return he received a

rude shock. When he bade the little girl kneel down for her night prayers she absolutely refused. He found to his dismay that the little one had been schooled by her grandfather into a very hatred of everything pertaining to God and to His Church.

The father felt that a sacred duty was now incumbent upon him. He sought the presence of Alexandrovitch (who usually shut himself up in moody silence), and declared that he would be under the painful necessity of removing the child. A terrible scene ensued, the details of which X Y Z did not wish to place before the boys; but it was certain that his life had been actually endangered by the maniacal rage of the old man, and that it had been rather through sheer force of will than by the exertion of bodily force that he had ultimately gained the victory. He withdrew his daughter the same day from that unholy dwelling; and, for greater security, took her with all secrecy to Canada, where he placed her in a convent. He carefully concealed her whereabouts from the Sandman, as also from Katrinka, who had transferred her former blind affection for the mother to the daughter, and who was scarcely less bitter than Alexandrovitch against the man who had removed the child.

Needless to say he no longer made his own dwelling amongst surroundings so uncongenial. But it was his firm intention, when the Sandman's insensate fury had passed away, and when his child's character should be formed and her convictions settled, to bring her back again to be the comfort of her grandfather's declining years. This, however, was not to be. The girl, who had grown up as devout and as exemplary a Catholic as her father could have wished, died while still in the flower of her youth, leaving her heart-broken father to devote his remaining years to a twofold memory.

From that time forth Alexandrovitch, who had completely isolated himself from the society of his fellows, became possessed with the mad idea of stealing away children to bring them up in hatred of religion, though he usually veiled his real purpose under the vague term of "ethical culture." As the stealing of boys and their upbringing seemed to offer fewest difficulties, he made several attempts to compass his nefarious object. His plans, however, had been frustrated, save in the solitary instance of the hunchback. But it was, of course, in pursuance of this plan that he had decoyed Teddy into his Castle, with the results which have been seen.

In the accomplishment of his projects, he had utilized the apartments and various theatrical appliances which had belonged to Alexandra's theatre. The pink room wherein Kitty slept had alone preserved its original character; for there in infantile peace and happiness that other little girl had spent her earliest years, and had likewise dreamed the dreams of unclouded childhood. Needless to say it was the memory of that other which had so stirred the old man's heart at sight of Kitty, especially when arrayed in the theatrical finery; and it was this same circumstance which had caused her to exercise so potent an influence over the formidable master of the Castle.

(To be continued.)

A Familiar Term.

The Lombards were bankers and pawnbrokers as far back as the Middle Ages; and pledges were stored for safe-keeping in their rooms, called the Lombard rooms. This term finally was applied not only to the room but to the pledges themselves, and gradually came to indicate anything stored away, as the old lumber in an attic.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A very interesting paper in the October *Critic* is "The Biblical Play: A New Development of the Drama," by Thomas P. Hughes, D. D.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Chicago has published a third edition of "The Old Religion," an interesting as well as a convincing mission tract by the Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J.

—In an account of a recent Golden Jubilee celebration, one of our foreign exchanges says: "Bishop O'C. preached an eloquent occasional sermon." The use which determines whether or not a word is good English should be reputable, national, and present; and we opine that "occasional," as employed in the sentence quoted, lacks all three of these requisites.

—A conference of the parochial teachers of the diocese of Rochester, N. Y., was held at the close of last July, and the report thereof appears in a neat pamphlet of some thirty pages. More than two hundred teachers—Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of Notre Dame, and Sisters of Mercy—attended the sessions. The papers read, and the subsequent discussions, were thoroughly practical; the action taken was timely and progressive; and the net results of the conference must have been gratifying to both the religious communities concerned and the diocesan authority.

—Captain and Mrs. Bartle Teeling (a lady widely known to the reading public and a favorite contributor to THE AVE MARIA) lately celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their marriage. It was the first marriage solemnized since the Reformation in the historic Church of St. Etheldreda, London, which was built in 1297. This venerable shrine is the only pre-Reformation church in the English metropolis at present in the possession of Catholics. Mr. and Mrs. Teeling have been the recipients on the occasion of many tokens of affection, gratitude and esteem. From the Holy Father Mrs. Teeling received a special blessing in recognition of her services to Catholic literature.

—Abbotsford, the historic residence of Sir Walter Scott, has been let for the season by its owner, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, great granddaughter and only surviving direct descendant of the famous novelist. As our readers know, Abbotsford came into Catholic hands fifty years ago, when Mr. James Hope-Scott, a distinguished convert, married Sir Walter's granddaughter and heiress. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the convert's daughter, has inherited much of her illustrious ancestor's literary ability. That Scott's home should now be in the possession of devout children of the Church will not appear incongruous to those

who believe, with Cardinal Newman, that Sir Walter was the first writer in modern times to bring back Catholicism as a living reality to the minds of modern English Protestants.

—The well-known English journal *Notes and Queries*, which has been in existence fifty-five years, states that its list of constant contributors contains more than eleven hundred names. The periodical has just entered upon its tenth series.

—Retail book-dealers in many lands are discovering their most ruinous rivals in the big department stores now becoming so common in large and even medium-sized cities. The book "bargain counter" at which a \$1.50 volume may be secured for seventy-five or fifty cents, plays havoc with the modest bookseller whose business is too restricted to warrant such discounts.

—"The Lost Faith" is a collection of brief essays by Mr. William T. Browne, who is also the author of a volume of verse. We were especially interested in the essay entitled "The Mistakes of the Church," which, for the most part, is a repetition of errors and misapprehensions a thousand times refuted and corrected. Our author, we think, should have felt obliged to learn what the Church really teaches before attempting to controvert her doctrines. A serious contribution to religious literature nowadays demands intimate knowledge and more than the usual power of expression.

—Many readers of "The Old Service-Books of the English Church," the third of the series of "Antiquarian Books" now being published by Messrs. Methuen, will be surprised to learn that parts of certain church services in pre-Reformation days were given in the vernacular. The Prymer, which was the mediæval layfolks' prayer-book, was often wholly in English. A Breviary now in the library of Salisbury Cathedral, which was written about 1440, has a short service for the *Aspersio*, or sprinkling of the holy water in the nave in procession, which service is set to musical notation, and therefore plainly intended for public use. It is entirely in English, and opens with an address to the worshipers explanatory of the meaning and teaching of the service:

Remember youre promys made yn baptyism,
And chrystys mercyfull bloudshedyng,
By the wyche most holy sprynklyng
Off all youre syns youe have fre perdon.

The like service also appears in a magnificent Breviary in the British Museum. Some portions of the text of the Manual were always in the vulgar tongue. Such portions are the address made to the godparents at baptism—*dicens in*

lingua materna—with the two admonitions; the questions and the declarations, in the marriage service; and the Creed, with confession and absolution, in the visitation of the sick.

—A veritable *Lope de Vega* among fiction-writers was the late Col. Prentiss Ingraham. It is authoritatively stated that, in the thirty-four years between 1870 and the date of his death a few weeks ago, he wrote no fewer than six hundred long novels and four hundred short ones, to say nothing of contributions in prose and verse to the magazines. Col. Ingraham was not only an unusually prolific author but a notably rapid penman. T. P. O'Connor was credited with a literary *tour de force* when he wrote a life of Parnell, 15,000 words long, in two or three days; but Mr. Ingraham once wrote a 35,000-words story in twenty-four hours, from breakfast to breakfast. The mere mechanical labor involved in such a feat is something to wonder at. As to the literary value or the permanence of this novelist's output, we may adopt the answer of the puzzled student whom an examiner asked what he had to say about Caligula: "The less said about him the better."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. \$1.60, net.

The Immaculate Conception. Archbishop Ullathorne. 70 cts., net.

Poems by Richard Crashaw. Edited by A. R. Waller. \$2.

The Land of the Rosary. Sarah H. Dunn. \$1.10

In Many Lands. A Member of the Order of Mercy. \$1.50.

Strong-Arm of Avalon. Mary T. Waggaman. 85 cts.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. M. E. Waller. \$1.50.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. Don Antonio de Capmany. \$1.50, net.

Wanted—A Situation, and Other Stories. Isabel Nixon Whiteley. 60 cts.

Sabrina Warham. Laurence Housman. \$1.50.

Mary Immaculate. Father John Mary, Capuchin. 45 cts.

Pontifical Ceremonies. P. Francis Mersham, O. S. B. 90 cts., net.

A Course of Christian Doctrine. 85 cts.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. 10 cts.

The Burden of the Time. Rev. Cornelius Clifford. \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. Joseph Carmichael. 75 cts., net.

The Great Captain. Katherine Tynan Hinkson. 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. Ralph Francis Kerr. \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. Cardinal Vaughan. \$2.

In Fifty Years. Madame Belloc. 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. \$2, net.

The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.

Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ. A Kempis. \$1.25, net.

Universal History. Vol. II. Early Medieval History. Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. \$2.50.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Brochu, of the diocese of Springfield; Rev. James O'Malley, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Celestine Englebrect, O. S. B.; and Rev. Thomas Davis, O. C. C.

Mr. John Wille and Mr. Clemens Harig, of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Ellen O'Connell, Rome, N. Y.; Mrs. John Hynes, New Orleans, La.; Miss Agnes Ring, E. Boston, Mass.; Mr. Alex. Stephens and Mrs. Winifred Stephens, Hammond, Wis.; Mr. Patrick Driscoll, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Schill, Crestline, Ohio; Mrs. Robert Burch, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Michael Sullivan, Leadville, Colo.; Miss Rose McFarland, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Joanna Stack and Mrs. John Gibbons, Anoka, Minn.; Mr. J. H. Carey, Mr. Martin Clarke, Mrs. Mary Hannon, and Miss Nellie Murphy, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. James Campbell, Erie, Pa.; Mr. P. T. Ferris and Mrs. Mary Moran, Ogden, Utah; Mrs. Elizabeth Englemann, Huntington, Ind.; Mr. William Lovett, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Richard Mangan, Ballylinnen, King's Co., Ireland; Mr. Adam Kohlmann, Napoleon, Ind.; Mrs. Sarah Dougherty, Rochester, N. Y.; and Mr. Henry Surgess, Sr., Milwaukee, Wis.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

NO. 17.

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On a Mountain Shrine.

(Inscribed by the late Empress Elizabeth of Austro-Hungary.)

TRANSLATED BY RODERICK GILL.

THINE arms, O Mother, be outspread
Where here thy children meet;
And 'neath thy hands be comforted
The valley at thy feet!
O guard our little dwelling there,
Though tempests round it play!
Safe may it stand within thy care—
O Full of Grace—we pray!

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines.

BY THE HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT, UNITED STATES
SECRETARY OF WAR.

(CONCLUSION.)

THINK I have sufficiently stated and explained the questions between the Church and the government to show that they were serious obstacles to the progress of the American government, if steps were not immediately taken to secure a settlement of them. It is not too much to say that the Church was as anxious to bring about a settlement as was the government. The commission recommended the purchase of the friars' lands as a solution of the difficulties arising with respect to them. It had been fairly well ascertained that if the government bought the lands, the government as a landlord

would have less difficulty in dealing with the tenants than it would have in enforcing the rights of the friars as landlords; and that by offering to the tenants opportunity to purchase the lands on small annual payments for ten or twenty years, a transfer of the lands to the tenants might probably be effected without much, if any, pecuniary loss to the government.

Through a prominent American prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, it was intimated by the Vatican to Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, that if an agent of the government could be sent to Rome, the settlement of all these questions might be greatly facilitated by direct negotiation with the head of the Roman Church. The issue was presented to the President and the Secretary of War whether they ought to take the responsibility of a direct communication with the Vatican in the settlement of these questions. Of course the immediate objection to this was the possibility of severe condemnation by the non-Catholics of America, on the ground that it was a radical departure from the traditions of the government, and would be establishing diplomatic relations with the head of the Roman Church, inconsistent with the separation of Church and State always maintained by our government. There was the natural fear that the purpose of the visit might thus be misconstrued and that a sectarian feeling would be aroused; so that the visit, instead of contributing to the solution

of the difficulties in the Philippines, might prove to be a most serious obstacle. On the other hand, the President and Secretary of War thought it possible, after full and frank consultation with many leading clergymen of various denominations, to rely on the clear judgment and common-sense and liberality of all the American people, who must see the supreme difficulties and exceptional character of the problem which the government had to meet in the Philippine Islands, and would welcome any reasonable step toward its solution.

It was a business proposition. Was it wiser to deal with an agent of the great corporation of the Roman Church in the Philippine Islands or with the head of the Church at Rome? The disadvantage of dealing with an agent in the Philippine Islands was that, unless direct and satisfactory communication was established with the head of the Church, the representatives of the Church in the Islands would be likely to be more or less under the influence of the Spanish friars, whose attitude with respect to the questions to be decided could not be expected, under the circumstances, to be impartial and free from bias. It was concluded, therefore, to accept the informal invitation and to send a representative to the Vatican to deal directly with the Pope, and with the Congregation of Cardinals, to whom in the ordinary course of business he would probably assign the matter.

I was then the Governor of the Philippine Islands, visiting this country for the purpose of testifying before the Congressional Committees on Philippine Affairs. It was thought appropriate that I should represent the government of the United States in the conferences at Rome. Judge James F. Smith, of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, a Roman Catholic, then on leave in this country, was assigned to accompany me. In addition Bishop

Thomas O'Gorman, Catholic Bishop of Sioux Falls, who had lived a long time in Rome and spoke French with much fluency, and Colonel John Biddle Porter, of the Judge Advocate's Corps of the Army, who also spoke French, made up the party. It was properly thought that Bishop O'Gorman's familiarity with the methods of doing business in the Vatican would be of much assistance to me in carrying on the negotiation. This proved to be in every way true. Bishop O'Gorman preceded us in the visit to Rome by about two weeks, and met us at Naples when the rest of us landed from the North German Lloyd steamer on our way to Rome. I had received a letter of instruction from the Secretary of War, a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State to Cardinal Rampolla, and a personal letter of courtesy and greeting from President Roosevelt to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

We first called upon Cardinal Rampolla, who received us cordially, and indicated the time when the Pope would receive us in audience. At the appointed hour, through the magnificent chambers of the Vatican, we were escorted into the presence of Leo XIII. From the moment that we were presented to the Pope until his death, we were constantly being made conscious of the fact that he took a real personal interest in the solution of the difficult problems which had to be solved between the Church and the Philippine government; and that he intended, so far as lay in his power, to bring about the most friendly relation between the United States in the Philippines and the church authorities. He received us most graciously, directed us to seats immediately in front of him, listened attentively while the address which I had prepared, and which had been translated into French, was read to him by Colonel Porter. He responded in

remarks of perhaps fifteen minutes in length, showing that he had caught the points which were presented to him in the address and fully understood them. Our audience was held with him, without the presence of any adviser, cardinal, priest or attendant.

I had always had great admiration for Leo XIII. because of his statesman-like grasp of the many portentous questions that were presented to him for discussion and solution; but I had supposed that in the latter years of his pontificate he had become so feeble as to be not much more than a lay figure in the Papal government, and that, except for a mere formal greeting and salutation, we should have to transact our business with the Curia. I was greatly surprised, therefore, to find this grand old man of ninety-two, though somewhat bent in years and delicate-looking, still able to walk about; and, what was more remarkable, keen and active in his mind, easily following the conversation and addresses made to him, and responding with a promptness and clearness of intellectual vision rarely found in men of old age. Nothing could exceed the cordial graciousness and simple, kindly manner with which he received us. After the serious part of the audience had been concluded, he made inquiries after our families and our health, and lightened the conversation with a genial wit and sense of humor that were very charming. He assured us of his great delight at our coming and of his determination to insure the success of our visit.

After our first audience with the Pope, I presented my letter of instruction to Cardinal Rampolla, which was referred by him to the proper Congregation of Cardinals, and the negotiations thereafter were in writing. The answer of the Vatican to the Secretary of War's instructions contained a general acquiescence in the desire of the government of the United States to purchase

the friars' lands, and an announcement of the Vatican's intention to effect a change in the personnel of the priests in the Islands, by a gradual substitution for the Spanish friars of priests of other nationalities, with the ultimate purpose of fitting Filipinos for the clergy; and a proposal that all the matters pending should be turned over for settlement to a conference between an Apostolic Delegate to be sent to the Islands and the officers of the Insular Government.

The correspondence has been published, and I shall not weary you with its details further than to say that, in the response to the first letter received from Cardinal Rampolla, we thought it proper to propose a definite contract between the government of the Islands and the Vatican for the purchase of the lands, at a price to be fixed by a tribunal of arbitration, which should pass not only upon the price of the lands but also upon the question of the trust foundations already referred to, and which should fix for the approval of Congress the amount of rent and damages due for the occupation of the churches and conventos by the United States troops. It was further proposed that this contract should have a condition by which the Vatican would agree to withdraw the friars in the course of three years.

To this condition the Vatican declined to agree. It was willing to make a definite contract for arbitration, but it declined to agree as one of its terms to withdraw the friars from the Islands: first, because that was a question of religious discipline which, it did not think, ought to form a term of a commercial contract; secondly, because it did not desire, by such a stipulation, to reflect upon the Spanish religious Orders, and thus give apparent support to the slanders which had been published against the Orders by their enemies; and, thirdly, because such agreement would be offensive to Spain.

We, on the part of the United States, under the instructions of the Secretary of War, did not feel authorized to enter into a contract of arbitration, with all the uncertainty as to the extent of the obligation assumed, if it did not include as a consideration the withdrawal of the Spanish friars; and accordingly we reverted to the general agreement proposed in the Vatican's first letter, in which the Church indicated its approval of the purchase of the lands, and the settlement of the other questions by negotiation with an Apostolic Delegate to be sent with full powers to Manila.

We were honored by a second audience with Leo XIII. on our departure. We had received at his hands great courtesy, had been invited to attend his consistory held while we were in Rome, and had much enjoyed that interesting occasion. He talked to us on the subject of the Philippines for some twenty or thirty minutes, and assured us again of his intense interest in the friendly solution of the questions arising there, and of his determination that they should all be solved to the satisfaction of the American government. He intimated that while we had not possibly been as successful as we hoped, we would find that through his Apostolic Delegate, whom he would send, the whole matter would be worked out to our satisfaction.

I count it one of the opportunities of my life to have had the honor of a personal interview with so great an historical figure. Fragile in body almost to the point of transparency, with beautiful eyes, and a continuing smile full of benignity and charity, he seemed a being whose life could be blown out like a candle flame; and yet there was no apparent failing of intellectual vigor or keenness, and there were all the charm of manner and courtesy of the high-bred Italian.

After the conclusion of the negotiations at Rome, I proceeded to the Philippine Islands to resume the duties of Governor. Within four or five months I was followed by the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Jean Baptiste Guidi, titular Archbishop of Stauropoli. From that time until I left the Islands in December, 1903, I was constantly in conference with Monsignor Guidi. Nothing could have proven more conclusively the sincerity of the Pope's desire to establish friendly relations with the American government in the Philippines, and to bring about a solution satisfactory to both sides, than his selection of Monsignor Guidi as Apostolic Delegate. He was a man of the widest political and diplomatic experience. He was a Roman, but had lived in Germany for fourteen years; had been the Secretary of the Papal Nuncio at Berlin; had himself been the Papal Nuncio in Brazil and in Ecuador and the United States of Colombia; and had visited America, where a brother, Father Guidi, had lived for twenty years as a Jesuit priest among the Indians in the Rocky Mountains. He was a profound student of comparative philology, spoke a dozen languages, was a man of affairs, and dealt in the largest and most liberal way with questions presented to him.

When we began the negotiations for fixing the price of the friars' lands, the task seemed a hopeless one. Monsignor Guidi labored under the great disadvantage that, while he was anxious to bring about a sale, he could not control the owners of the lands. The transfer to promoting corporations had apparently put the decision as to the price in the hands of promoters,—persons not so much interested in a solution of the problem as in the mere question of the amount of money which should be secured. For more than a year and a half the negotiations were continued; evidence was taken as to the value of

the lands, and finally by great good fortune we were able to reach an agreement, and signed contracts for the purchase and sale of the lands the day before I set sail from Manila to return to Washington—on the 24th of December, 1903.

The first offers on the part of the owners aggregated \$12,500,000: our first offer was \$6,000,000. Their second offer was \$10,500,000: we raised our offer \$1,500,000; and this price of \$7,500,000 was agreed to as a basis, on condition that there should be left out of the sale one hacienda already sold to a railroad company, compensation for which in the price would reduce it to \$7,200,000. A deficiency in area has now reduced the price to about \$7,000,000. The evidence taken as to their value is printed as an appendix to the report of the Governor for 1903. The question of the value of agricultural lands like these is, of course, a mere matter of opinion which can not be settled with certainty. My own view is that the price paid for the lands under present conditions is a good one and certainly fair to the vendors; but that if prosperity returns to the Islands, and if the development follow which we have a reasonable ground for supposing will follow, the government will be able to recoup itself by the price at which it can sell the lands to the tenants, and thus discharge the debt which it has now contracted in order to pay the purchase price of the lands. The contract of purchase provided for a resurvey of the lands, or rather a joint survey, and also that a good merchantable title should be furnished.

With three of the four promoting companies we have reached a satisfactory conclusion, and the money will be paid within a few days. With the fourth—the company representing the Dominican lands—there has been considerable dispute over the contract price

and the title. We have the money ready to pay in a New York bank, but there is such a deficiency in the area that it must be compensated for under the contract by an abatement of the price. I am glad to say that the last dispatch I had from Governor Wright indicates that the Spanish gentleman representing the promoting company, after threatening to break off negotiation, has concluded to be reasonable, and that a settlement with the fourth company is near at hand.

There is, we understand, some question as to the division of the money between the Religious Orders and the Church. The Vatican has intimated that a very considerable part of the money paid ought to be retained in the Philippines for the purpose of maintaining the Church; and of course all who are interested in the Islands must be interested in having as large a fund as possible to assist in the restoration of the Church of the majority to a prosperous condition. It would seem that the Church might very well say to the friars that much of the money which they had accumulated was earned through their administration of church matters as parish priests, and that that money at least ought to be retained for general church purposes in the Islands. However, this is a matter with which we, as representatives of the civil government, have nothing to do; though in its solution we properly have a general interest, growing out of our interest in everything which concerns the welfare of the people of the Islands; and the prosperity of all Christian churches among them certainly tends to their betterment.

Nothing has been done toward a solution of the trust questions, because there was not time for Archbishop Guidi and me to reach those less pressing matters. The amount to be paid by the government of the United States

for the occupation of the churches and conventos is in the process of being ascertained. Evidence has been taken on both sides, and I have no doubt that with the coming of the new Delegate a proper sum can speedily be reached. This leads me to express my deep regret that Monsignor Guidi, the Apostolic Delegate, died from heart disease last June in Manila. I regretted this both personally and officially, because we were very warm friends. He had become so familiar with all the questions, and had approached them with so statesmanlike and liberal a spirit, that I am convinced that with his assistance all the questions awaiting solution would have been speedily settled. I have not the pleasure or the honor of the acquaintance of the new Apostolic Delegate, but I am assured that he is a worthy successor of Monsignor Guidi. If so, we may look forward to an early conclusion of all the differences that now exist.

I ought to say that, though the Vatican declined as a term of the contract to withdraw the Spanish friars from the Philippines, they have been very largely reduced in number,—indeed, in a much shorter time than that in which we asked the Vatican to stipulate they should be. There were over 1000 friars in the Philippines in 1898: by the 1st of January, 1904, they had been reduced to 246; and 83 of these were Dominicans who have renounced the right to go into the parishes and have devoted themselves to education. Fifty of the remainder are infirm and unable to do any work, or indeed to leave the Islands on account of the danger of the change of climate; so that there are only a few more than 100 available to be sent back to the parishes; and of these many are so engaged in educational work as to make it impracticable for them to act as parish priests. The consequence is that, as there are more than 900 parishes, the question of the

intervention of the Spanish friars in the Islands as parish priests ceases to be important.

When the Filipinos were advised that the Roman Pontiff would not formally and by contract agree to withdraw the friars as a condition of the purchase of the lands, Aglipay; a former Catholic priest, took advantage of the disappointment felt at the announcement to organize a schism, and to found what he calls the "Independent Filipino Catholic Church."

Aglipay had been a priest rather favored by the Spanish hierarchy. He had been made the grand vicar or the diocese of Nueva Segovia, of which Vigan is the head. When Aguinaldo, with his government, was at Malolos, and afterward at Tarlac, Aglipay appeared and acted as his chief religious adviser. He was called to Manila by the archbishop; and, declining to go, was excommunicated. Subsequently he was given a guerrilla command in Ilocos Norte, and as a guerrilla leader acquired a rather unenviable reputation for insubordination. His generalissimo, Tinio, issued an order (which I have seen) directing that he be seized and captured wherever found and turned over to the military authorities for punishment as a bandit. However, he surrendered among others, and gave over his forces to the United States.

Popular hatred of the friars gave force to his movement, and he had the sympathy of many wealthy and educated Filipinos, who declined to join his church and were not willing to leave the Roman communion, but whose dislike for the friars and their control aroused their opposition to the apparent course of Rome in this matter. The adherents of Aglipay came largely from the poorer people throughout the Islands. The vicious and turbulent all joined the ranks; every demagogue and every disappointed politician, who saw the initial

rapid increase in the membership of the new church, joined it in order to get the benefit of its supposed political strength. The use of the words "independent Filipino" in the name of the church was probably intended to secure popular support, though it was not an improper use of the words to describe such a schism. In this way it has occurred that politicians have made Aglipayism mean one thing in one place and another thing in another; and that while generally it may be said that the church is recruited from those who would join an insurrection if opportunity offered, and embraces most of those enrolled in the Nationalist party, whose platform favors immediate independence, there are many respectable followers of Aglipay, not Nationalists, who separated from the Roman Church chiefly on the basis of opposition to the friars. Aguinaldo was one of the first to enroll himself as a follower of Aglipay, and published a letter advising Filipinos generally to do so.

Aglipay has installed himself as *Obispo Maximo* of the Independent Filipino Catholic Church, and has created fifteen or twenty bishops. He and his bishops have organized churches in various provinces. Of course the first business of the new church authorities is to secure church buildings and property, and they turn with longing eyes to the churches and parish houses heretofore used by the Roman Catholic Church. They maintain that these churches are really government property, and that therefore the people of the Islands may, if they wish, properly take them from the authorities of the Roman Church and give them to the Independent Filipino Catholic Church. There are churches and chapels which have not been occupied as such by the Roman Catholic Church for four or five years, because of the inadequate number of priests. In some of these

church and chapel buildings, with the consent of the townspeople, priests of the Aglipayan church have set up their worship. In other places church buildings have been constructed of temporary materials.

Aglipay looks forward to the early independence of the Islands; because, as he says, he expects that under a Filipino government all the property now held by the Roman Church in the Islands will be properly appropriated to the benefit of the Independent Filipino Catholic Church, then to become the State Church. The possibility that confiscation of church property might follow the leaving of the Islands by the Americans in the near future, may be judged somewhat by the action of the Aguinaldo government in confiscating the friar lands; though, of course, the feeling against the friars was much stronger than Aglipay could arouse against the Roman Church. This government in giving up control of the Islands could require as a condition from the new government that no such confiscation of church lands should take place; but it is doubtful of how much avail a stipulation of this character would be, if courts organized under the new government were to hold that all the property in possession of the Roman Church in the Islands were really government property. But would not the majority of good Roman Catholics among the people prevent such proceedings in case of Philippine independence? I do not know. It is possible. The difficulty with the Filipino people, however, has heretofore been that when the guiding and restraining hand of Spain or the United States has been withdrawn, it has been the violent and the extremists who have come to the front and seized the helm.

Let us examine somewhat more in detail what this question of the title of the parish churches and conventos is. Under the Concordat with Spain,

Spain, by reason of the control of church matters which was given her, assumed the obligation to construct the churches and conventos and to pay the priests a yearly stipend. As we have already seen, the parish priest, who was usually a friar, had absolute control over the people and parish where he lived. He induced the people to contribute material and work to the construction of the church, to the building of the parish house, or convento, and the laying out of the cemetery. He selected his site in the most prominent place in the town, usually upon the public square. The title in the site was either in the municipality itself or in the central government of Spain as the Crown land. The close union of Church and State made it unnecessary to procure a formal patent from the State to the Church, and so it is that many of the churches stand upon what the records show to be public property. Now, in towns in which a majority of the people belong to the Aglipayan church (and there are such towns), it is quite natural that they should think that the church, convento, and cemetery belong to the municipality, and so should be used as desired by the majority of the people of the municipality. In some instances the native parish priest himself has deserted the Roman communion and has joined the Aglipayan church. In such cases the priest has simply turned over to the municipality the possession of the church, convento, and cemetery, and received it back as a priest of the Aglipayan church at the instance of the people of the municipality.

Personally, as a lawyer, I am convinced that in most cases the churches, conventos, and cemeteries belong, not to the people of the municipality or to the municipality, but to the Roman Catholics of the parish; that they were given to be used by the Roman Catholics of the parish for Roman Catholic

worship, for the residence of the Roman Catholic priest, and for the interment of Roman Catholics; that this was a trust which required, if completely executed, that the title should be, according to canon law, in the bishop of the diocese; and that, therefore, the Roman Catholic Church is entitled to possession, through its priests, for the benefit of the Catholics of the parish. This opinion of mine is founded on an official opinion given by the Solicitor-General, a Filipino lawyer of the highest ability. But it, of course, can not control the decisions of the courts when their opinion is invoked upon the issue; and what their opinion is can be authoritatively settled only by suits brought and decided; for this is a question which, because of its importance, might very well be carried through the Supreme Court of the Islands to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Executive has been powerless to prevent a change of possession where that change of possession was peaceable and effected without violence or disturbance of the peace. The only recourse for the Roman Church in such cases is to the courts. Both sides have avoided the courts on the ground that it would be expensive to go to them, and have looked to the Executive to assist them. Much feeling exists over these questions of property; and we find that good, conscientious Catholics, including some of the American bishops in the Philippines, insist that it is the business of the Executive to determine in advance the question of title or rightful possession and to turn the Aglipayans out. Such a course would involve the Executive in all sorts of difficulties, and is contrary to our principles of judicature, in that it would be taking from the municipalities, without due process of law, something of which they were in possession. It is said that because

municipalities are merely the arm of the central government, and because, as the Executive ought to know, the municipalities have no title to the property, it is his business as the executive and superior of the municipalities to order them out of possession. But the difficulty here is that under the Treaty of Paris the property of the municipality, as well as the property of the religious Orders, is declared to be inviolate by the central government; and it would, therefore, savor of most arbitrary action were the governor to declare the title in advance and direct the municipality to give up possession. In other words, the municipality in such action is to be treated as a quasi-citizen and as having property rights over which the central government has no arbitrary control.

The Philippine government is now engaged in preparing for the establishment of a special tribunal which shall go through the provinces and consider all the questions arising from the churches and conventos and cemeteries, decide the same, and place the judgments in the hands of the Executive and have them executed. In this way—a burning question, and one which is likely to involve a great deal of bitterness and perhaps disturb the public peace, can be disposed of with least friction, with least expense, with greatest speed, and with a due regard to everybody's rights.

Archbishop Guidi adopted the policy, which I can not but think is the wise one, of accepting the resignation of the Spanish archbishop and bishops who had formed the hierarchy in the Philippine Islands, and all of whom were friars; and appointing in their places one Filipino bishop, an American archbishop of Manila, and three American bishops. I speak with considerable knowledge when I say that the work which these prelates

will have to perform in order that they may be successful will require an immense amount of patience, charity, self-sacrifice, self-restraint, and hard work; but ultimately the reward for their labors will come, and when it comes will be amply worth all the effort. I sincerely hope that the coming of the Catholic bishops means the gradual increase of the number of American priests who may be induced to take parishes in the Islands, and to instruct the native clergy, both by precept and example, in what constitutes a model priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The elevation of the priesthood in those Islands means much for the elevation of the people. The American priests are used to free government, to a separation of Church and State, and to a church independent of political control and political manipulation.

I am not a Catholic, and as a member of the government I have no right to favor one sect or denomination more than another; but I have a deep interest in the welfare of the Philippine Islands, as any one charged with the civil government of them must have. And when I know that a majority of the people there are sincere Roman Catholics, anything which tends to elevate them in their church relation is, I must think, for the benefit of the government and the welfare of the people at large.

There are Protestant missionaries in the Islands. They have done excellent work. They have conducted themselves with the utmost propriety and tact; and there has been very little, if any, conflict between them and the Roman Catholics. If any one is interested in the local differences growing out of the presence in the Islands of the Roman Catholics, the Aglipayans and the Protestants, which have been brought to the attention of the executive of the Islands for action, he can find a full

account of them as an appendix to the Report of the Civil Governor of the Islands for 1903. There is work enough in the Philippines for all denominations. The schools and charities which all denominations are projecting will accomplish much for the benefit of those aided; and the Christian competition—if I may properly use such a term—among the denominations in doing good will furnish the strongest motive for the maintenance of a high standard of life, character and works among all the clergy, and so promote the general welfare.

One subject I must touch upon before I close, and that is the public schools and the teaching of religion. Under the limitations of the Constitution and the instructions of President McKinley requiring us to keep Church and State separate, we could not expend the public money for the teaching of religion; but we provided in the school law that, at the instance of the parents of the children, for a certain time each week the schoolhouse could be occupied for the teaching of religion by the minister of any church established in the town or by any one designated by him. I am glad to say that this provision is working satisfactorily. In many towns, by arrangement, the public schools have their sessions in the morning and the catechism schools are held in the churches in the afternoon.

The Roman Catholics of this country and the Philippines have, not unnaturally, felt sensitive over the fact that a considerable majority of the American schoolteachers were Protestants. This arose from the simple fact that the number of Protestant teachers disengaged and able to go to the Philippines was very much greater than Catholic teachers so situated. However, it must not be forgotten that all Filipino teachers—three thousand in number, and more than three times as many as the American teachers—are Catholics.

Naturally, the Filipino teachers come much nearer to the children of the primary schools than do the American teachers. Again, we have imposed the severest penalty upon any teacher found trying to proselyte or to teach children ideas in favor of one religion or against another. The Secretary of Public Instruction and the Superintendent of Schools in Manila are both Roman Catholics, so that it is unlikely that any discrimination against their religion will be permitted in the school system. The American teachers in the Philippines are of necessity temporary. The ultimate object of the public school system is to secure ten or fifteen thousand Filipino teachers who will be able to teach all branches in English. They certainly are not likely to be prejudiced against the Catholic Church.

Of course it is the duty of this government and all acting under it to treat every denomination with strict impartiality, and to secure the utmost freedom of religious worship for all. It is natural that a good Catholic without government responsibility should hold Aglipay and his followers in abhorrence as apostates from the true Church as he believes it; and should view with little patience governmental recognition of them as a new church entitled to as much protection, when they do not violate the law or the rights of others, as either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant denomination. But neither the civil government under American principles of freedom of religion, nor any officer thereof, whatever may be his religious predilections, can examine into the creed or history of a church or determine its virtue or shortcomings, but must secure its members in their right to worship God as they choose, so long as they keep within the laws and violate no one's rights. Of course where the government owes money or

is under any other legal obligation to a church, it may properly facilitate the negotiation of a settlement and the payment of the money or the performance of its obligation, from the proper motive not only of doing justice but also of generally aiding those institutions which make for the moral and religious elevation of the people. On this ground, and because of the danger of the disturbance of the peace from such controversy, it may properly provide special judicial tribunals for suits between churches over property.

It is a mistake to suppose that the American government is opposed to the success and prosperity of churches. It favors their progress; it exempts them from taxation; it protects their worship from disturbance; it passes laws for their legal incorporation. But it can not discriminate in favor of one or against another. It must treat all alike. It is exceedingly difficult, however, in the heat of religious controversy between sects, to convince both sides that the course of the government is free from favor to either party. We have not escaped criticism, first from one side and then the other, in the Philippines; but a perusal of the record of each controversy, contained in the Governor's report for 1903 already referred to, will show that the government has attempted to pursue the middle line and has fairly well succeeded.

In closing this long and somewhat desultory discussion, I can not refrain from expressing my gratification that, on the whole, the Administration in this country has found the utmost liberality of view among American Catholics and Protestants alike in the manner in which its efforts to solve these delicate religious questions have been received and commented on. While there has been some bitter condemnation of the course taken, it seemed to come only from extremists on one side or the other, and was not shared in,

I think, by the great body of Catholics and Protestants. It speaks volumes for the religious tolerance of the present day that the motives of the Administration in sending an agent to Rome for negotiation were not generally misconstrued, and that the result of that negotiation has met with the general and intelligent approval of all denominations. I do not think that such a result would have been possible in this nation thirty years ago, or that a similar tolerance and liberality could be found to exist between different religious denominations of any other country.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

II.—THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

THE next morning at sunrise, Sebastian was awakened by Humphrey's letting the light into his room.

"It's our ride, father. You've not forgotten? Is it too early?"

Sebastian stared at him, not fully awake.

"It's scarcely believable that you're at home again," he said; and sighed, as though from relief after long pain. "You see I never expected it," he went on, half apologetically. "I've thought so much about your becoming a priest, and how great you were to be, and how learned you were already, and I've been so proud. But I never dreamed that I should have you again for a whole year." He laughed. Then springing out of bed: "Go and order the horses, Humphrey, and some coffee, and I'll follow you."

And Humphrey went, too full of thoughts for speech.

He was silent, too, as they rode, his father's words still sounding in

his heart. He remembered Sebastian's letters during the past years, how cheerful they had been, how full of sympathy and interest. Then he recalled Anselm's words: 'Come home. Your father needs you.' And he seemed to realize, as if for the first time, the greatness of Sebastian's spirit.

Sebastian rode beside him meanwhile, unconscious, until, catching the grave absorption of his son's face, he inquired anxiously:

"You're not disappointed, are you? How do you like him?"

And Humphrey, coming back with a start to the reality he had been dreaming about, answered:

"It's like riding on wind or water."

So Sebastian smiled, well satisfied.

The white horse, named Elzevir by Humphrey, overpassed its promise, and became an ever-increasing joy to its master. He took himself to task, on the days he and Mirvan spent in the forest, for the regretful thoughts that travelled to the stable and its idle occupant. For Mirvan took no pleasure in riding except as a means of passage. His intimate and sympathetic understanding of wild creatures made him unresponsive to the direct appeal of a tame and dependent animal. The presence of a horse annoyed him, limited the freedom of his movements, and frightened away the birds and beasts he loved to watch, and it brought him no compensation for the loss. He knew not Humphrey's glad sense of close companionship with a creature once wild, but now his familiar friend.

To Mirvan it seemed an offence against the beauty of these wild things to bring them, even by gentleness, into subjection to man. His love expressed itself in a reverent watchfulness of their independent ways. He knew the distinct note of every bird, however undistinguishable to other ears. The lightest rustle as he passed had a meaning for him; and he would often

remain motionless for hours at a time, quietly looking and listening, until birds and beasts threw off the sacred reserve of their daily life, and admitted him to their worship of feast and song. They came close to him where he sat or lay, as if he were indeed a part of the passive nature in which they were at home. Humphrey felt himself, when in Mirvan's conduct, to be one of the laity, the high-priest's companion for the time, admitted by courtesy to the mysteries of nature.

Such forest wanderings with Mirvan, and the rides with his father or alone, filled these early days; and the time, with that fatal trick which attends all times of continuous happiness, began to move faster, each separate hour unmarked. The day of Humphrey's promise to St. Minver broke in upon the charm. Mirvan had entirely forgotten it, and, wandering idly into Humphrey's room, found him in his festival dress.

"You are going out?" he asked, astonished.

Humphrey reminded him.

"So you're going to *that place!*" Mirvan exclaimed, in disgust. "And you'll be late, I suppose; and we might have had music the whole evening."

"I won't be late," Humphrey said. "I can get away early; and if you are not in bed, we can still have some music."

Mirvan's face lightened and his mood changed.

"I suppose I'm very troublesome," he said,—"always wanting to keep you. And of course other people want to see you too."

This was such an unwonted tolerance on the part of his cousin that Humphrey laughed.

"I think Aloys and his friends can survive the loss," he said. "Have that sonata ready for me, Mirvan; and I'll think about it all the time I'm paying compliments and talking nonsense."

They were on the stairs in the half

darkness as Humphrey said these words, and he did not see the anxious frown that crossed Mirvan's face as he heard them.

They had the sonata, and Mirvan asked no questions about the evening. He would have liked to ask whom his cousin had met, but he refrained; and Humphrey, who had forgotten the whole affair the instant he was outside the door, told him nothing.

But the social problem, though it began with St. Minver, did not end there. Lonely as the Castle was, it lay not beyond the reach of neighbors; and from these, as soon as they had knowledge of Humphrey's return, came frequent visits and invitations. The old town of Brücken, eight miles away, was a small centre of gaiety for the surrounding families. Eight miles in those days was counted no hindrance,—nor was it, to an idle and active generation; and the solitude of Oldenburg began to be constantly invaded and disturbed.

Humphrey was young, and his easy manners made him easily liked. He was counted an acquisition among the youth of his own age; and it became the fashion to deprecate his renunciation of the world for the priesthood, while yet this very renunciation invested him with an unexplained charm in the world's eyes. He was sought after as might be some distinguished traveller soon to depart.

Mirvan bore all this very badly. His old sense of the unworthiness of the companions who took Humphrey away from him was strong upon his mind; and with it came a new hint of haunting apprehension, unknown before, and as yet not fully understood even by himself. For in one important respect this society differed from the gatherings at the university, and contained, to Mirvan's mind, a new and far deeper peril. Excepting his mother and Lucia, Mirvan had known no women all his

life; and his idealism, including as it did a faith in their supreme power for good, was accompanied by a stern belief in their actual power for evil, exaggerated to nightmare proportions through his lack of experience.

Humphrey's light words, dropped from time to time in the most utter, unthinking indifference, and implying a kind of social intercourse which was a foreign language to Mirvan's simplicity, haunted him and filled him with fears. He forgot that Humphrey, though he had from the beginning renounced the world, had already been through a worldly experience a hundredfold as wide as his own. He might have taken some comfort from the argument that if his cousin came unscathed out of his years in France and Italy, he might perhaps walk the fiery furnace of Brücken without hurt. But Mirvan had no knowledge and no imagination as to this part of Humphrey's life. He thought of him as a defenceless and inexperienced soul thrown loose upon a sea of wickedness, and he could think of no measure for his safety but drawing him forcibly to land.

Had Humphrey known of the distress Mirvan was suffering on his account, he might perhaps have explained it away; for he had learned to submit to the explanations he disliked. But Mirvan was not the Mirvan of three years ago. He, too, had learned from time, and could control, if not his feeling, at least sometimes its expression. He shrank from spoiling Humphrey's holiday by complaint and criticism. Moreover, he would not fully face the dread that startled him, but hid it away in a painful darkness full of uncertain suspicions.

Humphrey could not be unaware of his cousin's fitful, dissatisfied moods; but he knew Mirvan's hatred of all society, his innate solitariness, and was not surprised, never dreaming that he himself could be in any special sense

the cause. He cared so slightly for those people whom he met or visited, that he could not conceive their being regarded as influencing him at all for good or ill. It was part of his holiday, after all these years of deliberate and conscious training, to do what chanced at each passing moment, to follow any one's suggestion rather than his own will, and feel that what he did was of no moment. To forget to be conscious of himself, in short, was Humphrey's idea of happiness.

Yet he could not but see Mirvan's discontent, and it troubled him. After a few weeks of silence he broke it with a question:

"Something is the matter, Mirvan. What is it?"

They were walking in the woods, Mirvan wrapped in his own troubled thoughts. The sudden question roused and startled him to a direct answer.

"I am anxious about those friends of yours," he said.

"The Burgers do you mean?"—Humphrey named his recent hosts. "What's the matter with them? They seemed all right yesterday."

Mirvan made an impatient gesture, but vouchsafed no other answer.

Humphrey was swift to reach a conclusion when once he held the clue. He remarked:

"I think it is *me* you are anxious about. What particular peril environs me just now?"

Mirvan remained silent. He was often in doubt as to whether Humphrey was serious or not.

"Last night," the other went on, in the same intangible tone, "I talked the whole evening through to one lady. Was there danger in that?"

Mirvan stared at him like one who sees the spirit of his fear embodied.

"You danced with no one else?" he said slowly.

"I did not dance at all," Humphrey answered, with a half smile.

Again Mirvan was silent. When he spoke it was in a constrained voice, not his own:

"You must admire her exceedingly. Have you met her often before?"

"Several times."

Silence again.

"You don't ask who she was," Humphrey observed.

"Who was she?" Mirvan repeated, like a child saying its lesson.

"It was the Baroness Zilden," Humphrey replied.

Mirvan looked unenlightened. He strove to speak naturally.

"I suppose she is daughter to the old lady who comes sometimes to consult Sebastian about her estate?"

"She has no daughters, only sons," Humphrey answered. Whereupon he laughed. "It was the old Baroness herself. She was six times as interesting as any one else there."

Mirvan smiled, but not happily.

"Does her being over sixty make her more or less perilous?" said Humphrey. "It makes her infinitely more attractive, so she's more dangerous to me than all the younger beauties. What are you afraid of, Mirvan? They can't want to marry me, for they know my hope is to be a priest."

"That is just it!" Mirvan cried. "You estimate people so generously. But you may be deceived. They are not always good."

"I estimate them as I find them," Humphrey answered. "I don't feel I need decide about their goodness."

"Not unless it hurts your own," said Mirvan, half under his breath.

Humphrey was silent for a moment, pondering this statement. Then he said, with a smile:

"I shall trust to you to warn me when I am beginning to be a villain."

And Mirvan realized, for that time at least, how shadowy and unreal were his fears, and he laughed.

But Humphrey saw that the ghost

was not laid, and would reappear hereafter. He knew it to be the most absurd, self-created anxiety; but Mirvan had a special privilege to be absurd if he pleased. Humphrey could laugh at him.

Mirvan, on his part, seemed to repent of his suspicions and fears. His manner toward Humphrey became diffident and regretful, as though he had unwittingly injured him in his heart. Perhaps he felt that he really had condemned without knowledge; for when Humphrey was going out some few evenings later, he was astonished by Mirvan's suggestion to accompany him.

"I think you'd better not," he said; "for I'm going to St. Minver's. They'll be glad to see you, of course; but I know you won't care for it. I must go, but there isn't the least need for you to immolate yourself as well."

"I wish it very much," Mirvan said.

And Humphrey, who read his reasons plain as a book, laughed a little, and consented, not without a tremor.

For had Mirvan made conscious choice among all their acquaintance, he could not have fallen upon a house more likely than St. Minver's to justify his passionate prejudice against society. The mother of Aloys, dead Lucia's elder sister, had married a rich merchant, and with the help of his money and her own determination had achieved the worldly success Lucia had pined after in vain. She was stronger and harder than Lucia, with none but material hopes and standards. Where Lucia fretted and failed, she forced her way and gained her ends. Even Humphrey found little to say in her defence; and when she was under discussion his silence became a revelation. Sebastian, too, remembered only that she was Lucia's sister, and withheld his judgment. He was not so circumspect with regard to her hopeful son. Aloys, with his florid looks and his conceit of himself, stirred in Sebastian

something as near to contempt as he was capable of feeling. Humphrey having one day put forward the idea that Aloys was not wholly bad, Sebastian laughed, saying:

"No: he hasn't wit enough to be wholly anything. He's a delightful combination of the feebler vices."

It was at this house that Mirvan elected to open his social campaign. It must be acknowledged that as they came near to the door Humphrey was full of misgivings. He said to Mirvan as they drew rein:

"Promise you won't make a scene, Mirvan, however much you hate it."

"I promise," replied Mirvan.

And he kept his word. He not only maintained a demeanor of determined, if lofty, peacefulness toward all, but he forbore, openly at least, to interest himself in any way in Humphrey's sayings and doings. Humphrey had expected to have for his close companion through the evening a kind of shadow—shy and critical, humble and fierce, all at once. No such thing happened. After they had paid their respects to the hostess, Humphrey directly lost sight of his cousin, not to find him again until they were ready to take leave; having seen him in the meantime only twice, and then at a distance. The first time he was wandering absently through one of the rooms, and had seemingly forgotten his surroundings. He smiled at Humphrey as though they were alone, but did not offer to join him. The second time he was standing near a group of talkers, he himself silent.

Humphrey did not ask the result of his evening's experience, nor did he learn it until some days later. In the meantime Mirvan's manner was exceptionally grave, abstracted, and gentle. His eyes watched Humphrey at times with a look Humphrey could not read; and when his gaze was encountered, he turned away with even deeper gravity.

The spring was advancing. The forest had put on a thin veil of green, its first sacrifice of form to color. The brooks, enriched by the winter snows, ran more swiftly, and lifted up a louder voice. At morning and evening a frosty touch still stayed the forest's pulse, and bade it sleep a while; but through the day the sun was warm as a friend's thought, winning its way deep into the responsive earth, and quickening all things into life.

In the midst of this mingled promise and fulfilment Humphrey and Mirvan sat together in the deepening stillness of an April afternoon. The place they had chosen was on the mid slope of a green glade, bare tree stems rising above and around them, while from below came the continuous music of moving water. Humphrey sat leaning against a tree, his head thrown back to feel the passing breeze; while Mirvan, a little lower down, lay stretched at full length, his eyes upon the ground, his hand gathering the withered leaves into careless heaps. They were both silent, and it almost seemed as if they had exchanged natures; for, while Humphrey was keenly receptive of each passing sight and sound, Mirvan's face betrayed that his thoughts were absent. From time to time, borne on the dying breeze, they heard the distant tone of the monastery bell, and then lost it again in the stillness.

"Humphrey!"

Humphrey waited until the bell died away, and then said:

"I am here."

But what Mirvan had to say halted on his lips, and Humphrey forgot that he had spoken.

"See that squirrel, Mirvan!"

For a moment Mirvan watched the tawny climber with absent eyes, that soon returned to their contemplation of the ground.

"Humphrey, did you ever meet the lady they call 'Circe'?"

Humphrey was still engrossed in the squirrel, that was nibbling a nut on a distant bough, and took a moment to realize the question.

"Never, I'm thankful to say."

Mirvan looked up.

"Why thankful?"

"What do *you* know about her?" Humphrey asked.

"I have heard—certain things," Mirvan answered slowly.

"So have I," said Humphrey. "She is famed for breaking the hearts of people who haven't got any. I know that kind so well. But why should we discuss her, and in this perfect place?"

But Mirvan seemed oblivious of the place, intent upon his own thought.

"You make light of it, Humphrey; but I have heard worse than that. It is not only the heartless who are hurt."

"What *have* you heard about her?" Humphrey repeated. "And when?"

"It was the other night, at St. Minver's," Mirvan said. "I listened while they were talking. She lives alone with her father, and her name is Irène de la Mothe."

"That sounds harmless, so far," Humphrey remarked.

"Her father is an atheist," Mirvan went on, "and believes in nothing, and will never see a priest. And she has all kinds of learning, and cast spells upon people with her beauty and her wit."

Humphrey laughed.

"Were these gentlemen you overheard under the spell, or were they heart-whole? I suppose Aloys was one of them?"

"He was the loudest," admitted Mirvan. "But he was not the only one. Do you remember Carlos Frier?"

"That nice boy? Yes. What of him?"

"He has gone away, and they say he will die, and that it is her fault. He has been pining ever since he first saw her. And there are others. He was not the first."

"So that's why they call her Circe,"

Humphrey said. "She ought in conscience to turn one or two of them into beasts. But need we trouble about Mademoiselle de la Mothe?"

Mirvan only said:

"I, too, am thankful you have never met her. I hope you never will."

And the subject dropped. It was not renewed. Whatever Mirvan's thoughts were, he kept them to himself, feeling perhaps that his forebodings had been imaginary and foolish, his words unwise.

It had been Sebastian's idea to give up to Mirvan's sole management the outlying northern estate of which mention has already been made, so as to develop perforce in his nephew's mind some sense of ownership and knowledge of affairs. A forlorn hope possibly, but still a hope. In putting it before him Sebastian was guilty of some gentle diplomacy.

"I want you to relieve me of this, Mirvan," he had said. "I have enough to do as it is. The man I have there is trustworthy enough, but it doesn't do to leave him entirely to himself. One of us ought to be there for a month in the year; and if you go it sets me free to remain. I shall be really grateful."

So asked, Mirvan could not refuse, however inwardly unwilling.

"I shall make a failure of it, I'm afraid," was his only answer.

"Not a bit," replied Sebastian, with determined cheerfulness. "Andreys will give you all the hints you want, and the chief thing is that he should know we are looking after him."

It was indeed very questionable whether such strange supervision as Mirvan's could do anything but harm to this part of his property. But it was a last chance. Thrown upon his own resources, with no one behind to refer to or consult, he might become a practical genius. In this perhaps Sebastian was over-sanguine. But the

risk was slight. The estate, lying for the most part in moor and rock, was not fruitful at the best of times; and even if its meagre profit were, by bad management, turned to loss, it could not seriously affect Mirvan's future so long as the larger revenues of Oldenburg were not mishandled.

During the week that passed between his talk with Humphrey and his departure, Mirvan raised no troublesome questions. He became more than ever, to Humphrey's mind, like some unfettered spirit of music and of nature. He was almost supplicatingly gentle, and followed his cousin about in a dumb, doglike way, strangely in contrast with his previous moods. On their last evening Humphrey said:

"I wish you would play to me all night, Mirvan. I shall starve when you are gone."

And Mirvan, who at all times looked upon going to bed as a concession to the weakness of the flesh, took the request in sober earnest and went to the piano.

The music-room was on the ground-floor, with windows opening straight onto the grass, large windows framed and darkened with hanging ivy; so that the room felt half out of doors, though it was warm and sheltered. Mirvan's piano stood in a deep recess on the inner side of the room; and, with the exception of a table and some old lounging-chairs, the place was empty of furniture, the floor uncarpeted, the windows uncurtained save for the infringing canopy of creepers.

It was twilight when Mirvan began to play, and he played on into the darkness, and after the candles were lighted, and late into the night. Sebastian wandered in, and out again, staying to listen for a while; but Humphrey never moved, following with spellbound susceptibility the magic of the glimmering keys. At last came silence, and the player, leaning forward, laid his head

upon his arms. Humphrey was thinking of all the beauty he had ever known,— of life and religion, of Anselm, and his father's love. Mirvan's thoughts were swept away in the stream of vanished sound, still heard within the echoes of his brain. He rose up with a sigh.

"We shall starve for a month," he said; "and then we shall feast again together. Good-night!"

And he, too, like the music, was gone.

(To be continued.)

Saint Frances and Her Angel.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

THE lovely land of Heaven is not so far away:
For close, dear child, to you and me, or bright or
dark the day,

A blessed Angel walketh and guardeth us in love,
With never a cloud between his face and the
Father's face above.

Now, who of all men's children this Angel guide
hath seen;

To tell us of his radiant eyes and grave and
gracious mien?

But one in saintly story to whom the grace was
given

To see her Guardian Angel as he seeth God in
heaven:

The wedded saint, sweet Frances, with her little
children fair,—

The saint of lowly duty, the saint of lofty prayer;
Mother and nurse to God's dear poor, yet saint of
love and home,—

The people's saint, no dearer saint 'mong all the
saints of Rome.

In the Eternal City her footsteps you may trace
From the palace of her childhood to her last resting-
place,

Mid old Rome's hoary monuments of glory and of
shame,

In the dim days of the Tarquins, ere the Christ
of Mary came,—

Dreaming the while, as I dreamed, of her Angel at
her side,

In whose clear shining, hut and hall were equal
glorified.

Dear child, for sweet Saint Frances the day was
never done,

Nor torch nor lamp she needed after the set of sun;

But wrought with pen, or missal coned, or humble
needle plied,

Whene'er she would by the steady light of the
Angel at her side.

Oh, would, e'en for a moment, like grace for you
and me!

Oh, better still, like worthiness. Our guerdon
may not be

To walk dim earth in Heavenly light, as dear
Saint Frances walked;

To talk with Angel, friend to friend, as dear Saint
Frances talked.

But, if we have her Godward will, the while we
walk by faith,

Even into the valley of the fearsome shades of
death,

A-sudden in the darkness the wondrous light
will rise:

We'll see, like her, our Angel, albeit with fading
eyes

And know in him the dawning of the Everlasting
Light,

While Hope is lost in certainty, and Faith is lost
in sight.

Great Scientists and the Rosary.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

IV.

THERE is an idea prevalent that
medicine is particularly rational-
istic in its tendencies, and likely to
lead men away from the practice of
the external expressions of religious
feeling. It may, then, be somewhat
of a surprise to most people to learn
the habits of Laennec, the most dis-
tinguished physician of the nineteenth
century, with regard to the Rosary.

It is to Laennec that we owe the dis-
covery and development of the method
of auscultation—that is, of listening to
the sounds produced within the chest
during health and disease so as to be
able to recognize what organs in the
thorax are affected, in what manner
they are affected, and how severe the
affection may be. Up to Laennec's
time, diseases of the chest had been
shrouded in the greatest obscurity.
He, however, succeeded in pointing out

how each of the various diseases of the heart and lungs might be differentiated from every other. Prior to his day, all affections of the lungs that were accompanied by any tendency to sweating or fever were called simply lung fever. With regard to heart disease, it was, if possible, even more obscure than diseases of the lungs, its nature being almost a sealed chapter in medicine. Any affection of the heart became a hideous nightmare to the patient, because it was thought sure to end in sudden death; although, as is well known now, many forms of heart disease entail no such consequence.

Laennec systematized all his observations in a comparatively small volume on the diagnosis of chest diseases. This work was so well and so completely done that Austin Flint the elder, admittedly one of the greatest of our American diagnosticians in diseases of the heart and lungs, says of it: "Although, during the forty years that have elapsed since the publication of Laennec's works, the application of physical exploration of the chest has been considerably extended and rendered more complete in many of its details, the fundamental truths presented by the discoverer of auscultation remain as a basis not only of the new science but of that of a large portion of the existing superstructure. Let the student become familiar with all that is now known on this subject, and then, reading the writings of Laennec, he will be amazed that there remains so little to be altered or added." Almost eighty years have now passed since Laennec's book was published; and a distinguished American physician has recently said that physical diagnosis, so far as regards auscultation, can be learned quite as well from Laennec's work as from any of the modern text-books on the subject.

It is related of Laennec that one day while returning to Paris from his home

in Brittany, where he had been for the restoration of his health, he and his wife were thrown out of the post-chaise in which they were riding. They fortunately escaped with nothing more than a few bruises. With the help of the servants from the neighboring inn, they succeeded in righting their post-chaise and continued their journey. During the disturbance incident to the mishap, Laennec and his wife had said very little. After they had proceeded a slight distance on their renewed journey he remarked, "We were at the third decade"; and then they resumed the Rosary, which they had been reciting together at the time of the accident. The story well illustrates the Doctor's religious sentiment, and especially his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Laennec's character was perhaps one of the most beautiful to be found among medical men of the nineteenth century. His contemporaries are all agreed in praise of his affability, his agreeable manner, and his quiet and even temper. Toward the end of his life, when his great discoveries in diseases of the chest had made him one of the best-known medical men in the world, and when all sorts of honors were being conferred upon him, he lost none of his natural humility and kindness of heart.

In an address to students at the beginning of their course in medicine, Dr. Austin Flint once said: "Laennec's life affords an instance among many others disproving the vulgar error that the pursuits of science are unfavorable to religious faith. He lived and died a firm believer in the truths of Christianity.... With mental powers of the highest order he combined simplicity, modesty, purity and disinterestedness, in such measure that we feel he was a man to be loved not less than admired. His zeal and industry in scientific pursuits were based on the love of truth for its own sake and a

desire to be useful to his fellowmen. The example of Laennec is worthy of our imitation. His superior natural gifts we can only admire, but we can imitate the industry without which his genius would have been fruitless. Let us show our reverence to the memory of Laennec by endeavoring to follow humbly in his footsteps."

At the end of the nineteenth century a man of about Laennec's age, seeing the children of the largest foundling asylum in America often dying from suffocation because of the asphyxiating effect of laryngeal diphtheria, accomplished a work that has made his name as celebrated as that of any scientist of this generation, and has stamped him as one of the great medical inventors of all times.

Any one who has ever had the awful experience of seeing a child die from suffocation because of closure of the larynx, will know how heartrending is the sight. Until Dr. O'Dwyer's work had been successfully brought to its termination, nothing could be done for the patient, except perhaps slightly to lessen his pain by means of narcotics. Even then there was no doubt of the prolonged agony induced by the lingering death for lack of air. It took O'Dwyer nearly as many years to perfect his method of intubation of the larynx as it took Laennec to bring to perfection his method of auscultation in diseases of the chest; and, in his own generation at least, one has deservedly earned as wide a reputation as the other.

Dr. O'Dwyer's invention was no mere accident. The question of putting a tube into the larynx had been discussed several times before in the history of medicine, but the general impression was that it was a physiological impossibility for the tube to be retained. This impression was so firmly rooted in the medical mind that

O'Dwyer's efforts to make some instrument which would be retained in the larynx, and keep that important orifice to the lungs from becoming occluded, were looked upon by medical men as absolutely visionary. In France, particularly, after a series of trials about the middle of the nineteenth century, the whole subject had been brought up for discussion before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, and its utter impossibility formally decided.

For many years all Dr. O'Dwyer's attempts to succeed in making an instrument that would accomplish the purpose were a failure. He studied the larynx in the living and in the dead, made moulds of it, fitted tubes to it, tried various forms of apparatus; and, in spite of repeated failure, continued his work until at last he made a tube that would not only stay in the larynx but accomplish the purpose of keeping it patent when narrowed by disease.

Interesting as is the career of Dr. O'Dwyer as an investigator and discoverer in medicine, and as a worthy member of a noble profession, his character as a man is still more deserving of attention. For nearly thirty-five years he was a member of the staff of the New York Foundling Asylum, during which time he endeared himself to Sisters and lay nurses, to his brother physicians on the staff, and especially to his little patients. He was eminently conscientious in the fulfilment of his duty, and had a tender sympathy that made him feel every twinge of his child-patient almost as a personal pain.

One very stormy evening in the closing years of his life, a child at the asylum fell ill and he was sent for. Though not well himself, the Doctor came out into the night and the storm to attend the little patient. As he was about to leave after midnight, one of the Sisters, who had been longest in

the hospital, and who knew him well, could not help remarking: "But, Doctor, why did you come out on such an awful night? The house physician might have got on very well without you until morning, even though the little one was much worse than usual." "Ah, Sister," he answered, "the child was suffering, and I couldn't stay at home and think that perhaps there was something I might suggest that would relieve that suffering even a little during the night!"

The religious side of Dr. O'Dwyer's character is of far more than passing interest. Although a successful physician in active practice, the maker of an important discovery in modern medicine, a logical scientific thinker whose opinion as consultant physician was highly valued by his professional brethren, and whose views in the discussion of medical subjects were always listened to with attention, he was yet one of the simplest of believers, tenderly pious and faithful in his religious duties, a practical Catholic in the fullest sense of the word. He was one of the most faithful attendants in New York at the religious exercises, Masses and Communions of the Xavier Alumni Sodality, of which he was an enthusiastic member. The sexton of the church near which he lived tells, since his death, of having frequently seen him steal into the sacred edifice, especially toward evening, to say his prayers at the foot of the altar. A devout client of the Blessed Virgin, one of his favorite devotions was the Rosary. He always carried his beads with him; and, like many another scientist, he seemed to find more satisfaction in this form of prayer than in any other.

A brother practitioner who knew him well illustrates, by a characteristic incident, O'Dwyer's faith in prayer, and at the same time his supreme confidence in the all-wise decisions of

Providence. He had asked over and over again for a favor to one of his children, until finally it seemed to him that his prayer was heard. Later on unfortunate events made him regret that his wish had apparently been granted; and to this friend, with whom he was on terms of the greatest intimacy, he said: "Ah, all that we can do is to say with resignation, 'Thy will be done!' and then we shall be sure that whatever happens will be for the best."

In a sketch of the life of Dr. O'Dwyer, in the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, for December, 1903, I summed up what I considered were the characteristics of the man, the physician, and the Catholic who had been throughout his lifetime a model of all that is embodied in the term Christian gentleman. The closing paragraph may bear repetition here:

Dr. O'Dwyer was in everything the model of a Christian gentleman, and an exemplary member of a great profession, whose charitable opportunities he knew how to find and take advantage of at every turn in life. The American medical profession has never had a more worthy exemplar of all that can be expected from physicians in their philanthropic duties toward suffering humanity, nor a better type of what is meant by Christian manhood in the widest sense of that expressive term. With an inventive genius of a high order that gave him a prominent place in a great generation, and that has permanently stamped his name on the roll of medical fame, there were united simple faith, earnest purpose, clear-sighted judgment, and feeling kindness,—those supreme qualities of head and heart which endeared him to multitudes of friends during his life and still keep his memory green now that he has passed away.

The First Kansas Martyr.

BY A. DE R.

FRAY JUAN DE PADILLA was an Andalusian, noted for his piety, his learning, and his indomitable energy. Holding an important post in Mexico, he renounced his honors to become a missionary to the Indians. He took an active part in the exploration of Arizona and New Mexico, and accompanied Coronado in his weary pursuit of the Quivira, a tramp of nearly fifteen hundred miles. Returning to Bernalillo, Fray Padilla decided that he would establish a mission among the Sioux. Accordingly, in the fall of 1542, seventy-five years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, the friar set out accompanied by one soldier, two young Mexicans, and a few Indian boys. The soldier alone was mounted, the rest were on foot. Going by way of the Pecos Pueblo, across a corner of Colorado and nearly the whole length of Kansas, they found rest and shelter at last in a village in the northeastern corner of the State.

In one of the Quivira villages Coronado had planted a huge cross, and here it was that Fray Padilla established his mission. Gradually overcoming the distrust and suspicion of his savage flock, he won their love and respect. After a time he decided to move to another tribe where he thought there was greater need of him, but this was a dangerous act. The Quivira Indians considered him a great medicine man, and were not only loath to part with him, but were even more reluctant to see another tribe profit by their loss. Again, in a new field of work he was sure to be regarded at first with grave suspicion, if not active hostility.

He made the change, however, and at the end of his first day's journey from the Quivira village, his party

encountered a band of savages on the war-path. The good priest, after commanding his companions to save themselves as they could not save him, attracted the attention of the Indians, while his party slipped away to spread the news of his martyrdom. Then Fray Juan de Padilla knelt on the broad Kansas prairie, and, praying for the conversion of the savages, commended his soul to God. The while he prayed, the Indians riddled his body with arrows.

His companions, after wandering unarmed for eight years up and down the prairies, eventually reached the Mexican town of Tampico, where they related the story of the first Kansas martyr.

A Mission in the Slums.

TO a recent issue of the *New World* an occasional correspondent contributes a most interesting account of a Catholic mission chapel in the Chicago slums, and a rather graphic report of one evening's exercises therein. The chapel, once a shop, is known as the Mission of Our Lady of Victory. It bears about its whole equipment the earmarks of genuine poverty,—one reason, perhaps, why it does not repel the world-beaten, passion-worried souls for whom the work was established.

On the evening of the *World* writer's attendance, the chapel was quite full of men, most of them plainly wearing the unmistakable badge imposed on figure or countenance by a life of indulgence and, possibly, of crime. "The most impressive feature in the motley gathering was a certain wistfulness on many faces, indicative, to those who could read character, of a desire to lay down the burden of sin and guilt and be at peace with themselves and their Creator. The opportunity to effect this was offered as the interesting programme of the evening proceeded."

The programme in question consisted of readings, songs, instrumental music, and a lecture by a well-known Chicago priest. At the close of the lecture, or rather the instruction, a hymn was sung, after which the Father invested several in the Scapular. He then made aloud an unconventional act of contrition, to which everyone responded with a hearty "Amen." Following this, a number of the men went to confession,—so large a number that it was about midnight when the priest concluded his work.

"The slum chapel is open every night and on Sunday afternoons," says the correspondent. "In connection therewith there exists a club, the essentials for membership being that the men shall take the pledge for six months, and promise to go to confession and Holy Communion once a month for that period."

Such work as this is worthy of the heartiest encouragement, and we are glad to learn that the Catholic laymen of Chicago recognize their brotherhood with their poorest and most unfortunate fellow-Catholics in the great city's squalid places. The particular layman to be praised in the present instance is Mr. Collins, whom the writer we have been quoting calls the real head and animating spirit of the mission, and who, on the particular evening mentioned, "began the entertainment by the recitation of the Rosary, at which he insisted that all the men should kneel down and not merely sit forward,"—two points indicating that the gentleman is a sensible Catholic and no weak-kneed one. It is to be hoped that he has imitators in all our cities.

A SAINT is simply a man who can act as well on what he sees only by faith as on what he sees with his eyes. Faith is the more real of the two to him.—*Faber.*

Watches and Souls.

THE watch has long furnished the essayist with a variety of apt illustrations. The intricacy of its mechanism, irresistibly suggesting a designer, has often been cited as a buttress to the argument for the existence of an intelligent Creator of the universe. Pope uses it to emphasize our predilection for our own opinions,—

'Tis with our judgments as our watches: none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own;

and scores of other applications will be recalled by the general reader. A similarity less commonly noted exists between the watch and the soul.

"Few people," said a jeweller the other day, "realize the penetrating influence of dust and dirt. Modern ingenuity has enabled watchcase-makers to produce almost perfect models of tight-fitting, dustproof cases. Notwithstanding the fact that the works are protected by an inner case, an outer case, and likewise by the pocket, a surprisingly large amount of dirt finds its way into the delicate mechanism of a watch. To prove this, open both of the cases of your watch, hold it a few inches above a sheet of white paper and tap gently on the rim. The result of this experiment will leave you amazed that your watch has been able to run so long and so accurately."

Thus it is also with even the most exemplary Christians. Though the purity of the soul be protected by daily prayer and meditation, by attendance at Holy Mass and frequent reception of the Blessed Sacrament, still, when the test of a rigorous examination of conscience is applied, it will be found that the dust and dirt of innumerable imperfections, backslidings and venial sins have found their way through the senses and retarded the movement of inmost heart and will toward God, our Father and our end.

Notes and Remarks.

Political economists have noted a tendency toward reconciliation between the Papacy and the sovereign of Italy. Overmuch importance may be attached to the selection of the birthplace and title of the lately born heir of the Italian monarchy, but it is easy to understand why King Victor Emmanuel would like to be on friendly terms with the Pope. The Socialists are a growing power in Italy, and their hostility to the Church is hardly less violent than their opposition to the civil power. They are nothing if not anti-monarchical. A writer in the *New York Sun* observes:

The Vatican must view with dismay and apprehension the rapid advance of the radical Socialist party to complete ascendancy in the Italian Parliament. The total failure of the attempt made by Leo XIII. to conciliate the upholders of a republican régime in France must have taught the friends of the Papacy that they have nothing to hope for from the substitution of a republic for a monarchy in Italy. Such a republic, could it be established, would inevitably be dominated by Socialists, who would show themselves quite as aggressively anti-clerical in Italy as they have shown themselves in France. The purpose of many Italian Socialists is identical with that which for a time was realized by French Jacobins in the closing decade of the eighteenth century. That purpose is the summary expulsion of the Catholic hierarchy from Italy, the extirpation of religious worship, and the inauguration of a reign of reason.

A definite rupture of the relation between Church and State in France seems to be taken for granted everywhere. The writer just quoted says in conclusion: "We shall not be surprised if, after the abolition of the Concordat with France, it should be announced that the Vatican and the Quirinal are considering terms of accommodation."

In one of its resolutions, adopted at the convention of August last, the American Federation of Catholic Societies "deplores the extent to which bribery and corruption have

been permitted to affect the results of elections; and urges upon all Catholic citizens of our country, individually and collectively, to use every legitimate influence to check the evil, and to secure and maintain the integrity of election as the foundation of all free institutions." The present is a timely season for insistence upon the evil thus specifically mentioned. One influence—and the most powerful one—that can be exerted against this political plague is the formation of a Christian public opinion that will hold in contempt both the venal elector and the conscienceless briber; and every honest man can do his part in creating such an opinion. Many of those who are loudest in their condemnation of dishonesty in public offices, apparently forget that "graft" in high places is only the legitimate outcome of vote-selling in low ones. The candidate, for any position, who is forced to expend a large sum to secure his election, may be counted on to reimburse himself at the expense of the country whenever opportunity either presents itself or can be created. In the current presidential campaign, the individual elector is, or ought to be, far more concerned about preserving his personal integrity by depositing an unpurchased ballot than about the success or failure of his party's candidate. The man who sells his vote is a disgrace to his religion and his country; and he who buys a vote is an enemy to civic virtue, honest administration, and stable government.

The *New York Herald* has been asking a number of clergymen of different denominations for their views on the question, "Is Higher Criticism undermining Christian faith?" The answers of the Catholic contributors to the symposium recently published in the *Herald* are reassuring. Archbishop Farley has not noticed any such under-

mining; Father Doyle says that the destructive, vandalic type of Higher Criticism "has injured the cause of Biblical learning far more than it has the faith of the people"; and Dr. Brann asserts that Catholics are not affected by this phase of intellectual activity. The following paragraph from the reply of the last-mentioned theologian makes clear the position we occupy on all such matters:

The so-called Higher Criticism of the Bible does not affect either the clergy or laity of the Catholic Church, for the reason that we start from the stronghold of the Church first and proceed thence to matters concerning the Sacred Book. The Church antedates the Bible; and when the Church gave us the book it also gave us certain assurances and fixed factors regarding it. For instance, it bids us assume without any shadow of question that there is a natural law and a supernatural law; that the miracles were performed beyond all doubt or cavil; that the words of God came to man and still do so in the form of a divine revelation; and there can be no cause for hesitancy in accepting divine inspiration fully and gratefully. Starting out with these premises, it is no wonder we arrive at conclusions at once satisfying and edifying in the highest degree.

As Dr. Milner put it long ago, all questions about religion are eventually determined by the fact that there is an infallible Church, an organized living body. "The sacred writings, however precious," says Mgr. Farley, "are, relatively to the Church, only incidental."

In a postprandial speech on occasion of the consecration of the new Bishop of Great Falls, Montana, Bishop Shanley is reported to have said, after eulogizing "bishops of gold" who labored in the Northwest territory and have gone to their reward, and paying tribute to their present worthy successors:—

But they, after all, were insignificant in the work of building up the Church. There were two other factors—the Catholic priest and the Catholic layman. It was the priest of the Northwest who built the little schoolhouses and secured the teachers, and took out of his own miserable salary to pay their salaries. It was the priest who walked miles and miles through

the sun and rain to spread the Gospel among the people. Oh, the bishops did much, but they did not walk miles to say Mass and to beg money! The bishops visited these parishes after they were built; but they went in a carriage, and when they arrived they were dined and given the best of everything. God bless the priests of the Northwest! Who are they? But there is a third party—the Catholic laymen. I am afraid I have made a mistake in giving all the credit to the priests. The layman has done the work. He put up the sinews of war. Who is seconding the Catholic priest to-day but the Catholic layman?

If Bishop Shanley had been writing instead of speaking, we feel sure he would have made mention of yet another factor in the upbuilding of the Church in the New Northwest,—of the Sisters whose prayers and self-sacrifices brought blessings manifold, and whose untiring labors secured many a harvest that might otherwise have been lost. Their salaries were a pittance; the homes of religion and education which they have erected on all sides are miracles of poverty and sacrifice. "Who are they?"

And the right reverend speaker for a moment lost sight of the fact that most of the bishops, past and present, belong in the same category as the priests whom he so highly eulogized. As a priest, Bishop Shanley himself, was noted for strenuousness, but he never bore heavier burdens or endured greater hardships than have fallen to his lot since his elevation to the episcopate. Praise of the devoted laity can never be too generous; their steadfast faith and loyal love are not thoroughly appreciated anywhere. But all will agree that if the Church is making progress anywhere, this is the important thing; the credit of contributing to it is so unimportant as hardly to deserve consideration at all.

Until 1871 the province of New Brunswick, Canada, had separate denominational schools. In that year the provincial legislature passed an act

compelling all citizens to pay taxes for the maintenance of free non-sectarian public schools. The Catholics in many instances refused to pay such taxes, allowing their goods and chattels to be sold by the sheriff rather than comply. In the episcopal city of St. John the horses and carriage of Bishop Sweeny himself were auctioned off to realize the amount for which the prelate was taxed and which he persisted in leaving unpaid. The school question was the great political issue in the province during the succeeding six years.

In 1877, however, there was effected a compromise which has proved quite satisfactory to all parties. In New Brunswick to-day Catholic school-buildings are rented by the school board; Catholic teachers, lay or religious, receive governmental salaries; and Catholic children, in a supplementary session, are daily instructed in the Catechism. Discriminating judges will see no drawback to the system in the provision that forces all the teachers to secure licenses from the provincial normal school. It is gratifying to add that the results achieved in the Sisters' schools are equal, if not superior, to those accomplished by the best of the lay teachers, Catholic or Protestant. What a pity we U. S. Catholics are not so well off, in this important matter, as are our Canadian coreligionists down by the sea!

Apropos of a recent discussion of the theory of doctrinal development, the London *Tablet* quotes the passage in the writings of Blessed John Fisher to which allusion is so often made in connection with this subject. It occurs in the course of his answer to Luther's eighteenth article, and deals with the objection that there was little or no knowledge of Indulgences in the early ages of the Church.

It is clear to all, says the saintly Bishop, that there are many things in the Gospels and in

the other Scriptures that are more luminously examined and more plainly understood by later minds than they were before. The reason for this was, he adds very finely, because for the Ancients the ice was not yet broken, nor was their age sufficient to explore the whole sea of the Scriptures; or because in that spacious field of the Scriptures it will always be possible, even after the most excellent reapers, to find some ears left untouched. There are still many places in the Gospel sufficiently obscure which I doubt not will become much more plain to them that come after us. For why should we despair of this, seeing that the Gospel was given to us in order that it might be wholly and thoroughly understood?

Since, therefore, the love of Christ for His Church is not less strong now than it was before, and His power is in no wise lessened; and since the Holy Spirit is the abiding guardian and ruler of that same Church, and His gifts flow forth as ceaselessly and as abundantly as they did from the beginning, who can doubt that the minds of them that come after us will be enlightened that they may have a clear knowledge of those things in the Gospel that yet remain unknown?

Having learned what we believe to be the facts in regard to the placing of students from the Philippines in American schools and colleges, we hasten to express our conviction that the gentleman in charge of this matter had no intention whatever of discriminating against Catholic institutions. His open letter on the subject is indeed unsatisfactory; but the explanation of it, which we have received from his own lips, to our mind, fully exonerates him from the charge of bigotry and injustice. There was misunderstanding on his part, and on that of the heads of Catholic colleges to whom he had applied for information as to courses and rates. He realizes that as those wards of our government are Catholics, their proper place is in Catholic schools and homes. If they were Baptists, there is not a Catholic in this country that would raise the slightest objection to their being under Baptist influence. They are Catholics, and no reasonable Protestant person will object to their placement in

institutions and homes of their own faith. This is only just and proper.

It is needless to multiply words on this subject. No sooner was attention called to the apparent injustice that had been done than steps were taken to prevent its recurrence. A number of Filipinos have already been entered in Catholic colleges. It remains to be said, however, that Mr. Sutherland and Col. Edwards, the chief of his department, both of whom are men of breadth and honor, eminently well qualified for the important positions which they hold, are as little disposed to do injustice to Catholics as either Secretary Taft or President Roosevelt—or Judge Parker.

Writing to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, an Anglican nun expresses surprise that the sum contributed to the Society by United States Catholics last year was only \$65,000, whereas the amount contributed to the Anglican "Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions" was something like \$800,000. Says this Anglican religious:

No doubt much money has been expended in other good ways, such as through the St. Vincent de Paul Society and in maintaining your excellent parochial schools; and yet I wish that more came to your Society, to spread the Faith among those who have never yet heard of their God and saviour. I notice in this week's AVE MARIA a quotation from the Holy Father in which he points out that, while individual gifts are good, the largest returns will be from the perfect organization by which the many *small* offerings are collected. It is just in this way that our people have been so successful.

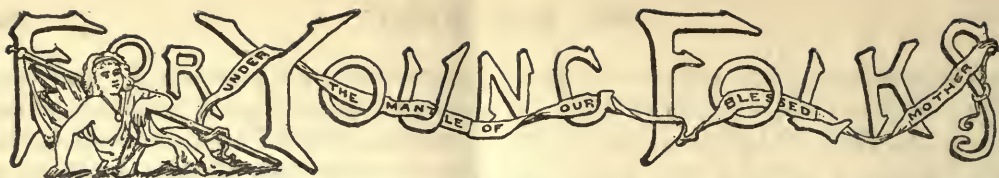
We trust that the Holy Father's suggestion, as to organization in behalf of this Society for the spreading of Christian truth, has impressed all our other readers as favorably as it has apparently affected this sympathetic Anglican lady. It would be an easy matter to find in this country three or, four hundred thousand Catholics

quite willing to give twenty-five cents apiece to so excellent a cause, but rather ashamed to send so small an offering. Yet the aggregate of such trifling contributions would be seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars.

That a work purporting to be "A History of Education in the United States" should mention specifically only one Catholic college or university—even though the statement is made that there are in the country sixty-four such institutions—is, to say the least, surprising. The omission of references, however brief, to some half-dozen or half-score centres of Catholic higher education may not be conclusive as to the author's unfairness; but it certainly indicates either an imperfect knowledge of his subject or a glaring deficiency in his sense of proportion. Dr. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, the author of a work bearing the title given above, does less than justice to his Catholic fellow-citizens in ignoring a number of colleges for students of both sexes, whose work can not fairly be considered a negligible factor in the educational progress of our country; and, should his book attain to the distinction of a second edition, we expect to see the insertion of not a little supplementary information as to the Church's place in the story of American education.

Spain is striving to abolish bullfights and to secure also a better observance of the Lord's Day. We, who deride Spain, have been unable to abolish lynching or the prize-fight; and have now introduced another cruel diversion in the automobile matches, which seem to regard men's lives and limbs as of no account. It is only another instance of the national egoism upon which we recently commented,—the tendency to

Compound with sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to.



H-e-i-n-o-u-s.

BY NEALE MANN.

"AN easy word!" Perhaps; but, say,
It tripped our ninth-grade genius,
Fred Thorne, who read, the other day:
"The crime was truly *heenysus*."

Then Albert Morris tried his hand,
And, well, you should have seen us
Look puzzled when he failed to land;
For Al just called it *heenus*.

'Twas Tom, McFarlin stumbled next
(Tom says his State's *moun-tain-yus*);
And teacher looked extremely vexed
When he pronounced it *haneyus*.

Ted Williams thought he had it sure,
And, anxious to outshine us,
Said glibly, with his air demure:
"Of course the right way's *hienus*."

"Of course 'tis not!" then teacher cried,
In tones that always pain us;
"You stupid boys, I'm mortified:
The word is simply *haynus*."

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXV.—X Y Z CONCLUDES HIS STORY.



X Y Z explained that Teddy, whom the Sandman both liked and admired, represented those elements of opposition which had disturbed him for so many years, and that unspeakable conviction which he had found it so difficult to overcome. He had, therefore, exhausted himself, as it were, in trying to beat down the one and conquer the other; so that it was less with Teddy he was at war than with his own long-standing and inveterate prejudice.

Katrinka, unlike the Sandman, had never fixed her heart upon Kitty, whom she regarded as an interloper, even when she clothed her in the garments which had belonged to the dead child and had put her to sleep in the long vacated apartment. She tolerated her and treated her with kindness for the sake of Teddy, upon whom she bestowed much the same inordinate and unreasoning affection as she had lavished upon the dear dead and gone; and especially after that occasion when he had snatched the whip from the Sandman and had, at his own peril, saved her from further ill treatment.

It was a curious link in the chain of events which had led X Y Z to the tower in the forest, of whose very existence he had been ignorant. It had been built by Alexandra in pursuance of certain of her whims. She had devised it as a place to which she might retire in case her father and her husband should at any time offer too great opposition to her desires. Shortly before her death, however, in one of the sudden spasms of generosity to which she was prone, she had bestowed it upon Katrinka. It was, of course, the sole property which the old woman possessed, after all her long years of faithful service. She took particular pride and pleasure therein; prizing it the more in memory of the donor, whom she had so passionately worshiped with the blind devotion of her unreasoning nature.

When X Y Z, weary and exhausted, had, by a providential happening, come to the tower in the forest, and had partaken of Katrinka's grudging hospitality, he had almost immediately recognized the old woman, and had

marvelled to find her there. He had rightly argued that it was utterly impossible for her to leave the Sandman, to whom she was bound by so many associations. Katrinka, on her part, had felt a sudden revival of the old animosity, softened and subdued, it is true, by time and by her affection for Teddy; and she had bitterly resented X Y Z's interest in the boy and his efforts to lead him into conversation.

The stranger had found himself attracted from the first by the manly little fellow. He had been struck by the open and fearless way in which he had interposed to effect X Y Z's entrance into the tower; reminding Katrinka that to those who invoked the name of God, hospitality should never be denied. And as that memorable evening wore on X Y Z had been more and more impressed by Teddy's simplicity, his genuine honesty, and his willingness to oblige those with whom he had been brought in contact.

X Y Z had been startled and quite dismayed to find that this bright and intelligent lad had fallen into the power of Alexandrovitch, of whose mad scheme for the perversion of the Faith of children he had but lately heard. Since these facts had come to his knowledge, he had had it in mind to do whatever lay in his power toward counteracting the evil which his father-in-law devised, and of which he himself was in some sort the innocent cause. But he was aware that no rash or hasty steps could be taken without bringing Alexandrovitch to the notice of the authorities and making him amenable to the law,—a course from which he naturally shrank. So all that remained for him to do under the circumstances, in his character as the mysterious stranger of the forest, was to warn Teddy against the designs of the Sandman, and to exhort him to be faithful to the practice of his

religion, promising him at the same time ultimate assistance and protection.

Katrinka had been very uncertain as to whether or not she should communicate to the Sandman the fact of X Y Z's presence so near the Castle. But this would have brought to his knowledge the existence of the tower in the forest, of which he was altogether ignorant, or else he had forgotten it in the course of years. She would also have had to explain that she had taken the boys there for a day's outing, which would have displeased her master, who desired that under no consideration should they go any distance from the house. So she had said never a word, and the Sandman had remained in blissful ignorance that the man whom he regarded as his inveterate foe had once more crossed his path and threatened again to frustrate his plans. It would have given him many a sleepless hour had he known of that brief interview which Teddy had held with the stranger, in the moonlight, outside the door of Katrinka's house.

To X Y Z the course was henceforth very clear indeed. He meant to adopt Teddy, to take care of his little sister, and to provide for the hunchback, who were all, so to say, the innocent victims of his own devotion to duty and of the Sandman's cruel and impious resolve.

The night was far advanced when X Y Z came to the end of his narrative; for, although he had omitted many details, and had forborne, in so far as he could, to lay blame upon any of the actors in the drama, the history which he set before his little audience was complicated, embellished with many very real and lifelike incidents which it has been impossible to reproduce in this simple outline of facts.

The stars shone out with a singular radiance as he concluded; and as he looked up at them he wondered if any bright influence, any spirit of one

departed, looked down from their lustrous depths to cheer him on his course and to applaud his generous resolve. The night wind swept up and down the lawn, evolving sweet odors from many a plant, waving the foliage of the trees, and seeming to reproduce—at least so it appeared to the man's troubled mind—the voices of those loved and lost.

After X Y Z had finished his story, and Miss Sarah had exhausted her vocabulary in expressing astonishment by a series of "My stars!" and "For the land's sake!" which usually summarized her feelings, they all sat very still, with only the noise of the river, now grown stronger and louder, resounding upon the shore.

All at once there arose a howl so prolonged, so shrill, so terrifying, that even the strongest-nerved of the little group started with a strange sense of apprehension; and at that moment appeared upon the threshold of the door no other than the formidable figure of the Sandman himself. He was clad in a loose robe, which lent something shadowy and unreal to his ample proportions; his face was wild and haggard, and his eyes protruded from their sockets; while, in a hand which had grown feeble, he waved the redoubtable flame-colored handkerchief.

He made a step as if to advance into the centre of the group, with what purpose it was hard to say,—whether with some dim notion of asserting his authority or of repelling the invaders who had, uninvited, crossed his threshold. Then he wavered and tottered with pitiful weakness, dragging his leg upon the paralyzed side in an attempt to step forward, and mechanically striving to move the arm which hung limp and motionless. He would have fallen to the ground had not X Y Z caught him and led him to a chair, just as that howl was heard once more, proceeding from a source unknown,—

the scream of a night bird, the moaning of wind in a hollow spot, or some of the interminable voices of Nature which make vocal the night. The words that the Sandman would have spoken remained unuttered on his lips, while the flame-colored handkerchief dropped unheeded into his lap.

Presently Katrinka came hurrying from the house, in terror and dismay at the Sandman's absence from his room, which she had just discovered. By her persuasions he was induced to go back into the house; and the faithful servant, who had so much to forgive, led back that pitiful wreck of a man to the seclusion of his own room. Once more it seemed as if the power of God had been made manifest against those who would rise up in defiance of His will.

(To be continued.)

An Arabian Legend.

According to an old Arabian legend, when the Holy Family were passing near Remla on the occasion of the Flight into Egypt, their approach was noted by two robbers lying in wait by the roadside. At sight of the Blessed Virgin, however, one of the robbers, Dysmas, was filled with compassion, and urged his companion, Gestas, to let her pass in safety. Gestas refused to allow this and demanded that the Holy Family be despoiled, relenting only when Dysmas gave him a girdle and forty pieces of silver.

As Dysmas was paying him the silver, the Blessed Virgin passed, and, knowing what had happened, smiled upon Dysmas and said: "The Lord God will receive thee at His right hand and grant thee pardon of all thy sins." This prediction came true; for the two thieves who were crucified on either side of Our Lord were the identical robbers who would have waylaid Him. E

With Authors and Publishers.

—First of the almanacs for 1905 to reach us is St. Antony's, published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Most Holy Name, N. Y. It is attractively made up, with good illustrations, excellent literary selections, and a general air of typographical neatness that is prepossessing.

—Notwithstanding Marie Corelli's vogue with unsophisticated novel-readers, the literary critics still refuse to take at all seriously either that somewhat consequential lady, or her voluminous works. The New York *Sun* calls her latest story a "characteristic and extensive new book . . . 523 sombre pages long."

—Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the "Temple Shakespeare" are sold annually, two-fifths of the number in America. Of the Temple classics in general, it is said that Lamb's "Essays of Elia" are oftenest in demand, and—a fact we are glad to record—Dante is more in request than Byron.

—Edinburgh now possesses a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson,—an excellent piece of sculpture by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Stevenson's famous letter vindicating Father Damien still continues, however, to be his most honorable, as we believe it will be his most enduring, memorial.

—"Our Lady's Psalter: A Rosary of Psalms," is the self-explanatory title of a timely booklet issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London. The Psalms—there is one for each mystery of the Holy Rosary—are newly translated from the Latin Vulgate. One is always glad to see the liturgical character of the Rosary emphasized.

—A new translation of Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, by Francis Deming Hoyt, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. This is one of the most perfect books of its class in any language, and it is to be hoped that a fresh translation of it may find a host of new readers.

—A well-ordered and neatly-printed pamphlet of one hundred and fifteen pages contains the proceedings of the fourth national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The convention was held in Detroit during Aug. 2, 3, 4 of the current year, and the report of its various sessions is of general interest to American Catholics.

—Says the *Lounger* in the current *Critic*: "Mr. Henry James has returned for a while to his native country. If Mr. James would only return, if but for a while, to his native style, how delighted we should be; but, alas! he gets further from

it with every book." The *Lounger's* sigh is echoed by many who mourn the days when "Daisy Miller" represented Mr. James' style in fiction.

—"Compromises," by Agnes Repplier, will be heartily welcomed by a host of readers who find unending stimulus and diversion in her books, all of which are wondrously merry and wise. "Compromises" is a volume of essays the very titles of which are attractive: *The Luxury of Conversation*, *The Gayety of Life*, *Marriage in Fiction*, *Our Belief in Books*, *The Spinster*, *The Tourist*, etc.

—The latest issues of Macmillan's *Pocket American and English Classics* are: Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair," "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and "Gulliver's Travels." The books are 16mos, excellently printed and bound, and of attractive appearance. They are also—a matter of more consequence—competently edited. Swift's offensive coarseness, for instance, has been eliminated from *Gulliver*. Each little volume has an adequate introduction and supplementary notes.

—What should prove to be a work of unusual interest and value, Bryan J. Clinch's "History of California and Its Missions," is expected to appear within a few weeks. The work is in two volumes. The first is devoted to the story of the Jesuit Reductions in Lower California, its materials being drawn in great part from the Spanish originals of Venegas, Clavigero and Palou, and also from secular historians. The second volume embraces the story of the missions of Upper California, and that of the Spanish military colonization established side by side therewith.

—Thousands of readers, young and old, have enjoyed the books written by J. T. Trowbridge, and it is pleasant to hear that their popularity is undiminished. Of Mr. Trowbridge's latest book, "My Own Story," Thomas Bailey Aldrich says: "None of his ingenious stories about other folk is so delightful as his story about himself. It is long since we have had so charming a literary autobiography, and it will be long before we get another of equal interest and value. He was uncommonly lucky in his subject! It isn't every man who has so good a theme for an autobiography as Trowbridge had."

—The discussion among scientists occasioned by Lord Kelvin's now famous declaration that "science positively affirms creating and directive power"—the arguments on both sides—are ably dealt with by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., in a pamphlet issued some time ago by the English

Catholic Truth Society. It is unnecessary that other Catholic writers should treat of this subject, at least for general readers. Father Gerard goes to the root of the matter, and explains the sense in which Lord Kelvin spoke when he declared, with Sir Isaac Newton, that belief in God is a necessary result of natural philosophy. It is a pity that really valuable publications like "What Does Science Say?" should be so little known and so soon lost sight of.

—Many a reader who can recall delightful hours spent in roaming through that treasure-house of elaborate erudition and scholarly fun, "The Reliques of Father Prout," will be gratified to learn that the proposed celebration, at Cork, of Father Mahony's centenary promises to be a success. Commenting on the project, the *Catholic Times* of London incidentally remarks: "Father Mahony died a most edifying death in Paris on May 18, 1866, being attended in his last moments by Mgr. Rogerson." This statement, though no news, we presume, to the majority of our readers, is neither uncalled for nor untimely. Only a few weeks ago we were grieved at finding an unduly harsh estimate of the lovable author of "The Bells of Shandon" figuring in the columns of more than one of our contemporaries. "The Reliques" is a classic, and the world may well speak kindly nowadays of its gifted author.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan. \$1.60, net.

The Immaculate Conception. Archbishop Ullathorne. 70 cts., net.

Poems by Richard Crashaw. Edited by A. R. Waller. \$2.

The Land of the Rosary. Sarah H. Dunn. \$1.10
In Many Lands. A Member of the Order of Mercy. \$1.50.

Strong-Arm of Avalon. Mary T. Waggaman. 85 cts.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. M. E. Waller. \$1.50.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. Don Antonio de Capmany. \$1.50, net.

Wanted—A Situation, and Other Stories. Isabel Nixon Whiteley. 60 cts.

Sabrina Warham. Laurence Housman. \$1.50.

Mary Immaculate. Father John Mary, Capuchin. 45 cts.

Pontifical Ceremonies. P. Francis Mersham, O. S. B. 90 cts., net.

A Course of Christian Doctrine. 85 cts.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. 10 cts.

The Burden of the Time. Rev. Cornelius Clifford. \$1.50.

Chronicles of Semperton. Joseph Carmichael. 75 cts., net.

The Great Captain. Katherine Tynan Hinkson. 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. Ralph Francis Kerr. \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. Cardinal Vaughan. \$2.

In Fifty Years. Madame Belloc. 80 cts.

The Principles of Moral Science. Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D. \$2, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Kerin, of the diocese of Nottingham; and Rev. James Mooney, diocese of Buffalo.

Sister Perpetua, of the Sisters of Providence.

Mr. Frank Renn, of Lima, Ohio; Mr. John Rauch, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Johnston, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Louis McNamee, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. David McKernan, Oldenburg, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Otterson and Elizabeth Schutte, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Edward McGettigan and Miss Agnes Cunningham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. William Henry, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Peter Decker, Perrysville, Pa.; Mr. Owen Sullivan, Roselle, N. J.; Miss Elizabeth Bath, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Miss Catherine O'Shea, San Francisco, Cal.; and Mr. Orville Baker, Defiance, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

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

For Mlle Mulot's school for blind children:

Dr. S., \$5; A. E., \$1; Friend, \$2; C. P. A., \$5; Rev. T. F., \$20; P. H. A., \$1; M. B. D., \$1; Friend, \$5; Knight of Columbus, \$10.



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

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A Prayer.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THY love and patient tenderness I crave,
Heart pierced and torn one day on Calvary,—
Eternal Godhead, murdered like a slave!
Sorrow and slights Thy portion to the grave;
And, since that ignominy was for me,
Crush Thou within my soul all vain desires,
Resolve them into pure and holy fires;
Endure my nothingness, its falls forgive;
Deign to uphold me, or I can not live.
Hatred and falsehood banish far away,
Embrace me with Thy mercy every day,
Aid me when Satan with the world conspires.
Red flowed Thy lifeblood once: oh, may that crimson
stain
To my redeemed soul no more appeal in vain!

The Intellectual Need of the Day.



AMONG the many interesting papers read at the Catholic Conference lately held in Birmingham, England, the most thought-provoking and, in a large sense, the most practical was perhaps that of the Rev. John Gerard, S. J. "A Leaf from the Enemy's Book" is the paper's title, and the perusal of its initial paragraph discloses the fact that the specific enemy referred to is the secularist, rationalistic press of this twentieth century. The intellectual need of the day, not merely from the Catholic but from the Christian viewpoint, is the creation of such a

popular literature as "will furnish a sound and solid course of elementary philosophy for the people, and one which people will read."

Father Gerard treats, of course, of conditions existing in Great Britain; but his exposition of the dangers of the modern press and his plea for adequate provision against these dangers are cosmopolitan in their applicability; and his points would have been as well taken and timely in Paris, Rome or New York as in Birmingham. Whatever exaggerated emphasis may occasionally be given to the "hands across the sea" sentiment, whatever effusive protestations of unchangeable amity between the United States and England may sometimes provoke the sane man's smile, there can be no question of a pronounced similarity, if not identity, in the mental foods proffered to the peoples of the two countries. The words of the scholarly Jesuit, then, concern our readers as closely as they did his English audience.

Universal as is the admission that the press in the modern world is a power of the first importance, "it is yet probable that not a few amongst us are very far from realizing how rapidly that power is in process of extending itself, what vast proportions it is likely to assume, and what results its influence must entail. At the same time no one who observes the signs of the times with any care can fail to perceive that the real education of the great mass of our people is

now in the hands of those whose writings are disseminated by the press, and especially by the cheap press."

Now, ordinary boys or girls on leaving school have certainly not reached such a stage of mental development that they are capable of distinguishing between argument and sophistry, wheat and chaff, nourishing intellectual food and destructive mental poison. "In bestowing upon them the power of reading, we do but hand them over to the influence of those who write; and how little prepared they are to discriminate for themselves between what is valuable and what is vile in the literature provided for them we have only too much evidence."

Of the mass of adolescents in this country, not less than in England, we may say "it is impossible to doubt that, in regard of the thousands who annually finish their school course, education in any true sense of the word does then but begin; and it is a matter of supreme moment to secure that they shall take for their guides and instructors such as will rightly appreciate the responsibility which their task involves, and use it for no party or personal ends, not to enlist partisans, but to promote sound thinking and the spread of truth."

It is in the paragraphs dealing with the Rationalist Press Association, however, that Father Gerard is especially interesting and instructive. He states that this company has been formed to make, not money, but proselytes to their cause. And these apostles of materialism are adopting measures fully adequate to their purpose. Their action illustrates once more the truth that "the children of this world are wiser... than the children of light."

They are flooding the land, and especially the bookstalls, with works which profess to set forth the latest results of modern thought and especially of modern science, in whose name we are bidden to renounce as exploded superstitions all the beliefs which have hitherto found accept-

ance amongst mankind. These works are bought and read by the hundred thousand; and there can be no doubt that the vast majority of their readers, awed by the confident dogmatism of their tone and the imposing magniloquence of their language, accept them at their own valuation, and imagine themselves to be listening to the most assured and indisputable conclusions of recent research, and truths so clearly established that they can be denied only by the prejudiced and the bigoted, who deserve to be regarded with pity and contempt. Such is not only the tone of mind which the publications I speak of are calculated to produce, but it is this which they have actually produced to an enormous extent. . . .

And here comes in the practical question—that for the sake of which I introduce the subject to this conference—what can be done, and what are we going to do to remedy so grave an evil? The danger is one that threatens all classes of the community, and Catholics no less than others. As many of us must know from instances within our personal experience, writings like those of which I speak have an almost irresistible attraction for the young; and in too many instances youths who have had a far more careful and thorough training, both secular and religious, than we can ever hope to give the bulk of our children, have, at the very outset of life, made utter shipwreck of their faith upon the shoals and quicksands of self-styled science. Our adversaries—by far the most dangerous with whom we have to reckon—have certainly grasped the character of the situation and been prompt to turn it to their own account. What we have to do is to take a leaf from their book, to come down into their chosen ground, and meet them there. . . .

We need, in fact, a new school of writers to meet the needs of the twentieth century,—men not less thoughtful and learned than those of old, but who, instead of folios, will write sixpenny tracts; and will write with an eye not to the pundits of the schools, but to the man in the street, so as nowise to misrepresent those with whom they are in conflict, and thoroughly to appreciate whatever there is of value in hostile arguments. They must be scrupulously fair to opponents, garble no quotations; eschew rhetoric, sarcasm, and above all abuse; be prepared to bring solid proof for whatever they advance; assume nothing which cultivated men of the world will not be obliged to admit, and thus demonstrate that theirs is the cause of Reason itself, quite apart from any authority of Scripture or the Church. Their language withal must be thoroughly modern and understood by the people, so that he who runs—even on the rail—may read; and, reading, may comprehend.

The point made above, as to the acceptation by ordinary readers of the dogmatic assumptions put forward by atheistic writers, is one that may well be insisted upon. Leo XIII., in more than one encyclical, warned the faithful of the undue prestige commonly enjoyed by the opponents of Revealed Truth and Catholic dogma; and half-educated young people in particular need to be convinced that intellectual ability is no guarantee of an author's safety.

Father Gerard's own triumphant answer to Haeckel's famous "Riddle of the Universe" is timely proof that there is an effective reply available for every argument against Christian teaching. The urgent need is to put the replies within reach of those who hear the arguments—or the specious sophisms that masquerade as such. Effective action in the matter will require labor on the part of our scholars, and money from the Catholic body to produce and distribute the scholars' works. The more the importance of the subject is weighed, the better the prospect that both labor and money will be forthcoming.

So far as our own country is concerned, it will not perhaps be considered impertinent to suggest that specific action in the matter may well be initiated by the Federation of Catholic Societies. In Article II. of the Constitution of that body, one of its objects is declared to be "the dissemination of the truth and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature." There can be no question that the particular species of truth most needed nowadays is the solid, lucid, unacademic, popular confutation of pseudo-science's arguments against religion; and hence the creation and propagation of the sort of literature that Father Gerard pleads for is directly in line with the Federation's avowed purpose.

Pertinent to this whole subject is this, from the current *Dublin Review* :

There can be little doubt that the indifference to religion of which at the present day we hear so many complaints, is, to a large extent, the result of widespread, though vague, impressions, derived mostly from hearsay, popular science manuals, and short magazine articles, that science has undermined the common foundation of all religion—the belief in the existence of God. A few certain truths, we are told from time to time, have been discovered by scientific investigation, but the existence of God is not one of them; indeed, it has been shown to be at best improbable; and consequently the prevailing religious sentiment, outside the Church, tends more and more to embody itself in systems of philanthropy rather than in any definite theological belief. Since the former alone deals, as it is supposed, with certainties, the rest is mere speculation, which has little interest for a practical generation.

The antidotes to such poisonous impressions are, we repeat, the intellectual need of the age; and it behooves all earnest Catholics to do their part in providing them.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

III.—THE ROOT OF HERMES.

HUMPHREY missed Mirvan far more than he had expected. The silent piano and the forsaken rooms—all that was mere background when Mirvan was present—came to life through his absence, and spoke aloud to Humphrey of the loss he and they had suffered. When he was not with Sebastian, he betook himself to long ramblings, on foot or on Elzevir, to while away the slow-moving time. But the forest, too, seemed changed, now that he was alone in it. He grew weary of himself, weary for his friend, and the first week of Mirvan's absence seemed endless.

In due course, toward the week's end, came Mirvan's first business letter to Sebastian, who bent his brows over it in silent perplexity. It ran:

DEAR UNCLE:—I find all here is going well, except that Andreys has cut down two of the pines on the high ridge. He says they shadowed the field and spoiled the pasture. Andreys means well, but he should not be allowed to cut *anything* without leave. He can grow cabbages and salt pigs, but he knows nothing whatever of anything else. Those trees were the great beauty of the place. As you climb the hill, you will remember, they fringe the horizon in a dark line; and now the line is broken. I can not make Andreys see what I mean. I wish you would write to him about it.

Tell Humphrey that the birds here are beautiful beyond description,—the moor and mountain birds; and I have seen many new kinds. Andreys tells me that in winter, in severe weather, the sea-birds come as far inland as this. They come from the north, and settle in white flocks on the land.

My love to you both.

MIRVAN.

This enlightening agricultural report Sebastian laid down with a sigh.

Humphrey, since his return, had seen but little of Anselm. It chanced that this first week of Mirvan's absence was Passion Week, and Humphrey rode daily to early Mass at St. Nazarius. He sometimes spoke to the Abbot afterward, but oftener departed without seeing him. The deepening gravity of the services, so simple and solemn in music and ritual, brought a grave comfort to his spirit. Perhaps it was his return to this place, where he had first learned the meaning of religion; perhaps the renewal of Anselm's immediate influence, with its unflinching hold on reality through all the depth of disguising form,—but, whatever the cause, Humphrey had never before felt so inwardly and without effort the absorbing nature of the central Sacrifice of his Faith. Day after day, as he knelt in the darkened chapel, remember-

ing the mystery of pain through which God is made one with man, neither his heart nor his reason rebelled; and, passing out from the final silence into the glad, green sunshine of the forest, quick with the rustling hum of its life's unconscious ecstasy, he realized to the full the continual power and presence of the Resurrection, undaunted and undiminished by death or pain.

It so chanced that on Easter Monday Humphrey was engaged for the evening to a certain house on the outskirts of Brücken, the dwelling of one of the civic dignitaries of that small but ancient and honorable town. He had meant to send his servant with a note of excuse, feeling little inclined for any society, now that he lacked Mirvan's; but it had slipped his memory until late in the afternoon,—too near upon the time of his engagement to retreat without discourtesy, especially as his hosts were, comparatively, strangers to him. So, in a mood of abstraction that was both languid and irritable, he made ready to start. Meeting Sebastian in the hall, his face brightened; but Sebastian's fell ever so slightly.

"You're going out, Humphrey?"

"I forgot to get out of it. Do come with me, father."

Sebastian made a face.

"I don't believe I could stand it, Humphrey, even with you; and I've no end of papers to get through to-night. It's a great misfortune to have so popular a son."

Humphrey looked at him, half wistfully, and went on to his horse.

The evening was falling as he rode through the forest, by the broad highway that ran between Oldenburg and Brücken. It had been a perfect day—the warmth of summer and the freshness of spring combined,—a day when all outward, sensible things pierce directly to the brain and heart, and exhilarate the whole undivided being. Humphrey sighed to think that he must

forsake the fragrance of the April night for crowds of well-dressed people, and hot, bright rooms.

He had ridden slowly, and it was late when he arrived, the house already full of guests. They were for the most part unknown to him, belonging to the little circle of the townspeople or drawn from the country on the farther side of Brücken. Here and there he nodded to a familiar face, but did not fall into talk with any one. Having greeted his host and hostess, he wandered idly through the rooms, almost as Mirvan might have done, remote and unsocial, watching without interest the passing groups. He was standing alone, having forgotten even to simulate any care for his surroundings, when a voice said suddenly in his ear:

"There she is!"

Humphrey lifted his eyes, and they fell, as if by chance, upon a lady at the opposite end of the room. She was standing, in talk with one or two gaily dressed men not known to Humphrey.

"Whom do you mean?" he asked.

"It is she—Circe." (It was Aloys' voice.) "Now I can introduce you. Come along."

But Humphrey did not move. He looked once more at the group opposite. The courtiers were full of eager, emulous speech. She listened, or hardly listened, saying only an occasional word. Once she laughed. Humphrey saw her youth, her beauty, the brilliant carelessness of her distinction, as though he saw them not. What he saw, or felt, was her look of spiritual weariness, impossible to discern save by one who has felt the same.

He turned coldly to Aloys.

"I will not claim the honor," he said.

Aloys laughed—his hard, empty laugh.

"You're quite right. It's a dangerous game. What fools she is making of those three! And here I go after them."

But Humphrey had turned aside into another room.

It was later in the same evening that Irène de la Mothe, standing near an open window, found herself the honored recipient of Aloys' attentions.

"Why won't you dance?" he asked. "Is it because there's a priest in the room to counteract your spells?"

She glanced at him with a scornful apathy.

"A strange priest!" she said.

One or two others had joined them, imploring her to dance.

"I do not dance to-night," was all her answer.

"She's under the ban of the Church," said Aloys, with a spiteful meaning in his tone.

But Irène was not listening.

"Who is that standing near the door, Aloys?" she inquired.

The entrance at that moment was crowded and eclipsed by the throng from the recent dance, all eagerly finding their way to refreshments and resting-places in a cooler air.

"Whom do you mean?" he asked, bewildered. "They go out so fast I can't see."

"Not those," she said, impatiently. "I know all those. Who is he who stands a little apart, and who is not moving with the rest,—a stranger to me; he in black velvet, with the silver chain?" she added, as his gaze still wandered, unarrested.

"Oh!" cried Aloys. "Why, that's my priest, who won't have anything to do with you. He's afraid of being enchanted, perhaps."

"I asked his name," replied Irène, haughtily.

"Don't you know?" queried Aloys, astonished. "Why, he is the son of Sebastian of Oldenburg. His cousin has stolen his inheritance, and he went into the Church out of pique."

"A priest!" she said, incredulously.

"He's not a full-fledged priest yet,"

Aloys observed. "He's taken no vows, though he's had time to take them ten times over. There's some talk of a special preparation to fit him for a great place in the Church. He wants to have his fling, I say, or he wouldn't hang back so long."

At that moment Humphrey turned his face, and his eyes and Irène's met. He could hardly have heard what they said, though the sound of Aloys' voice must have reached him across the intervening space, now empty of dancers. He crossed the long room slowly, and bowed low in front of Irène.

"Honored lady," he said, "I take a great liberty in thus presenting myself, who am unknown to you; but I am the bearer of a message."

"From whom?" she asked.

"His name was not revealed to me, but he seemed a person of great power."

"And, the message?"

"That he might see you at your leisure."

"Where is he to be seen?"

Again Humphrey looked in her eyes for a moment, and then upon the ground.

"I was to have the honor of taking you."

Aloys, who had maintained a baffled silence, now laughed uncomfortably.

"Who is this celebrated stranger?" he asked.

Humphrey looked at him.

"This lady knows," he replied. "To you, as to me, he is a stranger."

"I will come with you," said Irène.

And Aloys, irritated and perplexed, was obliged to watch them depart.

Humphrey led her through the hall, full of scattered couples and groups talking or resting. One or two fell silent with surprise as they passed. Humphrey still upheld his character of message-bearer, preceding her by a pace or two, as a page might conduct a queen. Lifting a curtain at the inner

end of the hall, and dropping it again behind her, he stood in a kind of vestibule, dimly lighted and evidently not prepared for guests. Here Humphrey opened a door, and stepped aside to let her pass out. A flight of wide stone stairs led down into the garden, full of starlight and old trees, and the solemn whispering of leaves and grasses in the low night wind.

She stood gazing down upon it.

"Shall you feel it cold?" he asked.

She shook her head.

This time she led the way, and Humphrey followed and walked by her side. In thinking of it afterward he found it impossible to remember whether she had spoken first, or what she had said when she spoke, or even the tones of her voice. He could recall, exactly, her half-caught accents to Aloys and his companions within the room; but here in the April night they faded from his memory, and would not be recovered. He remembered some of her later words.

"I was watching you," she said, "as you stood alone in the doorway. You looked like some one following the flow of a river from the bank. I wonder what you were thinking about."

Humphrey hesitated a moment. Then he said:

"I believe just then I was thinking about God."

She looked at him, startled.

After that he remembered being alone. He had an impression that she had asked him not to go back with her into the house, and had left him under the trees. He could remember no farewell. And then his spirit slept again until he found himself riding home through the silent town and the enchanted woods, the road a vanishing white ribbon in front of him. Elzevir, impatient of the long delay in a strange stable, eagerly pressed homeward, and the eight miles faded under his winged feet.

IV.—CYGNUS.

It was Humphrey's belief that he would not sleep at all that night. He set his window and his curtains wide, and lay down, expecting to watch the starlight into dawn. But in five minutes he was asleep, without a dream; and neither the dawn nor the full daylight woke him until the sun was high in the heavens. Then he opened his eyes, got up and went to the window.

The forest lay bathed in the morning sunshine. From a tree in the garden a thrush uttered a piercing melody, its little throat uneasy with the weight of its happiness. Humphrey lingered over his dressing, and leaned from the window, listening idly. He seemed not quite awake,—neither drowsy nor alert, but as if his heart and his nerves had been quieted by a spell. In the same mood he spent the morning, and was startled to activity only when noon was past and the clock in the tower struck two. That roused him, and it was then that he first remembered a promise to Irène de la Mothe to seek her to-day at her own home. It seemed to him that a week at least had gone by since he saw her last, and first. Sebastian was away on an errand which might detain him all night. Humphrey left a note in case he returned, and set out.

He knew the direction but not the road, and struck straight for his imagined goal, regardless of intercepting thicket or illusive turn of the path. Elzevir perceived that something was expected of him, and at each crossing or turning of the green road he pricked up his ears and became doubly alive, as if he alone were the guide of the party. His rider righted himself, when astray, by the sun or his compass; but their advance was necessarily slower than by the open road, and it was two full hours before the spaces of the trees began to widen into a park-like

distance, and to assume that indescribable air of cultivation which prophesies a human dwelling. The park presently resolved itself into the garden, full of short turf and spring flowers and clustering thickets. This part of it was unenclosed, seeming to fade imperceptibly into the wilder land beyond; and while securing an open space of air and light for the house, yet craved and obtained the encircling protection of the forest. The house itself—a long, low building of grey stone, with something the air of a convent about its regular rows of deep windows—was now close at hand; but Humphrey could see no entrance, convent-like, on this side, and was obliged to make a circuit in order to gain admission.

A very old servant, in a suit of faded black, led Elzevir away; and another, a degree less old and faded, but no less serious and dignified, conducted Humphrey into the house in solemn silence. The man's behavior gave token that the guest was known and expected. He preceded him upstairs without a word. Humphrey tried to throw off the drowsy unreality of his mood, but it was no use: the atmosphere of the place, with its ancient retinue, and its air of uninhabited repose, lent itself too well to dreaming. Humphrey recalled Irène as he had seen her last night at Brücken, and he could not imagine that she lived here. As he followed his guide down the long gallery, he half expected to see pale nuns kneeling at shrines as he passed, and to find a reception at the end of his quest from some grave and reverend abbess, the ruler of this unearthly house.

The old man opened a door, ushered him in unannounced, and closed it behind him. The place was full of western sunshine and the scent of spring flowers. As Humphrey moved up the length of the room, Irène herself came to meet him; and immediately things grew real again, and he awoke.

Her greeting was simple and unconstrained, as if they were already old friends; and she fell easily into talk, asking him whether he had any difficulty in finding his way, and about his ride home, and whether he was tired. A great dog had risen when she did, and stood watchful, with a low, warning growl. She touched him, and he lay down again, content.

"You must forgive him for being rude," she said to Humphrey; "for he is old and almost blind, and it makes him suspicious."

Humphrey spoke to the dog, and the latter came and laid a tawny head on his knee for a moment. This act of conciliation accomplished, he returned to his resting-place at Irène's feet.

"That means you are accepted," she said. "He will never growl at you again. He won't notice you either, but you can count on his friendship if you ever need it."

"What would happen if he didn't accept me?" Humphrey said. "Or does his welcome always follow yours?"

"Not always. Once we had a difference of opinion about some one. And, do you know, it turned out that he was right and I wrong! He's a wonderful dog."

A silence fell between them,—a silence without embarrassment. Humphrey broke it by saying:

"I can not believe that you are the same lady I met last night."

"I am not," she answered quickly. "I am quite different. Do you like this room?" she said presently. "I asked you to come up here because the lower rooms lose the sun so early, and this is where I always sit. The house was a convent once, and this was the abbess' apartment."

Humphrey smiled, recalling his first impression of the place, and contrasting it with this presiding spirit, so unlike abbess or nun, the great lion at her feet.

"There was a high wall all round it

then," she went on. "But my father had it pulled down, because he loved to see the forest."

Humphrey had walked to the window nearest him. Standing there, he looked down the room. Through the long row of latticed windows, shafts of sunlight fell across the floor. The distant end, near the door, was hardly furnished at all, repeating the monastic bareness of the outer gallery. At the inner end, where they were, making, with its one deeper window, almost a chamber by itself, was the open stone fireplace, the grand piano, a writing-table, and chairs; and the walls here were lined with books.

"Yes, I like it," he said. "May I look at the books?"

He did so without waiting for permission. He was surprised to find them in almost exact accord with his own scope and taste in reading. It was a choice library of philosophy, poetry, and criticism, in all tongues, old and new. Greek books beautifully bound, Latin books, German books in heavy tomes, French and Italian,—all that he most valued was there.

"I see you have read everything I have read," he said.

"I have read a great deal," she answered. "I have had nothing else to do."

The talk wandered on, touching on slight things for the most part. The old servant came in with fruit and coffee, honey, and fresh bread; and they made a meal together. When it was over, Irène said:

"I must go to my father now for a time. I wonder if you could rest, or read here, or wander in the garden? But perhaps you can not stay so long. Only, if you could—"

"I will stay," Humphrey answered. "Please do not hasten."

"Thank you!" she said, and went away, the great dog heavily padding after her.

When Humphrey was alone he wandered once more round the books, taking down an occasional volume but not reading it. The sun was setting, and the room was now in cool shadow, the firelight brightening as the outer light grew less. Presently the same servant entered, taper in hand, to light the candles. But Humphrey begged him to delay it, and went to the window-seat to watch the sky. Once there, he fell into a depth of musing, wherein he lost all sense of time; and he never knew how long Irène had been away, when he was roused by her voice coming from the room behind him.

"Forgive me for refusing lights," Humphrey said. "I was watching the sunset and forgot it was over."

He had risen as he spoke. He watched her now, as she woke the slumbering fire into life, and then passed to the piano and opened it. But when she began to play he sat down again in the window-seat, dropping the great curtain between them that he might not see her, and closed his eyes in the darkness.

She played for an hour. And her playing was as like Mirvan's as an eager child is like the master it worships. She had drawn her small draught from the same well where he strove to slake his quenchless thirst, and the drops fell coolingly on her listener's heart. He was in no mood to criticise or appraise.

When she had finished, she came into the recess of the window.

"No, don't rise. I like to talk standing. What did you mean by saying I had no right to be there last night?"

"Did I say that?" asked Humphrey, astonished.

"It was the very first thing you said to me: that I had no right to go out into the desert and then complain of thirst. I understood what you meant, in a sense. But isn't everything the

desert when we have known it a certain time?"

Humphrey had risen, and was standing beside her, looking out into the leafy darkness.

"I think not," he said, after a pause. "I think the real things never tire."

"But what *are* the real things?" she asked, impatiently. "It seems to me that all things fail in the end, only some take longer than others. It is the same with all these books, and the wisdom and beauty they hold. One drinks it all in, and comes away unsatisfied at last. Have you ever found just what you sought?"

"Perhaps not," Humphrey rejoined; "but neither have I gone away quite unsatisfied. I have found something, which I did not seek perhaps,—something new and unknown."

"But, then, the next moment it is old and done with," she said. "And so one goes on hoping and despairing forever. Where is the water of life?"

Humphrey was silent. He had a sudden sense of helplessness, and wished himself in church praying in the dark.

"I knew you had it the moment I saw your face last night," she went on. "And then you spoke of God, and I was all at sea again."

"You asked me," Humphrey answered.

"I know. I felt I must find out this thing that was so strange to me, that made all I had known seem dwarfed and dead. So I asked. But I do not believe in God."

"I think that isn't possible. You believe in something or you couldn't live, and that something is God."

"Is it?" she said, doubtfully. "Then what is your God?"

The question, in spite of its abrupt wording, sounded neither curious nor intrusive. It carried only the weight of personal need that prompted it.

"It is so hard to put into words," Humphrey answered.

"And if you did, I dare say your

words would not answer me. I did not suppose you would tell me all in a minute what you live by, even if you could. I thought, perhaps, a crumb might fall."

"I would tell you all I could. Only it seems so strange that you should need anything from me."

"Strange!" she repeated. "If only I could tell you! If only you knew!"—she broke off. "I know you would understand," she said again. "But I fear to weary you, and so lose what I have only just found. If you only knew what it is to be able to speak without pretence or disguise for the first time,—to have no sort of dread of being misunderstood!"

"That is true," Humphrey said. "I don't think I should misunderstand, and I know you could not weary me."

"But it is late," she replied, "and you have such a long ride. Come again soon, and I will try to tell you."

Her manner, always swiftly indicative of her mood, had resumed its gentle lightness. She had turned the key for the time upon her passionate questioning and revolt, and said good-bye to him, simply, as a friend.

As he rode home, Humphrey felt that he had entered upon his priesthood. For the first time a soul had turned to him in trouble,—to him as able to help. He did not perplex or baffle his mind with false humility, nor try to explain to himself the mystery that this soul, who craved of him shelter and enlightenment, was the same who had given him new life and light. He was lifted above doubts and fears. He had never felt so certain, so undismayed, in the face of his own destiny; and he realized, as never before, the nature of God and man. Lifting his eyes, full of hope, to the stars, he saw the symbol of his faith—a great cross in the heavens, shining down upon him serenely from the midst of the Milky Way.

(To be continued.)

The Rain.

BY ELMER MURPHY.

SOFTLY the rain falls,
Softly the rose unfolds,
The glory of a thousand petals just unfurled
The still dawn holds.
Yet droops the withered bloom,
Nor sun nor dawn nor rain
Shall lift its head again.

Softly the rain falls,
Gently new hope upsprings,
The promises of quickened hours and rounded days
The gray dawn brings.
Ah! friends, if only we
Could garner with the rain
Our wasted hours again!

The Father of Many French and English Dramas.

BY HAROLD DJON.

IN an effort to account for the failure of our country to produce a literature during the first two centuries of her existence, Marston Payne says: "It is sufficient to observe that the process of transplanting always [?] results in a setback to growth, whether the stock be of trees or of men. In this case, moreover, the stock transplanted were not of the sort from which literature might be expected. The fox hunter and the preacher have at least this in common: they look upon every form of art with indifference, if not with scorn."

That the fox hunter and the preacher are placed on a level in regard to art is Mr. Payne's contention, and it is not for me to gainsay him. In fact, the contention contains the germ of the disease which has eluded Mr. Payne's analysis.

The cause of the American failure for so great a length of time to produce, in the whole range of art, anything worthy of notice was anti-Catholicism;

anti-Catholicism which had destroyed, as far as lay in its power, in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, everything that had been fashioned and formed by Catholic hands, guided by the fostering and solicitous mother of all the arts—the Holy Catholic Church.

There was also a transplanting to Mexico; and a contrast made between New England and the Virginias of the seventeenth century and Mexico of the sixteenth would have sorrowful results for either the Puritan or Cavalier colony. Long years passed before the law forbidding the printing press in the Virginias was rescinded. The Rev. Charles Upham in his voluminous history of Salem—a work dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes and exhibiting a hatred of the Catholic Church as malignant as was Cotton Mather's—excuses the Puritans for the delusions into which they fell by attributing them to their illiteracy. "At best, it can be said that the majority of the people of the New England colonies knew how to read, a few knew how to write. Scholars there were none. Cotton Mather's boasted proficiency was the merest pedantic sciolism."

On the other hand, it is undeniable that, scarcely was the conquest of Mexico accomplished, when hospitals, schools, colleges, churches and cathedrals arose on every side, each and every building a work of art. Of the University of Mexico in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Humboldt says it could be compared favorably with the famous universities of Europe at their best.

And publishing houses were established as early as 1536. They were needed, for from the first Mexico had a literature. To prove this assertion and not to go beyond the sixteenth century, it is sufficient to enumerate the names of Velasquez Cardenas, Ximines Xuarez, Rodriguez Joachim, Correa, Ludovicus, Islas, Tolsa, Clavel,

Cordero, Coras, and Alarcon who lived into the seventeenth century.

When the present writer was younger and prone, as youth is, to accept the printed word without question, he read this sentence: "Alarcon was a Mexican. In one of his plays a soldier says: 'I have not thought—but—well, let it pass.' This passage epitomizes Alarcon. He is hysterical, and one must dig for his meanings." Thus read my first lesson in Mexican literature. I have unlearned it.

The figure of aposiopesis occurs three times in the writings of Alarcon, and he has written much. He is not hysterical: he is sedate, mirthful, thoughtful and thought-provoking. It is not necessary to deracinate his plays to arrive at their meanings: these lie on the surface, visible and beautiful as water-lilies on the bosom of a Louisiana bayou.

Water-lilies on these bayous are often so plentiful as to impede the progress of vessels. Alarcon's meanings, however, will not impede your progress through his dramas: they will delight your heart and mind, and strengthen your morals. For he is a moral writer who instructs without seeming to teach, who elevates without appearance of effort. Humor and pathos are his abiding qualities. His laugh is clean and wholesome, and he can draw tears without being sentimentally lachrymose. Without illusions of vice or virtue, Alarcon was an "idealist" and a "realist."

The Duke of Soma, a celebrated character as a courtier at the Mexican viceregal court in the seventeenth century, and afterward as a missionary, has penned some lines which go to show that there were writers in his day who made themselves offensive as do some of the writers of our time. "I do not see," he says in a passage remarkable for its modernity of tone, "how a man possessed of reason, to say nothing of genius, can debase his pen to the

wicked frivolities of the age. Our great Alarcon never wrought in such wise with his pen. They who write of rank rottenness say they tell of life,—as if the life of the rose were not as real as that of the deadly-nightshade!"

Alarcon's plays are pure and white as mountain snows, which are never defiled by the sweepings of the street, and which take their fervid tints from the sun. But no man has been so freely plagiarized as Alarcon; and his English plagiarists have often smutted his crystal clearness with the muck of a London gutter.

Corneille's admiration for Alarcon was so great that he declared he would give two of his best plays to have invented the argument of one of the Mexican dramatist's comedies. Furthermore, the argument of Corneille's *Le menteur* ("The Liar"), one entire scene, and a number of the speeches of Don Garcia and his father, are taken from Alarcon's *La Verdad Sospechosa* ("The Truth Suspected"). Corneille candidly acknowledged his indebtedness to the Mexican. He was too great a genius to need to depend on another for a reputation, but honest and generous enough to confess an obligation when he had incurred one.

Molière and Voltaire were also loud in praise of Alarcon, and used him by way of what in gentle English we call adaptation. Molière culled discreetly and modestly from Alarcon; yet, in view of his amiable depredations, his indignant "*Allez fripier d'écrits, impudent plagiaire!*" (Away with you, tasteless plagiarist, impudent literary thief!) becomes mildly amusing. To echo Brieux is to say enough of Voltaire in connection with Alarcon. "*Voltaire, piller un auteur!*" (What! Voltaire rob an author!) Brieux exclaims.

The thefts of Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Foote, Farquhar, Etheridge, Edward Moore, and other less known English playwrights, are enormous.

No one of these men had the grace to acknowledge his obligation to the Mexican's treasury. They all, except Moore, defiled the stolen goods; and one of them, Etheridge, lampooned the victim of their plagiaries. It was a whimsical circumstance that gave notoriety to the thefts of these English dramatists.

A suggestively hyphenated individual, one Brewer-Dawson, made a tour of Spain in the year 1789. He was what Mistress Sophronia Tullington (the only character Aphra Behn ever created) would have styled an "ambulatory periodicist"; and was such a one as Loomis alludes to when he speaks of "bat-like travellers" who go from place to place without ability to see in broadest daylight.

Brewer-Dawson's "Iniquities of Rome Newly Discovered by a Diligent Pilgrim" fell flat; but, for his sins, he came across in a Seville bookshop some of the plays of Alarcon, a writer hitherto unknown to him. He had a fair knowledge of Spanish, knowledge and appreciation of Congreve, Wycherley and the others, and he straightway wrote a pamphlet to show "How a Spanish Papist Won Fame to Himself by Appropriating the Brains of Certain Wits of the London Stage." As Alarcon had departed this life before the birth of the "certain wits," it may be imagined how poor Brewer-Dawson was laughed at, and how bitter was his mortification at finding his anathemas of Alarcon applicable to the men he "rashly rushed to defend."

When it is said that Alarcon was a contemporary of Shakespeare, an idea is given of how far back Mexican literature extends. But not a full idea; for Alarcon closed the first period of Spanish-American letters,—closed it in a real blaze of glory. Mexican literature antedates what is known as the Elizabethan era. And almost as little is known of Alarcon's life as is known

of Shakespeare's. Much of this little is disputed, and only what has been positively ascertained shall find place in these brief notes.

Documents in the University of Mexico establish the fact that Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza was baptized in the city of Mexico on the 2d of October, 1572; that he studied at the University, was sent to Spain, and there spent a year at the University of Salamanca. Returning home, he completed his studies at the University of Mexico, and was in his twenty-eighth year when he received the degree of licentiate in the department of law. At this period he had written eight of his twenty-eight acted plays. Of these eight, *Las Paredes Oyen* ("Walls have Ears") is the best, and is confessedly one of the finest comedies in any language.

His genius won him admiration socially and politically. It also created for him numerous enemies. Physically deformed—he was a hunchback, with but one beauty of countenance, which Philip de Lunes describes as "a pair of wonderful and violet eyes,"—it speaks much for Alarcon's character that in no instance are his moral attributes attacked in the vile lampoons put forth by his enemies. In these effusions of a bastard wit his misshapen body alone is the object of attack.

Alarcon has been accused of being proud and arrogant. That he showed himself unmoved by the aforesaid lampoons, not deigning to notice them, gave birth to this opinion in the minds of some. What we are sure of is that he was lavishly generous, and quick to forgive injuries; and the singular purity of his life has never been disputed.

Reckless of his reputation as a writer, he permitted himself, without protest, to be as impudently robbed in Spain as he was robbed after his death in England. It came to his ears that one who had not only

robbed but lampooned him, a precursor of Etheridge, was in distress. Alarcon sent him a large sum of money. On the widow of another who had caricatured him he settled a liberal pension for life.

He was appointed clerk to the Council of the Indies in 1628, and this position he held till his death in Madrid, where he had gone on a visit, in 1639.

There is another parity between these contemporaries, Shakespeare and Alarcon. The causes were unlike, but for a long period of time the works of both these men lost interest for the peoples of their respective countries. Debasement of taste was the cause of Shakespeare's decline in England; Alarcon's utter disregard for the fate of his dramas was the cause of his being almost forgotten in Spain. Both men owe, primarily, to German critics their revival and just appreciation.

The comedies of Alarcon are lauded as forming a system of practical philosophy, inasmuch as they give a delightful verification of the proverbial wisdom of Spain. Such, among others, are: "Luck and Labor," "Look Before you Leap," "There is no Sorrow that does not come for Good," and "Everybody's Business is Nobody's." He fulfils Matthew Arnold's dictum that "good literature is a criticism of life." Schlegel says of him: "The moral of his humor in no way detracts from the keenness of his wit, his ingenious boldness, the originality and versatility of his situations, his magical ingenuity of denouement. His share of the riches of the Spanish stage that have become proverbial is large."

To give comedy a consequence and a purpose is the distinguishing design of Alarcon; but, while his audience never failed to perceive the moral of his humor, they could laugh at the wit of his dialogue and the comicality of his situations. He could give logic to a whim, a fancy or a passion.

In the last half of the nineteenth

century there was a great Alarcon revival in Spain, France, and Mexico, and to some degree in Germany, with a ripple of interest in England. New, many of them sumptuous, editions of his works appeared in Madrid, Paris, and Mexico. The reviews of these three cities, particularly those of Paris, published lengthy and highly appreciative criticisms of his plays; none of the critics esteeming him as less than the greatest dramatists of their respective countries. New criticisms of Alarcon also appeared in German and in English.

In the three cities aforementioned, there was inaugurated, in 1870, an Alarcon festival, during which his three most important plays were performed. These three plays are "Walls have Ears," "The Weaver of Segovia," "Truth Suspected." German critics prefer "Better for Worse" to either the first or the third. Naturally, the most enthusiastic of these three celebrations was the one held in the city of Mexico. The 2d of October was proclaimed a holiday, and on that day a monument to their great dramatist was unveiled by the Mexicans.

Before closing this unworthy notice of a great man, the writer would like to present the remarks of three critics of three nationalities the least inclined to be enthusiastic on the subject of Mexican genius.

Our American Ticknor says: "Alarcon is to be ranked with the very best Spanish dramatists during the best period of the National Theatre."

Blair, the English critic, writes: "His plots are ingenious but natural, his style chaste but vigorous, and his works are marked throughout by rare elevation of feeling. His mastery in delineating character is shown in his character-comedies. He excelled in the heroic drama, the best specimen of this kind being *El Tejedor de Segovia* ('The Weaver of Segovia')."

Von Schack, one of the greatest of German critics, makes the following estimate of Alarcon: "Happy in painting comic characters in order to chastise vice, as in the invention and development of heroes to make virtue adorable; rapid in action, sober in ornament; inferior to Lope in tender respect of feminine creations, to Moreto in liveliest comedy, to Calderon in grandeur and stage effect,—he excelled them all in the variety and perfection of his figures, in the tact of managing them, in equality of style, in carefulness of versification, in correctness of language."

An Alien Invader.

BY MARY CROSS.

THE train from Leeds to Harrogate was just about to start when the quiet of a certain compartment was broken by the entrance of a pair of tall, good-looking damsels, and a young man sufficiently like them to be recognized as a brother. Of the two previous occupants, the sedate, white-haired old gentleman who had been nodding in a corner merely opened his eyes and closed them again; but the other, a stout, stylish lady, effusively greeted the girls, who seated themselves with a swirl and swish of skirts and chatelaines, talking all the while as if they were under a vow to utter the greatest number of words in the smallest possible space of time.

"Just getting home like ourselves, Mrs. Hopkins?" said the elder. "Amy and I have been shop-shop-shopping until we were ready to collapse, and Cyril threatened to leave us to our fate. Isn't it too awfully cold for anything?"

"'Cauld,' you mean, Hilda," corrected Amy; and the compartment rang with their mirth.

"'Cauld, then,—awfu' cauld ava," gasped Hilda; and the old gentleman

in the corner repeated his former movement, the young one slightly frowned, whilst Mrs. Hopkins looked mystified.

"What is the joke?" she asked.

"Oh, well, you know Aunt Latham is always doing something queer!" began Amy. "And last summer she was touring in Scotland—"

"And she met some Miss Baird," interposed her sister,— "a native, an aborigine—don't you know?—to whom she took one of her absurd fancies."

"And she invited the girl and her father to visit her," continued Amy; "and they are coming, and we are trying to learn the language so as to be intelligible to the foreigners."

"It will be rather an affliction, I dare say," agreed Mrs. Hopkins. "But why does Mrs. Latham burden herself with such persons?"

"Oh, I expect they forced themselves upon her!" said Amy, sagaciously. "She is too communicative, you know; and they would soon find out that she had a well-to-do young bachelor of a nephew, and they would toady to her to serve their own ends. She is always advising Cyril to marry, so I think the object of the invitation and its acceptance is beautifully clear."

"Less obvious is the charity that thinketh no ill," remarked Cyril, quietly.

"I think you are capable of protecting your brother," said Mrs. Hopkins, affably addressing the girls.

"I quite agree with you that my sisters are likely to prove an efficient safeguard against matrimony," said the young man, with some dryness.

"I have met Scotch people who were really very nice," declared Mrs. Hopkins, vaguely endeavoring to cast oil upon troubled waters.

"That is within the limits of possibility," he replied. "But Amy and Hilda have made up their minds beforehand to dislike Miss Baird, and to see in her and her father only what is absurd or objectionable. I am not sufficiently

up-to-date to enjoy ridicule of strangers, especially when one of them is a lady."

"Oh, Cyril is always a wet blanket: he can never take a joke!" cried Amy; whilst Hilda pronounced him "long-faced enough to be Miss Baird's father."

Possibly there was a good deal of earnestness in their jesting, as both girls were in an alliance with each other to prevent their brother's marriage, which event would make a considerable difference to themselves. To keep Cyril a celibate until they had made "good matches" was the chief end and aim of their existence; but so far no eligible youth had shown any inclination to spend his life listening to the discourse of either one of the Thurston girls.

A few days after this conversation the Thurstons were sipping tea in their artistic drawing-room, a replica of an eighteenth-century apartment, with great-grandmother Thurston gazing from a frame of leather roses and foliage at the distant spires and gilded domes of Harrogate. A carriage had stopped at the big white porch, and presently the maid announced:

"Miss Baird!"

"She has positively called without being invited!"

"And without our having called upon her! Oh, this is a little *too* barefaced!"

Amy and Hilda had just time to hurl those remarks at Cyril when the visitor entered; and she was so much worse than they had hoped that their breath was taken quite away. She was attired in a costume of red and white tartan, crowned with a huge white Tam O'Shanter; here and there a pebble brooch the size of a muffin indicated her taste in jewellery; her hair, shining with oil, was "dog's-eared" round a face painfully high in complexion; and gamboge boots, that illustrated the theory that feminine feet are increasing in size, shone resplendent above the subdued tints of the Thurston carpet.

Hilda was the first to recover from

the shock of this apparition, tossing her chin upward and making the most of her height.

"Where is Mrs. Latham?" she asked, freezingly.

"Awa to Leeds. She didna ken I was coming here, but I was kinna anxious to see what like you were."

"You had no difficulty in finding your way to my brother's house," said Hilda, deep and deadly meaning in the remark.

"With a gude Scots tongue in ma heid, I'm no likely to loss mysel anywheres," was the offhanded reply of the stranger, whom Amy was eyeing from head to foot with a dazzling smile.

"You are quite sure that you are Miss Baird?" she asked, suavely.

"Eh?" queried the other, perplexedly.

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought she had sent her maid to represent her, perhaps. Scotch manners and customs are rather peculiar," said Amy, her cool, deliberate, smiling stare unrelaxed.

Cyril interposed a chair and a—

"Won't you sit down, Miss Baird? Shall I ring for fresh tea, Hilda?"

Hilda murmured something inaudible, but performed her duty as hostess.

Amy set down her cup and walked to the piano, with an air of withdrawing herself from inferior surroundings. She began to play "Bid Me Good-bye and Go!" whereupon Cyril's face flushed, but Miss Baird remained unmoved.

"But can you no play something cheery?" she asked.

Amy looked round her ear to answer:

"Can't *you*? You look musical!"

Miss Baird responded with alacrity.

"I'll give you one o' the auld Scots songs," said she, and thumped forth an accompaniment to the following:

Haggis broo is bla' and brow',
 Kittle kail is a' awa,
 Sound the spleuchan o'er the Stane,
 Philabegs are a' their lane,
 Hech the pibroch, hech the pladdie,
 Hech the sonsie finnan haddie,—
 Hoot awa, Hoot awa-a!

The melody to which the words were wedded was weird—

It was fitful and wild as the breeze,
 It wandered about into several keys,—

but the Thurston girls hailed the performance with—

"Lovely! Now, couldn't you dance a reel or a fling, or something?"

Again Cyril interposed.

"Miss Baird must not tire herself out for our amusement," he said. "Suppose you favor us with a hornpipe, Amy? Or perhaps Hilda will do a Lancashire step-dance?"

These requests reduced the girls to wrathful silence, and Miss Baird rose to depart.

"I've enjoyed mysel fine," she said, as Mr. Thurston handed her into the carriage as if she had been a duchess.

"Isn't she a beauty?" cried Hilda, as he re-entered the drawing-room.

"She has magnificent eyes and a perfect profile," he answered. "Aunt Latham was right in saying that."

"Well, she has given us something to laugh at," the girls declared with almost hysterical mirth. "It will be splendid fun to draw her out."

"Perhaps she will return the compliment," he said,—an absurd suggestion that met with scorn and derision.

The middle of the week brought a note from Aunt Latham asking her nieces and nephew to a musical "At Home." The nieces decided not to go, declaring that they could not stand "another dose of Miss Baird"; and they felt that there was no danger of Cyril's being captivated by such an outlandish person. Consequently he presented himself at Mrs. Latham's without his usual bodyguard.

He was exchanging greetings with his numerous acquaintances when his aunt tapped his shoulder with her fan and murmured an introduction. He bowed to a slender girl in creamy voile, and he recognized the splendid eyes and the perfect profile. But the complexion was

delicately clear, and the soft fair hair curled away from a brow of immaculate whiteness.

"We have met before," said she, as the hostess passed on to other guests; "though you seem to have forgotten."

"You—you—look so different in evening dress!" he faltered; and a dimple came and went in her dainty chin.

"Don't you admire the national costume of bonnie Scotland, then?" she asked, demurely.

"Have I seen it? I suspected you were laughing at us,—that somewhere lurked a hoax, a practical joke. Now I am sure. But why, wherefore?"

"Call it retaliation," she suggested.

"I am still at sea. Won't you help me to the shore of understanding? Here is a quiet nook where you might kindly explain the mystery."

He held aside a curtain beyond which was a balcony overhanging the dewy garden. After a brief hesitation, she stepped forth and he followed.

"Half a dozen words will suffice," she said, rather coldly. "When people discuss absent persons, and accuse them of unworthy schemes and motives, they should be sure that those persons really are absent, or else prepare for reprisals."

"To what or to whom is the allusion?"

"Oh, to a certain dialogue in a certain compartment, when my dear old father heard himself and me and our nationality ridiculed!"

Memory gave one of her lightning flashes, and the thunderclap of comprehension followed. Cyril's face burned; he stood still and silent.

"Father was hurt and angry," the girl resumed; "and I was rather worse when he told me So I masqueraded. I owe my song to *Punch*—the journal, not the beverage. But I hope I have convinced the Misses Thurston that I do not wish to attract their brother.

I was at some pains to achieve the opposite result."

"We ought to be ashamed of ourselves," he conceded.

"Why do you say 'we' and 'our'?" she asked, in a gentler tone. "On both occasions you behaved as a gentleman."

"Thank you! But you must allow me to apologize for my sisters. You can afford to forgive, as the laugh is with you."

"Please don't. I am not at all proud of my exploit now. It will have to be a case of mutual forgiveness."

When the guests had dispersed, and Madge Baird was brushing her long hair before her toilet glass, Mrs. Latham, plump and stately in her dressing-gown, walked into the room and subsided into the easiest chair.

"My child," said she, "you will give people cause to talk, and I don't want my nephew branded as a fortune-hunter."

"Oh, I have been branded as a fortune-huntress!" replied Madge. "But why these reproaches?"

"Do you know how long you were on that balcony with Cyril Thurston?"

"A few minutes, I dare say. Why?"

"Well, if three solemn quarters of an hour seemed only a few minutes, I have nothing more to say except—good-night!"

It was the prime of summer-time when Mrs. Hopkins announced to her lord and master that Cyril Thurston was engaged to be married to that rich and pretty Miss Baird.

"I thought his sisters detested her," said he.

"Oh, not now! And what if they do? Cyril and she are devoted to each other; and, after all, it is only that which matters."

CONTEMPT which is not perfectly silent is virtually retaliation.

—Pendleton.

A Prodigy of the Altar.

A PROPOS of the recent Eucharistic Congress in New York, unusual interest attaches to the following well-authenticated narrative published by several of our French exchanges. It was related by the parish priest of Saint-André at another Eucharistic Congress held, some weeks prior to the American one, at Angoulême, France. The genuineness of the prodigy involved is vouched for by the diocesan authorities of the Ile de la Réunion, in which See Saint-André parish is situated.

On the 26th of January, 1902, Father Lacombe was celebrating in his parish the exercises of the Perpetual Adoration. He had reached the *Pater Noster* of his Mass when, chancing to raise his eyes to the ostensorium, he saw a species of shadow, or sombre aureole, clearly defined at the upper portion of the Sacred Host. Continuing the Holy Sacrifice, he beheld the progressive formation of a human countenance—the forehead, eyes, nose, lips, chin,—the full face, in fine, set off with hair and beard. The expression of the figure was profoundly sorrowful; its complexion was cadaverous, and the head was slightly inclined to the right.

The Mass over, Father Lacombe returned to the sacristy, quite naturally preoccupied with the vision that he had been witnessing. Distrusting possibly some illusion on his own part, he called the oldest of his altar-boys, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years, and said to him: "Go out and see whether you notice anything strange about the Blessed Sacrament." The young man did so, and in a few moments came hurrying back to the sacristy, exclaiming: "Father, there's a man in the ostensorium!"

Thereupon the other altar-boys hastened out to the sanctuary; and they, too, perceived the human counte-

nance which none but the pastor had noticed during the Holy Sacrifice. In the meanwhile most of the congregation had left the church. The pastor sent for a number of Sisters who were still in their pews near the sanctuary; and, without telling them what he himself had seen, asked them to look at the ostensorium. They did so, and beheld the holy face of Our Lord just as the priest and his altar-boys had done. Some of the boys had told of the prodigy to the few parishioners who had not yet left the sacred edifice; and these, turning back and entering the sanctuary, witnessed the same spectacle.

The news of the marvel spread like wildfire through the little town; and within an hour, practically the whole population had betaken itself to the church. All saw the prodigy,—practical Catholics and nominal, the pious and the scoffers, fervent Christians and those who had long neglected the sacraments. In many cases, indeed, the impious appeared to see the figure even more distinctly than the devout.

Entering the sanctuary from time to time during the day, the priest perceived at each visit the same features, which at first looked a yellowish white like the face of a corpse, and later, in the afternoon, took on the coloring of a living countenance. Naturally enough, the Abbé desired to take a closer view of the apparition and examine more minutely into all its details. He accordingly mounted the little stepladder ordinarily used when the ostensorium was placed above the tabernacle; but when he reached the top he found that a black veil, like a heavy coating of ink, was spread over the glass face of the lunette, rendering it absolutely opaque, so that he could see nothing whatever.

Keeping his gaze fixed on the ostensorium as he descended, backward, he saw the features reappearing; but on his arresting his descent they again

vanished, and not until he got off the stepladder did he once more behold, in common with the other spectators, the adorable face of Jesus Christ.

Behind the altar in Father Lacombe's church there is a sort of stairway, just back of the tabernacle, built for convenience in arranging flowers and other altar decorations. In the course of the day one of the parishioners glided to the rear of the altar and went up this stairway until he came to the level of the ostensorium, which was within reach of his hand. He saw nothing, however, save the white Host as at ordinary expositions of the Blessed Sacrament; although on coming down and returning in front of the altar he again beheld the apparition.

The prodigy had continued up to the hour for Vespers; and many of its witnesses declared that they saw tears and even drops of blood coursing down the face that had replaced the Sacred Host.

When Vespers began, the human figure disappeared, but the imprint of the crucifix on the Host stood out in extraordinary relief; and the cross which bore the image of Christ became elongated, its four extremities overlapping the Host's dimensions by several centimetres. This second phenomenon was distinctly visible to the whole congregation; even the nearsighted and the partially blind observed it. Only at the end of Vespers did the Host resume its usual aspect.

Mgr. Fabre, Bishop of Réunion, was of course informed of this marvellous occurrence, and he forthwith instituted a regular canonical investigation. As a result thereof, he prescribed the careful preservation of the miraculous Host, and ordained that thereafter the annual Adoration should take place at Saint-André on the 26th of January, as a fixed date, and not be postponed until the following Sunday, as had previously been the custom.

Notes and Remarks.

While the general reader of Catholic periodicals (our own included) may possibly be surfeited with discussions turning on the "situation in France," he will, we think, appreciate this characterization of M. Combes, contributed to the *Fortnightly* by the Baron de Coubertin: "M. Combes is not in any sense a statesman: he is merely a politician of middling intelligence and of still more dubious scrupulosity,—a man devoid of conscience and of will. His every act is based either on an order received from his party or from some Masonic lodge, or on some interest which he can not avow but which he awkwardly dissimulates. Added to this, the quarter-deck airs which he adopts by way of creating the illusion of commanding authority give a touch of absurdity to a figure which would otherwise be odious."

One of our contemporaries some months ago proffered the theory that M. Combes furnishes an instance of veritable diabolical obsession; and it must be confessed that the success with which, despite his alleged "middling intelligence," his destructive campaign is meeting, would seem to give the theory an element of credibility. Fortunately, however, there are limits to even the devil's power; and Combes is rapidly reaching the end of his tether.

A contributor to the *North American Review*, in an essay on "The Making of Modern Races," advances this statement: "In a paradoxical fashion, insistence on certain qualities may lead to the extinction of these. In Catholic countries, for instance, where the celibacy of the clergy is required, it would seem as if from each generation there were eliminated those elements of the population in which the ideas of purity and of religion were most strong

and most faithfully fulfilled." The writer's instance is ludicrously ill-chosen. The most Catholic of countries, according to Leo XIII., is Ireland; and if the *North American's* essayist knows any other land in which purity and piety are so conspicuously evident in every generation, he should impart his knowledge to the statisticians. We must be permitted to remark that his assumed facts are lamentably at variance with their verified figures.

The paper read by President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton at the Congress of Sciences, etc., in St. Louis has attracted much attention, on account of not only its ability but its frankness. It was upon the proper methods of studying history, and upon the various recent attempts to reduce it to a science. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* who attended the Congress writes: "He criticised very freely, and by name, Acton's 'Cambridge History,' to which he himself is a contributor; and not less freely, though without name, did he criticise the Ph. D. exercises in history elaborated every year at Harvard. His essay was heard by a large audience of historians with manifest sympathy, and produced a profound impression."

Just what amount of credence is to be given to the most dogmatic utterances of sundry scientists of present-day repute is a rather difficult matter to decide. That a liberal discount from their very positive assertions is allowable, however, becomes clear from the following case, cited in the London (Ont.) *Catholic Record*:

Professor Haeckel, an earnest Darwinite, within the last couple of years declared at the Cambridge Congress of Zoölogy that "science has established the absolute certainty that man has descended, through various stages of evolution, from the lowest form of animal life during a period estimated at a thousand million years." It was remarked by one present that Lord Kelvin had declared that he had proved by other methods

that this world as the scene of life could not be more than twenty-five million years old: a pretty good age too; but Professor Haeckel found no difficulty in reducing his one thousand million to Lord Kelvin's period. The difference is nine hundred and seventy-five million years—a mere bagatelle.

The so-called irrefutable conclusions of scientists in one generation have so often been completely reversed by the scientists of the next, that it behooves such men to cultivate modesty somewhat more assiduously than they do. The self-assertiveness of the scientist is apt, too, to be in inverse ratio to his eminence. The greatest of the genus are the least magisterial in the enunciation of their theories.

The selection of Dom Ambrose Agius as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines gives general satisfaction. Not to speak of his zeal, energy, tact, and other qualifications for the difficult and delicate position to which he has been called, he belongs to an Order much esteemed in the Philippines. (The Benedictines seem to have no enemies anywhere.) Archbishop Agius was fated to come under the Stars and Stripes, in spite of being transferred to England last summer. We learn from the Rome correspondent of the *Tablet* that he was about to sail for the United States, in company with the Superior-General of his Order, when he received a telegram from Rome summoning him at once to the presence of the Holy Father. Three days later Father Ambrose found himself kneeling before Pius X., who received him with his usual kindness, and asked him if he had yet seen the Secretary of State. "Well," said Pius X., "go and see him now, and remember that you have to say 'Yes' to him." It was all very mysterious, but Father Ambrose dutifully made his way from the Pope's private study to see the Cardinal. A few seconds later he was enlightened and very much amazed. "The Holy Father has ordered

me to come to your Eminence and say 'Yes,'" he explained; "but I have no idea what the 'Yes' is to mean."—"It means," said the Secretary of State, "that his Holiness wishes you to be Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, and that you are to be consecrated Archbishop of Palmyra at once."

The late M. Bartholdi, though not the greatest, was the most widely-known of modern French sculptors. He was born at Colmar in Alsace on April 2, 1834, and for a time studied painting under Ary Scheffer. Bartholdi's statue of Liberty, which dominates the harbor at New York, is said to be the largest bronze statue in the world, and to it he devoted some of the best years of his life. It is 151 ft. 1 in. high, and the top of the torch is about 306 ft. from the mean low-watermark. The statue was inaugurated at New York on October 28, 1886.

A monument to the memory of Peter Henlein, for whom the invention of watches is claimed, is about to be erected in the city of Heidelberg. He was born in Nuremberg in 1485, and died there in 1540. It appears doubtful whether the first portable timekeepers were constructed like the watches which came into general use in the middle of the sixteenth century. The earliest watches were rather miniature clocks than pocket watches, and when carried on the person were attached to a chatelaine-like arrangement.

To the *Fortnightly Review* (October issue) W. A. Spooner contributes a laudatory appreciation of William of Wykeham, the fifth centenary of whose death occurs this autumn. Mr. Spooner states that the establishment of the English public school system is due to the foundation of Winchester College by the fourteenth-century ecclesiastical

statesman, to whom also must be given the credit of a memorable development of the collegiate system brought about by the erection of his great "New College" at Oxford. "A quiet and modest devotion to duty" is mentioned as the distinctive spirit of this Bishop of Winchester, who, five hundred years ago, was the lord high chancellor of Catholic England.

It seems probable that the massacre, by the natives of New Britain, of two priests, three Brothers, and five Sisters, was the outcome of savage hatred of white people generally rather than of specific animosity against the missionaries. Australasian exchanges record the widespread horror excited by the assassination, and the universal sympathy expressed by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Our distance from the scene of the massacre doubtless robs the tragedy of much of its vividness, and we are accordingly apt to think of it in the abstract, as something that is rather normal than otherwise in mission life among savages. In very truth, these priests, Brothers, and Sisters, when they proffered their services as missionaries among the New Britain natives, fully recognized the truth that martyrdom was a contingency for which they might well be prepared; and so their glorious fate, however unexpected at the time, can not have been considered by them an undreamt-of possibility. The Order of the Sacred Heart may be condoled with for the moment, but eventually is to be congratulated upon the glory that accrues to it through the supreme honor won by its martyred sons and daughters.

Commenting on the appointment of Lord Grey as the new Governor General of Canada, one of our Quebec exchanges calls attention to the fact that Canadian governors are not

supposed really to govern: they have merely to sign or approve the acts of their responsible ministers, and hence are simply constitutional viceroys who reign but do not rule. Lord Grey is apparently *persona grata*, however, to our neighbors across the border. The *Review*, of Ottawa University, says that he has special claims to the gratitude of Catholics. "A Protestant of strong convictions, he rendered generous tribute, and equally generous help, to the Dominican nuns at Kimberley during his residence in South Africa. But, as even stronger proof of his upright, honest liberality and courage, we have to remember that it was he who, some months ago, proposed in the British House of Lords the total abolition of the blasphemous and iniquitous 'Royal Declaration'...chiefly on the ground that it offers a wanton and most unnecessary insult to the convictions and consciences of many millions of his Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects."

The Golden Jubilee of the Presentation Sisters in California is an event which warrants not only the elaborate celebration recently held in San Francisco, but a sentiment of sympathetic rejoicing on the part of Catholics throughout the country. Fifty years is not an especially lengthy period in the history of institutions in the older lands of Europe, but a half-century of energetic labor in so comparatively young a commonwealth as California constitutes a career that is relatively venerable. In the case of the Presentation nuns, the half-century has been crowded with good deeds, wholly unselfish in their actuating motive and far-reaching in their beneficent results. No one sooner than the Archbishop of San Francisco and his devoted clergy will admit that the education imparted to thousands of pupils by these self-immolating women, and the educative influence of their

very presence in different parts of the archdiocese, have meant much, very much, in the history of the Church's growth and progress on the shores of the Pacific. We congratulate the Presentation Sisters—and the State that profits by their labors.

The report of the commission appointed by the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1901 to study the aims of the labor unions, and to investigate causes of industrial disturbances as they might, was presented last week at the convention held in Boston. The following paragraphs are worth quoting:

We are agreed in the conviction that the causes of the violence of the past three years in Pennsylvania, in Colorado and in Illinois, are not so much economical as moral. The strike commonly begins in distrust. The employer and the employed, separated by our industrial conditions at such a social distance as to make fraternal understanding difficult, make their bargain one with another, under these conditions, not as partners but as competitors...

While, then, we condemn the tyranny and turbulence of the labor union, and call upon the law to preserve the liberty of every citizen to employ whom he will and to work for whom he will, we deprecate the hasty temper which, in condemning the errors of the unions, condemns at the same time the whole movement with which they are connected.

This is sane and sound. We can not say the same of the views expressed by many of the deputies on the subject of divorce. On the contrary, they are shocking to a Catholic. The bishops, presbyters, and laymen of the P. E. C. find it impossible to agree regarding divorce and remarriage. Some favor lax legislation, others insist upon laws strict and stern: We praise those who have striven to check the evil of divorce; but our conviction is that if the whole convention stood with them, the only result would be to drive many wayward sheep out of the Episcopalian fold into what churchly-minded folk call "sectarian pastures."

Notable New Books.

Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate. By Roger Freddi, S. J. B. Herder.

Father Freddi modestly disclaims any credit for whatever good this book may be found to contain. It has all been drawn from St. Thomas, and considerations on the same theme available from other sources have been rigidly excluded; it may therefore be briefly characterized as a statement of the mind of the Angelic Doctor on the subject of the Word Incarnate. The author's part in the work has been that of "a gardener who goes about through the beds of his garden, rich with every kind of flowers, selecting and putting together those which suit his purpose." But a gardener may deserve credit for skill in selecting and taste in arranging his cullings, and so much credit at least is owing to Father Freddi. The absence of anything like a personal style is perhaps attributable to the translator; on the other hand, there is a marked flavor of piety in the exposition which accords well with its sacred subject. In his double purpose of instruction and edification the author has met with a large measure of success.

The Grounds of Hope. By the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D. D., Oblate of St. Charles. Burns & Oates.

There would be less suicide if there was more hope; for "if our hearts condemn us," says St. John, "God is greater than our hearts." All the familiar texts that bear directly on God's willingness to forgive the sinner are aptly quoted by the author. Two of these texts in particular will appeal to every thoughtful reader. Both are from St. Paul. In the one he reminds us that it was "while we were yet sinners that Christ died for us"; in the other he says of our Saviour: "He loved me and delivered Himself for me." Father Richards' enumeration of "Some of God's Promises" is very well done. We are particularly pleased with his four reasons in proof of God's readiness to pardon the prodigal. The concluding chapter, on "Further Testimonies," is a series of well-chosen passages from such writers as St. Augustine, St. Teresa, and St. Francis of Sales.

Lives of the English Martyrs. Vol. I. By Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The preparation of this work is a distinct service. Up to the present time no serious attempt has been made at a biography of the less famous ones among the English martyrs beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886 and 1895. The explanation is doubtless to be found in the difficulty of the work itself, which required years of

laborious searching among manuscripts in out-of-the-way places, as well as a wide acquaintance with chronicles and histories dealing with the period of Henry VIII. The present record was first projected in 1886 by the Fathers of the London Oratory, two of whom, Fathers Keogh and Stanton, are among the contributors to the present volume. Fathers Morris and Pollen, of the Society of Jesus, continued the enterprise; but it was left for Dom Camm to complete it and to edit critically what had been contributed by others.

The name of this learned Benedictine is a guarantee of the scientific character of the work. His purpose was evidently to gather well-documented information about the martyrs rather than to supply emotional reading. Accordingly, to lovers of the marvellous many of these sketches will appear somewhat lacking in vivacity; though others—the more familiar ones—are stirring enough. At any rate, the thanks of all readers who appreciate sincere and painstaking work are due to Dom Camm for his loyalty to the true historical spirit. We must not omit mention of his valuable introduction, which not only lists and discusses the "sources," but deals with several other questions of importance.

Oxford Conferences on Prayer. By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. B. Herder; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

An admirable blending of expository and devotional qualities will win readers of all sorts for these conferences. Originally prepared for university students, they naturally have a strong intellectual cast: the principles laid down by the old theologians, and especially by St. Thomas, form the backbone of the volume; and, especially in the chapter on the psychology of prayer, certain modern intellectual tendencies receive brief but adequate attention. But, granted the gift of exposition in the author, scholarly writing is no bar to the appreciation and enjoyment of the general reader. Not only the missionary engaged in giving retreats and the clergy who prepare sermons and conferences, but devout folk of all degrees will find in these pages, so freely sprinkled with striking sayings of the saints, food for pious reflection and enduring stimulants to prayer. For spiritual reading in religious communities, the chapters on vocal, mental and liturgical prayer are wholly admirable.

Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise. By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

Father Sheehan calls this work "a drama of modern life," but it is the sort of drama that is meant to be read rather than acted. The reading will not occupy more than an hour or two, yet the hypercritical may possibly entertain a doubt

as to whether the time might not be more profitably employed. A much slighter work than his previous prose volumes, this one will hardly add fresh laurels to its author's already goodly wreath. There is a sprinkling of verse in the book, too; and, while most of it is mellifluous enough, there is one quatrain that contains a double rhyme for which the only adequate epithet is "atrocious":

If darkness, my *shadow*,
 Enveileth your eyes
 In bands that are *black*, though
 The stars' meek surprise. . .

To say that "The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise" is wanting in interest or cleverness would be untrue; to call it an especially interesting or clever work would be to contravene the verdict which the reading world will probably pronounce upon it.

Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. By Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B. Art & Book Company.

Francis Kerril Amherst, second Bishop of Northampton, was a worthy contemporary of such historical figures as Newman, Wiseman, and Ullathorne. His Memoirs are both interesting and instructive; they reveal what we are eager to know—that he is he, and not another. There is truly a vast difference between any readable autobiography and a biographical sketch, however well done. The former discloses the inner life of its author; the latter at best can only reflect the impression of the subject's exterior conduct upon his biographer. Hence an autobiography of such literary merit as that of Bishop Amherst must necessarily attract the attention of every intelligent reader.

Bishop Amherst was one of the bishops who sat in session at the Vatican Council. His letters of this period are specially interesting. The book is well edited and contains a thorough index.

Fatigue. By A. Mosso. Translated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Since the first Italian edition of this work was issued in 1891, a good deal of literature on the same subject has appeared. Some of Mosso's conclusions do not now find acceptance, but his researches were in the main so accurate and of such great practical value that their presentation even at this late date to readers of English ought to be highly appreciated.

The treatise is a study of the nature and effects of fatigue. The method of investigation is observation based chiefly on experiments made with the ergograph,—an apparatus of Mosso's own invention, which gives a written record of the diminution of muscular activity during work. A large part of the book is devoted to a minute analysis of the modifications that take place

during fatigue in various physiological functions. An attempt is also made to estimate the reciprocal effects of bodily and mental processes of long duration. Although the author was, on the whole, committed by the nature of his subject to the severity of scientific treatment, he has brightened his pages for the general reader by many historical allusions and by quotations from authors who were not professed psychologists.

Sportsman "Joe." By Edwin Sandys. New York. The Macmillan Company.

An excellent book for boys of any age, from fourteen to fourscore. Mr. Sandys has repeated the success he had already achieved in "Trapper Jim"; and the normal youth will follow the adventures of Joe with a zest altogether healthy and bracing. Incidentally, the youth will absorb a considerable amount of practical knowledge about life in the open, or the sportsman's shack, with detailed instructions about fishing, shooting, camp-building, cooking, and various other subjects. The "eternal feminine" does not present herself until page 235 has been reached, and she occupies a distinctly subordinate position even through the remaining hundred pages. The paper, type, and binding are up to the Macmillan standard; and the illustrations, by J. M. Gleeson and C. W. Pancoast, add not a little to the volume's attractiveness.

St. Egwin and His Abbey of Evesham. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Burns & Oates; Art & Book Co.

When we say that the life of any saint has all the beauty of fiction in its narrative, we like to believe at the same time that such a life is based on the reality of fact. 'Tis a pity, then, that the life of St. Egwin is more legendary than real. On the other hand, it is consoling to think that legends not unfrequently have their foundation in fact. St. Egwin was the third Bishop of Worcester and the founder of the celebrated monastery in the vale of Evesham. The book is written in a fascinating style, handsomely published, and provided with an accurate index.

The Fatal Beacon. By F. von Brackel. Benziger Brothers.

The familiar tales of the Black Forest come to mind as one reads the setting of this interesting story; for Germany is the main scene of action. But the plot works itself out along lines not so familiar, although there is nothing startlingly new about it. The air of mystery surrounding "The Fatal Beacon" is well sustained, the love interest holds the reader throughout, and the moral tone is all that could be desired. There are tangles in the warp and woof of the lives depicted; and, all in all, the book is entertaining.



A Proverb Reversed.

BY E. BECK.

IN spite of all that old proverbs teach
Of the work you should do to-day,
Put off till to-morrow each angry speech
And word that you're tempted to say.
Put off till to-morrow the useless tear,
The regret and repining vain
For some joyous day of a bygone year
That can never come back again.

Put off till to-morrow each act unkind,
All selfish, degrading schemes;
All the envious thoughts that vex the mind,
And the dreaming of idle dreams.
Put off each deed you would fain undo,
Each word you would fain unsay
When the trumpet shall sound the wide world
through
On the great accounting day.

The Sandman's Castle.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVI.—END OF THE SANDMAN—AND
THE STORY.

VERY soon it became apparent that the Sandman would never again take his old place in the household which he had so long ruled with absolute sway. When he had been placed by Katrinka in his familiar chair on the gallery, he spent most of his time in dreary quietude of mind, imagining himself back in the past and talking in that strain. He usually grasped in his hand the flame-colored handkerchief, which seemed to have some definite association of ideas with his earlier life. He was exceedingly angry if deprived of this article; and Katrinka was obliged to wash it from time to time by night, so that it might

be forthcoming when demanded by its owner.

X Y Z remembered that Alexandrovitch had once employed this precise square of flame-colored silk in a theatrical scene,—the only one which he had ever enacted with his daughter. She had insisted, in her pretty, imperious fashion, that her father should take the part of the sultan in a Turkish piece which had been one of her favorite parts. This had flattered and pleased the old man immensely; so that the flame-colored handkerchief had always remained associated in his mind with bygone scenes and events; and he had employed it, even when committing acts of the greatest cruelty or injustice, with an undefined feeling that he was thus offering sacrifice, as it were, to the shades of the past.

He had come to confuse the identity of Kitty with that of his grandchild, and no one ever sought to disturb this belief, which seemed to give the old man much comfort. He regarded her with great tenderness, and was at his best when she played about him or suffered him to fondle and caress her.

Kitty, on her part, loved the old man, of whom she was not the least afraid, even in his darkest moods; and her childish mind detected in him no deficiency whatever. She constantly brought to his notice various religious pictures and a little statue of the Blessed Virgin. At first he had seemed excited and irritated by these objects, but after a time he showed signs of veneration for them, and often murmured a prayer in a foreign tongue—the half-forgotten prayer of youth—when Kitty displayed them in his sight. Occasionally the two were heard saying the "Hail Mary" or an invocation to

the saints. The Sandman even made attempts to teach the child her prayers, as he had done long ago with his grandchild—in the years before her mother had died. He had returned, after all his wanderings, to that faith, schismatical though it was, which he had once been taught.

He regarded the continual presence of X Y Z as quite natural, going back to the time, just after Alexandra's death, when his son-in-law had lived in the house with his little girl. He often saluted him jovially, talking of past events as if they were actually in progress; and the younger man accepted the situation and discussed them gravely and with apparent interest. He seemed untroubled by the presence of Miss Sarah, though he occasionally asked her who she was and if she meant to remain overnight.

His action toward the boys was the most peculiar of all. He no longer called the hunchback Vladimir, but bestowed upon him a name which had come into his mind from some long-past association. He often addressed him as Mr. Littlejohn, and told him confidential tales directed against Teddy, whom he now seemed to fear and mistrust. The boy's presence irritated him, and once or twice he suddenly seized a stick which stood near and aimed a heavy blow at him. Fortunately, the blows did not reach the boy, and he usually kept well out of the Sandman's way, until finally his presence seemed to produce no further effect, and the old man began to regard him with weary indifference.

It is time to explain that X Y Z, who was very wealthy and stood high in the mercantile community, had simply taken upon himself the entire support of the Sandman's Castle, which he proposed ultimately to purchase. Alexandrovitch had had means more than sufficient for his own wants and those of his household; but he

had wasted a great deal of money in foolish expenditure, so that when his son-in-law came to examine into his affairs he found that comparatively little remained. X Y Z's plan was that, for the present at least, the whole establishment should remain precisely on the same footing as before. Katrinka was to attend exclusively to the care of the household and the cooking; and, despite the offers of the new master of the Castle to procure a nurse, she took upon herself likewise the entire care of the invalid, save in so far as the boys could assist her.

Miss Sarah Tompkins was to remain in charge of the children; and, to save her independence, might expend upon herself, if she chose, her small yearly stipend. She was, besides, to attend to any outdoor matters which necessitated the presence of some one in New York or at the Ferry; for in these thoroughfares Katrinka absolutely refused to appear. Indeed Miss Sarah, resolute, clever and industrious, made herself useful in a variety of ways, in exchange for the excellent home which she so fully appreciated, and which was new life to her after the struggle and privation of her previous toil-worn existence.

Old Katrinka was delighted with an arrangement which permitted everything to remain as nearly undisturbed as possible, and which assured her of the continued presence of her beloved Teddy and of the hunchback, to whom she was also warmly attached. She even forgave Miss Tompkins' permanent residence in the house; and the women entered into a species of armed neutrality, which finally softened into something as near friendship as was possible between persons so totally different in temperament and training.

Teddy and the hunchback became quite inseparable. The latter always retained something of his first admiring deference toward his sturdy and capable companion; whilst Teddy, on the other

hand, behaved with the kindest consideration toward the deformed lad, extolling his cleverness, bringing his good qualities into prominence, and concealing his infirmities. He continued the task of instructing the hunchback in his prayers and catechism; and extended his good offices to Katrinka, who returned to the practices of the faith of her childhood with a whole-heartedness and simplicity which were deeply touching. She always attributed her "conversion" to Teddy, and took every opportunity to declare the fact.

One day, when she was dilating upon this circumstance to Miss Tompkins, Teddy suddenly burst in.

"Well, Aunt Sarah," he said, laughing merrily, after he had listened for a moment to Katrinka, "if anybody had told you and me that I should be helping people to be good and teaching them their prayers, I guess we'd have laughed aloud."

"Why, so we should," assented Miss Sarah. "But there isn't anybody, young or old, boy or girl, that can't do good to some one, if he has a mind. I've found that out in my long life."

The whole household—except, of course, the poor Sandman—now went regularly to church on Sundays and festivals. Sometimes they drove there in a fine new carriage which X Y Z had purchased (for there was a way of reaching the sacred edifice by dry land), or they went in the little steam launch which the new master of the Castle had put upon the water. They became quite friendly, too, with the parish priest who presided over that little congregation amongst which Teddy had heard Mass on his two famous expeditions across the river.

X Y Z had decided to send both boys to college in the autumn, and to give them a thorough education as a stepping-stone to whatever he might do for them later. But he was resolved that the remainder of the summer in

which these things had happened, and in the course of which he himself had come back to live at the Castle, should be a red-letter time in the boys' lives.

It would be impossible here, without extending the story to unreasonable limits, to give any adequate account of the various festivities which he inaugurated. There were drives to all portions of the surrounding country,—sometimes by moonlight, or on long golden afternoons when the white blossoming of early spring had given place in the orchards to red-cheeked apples and purple plums. The expeditions in the steam launch were not confined to the immediate vicinity of the Castle. They always included a delightful luncheon prepared by good Katrinka, and a whole summer's day upon the water, returning by starshine or by the light of the moon.

Teddy now began to ride on a pony, under X Y Z's capable instruction. But there was one great drawback to this exercise—the hunchback could have no share therein. His physical deformity prevented him from so much as trying to sit upon a horse; and though he strove to conceal his feelings, and with great apparent exhilaration waved his cap and cheered Teddy away on these pony rides, his companion always fancied there was something wistful in the eyes which looked forth upon a sport their owner could never share.

It is probable, however, that there were few events which the whole party more thoroughly enjoyed than the outings at Katrinka's house, which were tolerably frequent during the summer. When the cool evenings of September came on—and they were particularly cold and somewhat dreary that year,—X Y Z caused these visits to become a weekly institution. The supper at Katrinka's was *the* festivity of the week. It was always held at a late hour, when the Sandman was certain to sleep, so that the old woman

herself could receive the guests at her house and offer them her hospitality.

It was understood that a gypsy stew invariably formed a central feature of the repast; and Katrinka, proud of the commendation which it never failed to call forth, put her highest art into its preparation; while her delicious coffee became proverbial amongst the little circle thus strangely brought into close and intimate association.

Those convivial occasions certainly seemed like some page from a tale of the fairies or an ancient romance; and Katrinka, flourishing her long spoon in the tawny flame of the fire reflected from a huge copper kettle, would have served as an excellent illustration of a witch. She was usually called upon for a story before the party broke up; and often took a malicious delight in making the hair of at least some of her listeners stand on end, with her weird lore learned in the forests of her far-off native land. And she had a startling fashion of suddenly calling upon some ordinary natural object—some peculiar wail in the wind or whisper amongst the leaves, a special effect of light and shadow, a mere reflection from her fire in the darkness outside—to verify a portion of her narrative. As, for instance, she would murmur:

“Hark! Isn’t that the yelping of a dog without?”

“Nay, Katrinka,” would the hunchback answer gravely: “it’s only the croaking of a frog by the river-bank.”

Or again she would exclaim:

“’Tis the deathwatch I hear in the trees yonder!”

Whereat X Y Z would cry out in his hearty fashion:

“Stuff and nonsense! It’s only a woodpecker tapping the birch bark.”

“But the witch is making her tea outside in the treetops,” she would venture, indicating the reflection of the red glare from her fire.

“Not at all, Katrinka!” X Y Z would

retort. “All the witches are inside, quite comfortable beside the hearth,”—and he would point the jest by a humorous glance at the old woman.

Katrinka often amused them, too, by her quaint old jingles, especially when she chanced to be in a rhyming humor. She would throw off a whole string of them by an astonishing effort of memory and with rare accuracy. One or two may be quoted here, as Katrinka’s parting contribution to a tale which is nearly told and in which she has played her own humble part:

The King of Spain has banished the rain
From all his fair dominions, oh!
The King of France has taken lance
And gone to fight the Sultan, oh!
The English King, he stole a ring
And has got to give it back, oh!
The Kaiser Fritz put on his mits
And went to hunt the wolves, oh!
The Russian Czar, he went to war
And headed all his armies, oh!
And Portugal’s King, he made a spring
And tumbled down the stairs, oh!

It is impossible to say what further might have happened to these and other potentates, had not Katrinka’s mind been diverted to another theme. She suddenly rattled off an account of a certainly unique festivity:

The kettle invited the coffee-pot
To join it in dancing a gay gavotte.
The coffee-pot begged of the frying-pan
To bring the news to all the clan;
Which it hastened to do with all possible
splutter,

Assisted by spoonfuls of lard and butter.
The poker requested the tongs to dance,
Beginning himself at once to prance.
The tongs called next on the crackling logs
That blazed away merrily on their dogs.
The word was passed to the embers red,
And they sent up a shower of sparks instead.
The fire elves, bidden from out the flame,
Leaped and tumbled as forth they came.
And down the chimney stole the wind,
To see what news he could possibly find,
And to spread it high and to spread it low,
After the newsmongers’ fashion, you know.

So during that summer, what with one excitement and another, the Sandman’s Castle more than ever appeared

as some enchanted domain; still, it had lost its character of gloom and terror, and the boys were free to roam at will from garret to cellar. It is true they were constantly discovering a new mystery, or prying into some new corner which they had not previously explored. Only the theatre remained as a place apart: its associations were too solemn and too painful to be openly dragged into the light of day. Even in their most adventurous moods, the boys contented themselves with an occasional stolen glance into its darkness and silence.

And often, as they stood thus and looked, the hunchback, who was more imaginative than his friend, conjured up the beautiful Alexandra who had appeared in so many parts upon that mimic stage. He brought before his mental vision, with a rarely graphic power of description, the footlights and the scenery, the audience who had applauded, and the actors who had sought that applause. Sometimes, too, he evoked from the past the infantile form of the long-dead child,—she into whose vacant place Kitty had fitted; and he seemed to make her live again, clad in that stage finery with which Kitty had familiarized them, since Katrinka had evolved it from the big black trunk in the attic.

These experiences the boys by common consent kept to themselves: They dared not speak of them to Katrinka, who could never bear the slightest reference to that bygone history. Nor were they likely to make any such reference in presence of X Y Z, who, having once broken silence to relate the story of the past, had relegated the whole matter to some deep storehouse of memory, whence it came forth no more. But this secret understanding possessed a certain charm which their daily existence at the Castle, now stripped one by one of all its mysteries, might otherwise have lacked.

Sometimes, when every member of the household was present on the gallery, and even the Sandman sat in his old place, making a feeble pretence of smoking a pipe, while Katrinka hovered about, obedient to his slightest wish,—sometimes Teddy felt as if the illness of the old man and the coming of Aunt Sarah and of X Y Z had been all a dream. And he caught himself starting and trembling, if the Sandman spoke suddenly, expecting to see him rise from his chair and threaten them as of old.

One evening, in early September, as the whole party were thus assembled—it was very shortly before the boys went to college,—something similar to that which Teddy had anticipated did actually occur. There had been silence in the little group; perhaps they were oppressed by the sense of coming separation, or the elders may have been absorbed in some deep and painful meditation. Suddenly the Sandman raised himself to his full height, standing erect. He seemed to have taken on something of his oldtime vigor; his present feebleness was not apparent in the evening light, and he cried aloud, in a voice which had momentarily recovered its pristine strength:

“Ho, my merry men! Ho, there Vladimir and Alexieff! What are you doing? Send away the little Narka. It is time for lessons.”

He waved the flame-colored handkerchief,—passing it across his brow, as if to wipe away imaginary drops of sweat, with that hand which still retained its power; and he made many fruitless but vehement efforts to raise the other hand.

“It is time for lessons!” he cried. “Do you hear, Vladimir and Alexieff? It is time for lessons!” he muttered again, feebly and confusedly. “It is time for—”

Then, as Katrinka hurried forward, and X Y Z rose anxiously from his

chair, the old man sank down helpless and bewildered, making no further effort to speak.

X Y Z gazed upon him, pityingly and sadly for a moment or two, murmuring:

"Poor Alexandrovitch! Can so strong a will and so potent a personality be thus brought to naught?"

And, addressing the boys, he added in a voice subdued and broken by emotion:

"Yes, he is right: it is time for lessons. You have had a long season of play. The hour of work has sounded. I shall expect you during the coming year to learn at college many new lessons, and to put into practice some at least of those you have been taught by your stay at the Sandman's Castle."

{The End.}

The City of the Virgin.

BY M. F. N. R.

It was in the year 1260, and the quaint, wind-swept city of Siena was astir with somewhat unpleasant excitement. News had come that the Florentines who were besieging the city were to make a desperate attempt to carry it by storm. Full well the unhappy Sienese realized that this attempt would be successful. Such of their warriors as had not been killed or wounded in the long siege were weakened by hunger and fever or worn out with constant watching.

"Make breaches in your walls, that we may enter at our will,"—such was the insulting message sent by the general of the besieging army. And Bandinelli insinuated that it would be best to comply with the demand; but Provenzano Salvani, the patriot, replied indignantly that only a traitor could so desire to humble the city; and all loyal souls rallied to the defence.

Salembini, the great banker, offered

a loan of 18,000 florins to double the pay of the Genoese mercenaries; and the people elected a dictator, Bonaguida Lucari, who thus addressed the crowd gathered in the great square: "It seems fitting at this juncture that we should devote our persons and our wealth, our city and our district, with all that we have, to the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Then Salembini bared his head, unshod his feet, laid aside his robe, put a rope around his neck, and walked solemnly to the cathedral, attended by the chief citizens. Here the holy and venerable Archbishop met them; those at variance with their kin made vows of reconciliation; everywhere was weeping and praying, as Bonaguida knelt before Our Lady's altar and dedicated the city to the "most pitiful Mother, the counsellor and helper of the distressed."

That night all the city was astir. Every woman, the old men, even the children helped in preparing the arms and accoutrements; and at dawn, as the sun arose and shed his radiance over all the plain, a mighty concourse passed from the city gates, in its midst the great battle-car, every pennon flying, every soldier's heart beating high with courage and with hope. Those who could not go forth to fight remained at home to pray and crowd the Duomo, beseeching the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

And victory was theirs! Through the same gate next day there returned the victorious army; for the Florentine lily was prostrate, and the general who had so insulted the Sienese was a captive.

There was a splendid Mass of Thanksgiving in the cathedral; and a law was passed that every citizen above sixteen years of age should offer a candle to Our Lady, and that henceforth Siena should be called "Siena Civitas Virginis."

With Authors and Publishers.

—An English version of the apocryphal "Gospel of Christ according to St. Peter," found some years ago in the ancient Abbey of St. Wolfgang in the Salzkammergut, is announced for early publication in England.

—A new book by Katherine Conway is announced as being in press. The title is "The Christian Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate,"—rather a cumbersome name for what we feel sure will not be a volume of heavy reading.

—"Stars without Stripes" is the happy title of a children's book on astronomy soon to be published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Miss E. M. Clerke, of the Royal Astronomical Society, has contributed an introduction to the volume.

—The death is announced of Señor Manuel Ossorio y Bernard, a highly esteemed Spanish author, whose romances were very popular in his native country, though unknown to English readers. He is regarded as one of the most perfect masters of the purest Castilian style.

—The pamphlet entitled "We Catholics, Bishops, Priests and People," to which we referred some time ago, has been properly suppressed. The title recalled another publication, written in an entirely different spirit, presumably by the Prig. A new edition of that would be welcome, but the appearance of the other was an offence. We feel sure the offender was not the Prig or any one like him.

—From the Society of the Angel Guardian, Boston, we have received a new "Month of the Holy Rosary," arranged on the ordinary plan of an exposition of each mystery, an aspiration or a "practice," and an "example." A suggestion which the compilers of this booklet and of all future "Months" would do well to act upon is, that considerably more research be made in order to discover "examples" less stereotyped and more pointed than are commonly presented. Modern hagiography will supply an abundance of them, even if the overworked lives of French saints be sparsely drawn upon.

—Among forthcoming books we note: Silvio Pellico's Memoirs, translated by F. J. Crowst; Dante's *La Divina Commedia*, translated by Prof. Luigi Ricci (The Walker Scott Co.); A Selection from the Poetry of Lionel Johnson (Mr. Elkin Mathews); and in "Living Masters of Music," Paderewski, by E. A. Baughan (Mr. John Lane); Christian Worship: Its Origin and Evolution, by Monsignore Duchesne, translated by M. L. McClure. Second English edition, revised. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.) St. Cyprian on the Lord's Prayer. Early Church Classics

series. Translated by the Rev. T. Herbert Bindley, M. A. D. D. (S. P. C. K.) *De Doctrina Christiana*, by St. Augustine, translated by H. F. Stewart. (The Cambridge University Press)

—Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York, announce the early publication of a new French-English and English-French dictionary. The volume will be the first of an extended series of bilingual lexicographical works which, if performance realizes promise, will possess considerable merit.

—Some familiar Catholic names are included by English journals in the birthday list of the first week of October, among them that of Dom Gasquet; but it was a blunder to state that he then kept his sixty-eighth birthday. It is too bad that one like him should ever grow old; however, it will be ten years or so before he reaches the age assigned to him.

—Mr. George C. Jenks is clearly of the opinion that the odium attaching to that species of sensational fiction known as the dime novel is in a large measure undeserved. In his article, "Dime Novel Makers," in the *Bookman* for October, he makes a frank attempt at rehabilitating the character of the oldtime, ten-cent, paper-covered books that entranced the small boy,—and enraged the small boy's judicious parent. The attempt, however, is not wholly successful. If in this particular instance "the devil is not so black as he is painted," his complexion is still more than sufficiently dark.

—Mr. John Lane has published a new illustrated edition of "Cornish Ballads," by Robert Stephen Hawker. It comprises his complete poetical works, including several poems not previously published, and others that have not appeared in a collected edition. A new biography of the Vicar of Morwenstow, by his son-in-law, Mr. C. E. Byles, is in preparation. It will contain numerous letters and other matter hitherto unpublished, including Hawker's account of a visit from Tennyson in 1848. It will be remembered that the bard of Morwenstow, like numerous other latter-day poets in England, was a convert to the Church.

—The alumni of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts, have done a graceful as well as a grateful act in erecting a handsome Celtic cross to the memory of the late Abbé Hogan, who assumed the first presidency of St. John's just twenty years ago. The three years that have elapsed since the death of this learned and beloved Sulpician, so far from consigning his name to

the oblivion which speedily overtakes most modern reputations, have only emphasized his claims upon the enduring gratitude of American Catholics, and more particularly the clergy. "Clerical Studies" alone would vindicate the Abbé's right to high rank among ecclesiastical writers of the nineteenth century.

—Efforts to foster a taste for good reading can not be too energetic or persevering. The *True Voice* of Omaha, Neb., is doing much in this direction,—not only promoting the taste but providing for its gratification. It is pleasant to hear that a paper doing so much good and desirous to benefit as many readers as possible is meeting with deserved success. The *True Voice* is fortunate in its editor and contributors.

—Of special interest among the contents of the current *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society is the all too brief paper, "Reminiscences of an Old-Time Journalist." Patrick Donahoe's memories of early Catholic "newspaperdom" in New England—memories evoked some few years before his death—will appeal to the editorial fraternity of to-day with unflinching attractiveness. Of the *Pilot*, Mr. Donahoe wrote: "In its early days, myself, two girls and a boy printed, edited and circulated the paper. . . . For nine years the circulation was 500 copies a week."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.

St. Egwin and His Abbey of Evesham. *The Benedictines of Stanbrook.* \$1.25, net.

Sportsman "Joe." *Edwin Sandys.* \$1.50.

Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate. *Roger Freddi, S. J.* \$1.25.

Oxford Conferences on Prayer. *Fr. Vincent NeNabb, O. P.* \$1.

The Grounds of Hope. *Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D. D.* 40 cts., net.

The Fatal Beacon. *F. von Brackel.* \$1.25.

Lives of the English Martyrs. Vol. I. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.75.

Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise. *Very Rev P. A. Sheehan, D. D.* \$1.08.

Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. *Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Immaculate Conception. *Archbishop Ullathorne.* 70 cts., net,

Poems by Richard Crashaw. *Edited by A. R. Waller.* \$2.

The Land of the Rosary. *Sarah H. Dunn.* \$1.10

In Many Lands. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.50.

Strong-Arm of Avalon. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 85 cts.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. *M. E. Waller.* \$1.50.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. *Don Antonio de Capmany.* \$1.50, net.

Wanted—A Situation, and Other Stories. *Isabe Nixon Whiteley.* 60 cts.

Sabrina Warham. *Laurence Housman.* \$1.50.

Mary Immaculate. *Father John Mary, Capuchin.* 45 cts.

Pontifical Ceremonies. *P. Francis Mersham, O. S. B.* 90 cts., net.

Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics. *Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte.* 10 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Eugene Dikovitch, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. Edward Murphy, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. F. Dunphy, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland.

Mother Mary de Sales, of the Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Andrew Vanden Brooks, of Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Mary Ritter, Mr. Thomas Tierney and Mrs. Mary Callahan, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Helen Drew and Mr. James Ruaue, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. Moran, Loogootie, Ind.; Mr. John Higgins, Grey-mouth, New Zealand; Miss Veronica Schlund, Baker City, Oregon; Mr. C. Ennis, Walla Walla, Washington; Mr. W. A. Jones, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Lawrence Farrelly, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. C. Cunningham, Pendleton, Oregon; Mr. Denis Dooley, St. John's, Newfoundland; Mrs. Margaret Schill, Crestline, Ohio; Mr. Edward Greb, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Michael Gannon, Escanaba, Mich.; Mrs. Margaret Thomey, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland; Mrs. Catherine Smith, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. William McGrane, New York; Mrs. M. Schill, Winnamac, Ind.; Mrs. C. C. Carter, Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. De Ross Bailey, Buffalo, N. Y.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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Suffrages.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

NOVEMBER, and throughout each dreary day
Incessantly the rising winds make moan,—
Now harsh and deep as is a strong man's groan,
Now piercing wild as when in disarray
Of mind and heart a woman's grief holds sway,
Then sadly plaintive like the dirgeful tone
Of requiems the Church chants o'er her own
Whom God has called to fuller life away.

November's suffrages for Autumn sped,
These wailing winds a yearly lesson teach
To us, forgetful of our needy dead
Who ceaselessly our charity beseech:
They cry for largess; grant we swift the boon,
For e'en such cries will be our own full soon.

A Shrine in Brittany.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AT a moment when the religious crisis in France seems to have reached its climax, when hundreds of religious men and women are driven from their homes and sent adrift on a world whose ways they have forgotten, the saddened witnesses of these evil deeds naturally cling to every manifestation of faith that proves the existence of better things below the surface.

It was, perhaps, for this reason that we experienced deeper emotions than usual when we had the privilege, a few months ago, of spending the Feast of

St. Anne at the famous Breton sanctuary of Ste. Anne d'Auray. A French writer, himself a native of Brittany, has justly observed that St. Anne is to the Bretons what St. James of Compostella is to the Spaniards. Her history is closely interwoven with that of the "duchy," as they still fondly call their country; her image may be seen in every church; and no true-hearted Breton would fail to visit, at least once in his life, the time-honored sanctuary of Auray.

Around this ancient pilgrimage reigns an atmosphere of fervent faith and prayer that, in this year of grace 1904, was doubly restful to souls wounded by the blasphemous utterances of the French legislators, and alarmed by the impending break with Rome,—a break that has since been consummated. In the hymns and prayers of these simple peasants, the soul of Catholic France seemed to speak to us; in their intense and ardent devotion, we felt that the Faith bequeathed to them by a long line of ancestors revealed itself. And, though more than this is needed to save the country from destruction, we gratefully welcomed these outward manifestations of a spirit that a God-hating government is doing its best to crush.

The history of the shrine is as follows. In olden times, according to tradition, there existed near Auray a chapel dedicated to St. Anne. It stood where the basilica has since been built, and was known in the country as Ker-Anna

(Anne's village). The chapel was destroyed in the seventh century, but the tradition of its existence was carefully handed down from father to son. Indeed, a certain field called Bocenno was pointed out as the exact spot where St. Anne had once been honored; and over this privileged piece of ground a mysterious power seemed to keep guard. It was commonly reported that the oxen employed to plough the fields invariably refused to pass over the ground where half-buried bits of wall marked the site of the former chapel.

In the first half of the seventeenth century there lived at Ker-Anna a peasant named Yves Nicolazic. He was married but had no children, and was universally respected by his neighbors for his straightforward, honest nature and exemplary conduct. Nicolazic seems to have been one of those pure-hearted, simple-minded souls, unlearned so far as human knowledge is concerned, but whose clear insight into the spiritual world is the reward of their spotless lives. He prayed almost continually, and was known by his neighbors to be in frequent communication with the Unseen.

One evening in 1623 he was with his brother-in-law, Guillaume Leroux, near Bocenno, where he had gone to fetch his cattle. Suddenly both men perceived a bright light, in the midst of which stood a lady robed in white. From that day the vision frequently returned; sometimes Nicolazic saw it near a fountain, sometimes close to a barn against which lay the stones that had belonged to the old chapel. Once or twice the apparition was accompanied by the sound of heavenly music.

At last the Breton laborer began to wonder what might be the meaning of these strange sights. He was the son of a race whose mystical tendencies are well known, and, in consequence, he was less troubled by these mysterious mani-

festations than might have been a more matter-of-fact and sceptical Northerner. Nevertheless, he went to consult a Capuchin of Auray, Father Modestus, as to what he ought to do. The Capuchin seems to have been a wise and holy priest. He knew that Nicolazic was a man of blameless life and undisputed good faith; he therefore advised him to continue his daily occupations, to pray more earnestly than ever, and to wait in humility and peace until God should manifest His will.

Nicolazic obeyed. But on July 25, 1624, the white-robed lady appeared to him again, and thus addressed him in his native tongue: "Do not be afraid, Yves Nicolazic. I am Anne, the mother of Mary. Go and tell your pastor that there once existed, in the field called Bocenno, a celebrated chapel that was built in my honor. It has been destroyed for nine hundred and twenty-four years, and I wish it to be rebuilt. It is the will of God that my name should once again be honored on the spot."

Nicolazic's first attempts to carry out the saint's bidding met with small encouragement. The rector of Pluneret, who was his parish priest, refused to listen to him, and threatened, if he persisted in his assertions, to deprive him of the sacraments. But, on the other hand, the vision repeated itself. And not only did the Breton peasant see St. Anne over and over again, but he had a clear view of the thousands of pilgrims who would one day visit her shrine. Through the stillness of the night, along the lonely country roads, he heard the tramp of the multitudes that in days to come would flock from all parts of France to the now unknown spot; and these mysterious signs kept up his courage.

At last, at St. Anne's express command, Nicolazic, accompanied by his brother-in-law and other peasants who were to act as witnesses, proceeded to Bocenno. The mysterious light that

had often guided his homeward steps shone in front of the little group until a certain spot was reached. Pointing to the ground, Nicolazic bade his brother-in-law dig on the precise spot where the light had stopped; and after a short time a statue of St. Anne, covered with earth, was brought forth from the hiding-place where it had lain for nearly a thousand years. The peasants knelt down and prayed for a few moments with deep devotion.

But even this discovery did not convince the rector of Pluneret, who continued to regard his parishioner as a visionary, or, worse still, as an impostor. By degrees, however, even his prejudices yielded to the universal outburst of devotion that the finding of the statue seems to have called forth in the country near Auray.

Mgr. de Rosmadeuc, Bishop of Vannes, whose attention had for some time past been drawn to the matter, made a careful investigation of Nicolazic's assertions. The simple Breton peasant was, at the command of his Lordship, closely questioned by learned priests and eminent theologians; he was even sent to spend some weeks in a Capuchin convent, away from Auray, where his words and actions were submitted to the most severe scrutiny. Nicolazic came out of the ordeal triumphantly; his sincerity, his simplicity, his utter absence of self-consciousness, impressed all those who were appointed to examine him. And, carried away by the tide of public opinion that had now set in, Mgr. de Rosmadeuc authorized St. Anne's clients to build a chapel on the spot where the statue had been found.

The new sanctuary rose as if by magic. Rich and poor, noble and plebeian, contributed to the work; and on July 26, 1625, only two years after Nicolazic had declared his mission, the rector of Pluneret, as believing now as he had been incredulous hitherto, celebrated Holy Mass in a temporary

oratory, in presence of thirty thousand pilgrims. Soon afterward the Discalced Carmelite friars, to whose care the new shrine was committed, took possession of their post; and around the chapel, dedicated to St. Anne, gradually rose a large monastery, with its cloisters, buildings for the use of the pilgrims, and also the "Scala Sancta," which still exists, although no longer in its original place.

The obscure laborer to whom these foundations were due lived and died close to the sanctuary of his "good mistress," as he loved to call St. Anne. On his deathbed he again solemnly affirmed the truth of the apparitions. But the extraordinary development of a work, begun amid such adverse circumstances, seems in itself to prove sufficiently that the blessing of God was with Nicolazic, and that, like Bernadette of Lourdes, he had been invested with a heavenly mission, which he faithfully carried out.

Among the pilgrims who, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries visited Ste. Anne d'Auray were many illustrious personages: two queens—Henrietta Maria of England, the unhappy widow of Charles I., and Marie Leckzinska, the scarcely less unfortunate wife of Louis XV.; also Monsieur Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice. In the nineteenth century came Napoleon III. and Marshal MacMahon, the Duchess of Angoulême and the Duchess of Berry, General de Sonis, the great Christian soldier of modern France, General de Charette and his Papal Zouaves; besides many bishops and priests who have left their mark in the annals of the French Church.

The Revolution of 1793, which ruthlessly destroyed the art treasures and religious buildings of ancient France, did not spare St. Anne's sanctuary. The miraculous image discovered by Nicolazic was publicly burned at Vannes; only a small piece was saved,

and it may now be seen imbedded in the pedestal of the new statue. The Carmelite friars were sent adrift, and their convent was sold. Fortunately, however, it was bought in 1810 by the parish priest of Auray; and five years later the Bishop of Vannes took possession of the buildings, which since that time have been used as a seminary.

The present sanctuary, a noble-looking building, completed only in 1874, has now taken the place of the humbler edifice erected by the seventeenth-century pilgrims, at the bidding of Yves Nicolazic. It is built in the style of the Renaissance; its proportions are grand and harmonious, and its rich decoration gives it an imposing appearance.

When on the 25th of July, 1904, we started from Paris for Brittany, to visit St. Anne's favorite shrine on her feast-day, we deemed it wise to take up our quarters in the little town of Auray, about four miles distant, rather than at St. Anne's, where, unless the pilgrim takes care to secure a room beforehand, it would be impossible to find one for either love or money. Indeed, the greater number of Breton pilgrims who on that day congregate at the shrine, spend the night between the 25th and 26th in the church itself. The long hours of darkness are filled up with devotional exercises, both in Breton and in French; Masses are said immediately after midnight, and follow each other in quick succession for the next twelve hours.

When early on the morning of the 26th we arrived at St. Anne's, the weather, which had been wet all night, gradually cleared, and the sun shone through the clouds as we followed the road that leads from the station to the pilgrimage church. On entering the sacred edifice, our first impression was a vision of snow-white, nun-like coiffes of every shape and description. All the benches and seats were occupied,

every spare corner was filled by silent worshippers. Whole families had come together; even little children, with wide-open, wondering eyes, knelt near their mothers.

The varied headgears and quaint costumes would have delighted an artist. Some women wore the demure-looking cap of Auray; others, the close-fitting coiffes of Pont-l'Abbé,—heavily embroidered, curious rather than graceful; others again, the waving white lappets and broad collars of Pont-Aven; while far back on the heads of some were stiff, round caps, resembling those worn by French barristers. The men wore embroidered vests, white or dark-blue; at their side lay the broad-brimmed hats, with long velvet streamers, characteristic of the Breton peasant.

By degrees, when our eyes had become accustomed to the outward features of the scene—to the quaintness and the vivid coloring that combined to make up a striking picture,—we began to realize its deeper meaning. We felt ourselves in an atmosphere of intense prayerfulness. The attitude of the worshippers was in itself an eloquent exhortation. From beneath the snow-white coiffes we had glimpses of women whose browned features, hardened by the ocean winds of their wild coast, contrasted with their snowy headgear; but they were so motionless that they seemed like statues carved in wood. Their eyes were closed, only their lips moved as the Rosary beads glided through their clasped fingers. As we gazed at these prostrate figures we thought that, while the lawgivers and the politicians of France mock God's justice and defy His anger, these humble, prayerful souls, hidden in the solitude of some out-of-the-way Breton village, represent the ten just who might have saved the doomed cities of Palestine, and who even now may save France.

After hearing Mass and receiving

Holy Communion in the church, we passed into the cloisters of the old Carmelite convent near the basilica. The brown-robed, white-mantled friars have long since disappeared; but within the cloisters, and at the foot of the large crucifix in the centre, were groups of kneeling peasants. Here, as in the church, we noticed their utter unconsciousness of what was going on around. Some were barefooted, and, in a spirit of penance worthy of medieval times, were following the Way of the Cross. Large bronze images representing the Stations of the Via Dolorosa (the gifts of wealthy pilgrims) are placed within the cloisters; and before these, on the well-worn pavement where the Carmelites once paced to and fro, knelt whole families of devout Bretons, the eldest member reciting the prayers aloud on behalf of the rest.

At the High Mass that followed, our impression was no less edifying. Only a few steps from the basilica stands an exact facsimile of the Roman Scala Sancta, which, as our readers know, is supposed to be the original staircase (in Pilate's house) which was trodden by Our Lord during His passion. The pilgrims to St. Anne's never fail to ascend this staircase on their knees. On special occasions the Holy Sacrifice is offered at an altar placed on a platform at the top of the stairs, and clearly visible at a great distance. This morning the pilgrims were gathered together in the field that surrounds the Scala Sancta,—some kneeling, some sitting on the ground, their eyes intently fixed on the altar where a missionary bishop sang High Mass.

Here again we were impressed by their silent earnestness. There was no trace, it is true, of the enthusiastic fervor that at Lourdes seems to carry the faithful beyond the regions of earth. The atmosphere of St. Anne's is different: it reminded us rather of Einsiedeln; and the methods of prayer

of the silent, serious Breton peasants also recalled to our memory those of the devout Swiss pilgrims who visit Our Lady of the Hermits in her time-honored shrine.

Close to the Scala Sancta is a fountain, which, according to tradition, marks the spot where Nicolazic for the first time saw the white-robed lady who proved to be St. Anne. A large statue of the saint now stands above the handsome granite basin, filled with clear water, in which the pilgrims devoutly bathe their hands and eyes.

Whatever may be the faults of the Bretons, they have still deeply rooted in their hearts the Faith that, on occasions like the Feast of St. Anne, breaks forth in touching demonstrations of devotion and love. They are a hard, rough, silent race; too fond of drink and too easily moved to anger, but faithful and honest; and it is impossible to spend a day at Ste. Anne d'Auray without being struck by their power of prayer.

This characteristic has always been theirs. Our readers know that during the Revolution the peasants of Vendée and Brittany, untrained and badly armed, succeeded in keeping in check the armies of the Republic. It was noticed that whenever these peasant soldiers came to one of the stone wayside crosses that are so common in Brittany, they immediately disbanded and, throwing themselves on their knees, passed some moments in earnest prayer. On one occasion an officer, who was a stranger to the country, remonstrated with his men when they knelt down and prayed at the very moment that the signal for attacking the enemy had been given. Monsieur de Lescure, the commander-in-chief, took a different view of the situation. "Let them pray!" he exclaimed. "They will fight all the better." His words proved true: rising from their knees, the peasants rushed forward and completely routed the enemy,

The enemies against whom they are now called upon to fight are of a different type; the warfare is a more insidious one. But St. Anne is as powerful to-day as she was in ages gone by; and while it would be worse than childish to ignore the grave perils ahead, or to minimize the evils that threaten the Eldest Daughter of the Church, it is reasonable and lawful to seek comfort in public manifestations of devotion, that prove how deeply rooted in the granite soil of Brittany is the ancient Faith that alone can redeem France.

The Castle of Oldenburg.*

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

V.—THE BARON DE LA MOTHE.

AND yet, after all, Irène never told Humphrey in so many words what she had promised. The hour for such a revelation seemed still to elude them, like the heart of a leafy maze. All their talk, all their meetings, implied the central seclusion, almost entered it, and then turned aside into other paths. Perhaps it was her speech alone that faltered. She was so long used to making it disguise rather than interpret her thought, that now, with this first impulse to utter the deep and simple truths of her nature, it halted at the threshold and fell silent, like a long idle musician. Some of her questions and statements were childlike in their suddenness, and then as suddenly turned aside to things indifferent, as though she despaired of unfolding her thought. So the story of her life remained untold.

Nevertheless, it came to pass that Humphrey knew it, and knew it well,

* "St. Nazarius." Adapted. By special arrangement with The Macmillan Co., proprietors of the copyright.

as we come to know a strange and beautiful country, not by measuring line or delving spade, but by reverent watching of its features under the myriad changes of wind and cloud, the fugitive passion of its coloring, the sleepless majesty of its underlying form. So Humphrey came to know Irène, and to know how little he knew her. He saw her often; and at the end of each time spent in her presence, its beginning seemed months ago, so much of life and knowledge came to him with each hour. Yet the realm of life and knowledge still to come seemed, somehow, ever wider and farther away the more she made herself known to him; so that sometimes, compared with their first meeting, he seemed to know her hardly at all. If he realized anything clearly at this time, it was the infinity of the human soul.

He came to know, without being told, of her deep, inward solitude; of her restless search through the realms of knowledge for the goods it could not give; of life and beauty falling cold from her hands in bitter, helpless mockery. These things came to him easily. They almost seemed known to him from the first. It was much later that he learned anything of the facts of her life; and then only by a stray hint or chance allusion, or through one of those sudden, desperate questionings which were also a revelation.

Once she said to him:

"You know my father believes in nothing?"

"You mean that he is called an atheist?" Humphrey asked.

"He is an atheist," she replied. "Do you believe that to be impossible?"

Humphrey met her question by another.

"What do you mean by it?"

Irène thought for a moment.

"It seems to go through everything," she said. "He calls God a fiction of the human mind."

"Then what is the human mind?" Humphrey asked quickly. "If it can decide upon its own fictions, it must surely itself be God."

"I see! You think unbelief is another name for shallowness."

"I don't know your father," he said. "But truly I think it is impossible to believe in nothing."

"It seems a temper of mind in him," Irène continued. "I believe he was different before my mother died. I never knew her, but I have heard that then he was full of sweetness and hope; and now he is like a stricken tree that can not put forth leaves or branches any more. You know he is never harsh, only sad and bitter. And to me he is always sweet."

"He believes in you, then?" said Humphrey, with a smile.

She answered it by a rapid glance, but became grave again immediately.

"I had a brother once, who was a monk. Oh, what terrible scenes we had when he came home! He had taken his final vows while I was still a child, but I can remember it. He upbraided my father with his infidelity,—not gently: he was harsh. My poor father! And it was his love for my mother that had turned all to darkness for him. Think!—his own son! Can you wonder that I dread religion,—that I was startled when I heard you were a priest?"

"Cruelty is not religion," was Humphrey's answer.

"It called itself by the name," Irène said. "And I was a child: I could not distinguish. The days Raoulf had been there my father walked in his room all night, and I heard him. At last he told my brother to come home no more, and then we had peace."

After a moment she broke out again, in her rapid, headlong utterance:

"Why should my father have to suffer like that? Why should his whole life be turned to darkness, if God is good

as religion tells us? How can God be anything but cruel to let such things happen?"

"Irène," Humphrey said (the intimate title had no familiarity on his lips), "to my reason it is dark, but I believe unshakably in the goodness of God."

His voice shook a little, and Irène covered her face with her hands and was silent. When she spoke again it was to say:

"I wish you knew my father."

Humphrey thought that he wished it too.

"But he will see no one," she added; "so it is no use thinking of it."

Not many days later, by a curious chance, the wish was fulfilled.

Humphrey was riding away from the house after a long morning there. His mind was unobservant of his surroundings as he passed under the trees, so he was deaf to a warning sound above him; and when a great elm branch, long unsafe, and finally shaken asunder by the vibration of his horse's feet, fell suddenly to the ground, horse and rider escaped their doom only by a hair's breadth. Elzevir, terrified by the crash, bounded forward; and though he soon acknowledged the control of his master's voice and came to a standstill, his nerves were badly shaken, he trembled all over, and Humphrey had to use every soothing resource to bring him back to calmness. Thus engrossed, the young man did not notice a soundless approach upon the moss until Elzevir started again, and then Humphrey looked up.

It was a sight strange enough to startle: the tall, gaunt figure, leaning—though hardly leaning—upon a staff; the dress, faded and threadbare, of an Old-World cut and hue; the sombre, impassive features. So like some lifeless shade of antiquity, so void of hope and color was the outward seeming, that an ordinary observer might have thought it some superannuated

dependant of the house, to whom the privilege had been granted of wandering freely in the woods. Humphrey was not for one moment deceived. He bowed low to the Baron de la Mothe.

The old nobleman acknowledged the salute, and was the first to speak.

"You are not hurt?" he said.

"Not in the least," Humphrey answered. "And the risk was entirely, my own fault. I was riding carelessly, or I might have heard it coming."

"But your horse is alarmed," the Baron went on. "Let me beg you to return to the house with me."

"You are very good," Humphrey said. "But I think a gallop in the open will drive away his fear better than anything else."

There was a pause. The Baron made no movement toward Humphrey's departure, and Humphrey waited. He chanced to look up, and found the other regarding him intently. Apart from the undisguised distinction of his birth and breeding, Humphrey would have known him in a moment from Irène's description. He saw the premature lines of pain in a face that was not old; the rigid, stoical bearing; the deep, burned-out eyes; and he felt the full significance of her passionate protest against God. Also, strangely enough, as the eyes met his, he realized what she had said of her father's sweetness. As the Baron looked at Humphrey, so utter a stranger to him, his expression was wholly gentle.

"You are my daughter's friend," he observed.

"I am very proud that you call me that," was Humphrey's answer.

"Are you not of the House of Oldenburg?" the Baron asked, still looking at him.

Humphrey assented.

"I knew your father long ago, when we both were young. You are like him, with something he never had. He still lives?"

"He lives, and is well."

"That is well. I have not seen him since. I have left the world now, and live here very quietly. I see hardly any one," said the Baron, in a tone that was courteously apologetic, as though he deprecated criticism. "But you will come here sometimes, to see me as well as Irène. It will do us good."

He stepped back, in sign of dismissal, and as though no answer were needed.

"I thank you from my heart," replied Humphrey, deeply moved; and he rode slowly away, the erect figure of the old Baron remaining motionless until he was out of sight.

Humphrey mentioned the incident to his father that evening.

"I remember him well," Sebastian said. "We were in the army together. A fine soldier and a fine gentleman too, full of life and fire and energy."

"All that is gone now," Humphrey said. "He is like a burned-out torch."

"Yet he is not old. He can not be more than sixty?"

"No, he is not old," Humphrey answered. "But a great sorrow has taken his life away, I think."

"I have heard of it," said Sebastian, with a sigh. Perhaps he was thinking that such a sorrow might well shadow the rest of life.

When Humphrey told Irène of his meeting with her father, he found that she knew it already.

"And he wants to see you again. He has been quite eager about it. And he has spoken to no one for years! It is very strange."

"I am very glad," Humphrey said.

The Baron de la Mothe spent much of his time in gardening or woodcraft, and it was when he was thus employed that Humphrey generally saw him. He seemed to avoid more formal occasions of meeting, and to be content with this passing intercourse. Sometimes, when Humphrey had left Irène and was turning homeward, he would suddenly

appear in the woods by his side, walk a while near his horse's bridle-rein, and then fall back again with the same gesture of courtly dismissal. Humphrey never attempted to increase the intimacy. He felt as one might who has been admitted to the friendship of a prince. This royalty of years and sorrow must impose its own conditions, which it was his part to accept without question.

Once the Baron said to him:

"You are Sebastian's son. Do you inherit the estates?"

"No: my cousin is the inheritor," Humphrey answered.

"And you?"

He hesitated, remembering Irène's story. Then he said:

"I hope to be a priest some day."

A shadow swept his listener's face, as though Humphrey's words had lifted the veil from some hidden realm of darkness. He said, after a silence:

"I had a son who became a monk. That was after my wife died. You knew I had lost my wife?"—he spoke as of some quite recent event.

"Forgive me for reminding you," Humphrey said.

"You could not remind me,—I never forget it," the Baron answered, simply. "I never wish to forget it. That was why I came here—to be alone and to remember her. People—all the people I knew—would have had me forget. They called it distraction, the healing of time—what you will. They meant it kindly. I suppose they thought they could make good what I had lost. Six months' mourning for her—some even allowed me a year,—and then: say it is the will of God, and smile again and make merry. So it came to be a choice between them and her."

"They do not understand," said Humphrey.

"The day I met you," the Baron went on, "you seemed to bring her afresh to my remembrance. It was

almost as if she lived again; as if you had known her well, and had spoken to me about her. And yet you are young—I always forget how young you are,—and she has been dead now twenty years. How old are you?"

"I am twenty-four," he replied.

"They say the young shrink from sorrow," said the Baron. "It is not true. Among those I have known, the old are the most heartless. The young may fear sorrow, but the old are dead to it."

With something of Irène's swift, determined change of mood, he dropped the subject.

"It is pleasant in the woods to-day," he remarked. "You and your beautiful horse must enjoy it together. I hinder your ride. Farewell!"

VI.—THE WATER OF LIFE.

So the days went on until near upon the time of Mirvan's return.

Humphrey had known Irène now for three weeks; and he could hardly imagine the time when he had not known her, so closely had this new experience allied itself with his past life,—not, however, coming in upon it with the destructive shock of change and contrast, to cheapen and confuse the days that went before. He told her once of his dreams and imaginings about the forest, and of its central spirit—the unapproachable lady, with the blind lion for her guard.

"And now I have found her," he said, with a smile.

They were in the garden, close upon where it passed into the forest, under a spreading tree. Irène put her hand upon the old dog's head.

"And his name is Lion," she observed. "I wish you had found us sooner. Did you go on dreaming until you were grown up?"

"No: I lost my dreams when Mirvan came to us."

"Mirvan!" repeated Irène. "What a

strange name! Is he your brother?"

"Yes," he said, and then bethought him. "No: he is my cousin; but I always feel him to be my brother."

"Ah, now I know!" Irène said, and she laughed. "It is the cousin who has stolen your inheritance, and made you a priest out of pique."

Humphrey laughed too.

"I recognize the author of that statement," he said. "It bears the stamp of Aloys."

"He is your cousin, is he not?" she asked.

"Yes," Humphrey answered. "His mother and mine were sisters."

"He is a sort of distant cousin of mine, too," said Irène; "so I suppose I ought to have more patience with him."

"It would be waste of time," said Humphrey; "for he never knows whether one is out of patience or not."

Humphrey could not but notice during these weeks what a change had come over Irène. Something of the same spell that had befallen himself had surely touched her in a deeper measure,—a spell of living peace and utter satisfaction, like the deep rest of a quiet river moving to the sea. He said this to her one day.

"I know it," she answered. "I told you at the time, I became a different person from the hour I saw you first."

"Pray God it may last," Humphrey said.

She looked at him, faintly troubled.

"Irène," he said presently, "do you remember telling me that all things fail in the end, and asking where was the water of life?"

"I remember," she said. "I have found it."

It was one singular feature of Irène's conversation with him that, though she never touched directly on the facts of her life, she took for granted that he knew them, as if they had always lived together. "When I was at the convent," she would say, never having

told him that she was convent-bred. "That was when I was in Paris."

Later she asked him again about Mirvan, and he told her the story of his early life, as he had heard it from Sebastian: of his mother's death, and the monk's friendship, and his coming to the castle.

"And your mother too was dead?" Irène asked.

"Not then," Humphrey answered. "She died quite lately."

Some shadow of reserve in his voice stayed her further questioning. Instead, she begged him to tell her more about Mirvan. As he told, she listened, like a child who hears its first fairy story.

"And what is he now?" she asked at the end.

Humphrey thought a minute, and then said:

"He is like you. He is from the heart of the forest. But in chief he is a musician. You will forget everything you have ever heard when you listen to his playing, and remember things you never thought of. At least so it is with me."

"Tell me what it is like."

Humphrey shook his head.

"I can't remember," he said. "It seems to go down deeper than my memory can reach. I lose it when I try to find it."

A few days later, she asked Humphrey when his cousin was coming home.

"We expect him very soon," was the reply; "in a day or two at the longest."

"I shall not see so much of you then," Irène said, thoughtfully.

Humphrey had thought the same thing, so he made no reply. He sat pondering on the strangeness of the fact that these two, so dearly known to him, were still unknown to each other; perhaps would be always so unknown. For, somehow, he never imagined Mirvan Irène's friend. He longed that Irène should hear him play,—that was

all; and even for this he had no plan of accomplishment.

It was when Humphrey was going away that she said to him:

"You have changed all my thoughts. I thought most priests were narrow and cruel. But you will be different. I thought—I was always told—that unselfishness came through suffering and poverty, through the loss of all things. But you are rich in affection. Your heart and your life are full,—with father and brother, and that great monk who has chosen you."

Humphrey held out his hand, with an unconscious gesture of entreaty.

"Say you have one friend who is immovably yours. Say you are not quite alone."

Irène timidly touched his hand. The next instant she had raised it, with impassioned reverence, to her lips.

"Yes," she replied, "I have one friend, immovably mine."

Humphrey knew from experience that he would find no one sitting up, Sebastian being of opinion that such wakeful devotion was ill-timed, and of a nature to annoy rather than gratify its object. This was a general idea of his; but he carried it out remorselessly into the particular, ignoring the fact that at no hour of day or night could he possibly annoy Humphrey. On this night Humphrey would have given anything to see his father; but he remembered Sebastian's busy days and would not rouse him.

He crossed the lawn and approached the sleeping house. But as he drew near to the music-room window, where he was accustomed to enter when so late, a sound, long unheard, stole out to meet him on the air. For a moment he was startled, so unearthly was this music in the stillness of the hour; and then he realized that Mirvan had come home, and he hastened on. It seemed as if the player had felt his coming; for the music stopped abruptly, and Mirvan

met him almost before he was in the room. His face was illumined with joy, and at first he could hardly speak.

Humphrey showered questions upon him, his sadness all forgotten.

"When did you come? Why didn't you let us know? How well you look! Has father seen you?"

At last Mirvan found voice.

"I wanted to surprise you," he said. "I had meant to stay until the end of the week; but it turned out there was nothing to do, so I came off without warning. Yes, I've seen uncle. But he went to bed: he was tired."

They were in the room now, Mirvan walking up and down,—his old trick when under strong excitement of joy or pain.

"I wish I had known!" Humphrey said. "I should have been home sooner. I had no thought of your coming to-night."

"Where have you been?" Mirvan asked. "Is it late?"—he never knew the time except by guess.

"Yes, it's getting late. I have been with Baron and Irène de la Mothe."

It may seem strange, yet it is certainly true, that, since his actual meeting with Irène, Humphrey had never once remembered the tales and rumors concerning her which he had formerly heard; nor had he given so much as a passing thought to the conversation he and Mirvan once held in the wood. It had slipped over him lightly enough at the time, and nothing in his knowledge of Irène was calculated to revive it. Now, as he saw at a glance Mirvan's helpless and horrified astonishment, it all came back upon him, like an absurd dream remembered suddenly days afterward, and he laughed.

"Say you are jesting, Humphrey," Mirvan pleaded; "though it is a poor jest, I think. Say you do not know her—have not been there."

It seemed that to-night Humphrey was doomed to sudden revolutions of

feeling. In the silence that followed he hardly knew what he felt. Then:

"But I have been there," he said quietly (it was a quietness that held a warning), "and I count it a privilege to know her and her father."

Mirvan turned away, and, throwing himself down on a chair by the table, buried his face in his arms. And again there was silence. When he looked up his face was all shaken and, Humphrey thought, tear-stained.

"I feared it long ago," he said, "and it has come!"

At any other time Humphrey might have tried to soften or turn aside Mirvan's mood; but to-night he was unready. The talk with Irène had moved him deeply; and the succeeding sadness, broken in upon but not banished by the surprise of Mirvan's return, had ill prepared him for this fierce attack. His spirits and his nerves were overstrung. He laughed.

Mirvan misunderstood it.

"You laugh!" he cried. "Ah, you know better! To come home like this, counting every moment wasted until I see you again; to wait for you here, feeling the hours short if only you come at last; and then to hear that you have been with—" he paused abruptly at the dreaded name, omitted it, and took up his headlong speech on the other side,—“with one whose evil fame is spoken far and wide,—one whom we have both heard of,—you remember what we heard! Have you forgotten that we spoke of her, and what you said—that you were thankful not to know her? O Humphrey, what ill chance has led you to know her now? Have you forgotten?"

"No," said Humphrey. "But there is one thing *you* have forgotten,—one great difference between then and now: that then I did not know her, and now I do. Before knowledge rumor flies. Let us drop it, Mirvan, and go to bed."

"As if it were nothing!" cried Mirvan. "As if I were not to care that you have fallen under the power of this evil woman,—that you are lost to me! Oh, where will it end?"

Humphrey had been standing by the table. He walked suddenly to the window and looked out at the dawn.

"Let it end here," he said. "Of this lady I will not speak, except to say that she is a lady and my friend. That ought to be enough for you. Moreover, I know her and you do not, so discussion is fruitless. I once thought you too might have the privilege of knowing her. Now there is nothing I less desire. Good-night!"

Mirvan's excitement was all gone. He sat still as the other went out of the room,—sat on until the clear daylight filled the window, and then stumbled into the forest, to wander there through the long summer day, beating out the blind wretchedness of his thoughts. He firmly believed that Humphrey was in the toils of a malignant enchantment, under the spell of a cruel character. He thought him engrossed and bewitched by the cold intellect and heartless beauty of this spiritual Circe.

Humphrey, meanwhile, mechanically undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. In weariness of mind, too deep and disheartened for conscious thought, he passed the night,—conscious chiefly that this trouble, unlike many, would await him in the morning, and already darkened the coming day. The sense of something irreparably spoiled possessed him. He moved restlessly from time to time, as though in physical pain; yet he was hardly aware that he suffered, or why. In the old days, after one of their stormy disputes, he had often lain awake the whole night through, full of doubts and self-distrust and retrospective self-criticism. It was different now.

On Hearing a Bell Toll.

BY S. M. R.

SOME day the bell I hear
My death shall toll;
And when the moment strikes,
What of my soul?

What then shall all avail
That now I prize,
When clear the misspent past
Before me lies?

What then shall be the worth
Of human praise,
That sheds a glory now
Along life's ways?

And what then of the friends
I now hold dear?
Remembrance all too oft
Dies at the bier.

Oh, when that solemn bell
My death shall toll,
For me there shall but count
God and my soul!

Friendships of St. Ambrose.

THE relations of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, with the son of St. Monica and with St. Monica herself give us an insight into the beauty and tenderness of his soul. St. Ambrose is not simply the impersonation of virtue raised by faith to the heights of sanctity, but of superhuman charity toward the suffering; of ineffable goodness united to indomitable firmness; of unbounded love for sinners, imbibed from the Sacred Heart of Jesus; of absolute forgetfulness of self from the moment there was question of fulfilling a duty, soothing a sorrow, preventing or remedying an evil.

His charity toward sinners, was so great that in the sacred tribunal he shed tears on hearing their confessions. St. Ambrose bathed the souls of his penitents with his tears before he cleansed them with the Blood of Christ.

His room was always open, and at every hour any one might enter unannounced. He was *all to all*; and the great orator, the genius among men of letters, the Bishop burdened with the government of a vast diocese, and, so to speak, with the care of the universal Church, quitted even the most serious occupations from the moment that a little child, a poor woman, an abandoned sinner came to make him the confident of their sorrows.

Even during the days of persecution, when the hatred of the Empress Justina exposed his life to imminent peril, his door was never locked; and he mingled with his people, encouraging them to the defence of his basilica, which that haughty woman wished to wrest from the Church and deliver over to the Arians. Like our Divine Lord, so gentle toward publicans and penitent sinners, so terrible in His denunciation of the Pharisees, St. Ambrose was a lamb with the lowly and the humble, but a lion in presence of pride and violence.

"If the Emperor asks me for what is mine," he answered the officers of Justina—"although all that belongs to me belongs to the poor,—I will not refuse it; but sacred things do not belong to me. If he wants my patrimony, let him take it; if he wants my person, I am ready for stripes and fetters and death. He will find no bodyguard around me to defend me against his power. I would gladly die for the altar's sake."

No one better than St. Ambrose knew the delights of friendship, or spoke of them with more touching eloquence. Why forbear quoting a few lines from his charming pages?

"My children," said he to his priests, "cherish friendship with the brethren. Nothing is more beautiful here below. It is the consolation of this life to find one to whom we may unburden the heart,—one whom we may make the depository of our soul's secret thoughts.

Never failing in fidelity, our friend rejoices in our joys, sorrows in our griefs, and strengthens us in the hour of trial; for what is a friend but the brother of the soul? Between the two the union is so perfect that they form but one; for we confide in him as in ourselves, and ask him nothing that honor forbids. Hence friendship is not a matter of self-interest but of affection, so that oftentimes it is more deep and lasting between the poor than between the rich. Where can you find me anything more lofty? The very angels may enjoy it; aye, yet more: Jesus Christ Himself is our friend. He opens His Heart to us; let us open ours to Him in return. True friendship is modelled on His transferring from His own Divine Heart into the hearts of His disciples the mysteries hidden in the bosom of His Eternal Father."

His conduct endorse his words; for his tenderness for his brother St. Satyrus, and his sister St. Marcellina, is recorded in the annals of the Church. These three souls formed but one in the indissoluble bonds of divine charity; and when the death of St. Satyrus seemed to break the blessed union, St. Ambrose burst into tears and undying accents of grief. Continually at the bedside of his dying brother, he seemed to wish to breathe in his last sigh, as if to hold the parting soul or give up his own. Silent, grief-stricken, as if bereft of the boundless courage that had sustained the Church and would yet hold at bay the will of monarchs, the fountain of his tears seemed inexhaustible. "I wept," he said to his people,— "I wept, as Jesus did over *him whom He loved*. But while Jesus mourned over a stranger, my tears were over a brother."

St. Satyrus recommended his poor to his brother's care, and St. Ambrose asked what sum he would have them receive. "That must be your affair. Give them what seems well to you."—

"It seems well to me to give them all," answered St. Ambrose; and he did as he said.

A last faintness announced the end. St. Ambrose depicts his feelings in his sublime outburst over the dead body:

"O sorrowful caresses of that hour of grief! O cruel yet sweet embrace, in which I felt the last breath go forth, the limbs grow cold and rigid! I clasped him close in my arms to forbid his going, but he whom I clasped was dead. O my brother, why could I not breathe all thy beauty into my own soul! When shall I see thee now? What is to become of me? How can I forget thee, with whom I trod the path of life? I labored less than thou, but loved thee none the less. Thou didst care for me with the mingled solicitude of a tender brother and an anxious father, and in losing thee I lose my all."

Such was the Bishop of Milan, who, on account of his sanctity, genius, immense influence in the Church, was made to take part in the affairs of the Empire, and, in a measure, share the responsibility of the world.

The revolt of Maximus against Gratian the Younger, Emperor of the West, son of Valentinian I. and Justina; Gratian's assassination and Justina's flight, committed the fortunes of the fifteen-year-old prince, Valentinian II., to the holy and forceful custody of St. Ambrose. These facts—together with the marriage of Theodosius the Great, Emperor of the East, with the Princess Galla, sister of the Emperor of the West; the defeat and death of the usurper Maximus; the arrival of Theodosius at Milan,—placed St. Ambrose in the position of counsellor, almost of friend, to Theodosius; and tutor, almost father, to Valentinian II. In the guidance of both he showed a loftiness of spirit, tenderness of heart, and firmness of purpose that prove how thoroughly were blended in his great soul the gentle affections of human

nature and the supernatural strength of divine grace.

Theodosius was worthy of St. Ambrose, and, even before coming to Milan, had given proof of a loftiness of character far beyond the ordinary. A baptized Christian, he presented to the world a new spectacle of goodness and humility seated on the imperial throne. The city of Antioch, the capital of Syria, had revolted in consequence of the levying of an extraordinary tax. The mob, for the moment in the ascendant, committed all manner of excesses. The statues of the Emperor were thrown down and trampled upon.

Theodosius, who had always lavished on this privileged city his choicest favors, was filled with indignation, and in the excess of his anger ordered it to be rased to the ground, and its inhabitants to be put to death. The influence of St. John Chrysostom over the people, however, brought them back to reason and repentance; and the intervention of the Bishop, Flavian, with the Emperor appeased his resentment and awakened his soul to the benign action of Christian forbearance. Instead of a scene of bloodshed and vengeance, the world witnessed a spectacle of boundless clemency.

The Bishop was admitted to the imperial presence, where, in the attitude of a suppliant, his eyes blinded with tears, and his voice choked with emotion, he implored pardon in the name of the Son of God made man. Theodosius was silent a moment, then, weeping through tenderness, said: "What wonder that man should pardon man, his brother, when Jesus Christ, the sovereign Master of the world, though crucified by the Jews, implored pardon of His Eternal Father for His executioners? Go, my Father; return to your people, and restore calm to Antioch. It can feel no security after such a tempest, unless under the care of such a pilot."

Such was the influence of Christianity over the successors of the Cæsars. The Emperor, the demigod of the pagan world, in publicly asserting that he was but man, and giving the name of brethren to his revolted subjects to whom he granted pardon, whilst proclaiming Jesus Christ sole Master of the world, furnished an ever-memorable example of the divine efficacy of a religion which, far from slighting the natural sentiments of the soul, added to them the gentleness, mercy, and love of God that paganism had crushed out.

After the defeat of Maximus, which left Theodosius master of the Empire, he gave another proof of his rare greatness of soul. Hardly had he reached Milan when he declared that he wished to reserve to himself only his conquests; and he forthwith placed his brother-in-law, Valentinian II., on the throne of the West. He had already shown him, a fugitive at Thessalonica, more than fatherly love; and had promised to restore to him the throne usurped by Maximus.

"Forget not, my child," he said, in pressing him to his heart, "the cruel lesson thou hast received. Thou hast offended God, and He has punished thee. Remember that power is not based on strength of arms, but on the justice of one's cause. Believe the teaching of my experience. To command obedience, to maintain military discipline, to triumph over rebellion, it will not suffice to be an emperor: you must, moreover, be a sincere Christian. That was the glory of Constantine the Great and of your illustrious father, Valentinian I. Be, then, for the future a faithful Christian and devoted child of the Church."

The young Emperor wept on hearing these heroic words from the lips of a hero and a father. It was not he but his mother who had persecuted the Church; and he had promised Theodosius that, if his kingdom were restored to him, he would ever remain faith-

ful to the Church of Rome and have no counsellor but St. Ambrose. He redeemed this promise as speedily as possible; for no sooner had Theodosius brought him back to Milan than he went to cast himself at the feet of the saintly Bishop. "In bygone years I was brought to you," he said: "to-day I come of my own free-will. Then an orphan was confided to your care: now the Emperor places himself under your guidance."

Ambrose received him with open arms, and pledged him from that moment the tenderness of a father's love. He applied himself to developing in the naturally noble soul of the young monarch the germs of lively faith and ardent love for the Church, for justice, for the poor. History tells us of his wonderful success. By his goodness, prudence, charity and zeal, Valentinian soon became the model, the idol of his subjects. His mother Justina used all her endeavors to corrupt his morals, that she might ruin his religion, which she detested. She had accustomed the people of Milan to the cruel games of the circus; but Valentinian ordered all the wild beasts to be killed, and an end put to the bloody spectacles.

Instead of pursuing or exiling the wife and daughter of Maximus, as the custom of the pagans would have warranted, he dowered them from the royal treasury. He undertook nothing of importance without the advice of Theodosius; and the latter remained with him two years, to consolidate, by his presence and authority, the new government of his young brother-in-law. This was a period of prosperity and glory the like of which the West had not known for many years. The Roman Empire seemed to have regained its pristine splendor, and the world for a while breathed an atmosphere of peace under the merciful sway of two Christian rulers.

(To be continued.)

"Nora's Little Lad."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"THERE is one thing sure: I must find work by this day week, or else the first of the month will see me without a dollar or a notion where to get it."

Nora McDonnell, having counted over her small store of money, replaced all but a few silver coins in the little netted purse she wore suspended from her neck, and thrust the purse into her blouse.

As she sat on her trunk in the attic of a cheap New York boarding-house, she looked indeed forlorn and discouraged. It was too early in the season for her to hope to obtain steady employment. The families who had patronized her in the past were still away in the Adirondacks or Catskills, or at their country homes. They would not require the services of a seamstress for some time yet, and meanwhile what should she do?

Although Nora had for years earned her bread by "going out sewing," the monotonous stitching of the days away had not broken down her health, or stolen all the color from a face that had been glowing as a rose of the Irish hedgerows when, for love of the dear ones at home, she became a voluntary exile from Erin and landed at New York in the spring of 1886.

Ella, the American wife of her brother Tom, now called her an old maid; and even Jim, the younger brother, often joked her, saying she was "getting too old to think of taking up with a husband." Yet Nora was only thirty-five, and better-looking than either Ella or Jim's wife had ever been.

But Nora's part in life had been to make pretty frocks and forbelows for others and to be satisfied with the plainest attire for herself; and, since

"fine feathers make fine birds" the world over, few people looked twice at the modest seamstress as she hurried through the streets; while to the majority of her customers she was merely the automaton who worked the sewing-machine.

Was she much more to her own family, she sometimes wondered, a trifle bitterly, of late? For to Nora had come the moment of the turn of affection's tide, when, beneath the surface of life's sea, many sacrifices are found to have been but tributes to the depths of selfishness in others. Would the tide ebb to its most distant margin, leaving her nature hard and dry for all the future? Or would it roll in again in a great wave of generosity and love, and renewed faith in humankind?

On coming to America, Nora had obtained a situation in a wealthy family. By her earnings she had brought out Tom, then Jim, and last of all Nannie, who, poor girl, promptly caught a cold and lived only a year. The dear mother was still at home with Neil, who held the bit of a farm. Many a time had Nora wanted her to come to America, but the good soul could not make up her mind to leave her firstborn and his children; and, thanks be to God, she and Neil's wife got on well together.

"Perhaps it was for the best that she did not come," Nora acknowledged to herself this afternoon; and yet now her heart went out to the old Irish mother with more intensity of longing than for many a day. "Eighteen years have passed since I laid eyes on her face or felt her loving arms around me," she said aloud, with a sob. "And how many times have I saved up the price of my passage home, only to see it melt away, and my hopes with it! Now I have hardly enough to pay for a lodging here. I'll never see mother nor Ireland again; I may as well resign myself to the thought."

The story of Nora's life during those eighteen years is soon told. Tom was no sooner earning good wages with a contractor than he married a pretty shopgirl. She made a shiftless wife, but was blessed with "four as fine children as you would find in all America," Tom was wont to declare, with a father's pride.

Because Ella loved Tom and the children, Nora forgave her much, including her ambitions, which were not of the practical sort; for she never rested until Tom got a place as porter in a wholesale house. As he was much more interested, however, in horses and gravel and men than in his new occupation, he did not succeed, but lost his position. The family was saved from absolute want by the generous gift of his sister's savings.

Then, again, Ella was ashamed to have a sister-in-law "living out"; so Tom persuaded Nora to make her home with them and take sewing by the day. It did not pay so well, but was a sacrifice to family pride. When Nannie pined away, it was Nora who paid the hospital bill and the undertaker's. Tom, with his family to support, could spare nothing toward defraying these expenses.

Jim had fallen in love with a "slip of a colleen" on the ship coming over, and their wedding followed at the next Christmas; so he never had a chance to make much of Nora. She was looked upon as the "best off" of them all, having no one depending upon her, they said; and thus when she gave with a free hand during various sieges of illness among Tom's children, and helped Jim when he was out of work, they regarded her generosity as a matter of course.

But now, Tom having gone back to the employment of the contractor, was a foreman; his two boys and older girl had positions in stores; the family were prosperous. Thus it happened

that, a few weeks before Nora sat pondering what she should do, Ella had signified to her sister-in-law that their home was overcrowded, "the young people wanted more space wherein to entertain their friends of an evening," *et cetera*.

Nora, not realizing that this move of Tom's wife would prove her own emancipation, indignantly took her departure; but her liberality had left little for herself, and she must find work without delay.

"Well, I did the best I could for all of them, mother alanna, just as I promised you I would when I bade you good-bye," she soliloquized, addressing the little old woman far away. "And, though God has tried me, He has never deserted me; so, asking His blessing, I'll go and put an advertisement in the newspaper—'Work wanted by a competent seamstress; children's clothes a specialty; terms reasonable.'"

With renewed courage, she put on her jacket and hat, and, passing down the three flights of stairs, opened the house-door and went into the street. Nearly a mile northward she had to go; but Nora walked cheerily enough now; and thus before long came to *Herald* Square, where Broadway and Sixth Avenue cross each other, and the trains of the Elevated Railroad thunder by overhead. The clock on the handsome façade of the *Herald* building pointed to three p. m. as she made her way over the network of trolley tracks to the newspaper office, where a clerk wrote out her advertisement, for which she paid with the silver she had set aside for the purpose.

After she came out and crossed the street again she looked back at this uptown office of the great daily,—the splendid pile of cream-tinted stone, substantial, yet so light in architecture as to suggest a semblance to exquisitely wrought ivory. Nora did not know it to be a modern example of the Italian

Renaissance,—she had never heard of the Renaissance; but she recognized the beauty of the rich entablature and the gleaming columns of polished marble, and stood for a second admiring the ornamental traceries that entwine themselves in garlands of sculptured flowers about the arches of the colonnade.

As she turned away, she found herself inadvertently on Broadway. She must get back to the avenue, or else go far out of her route toward her attic room. It was while she paused, looking for an opportunity to thread her way through the vortex of noise and traffic that marks the Square, that the great moment of her life came to her,—the moment that was also perilously near to being her last.

As she waited for a break in the apparently endless line of surface cars, wagons, automobiles and carriages rattling, whirring or clanging past, a lady, who led by the hand a little five-year-old lad, separated herself from the ever-changing, rainbow-hued throng on the pavement before Macy's great department store, on the western side of the Square, and started across toward Broadway. Nora's eyes were attracted to them at once. The lady was young and pretty; the child, a manly little fellow with sunny curls. In his white sailor suit and natty cap he made a picture such as Sargents love to paint.

"Jim's youngest would look as well, if he were dressed in the height of the style too," reflected Nora, proudly; yet she admired the boy because of his sturdiness, for he was in no wise disconcerted by the confusion that encompassed him.

In safety the two reached the centre of the Square and the shelter of one of the posts of the Elevated Road. Then the mother hesitated; but, as a clear space opened before them, the child dashed onward. Before he could reach

the sidewalk, however, a hansom cab, driven rapidly, swung around the corner of Thirty-Fifth Street—the child stumbled and fell, a mother's agonized scream rose above the din of traffic; and at the same moment a woman standing on the curbstone sprang forward, snatched the little lad literally from under the horse's hoofs, and sank backward on the pavement with the child clasped in her arms.

For a minute that great stream of traffic ceased to flow. The driver of the hansom had driven off, without slackening his speed; but several among the people on the sidewalk ran out to raise the victim of the accident. Some one telephoned for an ambulance, and the choice of two or three luxurious equipages was offered to convey the lady and her boy to their home.

The distracted mother could not at first believe that her darling was unharmed. She caught him to her breast, looked into his frightened face and felt of every bone in his lithe little body. Then, as a prayer of passionate thankfulness welled up in her heart, she turned in gratitude and tender anxiety to the unknown woman who had saved his life. Was it at the price of her own?

Without waiting for the ambulance, kind hands had lifted Nora into a splendid autobrougham; but she lay back against its soft cushions, apparently lifeless.

"She is dead!" sobbed the child's mother, distractedly.

"No, madam; but she was undoubtedly struck by the horse's hoofs," answered a surgeon who had appeared out of the crowd. "The extent of her injuries can not be ascertained at present."

In a cheerful room of the New York hospital Nora awakened. It was night, and she had a terrible pain in her side. She did not know where she was. A white-capped nurse held a drink of

something cool and pleasant to her lips; and again she lost consciousness, but this time it was in the sleep wooed by an anodyne.

Not until the next morning did the memory of that awful moment in the Square come back to her. She could hardly move on her narrow cot, and did not know whether she was seriously injured or not; yet, as she plucked the nurse by the sleeve, her thought was not for herself.

"Tell me," she pleaded eagerly,—“tell me about the little lad!”

The attendant understood.

"Oh, he is all right!" she said.

Nora's eyes searched her face with a stern inquiry.

"It is not deceiving me you are out of kindness?" she faltered.

"No, no! He got off without a scratch. And you are not badly hurt: only stiff and bruised. You will be out in a few days."

Nora breathed a sigh of happiness and her lips moved in prayer. Since God had given back her life, there must be something left for her to do in the world. Yet, as she lay there helpless, she acknowledged to herself that the future promised her less even than on the previous day; for then she had at least her health and strength.

She grimly wondered if any answers to the advertisement were waiting for her at the *Herald* Office; and if so, what the writers would think when the seamstress they condescended to engage did not appear at the specified time. And from thinking of this she began to worry about the bill at the hospital. When should she be able to pay it?

Such a train of thought was not very good for a patient who was told that she must not trouble herself about anything. But Nora was spared the feverish state the nurse dreaded by a happy diversion.

While her eyes roved restlessly around the white walls, suddenly the door of

the room flew open and it seemed to her that a sunbeam danced in. Instinctively she stretched out her arms: a little golden-haired lad ran into them, and the next moment she was caressing the soft curls and the delicate face of the child she had saved.

"I don't know your name, but I love you!" he cried, as he kissed her of his own accord.

"My name is Nora," she answered, with difficulty raising herself upon the pillow.

"And mine is Harold Van Ruyter," he volunteered, as he stood off and looked at her with animated interest.

Her glance, following him, fell upon his mother, who had paused in the doorway,—as pretty a picture as one would wish to look upon, in her smart costume of dark silk and flower-wreathed hat.

The lady hastened forward almost as impulsively as the child had done.

"Nora," she exclaimed—for she had heard the conversation,—“how can I ever show my gratitude for your heroism! You rescued my little son from almost certain death. Only a mother's prayers can thank you.”

Taking Nora's hands between her own, she pressed them to her heart, and, bending down, kissed her also. Then, accepting the chair the nurse offered, she drew it nearer to the cot, beside which Harold stood as if on guard. He had taken possession of Nora, and evidently considered that she belonged to his circle of “dear ones.”

The young mother smiled, though her eyes grew dim, as the moment of peril in the street arose again before her mental vision. She was a beautiful woman, and had not only the charm and grace of gentle breeding, but the quality of distinction that denotes assured social position. Harold's resemblance to hers was marked, Nora thought; but he had an air of decision, probably inherited from his father.

“You will be able to leave here in a week, Nora, the surgeon says; and I have made sure that you shall have the best of care,” continued the lady, with earnestness. “It is certainly the least I can do for one to whom I am so greatly indebted.”

Nora could scarcely speak.

“You are kind to make so much of—what I did, ma'am,” she faltered at last. “But, indeed, any one would have done the same. The child was under the horse's feet, and I just snatched him up. I hardly knew what I was doing; and there was nothing so brave about it, because I did not think of danger to myself at all. It was God who saved the boy.”

—“Yes, through you. Ah, Nora, it is the habit of sacrifice, of unselfishness, that in a sudden emergency makes the hero or heroine!” said Mrs. Van Ruyter, in a voice that trembled with emotion. “But now tell me, is there not some special way in which I can requite your service to me?”

Nora was silent. Presently an idea occurred to her.

“Perhaps, ma'am, when I am out again you will give me some sewing to do for you,” she stammered, as her gaze travelled over her visitor's dainty gown. “I am a seamstress, and had just put in the *Herald* an advertisement for work when—when I saw you and—the boy.”

Mrs. Van Ruyter laughed merrily.

“Perhaps we can find something better for you than that—” she began.

But the little lad broke in:

“Why, you are coming to live with us, Nora, if you will! Father says you are to have a home with us as long as you live—or until you get married,—and you are to do nothing at all. Oh, mother and I have great plans for you!”

Nora turned her wondering eyes to the lady.

“My friend, you shall have every

comfort in life that my husband or I can assure to you," said Mrs. Van Ruyter, feelingly. "What would all we have in the world be to us if our only child had been taken away by so dreadful an accident! But you must have some wish that you long to see realized? If you could have your heart's desire, what would it be?"

Nora turned away her head and burst into tears.

"Madam, you are very good," she sobbed; "yet all you have offered me would not make me so happy as to see my mother,—to go back to Ireland to the cabin where I was born."

Little Harold, in great distress, caught Nora's hands and drew them down from her face.

The pretty, young mother beamed with delight.

"Then, dear woman, hurry and get well; for your passage to Ireland shall be engaged to-day," she said. "Stay as long as you choose with your mother, but when you return we want you to come to us. You need take no thought for the future: we have arranged that you shall be independent"

Before Nora could find words to express her thanks, mother and child were gone for the day.

She had other visitors, however. During the afternoon Tom found her. When he came into the room and saw her lying on the little cot and looking almost as white as the counterpane, he turned abruptly; but, straightway wheeling round again, said huskily, as he drew his arm across his eyes:

"Sure, Nora, we saw in the newspaper last night about the accident, and how you saved the little lad. I've been trying to find you ever since. And our hearts were like to break for the danger you were in, unknown to us,—though its proud of you we are, indeed. Ella and the children and Jim and his wife are downstairs; but I alone was allowed up, for fear of disturbing you.

The boys and girls say the home is not the same at all since you left us, and Ella asks your pardon for any hard words that escaped her when she was put about. You'll forgive us all, and come home to us when you get out of this place?"

Nora laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder, for he had sunk upon his knees beside her.

"Tell Ella I have no ill feeling against her," she said. "But I'll not be going back, because, Tom dear—and isn't God good to send me the chance?—before long I am to sail on a trip to Ireland."

Nora soon recovered from the shock of her fall and the blow from the hoofs of the horse. One small incident still puzzled her. Every morning during her stay in the hospital there had been sent to her a bouquet of gorgeous flowers. At first she thought they came from her "little lad"; but one day she discovered, hidden beneath a scarlet geranium blossom, a visiting card that bore an unknown name.

Tom, who came frequently to see her, solved the enigma. The owner of the name was a dapper and well-to-do Irish widower, who was something of a ward politician. Before Nora went away she received a letter from the sender of the flowers, who said frankly that he had read of her brave act, and it was for such a woman he had long sought. He concluded by offering her his hand and his fortune, and asked where and when he might call upon her.

Tom, to whom she showed the letter, was for taking it seriously; but Nora laughed, though her face flushed rosy as when she was a girl.

"I'll write and thank the good man for the honor he would pay me," she said. "But I love my liberty too well to take a husband at this late day; and the greatest happiness in life to me will be to go home to see the dear old mother."

"The Average Young Man."

IN the *Quarterly*, of Altoona, Pa., there appeared some weeks ago a character sketch entitled "The Average Young Man,"—a sort of pen-portrait of "the young man as you meet him, 'with naught extenuated and naught set down in malice.'" The avidity with which the sketch has been seized upon and reprinted in all parts of the country we take to be an indication that the youthful citizen is a subject of very general interest,—if, indeed, the reproduction of the article in the columns of so many of our exchanges does not warrant the belief that, in the estimation of the editorial fraternity, the *Quarterly's* portrait is faithful and lifelike. Yet, if it be so, our average young man is not a personage of whom his country has any particular reason to be proud. Of his religious faith and practice, for instance, the best that his portrayer can find to say is:

Religion is entirely unobjectionable to the average steady young fellows we are discussing. Their parents practised it—often fervently. It is a good thing with them. So far as they think of it they approve of it, but they don't think of it much. The church service of Sunday is no sooner out of sight than out of mind. They will not be classed as infidels or non-Christians, but the gulf between them and devotion, piety, ardor, faith and the other qualities of virile living Christianity, is very wide.

The interest they take in religion is fairly gauged, perhaps, by the money they put into it. Good, steady and sensible as they may be, they are not much at church building or asylum sustaining. The zealous ticket vender at a church fair prefers to deal with a married man every time.

Nor is it only in religious devotion that they are wanting. Supernatural virtue being set entirely aside, they apparently lack the purely natural virtues of generosity, disinterestedness, self-forgetfulness. "Their money does not go for charity.... It is all for self. The dollar mark is solely before *ego*. It is this selfishness that thoughtful

people are beginning to consider the chief fault of your ordinarily respectable young fellow. That kind of man doesn't lend his life for the defence of his country. Self-sacrifice is not one of his shining virtues."

Summing up his estimate of the ordinary young American, the *Quarterly* writer is forced to conclude that "the characteristics are those of a healthy animal endowed with an attenuated soul. The spiritual life is too much eliminated from the everyday world of the people to give us the best attainable types of manhood."

Now, on the supposition that this estimate is even approximately true, we submit that the condition to which it testifies constitutes a vigorous and most damnatory impeachment of America's system of irreligious public schools. No stream can rise higher than its source. If the spiritual life is purposely, regularly, and persistently ignored throughout a boy's school-days,—if, during this formative period of his character-building, the supernatural is a tabooed subject for at least six days a week, what result can be legitimately expected, if not precisely the elimination of spirituality from his life and conduct when he is emancipated from the schoolroom? "The everyday world of the people" formed only a few years back the everyday occupants of the classrooms and playgrounds in the schools of the land; and it is folly to look in them for a harvest the seeds of which were never sown. What real and vital religion is to be found in the United States to-day exists, not because, but in spite, of the boasted public school system. The logical consistent outcome of the system is that "healthy animal endowed with an attenuated soul"—the average young man.

NOTHING seems to me more natural than the supernatural.—*Louis Veillot.*

Notes and Remarks.

Most of the papers read at the Conference of Catholic colleges recently held in St. Louis are naturally of greater interest to educators than to general readers; there is, however, one paragraph of the paper read by the Rev. E. J. Gleason, S. J., of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, which ought to be pondered by every Catholic in the land. After referring to the need of champions to defend Catholic interests, and to the principal agents in the formation of public opinion, Father Gleason said:

To all this it is sometimes answered that the American people are fair-minded. Granting this to the fullest extent of its truth, let us remember that fair-mindedness does not require our non-Catholic fellow-citizens to devote their time to study out our claims, or inconvenience themselves to defend our rights. It means only that they are ready to give us a fair hearing and would not consciously do us a manifest injustice. But they are unacquainted with our position, and from childhood have been accustomed to misrepresentations of it. They expect us to come forward and manfully present and defend our rights, but have no sympathy with tardy grumblers.

Well said, say we. The tardy grumblers do mischief enough; they are far less blameworthy, however, than those weak-kneed brethren who always scent danger when there is assertion of rights and a disposition is shown to defend them.

The *Catholic Progress*, of Seattle, has its own ideas about the stand to be taken by a Catholic paper during a political campaign, and is not backward in promulgating them. In a recent editorial our Washington contemporary says:

We are proud to hold up the names of good men of any and all parties; for it is to them we must look for a clean administration of our public interests. . . . We wish it distinctly understood that so long as a Catholic paper withholds from the advocacy of good measures, it is unworthy of the support of honest men. If

moral and honest public service is desirable, we are morally bound to promote its realization. So with this much of an apology we propose to advocate good men, and if need be point out some of the disqualifications of others.

The philosophical upholder of the necessity of political parties will no doubt deprecate such a course of action as being utterly subversive of intelligent political warfare; but the average reader of the *Progress* is likely to admire the absence from its columns of hard and fast partisanship. There is surely enough of that mania in the secular press; the religious weeklies may well adopt the saner and more honorable course of acknowledging the good and condemning the evil in all parties.

Commenting on our recent reference in these columns to the New Brunswick schools, an Ottawa correspondent requests us further to inform our readers that "the result, such as it is, is owing in a very large measure to the persistence of the Honorable John Costigan in bringing the matter before the Dominion Parliament year after year." With no disposition whatever to withhold any justly deserved tribute from the eminent Irish-Canadian mentioned, we must be allowed to say that our information on the subject is to the effect that the satisfactory working of the school law in question is due, not to any action of the Federal Parliament of Canada, but to a compromise agreed upon between the late Bishop Sweeny of St. John and the late Hon. John Boyd of the same New Brunswick city.

Apropos of a contemporary French novel in which current religious, or anti-religious, events in France furnish the warp and woof of the narrative, the *Annales d'Arts* makes this comment: "What it is important to remember is that in the activity of work, even religious, apostolic work, souls empty themselves if, engrossed by exterior

needs and the duties of great enterprises, they for a time neglect themselves under the pretext of a more ardent charity and zeal. A disastrous routinism invades their life, mechanical custom devours their days... There comes the blast of the tempest, and only hearts of oak resist. Christians, priests, monks, and nuns have need now more than ever to nourish themselves with the Gospel and quench their thirst at the fount of prayer."

The advice is timely, and is pertinent not merely in France but everywhere in the Catholic world. To spend oneself for others is no doubt laudable; but it is well to remember that just as self-preservation is the first law of nature, self-sanctification is the primary duty of the lay and sacerdotal, as well as of the religious Christian. The fuller and more sustained is a man's interior life, the more effective and solidly beneficent are his external activities. Altruism is well enough in its place; but, after all, the "one thing necessary" is the salvation of one's own soul; and any course of action which compromises that supreme issue very surely needs immediate revision.

It seems that the natives of the various groups of islands in the Caribbean Sea all speak the English language, being for the most part descendants of English-speaking pirates of the Sir Henry Morgan period,—about 1660. Until three years ago, however, no priest had ever visited their shores. In 1901 the Rev. Albert Stroebele sailed from New York for the Caribbean district, and since that date has done effective mission work on St. Andrew's and Old Providence Islands. The prospects for successful religious labor in the Cayman, Bay, and Corn Islands are reassuring; but missionary zeal is hampered by the transportation difficulty. There is no line either of steamers or sailing-vessels running from

port to port. To overcome this difficulty, Father Stroebele desires a mission ship; and, in order to secure a fund for its purchase, makes an appeal to the students of all Catholic colleges and academies and the members of Catholic societies for one penny each. The name of the vessel is to be "Immaculata," and the address to which contributions to the fund should be forwarded is: the Rev. A. Stroebele, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. The object is a good one and we wish it Godspeed.

We occasionally hear the lament of some pharisaical American critic of the "Latin races" deploring the influence which immigrants from Italy must exert on the morals of our large cities. To all such superficial observers and inconsequent thinkers we commend the following extract from a recent report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society's agent in the Children's Court of Brooklyn:

It is only justice to our Italian fellow-Catholics to say that no Italian girl has been before the Children's Court, since it opened, on any criminal charge. The Italian mothers do not allow their daughters to roam about the streets in the evenings or attend dance halls or picnics, and the results justify their prudence.

It is rather a pity that the example of such mothers is not more generally imitated in both large cities and small,—and, for that matter, in the rural districts as well as in the great urban centres. Our country can stand a good deal of this particular variety of Latin-race influence.

A Montreal journal has been commenting on a New York paper's articles about the changes taking place in the manner of conducting funerals—non-Catholic funerals. The tendency, it seems, is toward brevity in the services, and less crepe, fewer tears, and greater privacy. The Canadian critic says:

It matters little how long or how short the funeral services above-mentioned may be, nor is it of any consequence whether they are performed at

the home or elsewhere; because they are, after all, a mere matter of sentiment—of human sympathy for the bereaved. But when there is question of the soul, of the prayers for the departed, of the eternal and all-important Sacrifice of the Mass, it is no longer a matter of option, of taste, of fashion; it ceases to be a mere consolation for the living: it is, in addition, something far more important—that is, the following of the departed soul to the very foot of God's throne, and the offering up for the eternal rest of the dead the only real act of pure adoration that can be performed by man toward God.

One of the points of practical Catholic piety that the average pastor needs to insist upon is the lessening of material pomp and display, and the increase of spiritual offerings, on the occasion of a death in the Catholic family. Handsome caskets, expensive mourning, and costly floral wreaths are often in evidence where not a single Requiem Mass has been offered for the repose of the departed relative's soul. Too many funerals furnish occasion for exploiting the vanity of the living rather than manifesting genuine love of the dead.

Distrusting the accuracy of the apparently sensational dispatches sent to the daily papers concerning the recent outrage in Arizona, we have avoided comment thereon until reliable information as to the facts should reach us from exchanges published in the Southwest. The *Southern Messenger* says:

Forty of the children [of the New York Foundling Asylum] had been allotted to families in Clifton and Morenci, Arizona,—places twelve miles apart. The babies had been delivered, and the agent of the asylum, Mr. G. Whitney Swayne, with three Sisters of Charity and four trained nurses who accompanied him, were about to leave, when a mob of several hundred armed men from both towns took the children from their new homes, and, after threatening and insulting the agent and his companions, compelled the latter to leave with twenty-one of the little ones, and distributed the remaining nineteen in places of their own choosing.

Such action as is here described is obviously indefensible on any recognized theory of law and order. The conduct of the mob was simply ruffianly, on a

logical par with that of the lynchers who so frequently disgrace the fair fame of our country; and, if Arizona's ruling powers attach any importance to the credit of their State, they should forthwith see to it that ample apology and compensation be made for the unpardonable outrage. Even American outlaws must be deteriorating rapidly when such insults can be meted out to Sisters of Charity.

If there is one place in which, less than another, we should be inclined to look for a panegyric of monks and monasticism, it might well be in the pages of a Protestant university magazine; and if there is one country in which such a publication might well appear distinctly incongruous, not to say paradoxical, that country is France. Yet M. Gaston Bonet-Maury, professor of ecclesiastical history in the Protestant theological faculty of the University of France, has published, in the *Revue Historique*, a very eulogistic paper on "St. Columban and the Foundation of Monasteries in Brie during the Seventh Century." The sympathetic author, after developing the point that these Irish monks rendered a variety of important services to French civilization, concludes with this tribute:

Uncompromising with the great ones of earth, the monks showed themselves gentle and compassionate with the lowly. With good reason did the Church, in canonizing them, ratify the verdict of popular suffrage. Impartial History, in her turn, can not do otherwise than to greet, in them, genuine saints, worthy imitators of Saints Peter and Paul.

The London *Universe* is not particularly enamored of that sixteenth-century English sovereign whom successive generations of British school-children have learned to know as "good Queen Bess." Our English contemporary does not hesitate to style this same lady "Elizabeth the infamous"; and,

moreover, proceeds to prove that the characterization is merited. The proof is drawn from a non-Catholic source. Says the *Universe*: "We are going to quote the most modern, the most up-to-date, the most learned, the most Protestant of living historians of the Reformation period and the Tudor Dynasty." The historian in question is Mr. Martin Hume, chosen by the English government as one of the editors of the Calendar of State Papers in the sixteenth century. As specimens of Mr. Hume's estimate of "good Queen Bess," we quote two paragraphs:

Mary, at her wit's end how to deal with her sister, sent for her, and prayed her earnestly to say whether she really believed in the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament. She might speak, said the Queen, with perfect freedom, and say whether, as Protestants avowed, she attended Mass from dissimulation or fear. The Princess hesitated not at all. She was ready, she said, to announce solemnly in public that she attended the Catholic service at the bidding of her own conscience and free will alone, uninfluenced by fear or duplicity. . . .

The Queen of England [Elizabeth] resorted to expedients which even then were considered illegitimate. Everything from her dubious religion to her much-debated chastity, from her patriotism to her pruriency, from her comely body to her crooked spirit, was utilized to the very utmost for the furtherance of the policy that was to place in her hands the balance of power, and secure her personal triumph and her nation's invulnerability.

Historical criticism has of late years stripped the plumage from no inconsiderable number of oldtime jackdaws that have been strutting through the centuries in borrowed plumage; and we are not sorry that the constructive executioner of the unfortunate Mary Stuart should even at this late day get some of her deserts.

In a pamphlet published by Cardinal Moran in 1891, the claim was made that to De Quiros belongs the credit of discovering Australia. In a recent issue of the *Australian Journal of Education*, Mr. Ernest Favenc opposes the

Cardinal's theory. He discusses at considerable length the various grounds upon which the prelate's claim is based, and arrives at this conclusion: "On the whole, we must remain in our belief that the Columbus of Australia was, after all, plain Commander William Jansz, of the *Duyfken*." Whether his Eminence will abandon his contention or endeavor to rebut Mr. Favenc's arguments is at present—at least at this distance—problematical.

We do not know what truth there may be in the statement that the trusts and the protected interests have joined forces and are contributing large sums to perpetuate the present administration; however, the following passage of a speech made last week by Judge Parker is important and timely, if only as a warning against one of the greatest dangers to which our country is now exposed:

Political contributions by corporations and trusts mean corruption. They can not be honest. Merely business interests are moved by merely business considerations. A corporation will subscribe to a political party only because the corporation expects that party, through its control of public officers—executive or legislative,—to do something for the benefit of the corporation, or to refrain from doing something to its injury. No other motive can be imagined. In the nature of things, no other motive can exist. The relations established mean the expectation, if not an agreement, actual or implied, that governmental action is to be influenced by and for corporation interests. No sophistry can give any other aspect to the transaction in the minds of reasonable men.

Apropos of the notably interesting leading article in this issue, it may be mentioned that the exodus of Catholic peasants from Brittany, due to the religious persecution, has assumed such proportions that the French Minister of the Interior has become alarmed. He has sent a circular to the government officials in the different districts of Brittany, urging them to stem the tide of emigration.



THE VISITATION.
(Giotto.)







Ave Maria!

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

AVE MARIA! What greeting more dear,
Sweeter or holier breaks on the ear?
Gabriel's words benign
Why should we vary?
Throned near thy Son Divine,
Hail to thee, Mary!

Ave Maria! The Angelus bell
Rings it out softly o'er woodland and dell;
E'en through the city street
Sounds there no other
Cadence like thine so sweet,—
Hail to thee, Mother!

Ave Maria! Blest greeting and prayer,
Oft has it saved us from pitfall and snare:
So, when we're tempted sore,
May our idea
Still be to plead the more:
Ave Maria!

Three Months Under the Snow.

BY J. PORCHAT.*

THE Jura Alps consist of several parallel ranges of mountains extending from Basle in Switzerland to France. Between these ranges are fertile valleys, and in the summer months vegetation is to be found on the loftiest summits. Some are clothed with splendid forests of oak, beech and pine, and the slopes offer excellent pasturage for cattle and goats. These summits are habitable only four or five months in the year.

As soon as the snows melt in the spring, the villagers in the valleys take their herds up to the mountains to

graze. The day of departure is one of rejoicing, although the men are about to leave their families for the whole summer, and have before them a laborious life, full of privations. They take care of their herds and also make the fine cheese known as *fromage de Gruyère*.

Each herdsman has a chalet built of stone, and roofed with pine boards, which are kept in place by weights of large rocks. The interior of the chalet is divided into three parts: a stable for the cows at night, a small room where the milk is kept in wooden buckets, and a kitchen which is also a sleeping-room. This kitchen has an enormous fireplace to accommodate the large kettles in which the milk is heated to make cheese. The bed is built in one corner, and is large enough for several men, who sleep on a straw tick and cover themselves with quilts, and also straw when the weather is cold.

The summer campaign ends on St. Denis' Day, October 9. This is another day of rejoicing, as the men are once more to rejoin their families. During the winter months the herdsman occupy themselves with other things, and are especially expert in woodworking and carving. They make cuckoo clocks and many objects that find their way all over the civilized world. The children are also instructed at home, as the snows are often so deep that going to school becomes impossible.

Our little hero is not an untaught boy: he is able to write his own story, so we shall let him speak for himself.

NOVEMBER 22, 18—.

Since it is my fate to be buried in this chalet with my grandfather, I am going to write from day to day what happens to us in our prison; so that if we perish, our friends will know

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

how we passed our last days; and if we are rescued, this journal will preserve the remembrance of our dangers and our sufferings. I will tell how we happened to be here in such a melancholy plight.

We had been waiting at home in the village for weeks for my father's return from the mountain with his cattle. St. Denis' Day had passed and all the other herdsmen had come down; my father alone did not appear. My grandfather finally became very much alarmed, and he said:

"I will go up to the chalet myself and see what keeps François. I want to go up the mountain once more, anyway; for who knows where I shall be another year? Do you want to go with me?" he asked, looking at me.

Of course I did, as my grandfather and I were inseparable companions.

We started off at once. We ascended the mountain slowly, sometimes following gorges, sometimes skirting deep abysses. When we were about a quarter of a mile from the chalet, overcome by curiosity, I went dangerously near to the edge of a high cliff. My grandfather, who had often told me never to do this, sprang forward to grasp my arm. A stone rolled under his foot, twisting his ankle in such a way as to give him great pain. After a few moments' rest he was able to go on, and by the aid of his cane and my shoulder he managed to reach the chalet.

My father was much surprised on seeing us. He was getting ready to go down; and if we had waited a day longer, he would have been home.

"Some of our cows were sick," he explained. "They are well now. I am going to send Pierre down to-night with the cheese, and I shall go to-morrow with the herd."

My grandfather thought that both he and I ought to go directly back with Pierre. He remarked:

"The wind has shifted within the half-hour, and we are likely to have some bad weather before morning."

My father shared this fear, and advised us to descend with Pierre. But when my grandfather tried, he was unable to walk.

"Let me wait for you," I exclaimed, throwing my arms around my father's neck. "Grandpa needs a night's rest because he has hurt his foot."

I then told of my disobedience, and it was arranged that we should all wait until the next day and descend together.

My father now served us with some soup made of corn and milk, which we ate with great relish. After that I went to bed and soon fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, I was astonished to find the mountain all white. It was still snowing fast and the wind blew with great force. It would have amused me very much to watch it, if I had not noticed my father's anxiety. I was rather worried myself when I saw my grandfather limping around, helping himself by chairs and the wall. His ankle was much swollen and he was in great pain.

"Start at once," he said to my father. "Take that child down before the snow gets any deeper. You see that it is impossible for me to go with you."

"But I can not leave you here alone," objected my father.

"Put your son and your flock in safety first, then you can come back after me with a stretcher."

My father could not make up his mind to go and leave the old man alone, so part of the day was passed without anything being done. We were in hopes that the storm would cease or that some one would come to our aid. Neither of these things happened. At last I said to my father:

"Let me stay here with grandpa.

You can travel faster without me, and you can bring some one back to get us. We will take care of each other while we are waiting for you."

"The boy is right," said my grandfather. "The snow is already so deep and the wind so strong that it would be more dangerous for him to go with you than to stay with me. Take my staff, François: it is strong and has an iron point. Get the cows out of the stable and leave us the goat. I am really more worried about you than about ourselves."

My father reflected a moment; then, rising suddenly, he clasped me in his arms, and I felt his warm tears flowing over my cheeks.

"I do not reproach you, my dear boy, but you now see the consequences of your disobedience. But Providence has permitted things to happen as they have. If we could have foreseen our situation, we would have kept Pierre to help carry your grandfather down."

He said no more but began to make preparations for his descent. We let the cows out of the stable, and they, too, seemed surprised at seeing snow. They scampered round and round the chalet, but finally quieted down so that they could be driven. My father started off with them, and they were lost to view in a few minutes.

My grandfather and I stood at the window for a long time, watching the storm which was constantly growing worse. Great black clouds enveloped us and night fell suddenly, although the clock marked only three.

We had been so preoccupied all day that we had not thought of eating, and I was very hungry. The goat was also bleating, and I called my grandfather's attention to this.

"Poor Blanchette!" he said. "She is calling us. Light the lamp and we will go and milk her; then we will have some supper."

"It will be breakfast, too, grandpa," I answered.

He smiled at this, and I noticed that he was not quite so uneasy; this revived my courage somewhat. Still the wind blew so fiercely that the chalet trembled, and I was afraid the roof would be carried away. I looked up so often that my grandfather must have known what I was thinking.

"Don't be afraid, my boy. This house has withstood many a storm. The roof is covered with great stones, and the chimney leans so that it does not get the full force of the gale."

Taking the lamp, we went out into the stable. When the goat saw us, she began to bleat loudly and tug at her rope. How eagerly she licked the salt out of my hand! She gave us a good jar of milk, and we needed it. When we went back to the kitchen, my grandfather said:

"We must take good care of poor Blanchette and milk her regularly twice a day; our life may depend upon hers."

"Do you think we shall have to stay here long?" I asked, anxiously.

"I am not sure, but we may have to. One must always hope for the best—and prepare for the worst."

After supper I went out again into the stable and gave our nurse a fresh bed of straw. I caressed her more affectionately than usual, and she, on her part seemed rejoiced to see me. Goats like company, and she missed the cattle.

My grandfather and I sat for a time before the fire, but it was quite different from that at our home in the village. The chimney is as large at the base as a small room; it grows narrower as it ascends. But still the opening in the roof is so wide that the snow blown in by the whirlwind annoyed us very much; it made a disagreeable hissing sound when it struck the fire, and occasionally we were obliged to shake off the flakes that covered our coats.

"We can find comfort only in our bed to-night, Louis," remarked my grandfather, after a time. "Let us go there, and to-morrow we will try to find some way of protecting ourselves from the storm. Pray to God, and put yourself in His care. He is everywhere present—on the mountain as well as on the plain."

I was much moved, and I repeated my prayers with more trust and fervor than ever before.

On waking in the morning I found the room dark. I supposed that it was not yet daylight, but I heard my grandfather groping about. I rubbed my eyes, but still I could not see any more plainly.

"Grandpa," I called out, "why are you up before daylight?"

"If we wait for daylight to come, Louis, we shall have to stay in bed a long time. The snow has covered up the window."

At this I jumped out of bed with a cry of fear. I lit the lamp and saw that it was seven o'clock.

"The window is low," continued my grandfather, reassuringly. "Probably the snow has only drifted against it; it may not be more than two feet deep on the level."

"Will some one come to rescue us, do you think?"

"I hope so; but, after trusting in God, we must rely upon ourselves. As we may possibly be shut in here for some time, let us see what resources we have, so as to regulate our acts accordingly. Fortunately, I did not forget to wind up the clock last night, so we know that it is daylight. We must be careful about that, so that we can be regular in our care of Blanchette."

This is the way we began the day; and it has been a long, tiresome one. I can scarcely hold my pen, and I shall have to wait until to-morrow to continue my story.

(To be continued.)

Mass in Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

THE following anecdote, which is related by the famous historian Baronius, serves to show the joy one can give to the Blessed Virgin by hearing Mass in her honor, and how gladly she grants the petitions of those who assist at the Holy Sacrifice for that object.

In the year 998 Robert, the King of France, at the head of a large army, laid siege to the Castle of St. Germain, not far from Anjou. The besieged made a valiant defence, and succeeded in harassing the enemy so much that on the sixth day of the siege the King, exasperated at their resistance, resolved to take the fortress by storm. On hearing this the garrison were sadly cast down; in their distress they appealed for help and counsel to a pious Benedictine monk. He exhorted them to put their trust in the Blessed Virgin and to hear a Mass in her honor. This Mass he himself offered at Our Lady's altar in the principal church, all the people devoutly assisting.

The Blessed Mother of God was not slow in making known the virtue of a Mass said in her honor. While it was being celebrated, a dense fog closed round the fortress, completely shutting it out from the sight of the besiegers, so that their gunners could not take aim. The besieged, however, saw the enemy as distinctly as ever, and did deadly work with their arrows. At length the King, seeing his men falling on every side, and fearing lest, if the combat were prolonged, his whole army would be cut off, sounded a retreat and withdrew in high dudgeon.

THE phrase "to haul one over the coals" is a survival of the days when the guilt or innocence of a person was deduced from the condition of his feet after he had walked barefoot over a bed of glowing coals.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Société Saint-Augustin, of Lyons, announce their publication of *La Sainte Bible*, a complete translation of the Bible from the original texts. The author is the Rev. Canon Crampon, and the work has been revised by Jesuit Fathers and Sulpicians.

—A rare book to which are attached interesting literary associations was recently sold in England. It is a copy of Savonarola's *De Triumpho Crucis* (Of the Triumph of the Cross). The copy once belonged to "rare Ben Jonson," and was presented by him to the author of "The Broadstone of Honor," Sir Kenelm Digby.

—Benziger Brothers have brought out a second edition of the Rev. John H. Stapleton's excellent book, "Moral Briefs." The *Catholic Transcript*, in which these sermonettes first appeared, announces that Father Stapleton is soon to resume his weekly contributions to its columns,—a grateful bit of news to *Transcript* readers.

—"The Method of the Catholic Sunday School," by the Rev. P. A. Halpin, is a booklet of some half a hundred pages, divided into twelve chapters or talks on all the practical topics suggested by the title. It will well repay perusal by all who are engaged in that very important business, the teaching of the Catechism. Joseph Wagner, publisher.

—Of Dr. Barry's new work, "Heralds of Revolt," an English reviewer says: "The critic who can admire 'the troughs of Zolaism,' or prefer one trough to another for an artistic reason, is unlikely to agree with a work like this, which values art in the scales of a Christian philosopher." The erotic novels of various French authors are described as "dark and poisonous toadstools, growing on the grave of an illustrious people."

—"A Comprehensive Catalogue of Catholic Books in the English and German Languages" has just been issued by the *Volksfreund* Press, Buffalo, N. Y. "To get Catholics to read Catholic books, and thus to encourage Catholic writers and publishers is the purpose of this catalogue," says Bishop Colton in a neat preface. We heartily commend this timely publication to the Catholic public, but we feel obliged to say that it needs thorough revision.

—The Burrow Brothers Co. announce the publication, in four octavo volumes, of the "Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, S. J.," with maps and illustrations. It is claimed that more than half of the work's 1600 pages contain new matter—the record from 1860 to 1873—

now published for the first time. The authors are Hiram Martin Chittenden and Alfred Talbot Richardson. As a contribution to the pioneer history of the West, the narrative should be one of permanent value.

—If any of our readers remember the novel "Brewster's Millions," published a year or two ago, it may interest them to learn that its accredited author, "Richard Graves," is no other than George Barr McCutcheon, who wrote "Graustark" and "Castle Cranecrow."

—The substantial, business-like appearance of the "Tenth Annual Report" of the superintendent of parish schools in the archdiocese of Philadelphia is calculated to reassure one as to the nature of its contents. A perusal of the said contents discloses the fact that the schools in question—one hundred and fifteen, established in one hundred and four parishes—are notably progressive and successful.

—We are in receipt of a booklet entitled "From Doubt to Faith," by the Rev. F. Tournebize, S. J., adapted from the French by Rev. J. M. Leleu, and published by B. Herder. The author has treated his subject in a masterly way; we regret that we can not praise the translator's work. Father Tournebize sums up his conclusions in this succinct quotation from the illustrious author of "Happy Suffering": "Faith is the satisfaction of a need as well as the fulfilment of a duty."

—The publishers of the *Champlain Educator*, the organ of the Catholic Summer School and Catholic Reading Circles, will henceforward be a quarterly instead of, as heretofore, a monthly publication. The *Educator* during the past fourteen years has done good and effective work in the way of promoting the study of Catholic literature, and it is to be hoped that the change decided upon will not lessen the potency of its influence. The current number of the magazine is a most interesting one.

—The interesting and informing address on "The Church and Our Government in the Philippines," delivered at Notre Dame, Ind., last month by Secretary Taft, has been issued in pamphlet form. This publication should be especially welcome to writers, students and librarians. The information contained in it is of much historical value, and it would be sought for in vain elsewhere. The relations between the Pope and his Delegate in the Philippines with the representatives of our government are clearly and fully set forth, while

fresh light is thrown on several subjects concerning which there is still general misunderstanding. Praise is bestowed upon Leo XIII. and Mgr. Guidi for the conciliatory spirit which they manifested throughout the negotiations, but we are proud to say that not less admirable was the honesty of purpose shown by Governor Taft. Our country has rarely been more creditably represented than by the official whom it sent to Rome and Manila for the settlement of difficult and delicate questions affecting the religious interests of the people of the Philippines. Secretary Taft won honors where an inferior man would have earned reproach.

— A pro-Russian reader of the *Northwest Review* having asked that paper to name some life of the saintly convert, prince and priest, Father Gallitzin, the editor replies:

We know of one charmingly penned sketch of this noble missionary, "the pioneer priest of the Alleghenies," under the title, "A Royal Son and Mother," by the Baroness Pauline von Hügel. It is a little book in green and gold, published by THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind., and it costs 75 cents. Small as it is, brief as is its story, it contains a mine of beautiful thoughts and high lessons indirectly borne in upon the reader: how the Princess Gallitzin was converted to Catholicism and then became a fervent Christian, how her zeal prompted her to preach the judgment day to Goethe; how her son Demetrius, from having been an irresolute dreamer, became a zealous priest and died poor for the love of Christ, mourned by all his Catholic flock.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.

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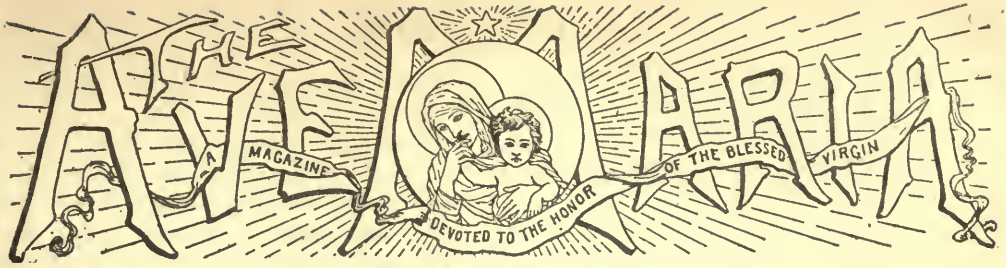
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Vincent Matysiak, of the diocese of San Antonio; Rev. Alexander Gallagher, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. M. J. Conway, S. P. M.; Rev. Peter Johannes, C. S. C.; and Dom Basil Landreth, C. R. L.

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Requiescant in pace!



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

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Indian Summer.

BY A. B.

WHAT means this sudden check to Winter bold
Who late advanced full confident and grim,
As knowing Autumn must succumb to him?
What import in these changes we behold,—
Skies deeply blue that late were dull and cold,
Soft winds at play where chirping sparrows skim
From cedar bough to leafless maple limb,
And sunbeams warm as August noontides hold?
'Tis Nature's sympathy with ransomed Souls
Whose prison-doors our prayers have opened wide:
Throughout all space their gladsome anthem rolls
And earth drinks briefly of their joy's full tide.
Stilled now for aye their plea for alms and doles,
Eternal peace and joy with them abide.

The Catholic Missions in Manchuria.

BY DOM MATERNUS SPITZ, O. S. B.

THE attention of the whole civilized world is daily directed toward the Far East, eagerly waiting, with mixed feelings of fear and hope, for the latest telegrams which will throw some more light on the complicated situation between the two rival powers—the Goliath and the David of the Orient; waiting for the final result of that bloody drama which is now being played between Russia and Japan on the involuntary stage of Manchuria. For it seems as if, indeed, all the other nations at the present time were cast to play only

the minor parts or to sit as interested spectators in the auditorium, to approve or to disapprove of the fatal feuds and the horrible bloodshed. Politicians and diplomatists, as well as professional and business men, follow with a keen and critical eye every movement of the fighting forces; and look gloomily into the distant future which is to turn the scales of the Western world, should the “yellow race” of the Far East really prove to be also the “yellow peril” for the distant West.

And the note of alarm which is sounded in the political world finds its echo in ecclesiastical circles and throughout the whole Catholic press; for the war is also threatening in the Far East the Catholic missions, which are passing through a serious crisis. Either the people in the regions affected by the present conflict are turned away from religion, or the work of evangelization which was progressing so rapidly is now seriously arrested, if not brought to a standstill.

As regards the issue of the war and the future of the missions, opinions are somewhat divided. “If the Japanese were conquerors, they would look down on the missionaries as too low for them to condescend to inquire into their doctrine; if they were beaten, they would detest with a deadly hatred both missionaries and their teaching... The missions, then, are between the d— and the deep sea.” On the other hand, there are on the horizon certain bright spots which afford us a glimmer o

hope, as Japan has given her assurance that the missionaries shall be protected; for she knows full well the powerful civilizing influence they exercise upon their followers. Nay, Father Streichen strikes a note of brightest hope when he says: "I believe also that God has His own designs on the Japanese, and will make use of them to bring about the conversion and civilization of Asia."

From the Russians in general not much is expected, as everybody knows the way in which they thwart the work of evangelization within their realm. And yet the missionaries in Manchuria speak favorably of the conduct of the Russian officials toward them; and, whilst in Europe they put all kinds of obstacles in the way of Catholic progress, they have protected the missionaries in Manchuria during the Boxer riots, have saved many a precious life of missionary and Christian, have preserved many a church and school from ruin and desecration, and left the missionaries full liberty in the exercise of their ministry since the occupation of the present war theatre. And perhaps Russia would still follow the same policy in case victory should be hers. It may, therefore, be interesting to our readers to hear something more about the Catholic missions, their work and progress on the actual scene of war—Manchuria.

Manchuria, or the country of the Manchus, "the Land of the Pure," owes its name to the legendary ruler, Aisin Gioro, who rose to power in the thirteenth century. Before that time the Manchus were more or less a shifting population, broken up into a number of tribes and known as Sewshin, Yi-low, Wu-keih, Mo-hoh, Po-hai, Nu-chin, Ke-tan, and so forth; and even now they comprise sixty-five tribes, which are classified under the "Eight Banners"—yellow, white, red and blue; and further distinguished as plain and bordered.

It is only since the sixteenth century, however, that the Land of the Pure has had an historical existence,—when Norhachi, a descendant of Aisin Gioro rose to power, and played with daring enterprise and skill the rôle which had been enacted by Yenghiz Khan in Mongolia more than three centuries before, and established his rule over the whole of Manchuria, adopting for himself in 1604 the title of Ying-Ming (Brave and Illustrious). Supported by the Sien-pi, Moho, Tunguse, Khitan, and Yu-pi-ta-tse (Fishskins) tribes, Norhachi even exercised some pressure and influence upon the occupation of the throne of the "Celestials"; but in 1617 he was forced to patch up a peace with the "Flowery Middle Kingdom," and thereby Manchuria came after a time under Chinese rule.

From the middle of the seventeenth century the Russians tried to get hold of the land of the Manchus; but in 1650 the inhabitants inflicted a heavy blow upon the Kossack leader, Paul Kabarow. The Russians repeated their predatory warfare over and over again, took a portion of Manchuria in 1847, and on May 16, 1858, the left bank of the Amu river. Finally in 1900 Manchuria was claimed by Russia as her particular sphere of interest, and Russian troops occupied various parts of the country. The Anglo-German agreement of October 1900, to which Japan also became a party, and by which it was decided to maintain undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese Empire, was considered by Great Britain and Japan not to exclude Manchuria. But Germany, on the other hand, declared that Manchuria was of no interest to her. The Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1902, however, was ostensibly directed toward the preservation of Manchuria in Chinese hands.

Manchuria, as it is now, lies between 38° 40' and 53° 30' north longitude, and 120° and 135° east longitude. It is

wedged in between China and Mongolia, Korea and the Russian territory on the Amur or Siberia; or, more definitely, it is bounded on the north by the river Amur, on the east by the Usuri, on the south by Korea, the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Leao-tung, and on the west by the river Nanni. It covers an area of 390,000 square miles, being about 800 miles long and 500 wide.

The religion of the Manchus consists of ancestor-worship, of veneration of good and evil spirits, of rites and incantations; and it is intermingled with the imported creeds of Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Shamanism. But the messengers of peace also found their way to the heart of the Manchus,—found eager listeners to their words; and the Catholic Church, too, found there her martyrs and confessors. It is true the Catholic religion struck its roots in Manchuria rather late; though the first Europeans—the first to whom we are indebted for the geographical and historical knowledge we possess of the Land of the Pure—were Roman missionaries.

Manchuria, like the rest of China, became dependent in the fourteenth century upon the Archdiocese of Peking. But during that century it received only temporary visits from the Franciscans, to whom the vast field was entrusted. The small results they obtained, were, however, destroyed by subsequent civil feuds and political revolutions; and when the Jesuits arrived on the field they could find but few remnants of Christianity.

Among the earlier Jesuit missionaries engaged in Manchuria was Father Verbiest, “the imperial director of the astronomical observatory at Peking,” who in 1682 accompanied Emperor Kang-Hsi, the Manchu ruler of China, to Mukden and Kirin. Later on, in 1709–10, the land was visited by Fathers Regis, Tartoux and Friedel,

who, at the request of the “Celestial Emperor,” began cartographical designs of Manchuria, which were published by Father du Halde in 1735, and afterward perfected and completed by Father Amyot for Emperor Kien-long.

That these “scientific missionaries” of the imperial court did not forget their divine mission to preach the Gospel to the pagans, we know from the fact that toward the end of the eighteenth century many Christian villages were to be found in the country. The bloody persecutions in China in 1796, 1805 and 1815 swelled the ranks of the Christians in Manchuria, as many of them left their native country to find shelter in the southern province of Leao-tung. But not even here did they escape the persecutors; for in 1819 a certain Tchen (whether priest or catechist is unknown) suffered martyrdom for his faith. In 1830 a Portuguese Lazarist, Father Castro, visited Leao-tung, whilst the two other provinces of Kirin and Tsi-tsi-kar remained without any spiritual help for over two hundred years.

The history of the vast field of missionary enterprise in Manchuria in its modern phase is entirely identified with the life and work of its first Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Verolles, who for thirty-eight years devoted his time to sow the seed of the Gospel, to fertilize the hearts of the Manchus, to rule their spiritual destinies, to infuse new life into the mission, and to raise it from religious decadence to a comparatively flourishing condition.

It was on November 30, 1840, that Mgr. Verolles first set his foot upon Manchurian soil, after a long and tedious journey of 1200 miles through the provinces of Schensi, Shansi and Mongolia. Touched by the consciousness of the heavy burden laid upon him, he kissed the ground as soon as he reached his destination. Indeed, he soon found that the serious difficulties he had

to cope with, owing to the vast extent of the field, and the rigorous climate, were aggravated by the indifference and even the ill-will of his flock. The actual number of adult Christians then in Manchuria was 3620, of whom nearly 2000 were resident in Leao-tung. The rest, scattered among a numerous pagan population and destitute of any spiritual help, had fallen into lukewarmness and indifference.

The arrival of the first Bishop upset their minds altogether, and so Mgr. Verolles met with a very indifferent reception. In many places the Manchu Christians refused to see or meet him; for the timidity engendered by generations of persecution rendered his visits unwelcome to them; and, being a European and a stranger, he was more or less an object of suspicion. "If the mandarins or the pagans would know of your presence!" was the first greeting he received everywhere, and the people refused to give him either shelter or food.

After a journey of six months through the vast solitudes of his vicariate, on foot or in a native vehicle, mounted on horse, mule or ass, Mgr. Verolles was compelled to retire for a time to Mongolia; but soon left his place of involuntary exile to welcome the first priest who was to share with him the toils of the mission. It was Father Maxime de la Brunière, who had exchanged the study of medicine and a life of ease and distinction for a life of apostolic obedience and poverty. A little later, on March 24, 1844, two other priests arrived upon the scene. One was Father Simeon Berneux, "the veteran in the missions of the Far East and the treasure of all virtues," who had already been condemned to death when serving on the missions in Tonquin; the other, Father Vénault, who for forty-two years endured a life of incredible hardships as a pioneer of the Gospel.

The treaty of England with China in 1840-42, the definitive cession of Hong-Kong to the English Crown, and the French commercial convention with China known as the Treaty of Whampoa (September 24, 1844), opened up possibilities of a future extension of missionary work, and therefore demanded a new increase of laborers. Mgr. Verolles went to Europe in 1844 to get recruits for his Manchurian mission, and returned in 1847 with four priests: Fathers Négrérie, Mesnard, Colin and Pourqué.

Father de la Brunière, who had been commissioned to evangelize the tribes on the banks of the Usuri, started for his missionary journey on July 15, 1845. In Susu his arrival excited great alarm among the natives, "who proclaimed Christianity to be a beautiful religion, but alarming for its novelty." Expelled by the Chinese and repulsed by the Yu-pi-ta-tse, good Father de la Brunière lived for five months of the winter of 1846 in a solitude, and was then murdered by six young Ghuillacks at Hou-tung; he was buried on a small island in the Usuri river, which was afterward called by the Russians, Ostrow Ubienni (the island of murder).

Father Vénault, who was later on sent to the scene of the martyrdom of his colleague to inquire into the circumstances of his death, heard that the Ghuillacks had murdered Father Brunière because his "arrival was regarded as a preliminary to the fulfillment of a prophecy, or legend, according to which the Siberians would return to avenge the death of some of the first explorers of the country, who had been massacred in 1650, as soon as a certain tree which had witnessed their slaughter should fall."

Mgr. Verolles, too, was exposed at this time (1849) to a serious danger by the outbreak of fanaticism, directed against his life in Yan-kuen, the episcopal residence; but he escaped on

horseback and retired for a time. Fathers Francllet and Négrerie were arrested and imprisoned on September 29, 1850; but were taken to Canton the following year, when by diplomatic pressure they were released and enabled to return to their cherished Manchuria. There they met Mgr. Verolles with Fathers Berneux, Pourqué, Mesnard, Vénault and Colin.

"The progress of the mission was slow and the ministry ran a very uniform course. The doctrines of the missionaries were much praised, but to accept them and to live accordingly was too much for these materialists of Manchuria. '*Aia, nan, nan hing*,'* was their usual comment. Human respect and the laws of the country were against Christianity, which in the eyes of the natives was a code of revolt, a foreign religion, a stupid faith, whose followers neglect the present to busy themselves about the future,—a sect of bewitched fanatics, who adore a crucified divinity."†

But, although the harvest of numerous conversions was not reaped at this time, the apostolic ministry of the missionaries was not altogether fruitless; for the lukewarmness, indifference and aversion shown at their arrival were gradually changed for better feelings. The disastrous famine which raged in Manchuria in 1854 opened up a new field of activity, as the famine-stricken children were collected and over 2000 received the sacrament of regeneration.

In the meantime the Russians had seized some Manchurian territory on the Amur, had hoisted their flag on the newly constructed fort of Nicolajewsk, and, under the leadership of General Muravieff, Tunguses and Ghuillacks quickly fell under the Russian government. As the law against Catholic missionaries and their work was at

this time strictly enforced on the Amur, Mgr. Verolles could not succeed in obtaining any relaxation of it in favor of his priests. In 1854 the Vicar Apostolic decided to have Father Berneux consecrated as his coadjutor; but the ceremony was scarcely over when Mgr. Berneux was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the martyr Church of Korea.

Ridiculous fables were spread far and wide to arouse the feelings of the Manchus against the missionaries. "They were accused of having built a house with a hundred compartments, a tower and subterranean chambers, in which were concealed 700 or 800 men with white faces, red beards and long hair,—men who were occupied in fabricating strange missiles hurled from their coat sleeves; ... in going about by night in the form of spectres, cutting off the pigtailed men and the wings of fowls during their sleep. Further it was said that these foreigners bought little children in order to make charms out of their eyes, hearts and blood."

Fathers Francllet and Mesnard were arrested on charge of conspiracy, were taken to Mukden, Peking, and finally to Shanghai, March 18, 1858. On October 26, 1859, was signed the Treaty of Tientsin, the charter of religious liberty in China, which brought some advantages to the missionaries. As the Russian General Ignatieff obtained from the Chinese Emperor the cession of the left bank of the Usuri river, Mgr. Verolles tried once more to open the mission in the northern province of Kirin, and dispatched for this purpose Fathers Vénault and Francllet. At Kabarowka, the 500 or 600 Catholics, who for many years had not seen a priest, were already rejoicing, when the Russian Governor Kasakewitch roughly refused to give permission to preach the Gospel to the natives or to help the Catholic Poles living there.

* "This doctrine is hard."

† Letter of Mgr. Verolles.

But Mgr. Verolles was not discouraged by this refusal. He tried again in 1864, by sending Fathers Boyer and Dubail; again he failed on account of the hostility of the Russians,—nay, on account of their having come in contact with the Russians at all, these two missionaries were even afterward treated by the natives as traitors to Manchuria, and were accused of having persuaded the Russians to attack Manchuria.

Mgr. Verolles went to Rome in 1869 to assist at the Vatican Council; and, although seventy years old, he returned in 1875, after having carried out his long-cherished project of introducing European Sisters into Manchuria. He had applied to the Congregation of Providence at Portieux, which was founded by the venerable Father Moye toward the end of the eighteenth century. Out of eighty Sisters who volunteered only five were chosen. They left Europe in May, 1875, to take charge of the orphan asylum at the new residence of the Vicar Apostolic, and to give a fresh impulse to the work of the Holy Childhood.

The mission was now extending in every direction. New parishes were being organized, additional churches built, and pious institutions founded. The piety of the old Christians was quickened and the number of conversions vastly increased. Mgr. Verolles was permitted to see the fruits ripening before his death, which occurred on April 29, 1878, in the seventy-third year of his age and the thirty-eighth of his episcopate. Since then he has been succeeded by Mgr. Dubail (1878-87), Mgr. Raguit (1887-89), Mgr. Guillon, the martyr Bishop of Manchuria (1889-1900), and Mgr. Lalouyer (1901).

According to the reports of Bishop Dubail (1880), the missions in the northern portions of the Vicariate were in a flourishing condition, and on his visitation journey he everywhere met

with a hearty welcome, even from the mandarins. But this was quickly to be changed; for news was soon spread of a war between Russia and China, and the intended assassination of all the priests and Christians as traitors of the Empire. The Mandarin of Huban opened the persecution by torturing and beheading a Christian, and by flogging six Christian soldiers.

The blood of the martyrs, however, became in its turn the seed of Christianity. The epoch from 1890 to 1900 certainly forms the brightest chapter of missionary enterprise in Manchuria. In 1840 there were in the whole country only 3000 Christians, most of them lukewarm and indifferent; in 1894 there were 17,000 Christians, distributed in 24 districts, with 170 missionary stations, presided over by one Bishop, with 30 European and 8 native priests, and 30 catechists. In three seminaries there were 49 boys, 40 native Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, 200 Chinese nuns, 12 French and 20 Chinese Sisters of the Congregation of Providence.

The years 1895, 96, 98 were equally successful. In 1895, 1290 pagan adults, 5651 children of pagan and 781 of Christian parents were baptized, and 4214 catechumens added. In 1896 we find 1529 baptisms of adults, 6610 of children of pagan parents, 19,189 neophytes; 56 schools for boys, with 1088 pupils; 61 for girls, with 1545 pupils; 15 orphan asylums, with 1372 children. In 1898 there were in the whole of Manchuria 4000 baptisms of adult pagans. As the number was always increasing, the Holy See thought it advisable to divide the Vicariate of Manchuria, whose boundaries had already been circumscribed, into two separate vicariates: the Northern, with the residence at Ghirin; the Southern, with the residence at Mukden. Mgr. Choulet was appointed Vicar Apostolic of South Manchuria, and Mgr. Lalouyer

was made Vicar Apostolic of North Manchuria.

During the Boxer riots of 1900-01 Manchuria became the scene of bloody persecutions, and of a series of tremendous losses, which were caused by innumerable robber bands and members of the secret society, or sect of the "Tsae-li-ti," or "Fasters."

Manchuria had to mourn the death of one Bishop, Mgr. Lawrence Guillon, who was massacred at Mukden, July 3, 1900; 9 European priests: Fathers Emonet, Viand, Agnius, Bayart, Bourgeois, Le Guèrel, Georjon, Leray, Souvignet; 3 native priests: Fathers Li, Hia, Tchang; 2 European Sisters: Grandury and Röcklin; and about 1500 Christians.

In Southern Manchuria 45 churches and chapels were destroyed, also 29 residences, 2 seminaries, 159 schools and orphan asylums. In Northern Manchuria out of 16 stations only 2 remained. Thus the work and labor and sacrifices of sixty years had been destroyed in the course of one month. But, thanks to the energetic interposition of the Russians at the court of Peking, peace was soon restored, the robber bands were dispersed and many of the Tsae-li-ti sect were put to death; so that in the course of 1902 out of 26 missionary districts 21 could be reopened. In the course of the same year 195 adults and 2083 children were baptized in Southern, and 471 adults and 806 children in Northern, Manchuria.

The statistics of 1903 show that before the outbreak of the present war, for which Manchuria had again to supply the stage, the Catholic missionaries were in full working order, and that the Catholic Church was once more carrying out her work of peace and salvation. What will become of that work in the near or distant future? We will leave it entirely in the hands of God. *Deus providebit.*

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

VII.—A BREACH IN THE WALL.

FOR once in his life Humphrey was really angry with Mirvan. He held aloof all the next day, and Mirvan made no attempt to seek his society. On the day following Humphrey had promised to go to Irène, but instead he sent a note of excuse and remained at home. He did not care to see her. If Mirvan, in the place of his blind attack of startled prejudice, had deliberately resolved to alienate Humphrey from Irène, he could not have succeeded better. A shower of stones is unconvincing to the reason, yet it may stun and bewilder the brain.

Humphrey felt that a beautiful and sacred thing had been roughly, irreverently handled; in ignorance certainly, but in an ignorance tyrannical and distempered. The reality, he knew, was untouched; but his joy in it was all gone, all its delicate and perfect fragrance lost. And the reality itself, in the meantime, had retreated from his heart. It was impossible even to think of Irène; whenever the thought came he banished it, because there also came, in close and hateful connection, the remembrance of how the thought of her had been transgressed.

So had Humphrey felt sometimes in the old Italian churches, when his silent worship of art and beauty had been broken in upon by the loud feet and strident voices of a group of Protestant tourists. Unconscious that they gave offence, counting nothing holy which did not happen to be holy to them, the presence of a worshiper was but one curiosity the more, where all was curious, to their frank and noisy comment. Humphrey could not

feel that they hurt the heart of his religion or ruffled the permanent peace of this its dwelling-place; yet they made prayer impossible for the time, compelled retreat, and for days afterward the echoes of them seemed to linger about the quietness of the aisles.

He spent these two days mostly with his father. Sebastian knew that something had vexed Humphrey. He did not know what, and he did not ask,—only showed him, if possible, more than his accustomed gentleness. Mirvan passed almost his whole time in the forest; but this was so usual a thing that Sebastian hardly noticed it.

So things went on for some weeks. Humphrey and Mirvan met when they must, and forbore all outward signs of estrangement; but at heart they were sundered, and a thick wall of misunderstanding had risen between. Humphrey continued to see Irène, rather from a reasoned determination to let nothing be changed between them than because he took any pleasure in seeing her. Mirvan raised no questions as to his comings and goings, he himself being for the most part invisible, and spending his time in solitude.

Once, in his forlorn wanderings, he passed close to the monastery; and seeing Anselm in the cloisters, went to him, and, without a word, knelt for his blessing, lifting up a troubled face. Anselm was keenly reminded of the child who had wept and suffered under his care. There was the same look of baffled, struggling resistance, of dumb, pent-up pain. But he felt instinctively that this trouble did not admit of advice or confidence. He gave the benediction, with a lingering voice and touch; and Mirvan went away comforted, he knew not why.

In the meantime Irène could not but be conscious, by slow degrees, of the change in Humphrey. In spite of his efforts to keep her in ignorance, she knew that he was different; she remem-

bered when the difference began, and she thought she divined the cause.

"Your cousin does not like your being my friend," she said to him, with her gentle suddenness.

Humphrey started.

"He has heard evil things of me, and he would have you give me up."

Humphrey had time to wonder at her intuitive apprehension of Mirvan's character.

"Is it not so?" she asked.

"Yes, it is true," Humphrey admitted, experiencing a certain relief in dropping the pretence and speaking frankly. After all, what did it matter? Since she, too, had felt the change, she might as well know the cause.

"You see I was right," she went on, "when I said I should see less of you,—though I never thought of this reason."

"You speak as if this *were* a reason," he answered; "as if all the nonsense he thinks were true."

"It doesn't matter," she said. "He believes it, and it makes him suffer."

"He makes us all suffer, I think. But what do you suggest?"

She waited a moment. Then:

"I think we must give it up. I see no other way."

"It would be treating him like a child," he remarked at last.

"You are thinking of it from one side only," Irène said; "but I am trying to look at it all round. I am thinking of his long love for you, and his long days of pain and solitude now; and my one wish is for you to be together again. Think!—your whole life with him, and only a few weeks with me. You can not compare the two."

She might have been pleading her own cause, persuasive and insistent.

"You give up your friend very easily," he said.

"That is not like you," Irène replied.

And then she drew nearer, and gently laid a hand upon his arm, looking earnestly in his face.

"If I am able to give up the one thing that makes life sweet to me, it is because I have known you and have learned the meaning of life. But I give up only the daily sweetness. I hold to the reality. I know you always immovably my friend."

"I will do whatever you say," was Humphrey's answer, "and try to make the best of it. You shall not honor me in vain."

Presently Irène said, hesitating:

"There is only one other way. I mean that your cousin should see me, and see that he has been prejudiced. But I shrink from it. I would rather never see him. And it might be of no use."

"It is impossible," said Humphrey, recalling the scene in the music-room.

As he rode slowly homeward, Humphrey resolved to set Mirvan's mind at rest as soon as possible. But the longer he thought of it, the less he liked the idea. It was not that he desired to escape from the personal sacrifice it involved. That was over already.

While still half a mile from the castle, to his surprise he came suddenly upon Mirvan, standing at the side of the road as though in waiting. Humphrey reined up and stared at him.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked,—for Mirvan's face looked drawn and haggard in the evening light.

"Nothing," he said,—"*at least everything is the matter, I think.*"

He came close up, and putting his arm about the horse's neck, leaned his head down upon it.

"Humphrey," he said, "I have not known one moment of happiness since I came home."

Humphrey expected a torrent of reproach, like the last, and braced his nerves to meet it. When it did not come, he looked inquiringly into Mirvan's face. So looking, the aspect of it moved him with a sudden, reproachful pang; the trouble in it

was so deep and so unconscious, so different from the tyrannous accuser he had been dealing with in imagination. Once more Irène had been right, and he wrong. "It would be treating him like a child," Humphrey had said to her. The words came back now with another and a gentler meaning—of shelter, not of scorn. Was he not indeed still a child?

As Humphrey looked at him, the fifteen years of their life together faded away, and he saw again the beautiful, shelterless stranger whom Sebastian had brought home to the castle,—shelterless still, unless he, Humphrey, could shelter him. He remembered that first impulse of protective pity, that immediate sense of being his chosen guard. What mattered the nature of the need, so long as he could relieve it? The resolution he had struggled against was taken now without effort; and the words, "it has been all a mistake," were on his lips, when Mirvan himself spoke.

"Humphrey," he said, "forget all that has passed, and grant me a favor. Take me with you to see this lady."

Humphrey was so startled that no syllable came to him in reply.

"I know," Mirvan went on, "what you said: that there is nothing you less desire. And I know I deserved it. I had no right to speak to you as I did. I am sorry. If you could know what I have been through since then, you would not refuse me now."

Still Humphrey was silent. Mirvan's eyes sought his face.

"Can you not forgive?"

"I have nothing to forgive," Humphrey answered, wearily. "You couldn't help it. But this that you ask—what good can it do?"

Mirvan was unskilled in deception, and he dared not show Humphrey the long burden of thoughts which had ended in this desire. He knew that if he did the result would be a refusal.

Perhaps Humphrey half guessed it, for his manner chilled again.

"I will tell her of your wish," he said, rather coldly.

The next day Humphrey sent the following note to Irène:

"While I was still uncertain what it was best to do, Mirvan came to me and asked if he might see you. This is what we had both felt to be impossible; but perhaps the fact of his asking it may lead you to change your mind. I will abide by your decision."

He expected days to pass before receiving a reply. But Irène sent a line by the returning messenger:

"I consent. Bring him whenever you like."

So Humphrey wrote again, naming an hour two days hence. In the meantime, until then, he made no attempt to see her, feeling the weight of the coming ordeal upon them both. Mirvan already looked happier, as if lightened of the worst of his trouble; though he was still very serious. So serious and intent was his aspect, as they rode to their appointment together, that Humphrey could not refrain the remark:

"You know it is only a visit of courtesy. You look as if you were going to redeem a lost cause."

Mirvan flushed slightly, as though the words came too near the truth to be quite acceptable.

For it was very true that Mirvan did feel himself to be on an errand of appointed redemption. These miserable weeks had finally brought him to one conclusion, and to only one—that his cousin must be saved, and that he, Mirvan, must save him. He did not ask himself how the salvation was to be accomplished. But he must learn the nature of the peril,—must meet, and in some way make void, the evil influence; must, if need be, endanger his own soul to save his friend's.

This it was which had prompted his request to Humphrey, coming just in time to prevent his cousin's intended concession.

Now, as he rode ever nearer to the fatal place, he was in a secret passion of self-sacrifice, a determined exaltation of spirit equal to the magnitude of the task he had set before him. And, though he was not without a sinking of heart when he thought of the unknown fascination to be faced, his love for Humphrey made him strong. He would break through all toils and rescue his friend. This active resolve, after the weeks of passive endurance, came as a relief.

But it was no part of his scheme that Humphrey should know of his intention. He must first possess himself of the nature of this dreaded spell, and then try to win its victim from the scope of its power. But how? He had no idea; still, his hope refused to admit that it could fail. His faith was strong as it was blind. It could not know defeat. Perhaps, as Humphrey remarked, this was hardly the mood to make easy a first call.

Never in all his life, Humphrey thought afterward, had he passed through a scene of such painful and absurd embarrassment. As they went upstairs Mirvan drew his breath hard, as if he were now at last drawing near to the hidden peril of his quest. Humphrey felt himself accompanied by the spirit of some vowed warrior sword in hand, or angry saint with the Church's denunciation on his lips.

As they entered the room, Irène was standing at the other end. She remained so standing to receive them, nor lessened by a step the distance which they must compass to reach her. As he presented his cousin, Humphrey fell back a little and looked at Irène. He would hardly have known her. This was not the cold and careless lady who had trifled with her courtiers

even while she despised them. Neither was it the mysterious lady, his friend. Like one who has known a mountain height through spring and summer, and suddenly, some winter morning, wakes to find it garmented in snow, so Humphrey looked in bewildered amazement, and looked in vain, for any familiar sign of her he knew so well; looked again, but could not find her.

This vague, ceremonious bearing, this lofty, impersonal pride and unbending stillness of demeanor, struck chill to his heart, as though it were indeed another person, and not Irène at all, whom they had come here to see. The snow had fallen, and the disguise was complete. And yet, as the white winter mountain, shadowless, soundless, scentless, reveals a loveliness strange and new, so to Humphrey Irène had never seemed so beautiful. It was as if, having long known her soul, he saw her body now for the first time; as if the soul had departed or withdrawn, leaving apparent, as sometimes in death, the triumphant beauty of its dwelling-place.

This was at the beginning. Any one looking at the three, with no knowledge of the underlying complexity of meaning and motive, might have thought this a visit of the barest necessity,—a social debt wearisome to all alike, to be endured, and immediately forgotten. Humphrey had named an hour late in the afternoon, from some vague hope that difficult things became easier at this time in the day. Now he felt that no time could have been worse chosen. The fading twilight, so kindly a medium to hearts at ease, served only to increase the constraint of the interview, to isolate and intensify Mirvan's white face and rigid silence, Irène's unapproachable calm, and his own social helplessness.

The dragging moments of silence or speech—speech that served only to lead to silence, to halt and waver on their

lips—were literally endless to Humphrey. Yet he was unable to make any movement to depart. The ludicrous discomfort of the scene paralyzed his volition, and made him feel like a spectator who must see it out to the end. Indeed he, who was perhaps the most wretched of the three, looked the least so; for he soon fell into a sort of despair over the impossibility of the case, made no further effort to keep things going, and assumed, outwardly, an appearance of ease.

The room steadily darkened. He wished the fire would burn brighter, or that Irène would order candles; but she neither moved nor spoke. So long the silence continued (they had apparently exhausted all subjects of speech) that Humphrey began to feel as if no one of them would ever be able to move again, but would still be sitting there at Doomsday, in the half-dark room, tongue-tied and miserable. As he thought this, the fire suddenly revived and sprang into trembling light; and across it his eyes and Irène's met.

"Will you not ask your cousin to play?" she said.

Her voice sounded a long way off, and the words fell upon his sense sharp and cold, like ice-bells.

"Will you play something, Mirvan?" he repeated, and his own tones took on the frosty distance of hers.

Mirvan started. He had forgotten where he was, or why he had come. Humphrey's voice recalled him. He shivered slightly, as he turned to Irène and said:

"Do you wish me to play?"

"Please," she answered.

His thoughts were all in confusion as he went to the piano. But music, as so often before, became his salvation. No sooner had he touched the keys than he felt himself quieted and delivered by the boundless might of his lifelong master. Spells and fears and suspicions

faded away before this old charm of measured sound. After playing for a while, he looked up, with transfigured face, and saw that Irène had moved from her seat and now stood leaning upon the end of the piano. She seemed unconscious of herself, and her eyes were set upon the player, as though with them too she listened. Humphrey had retreated into the curtained window recess, and these two were visibly alone.

"Shall I go on?" Mirvan asked; and her eyes answered him.

She hardly breathed until the last chord died away. Then his hands dropped, and their eyes met. It was as if a thick disguise had been rent apart, suffering them to see each other; or as if something not themselves, some great suffering or alienation, had become gently reconciled within the room. The music sank into stillness, and the veil of separation closed between them again, made more mysterious by that moment's understanding.

Humphrey came forward, and they took leave.

In the doorway, Mirvan being a little in advance, Humphrey felt Irène's hand upon his arm. She said, in a low voice:

"All that you told me is true: the beauty, and the music, and the forest feeling. But you did not tell me of the terror."

Humphrey, looking, saw that her eyes were feverish and troubled, as they had been when he met her first, as they had never been since. And it was of this he thought as they rode slowly home, Mirvan saying not one single word the whole way.

(To be continued.)

TAKE care not to be cast down by adversity nor puffed up by success; for it is the peculiarity of faith to render us humble in prosperity and strong in adversity.—*St. Clare of Assisi.*

The Hills o' Mourne.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

OCH, the pleasant hills o' Mourne!
 Though the world is wide between,
 Sure I'd sell my heart to see them
 With their glint o' gold an' green;
 Where there's many a brown stream croonin'
 An' in every grey thorn bush
 There's a fairy piper tunin'
 Through the dewy evenin's hush.

Och, the hills above the city
 Are bleak an' cold an' bare,
 Yet my foolish heart goes out to them
 In many a kindly prayer;
 For they mind me o' my own hills
 That wait beyant the sea,
 An' the memory from my keepin'
 Draws out the soul o' me.

From the pleasant hills o' Mourne
 This many an' many a day
 I've wandered out, heart-hungry,
 The stranger's lonely way.
 An' though my road has prospered,
 Sure the heart o' me is torn
 With a longin' to be travellin'
 The pleasant way to Mourne.

Friendships of St. Ambrose.

(CONTINUED.)

THE triumphant entry of Theodosius and Valentinian into Rome, on June 14, 389, was the culmination of their fortunes and glory. By an innovation that bespoke all the goodness and mercy of Christianity, they refused any of the public demonstrations of welcome that under a thousand guises weighed so heavily on the people. "I do not wish," said Theodosius, "that the price of public rejoicing should be levied on the unfortunate." The Roman people, carried away by their enthusiasm, literally covered them with flowers,—the only offering they had not refused; and in the midst of indescribable acclamations they threaded the way of triumph, thrilled with

the sublime novelty of the occasion.

A great number of Senators, touched by this noble example, by divine grace, or by their own ambition, abjured idolatry and became Christians. Theodosius welcomed them with joy, but did not force or urge any one. He threw over all the Roman people the mantle of his sovereign benevolence; and if he met with unflinching firmness the importunities of Symmachus for the restoration of the Altar of Victory, he nurtured no rancor toward that obstinate, boastful pagan: on the contrary, he promised him the Consulate for the following term.

Why should the year that witnessed such magnanimity, moderation and Christian goodness be clouded by the massacre of Thessalonica? Perhaps God, by withdrawing for a moment the light of His grace from the heart of the Cæsar, wished to give to sovereigns and people a terrible example of the danger of boundless power, and the weakness of man when left to the sole guidance of his corrupt nature. Be that as it may, the blow was appalling.

Assuredly the crime of the Thessalonians was heinous in the extreme. Not only was the person of the Emperor insulted, as in Antioch, but the whole people arose, influenced by a shameful, contemptible motive—the arrest of a circus-rider, the idol of the town despite his infamous immorality. The magistrates were pitilessly murdered; and the Governor Bothericus, who had signed the warrant for the imprisonment, was stoned to death.

At the news of this outrage, Theodosius, quivering with indignation, resolved on the utter destruction of the guilty city, that the dread of a like vengeance might prevent the repetition of like crimes. St. Ambrose heard of his resolution, and hastened to moderate its rash severity. He succeeded in obtaining from the Emperor a promise to proceed according to the

laws of justice. The matter was laid before the Imperial Council, where it was decided to punish the city by the decimation of its inhabitants.

The execution of the sentence was merciful merely to the walls of the city; for, whether the promulgation was badly made or the mandate badly carried out, almost the entire population suffered. Gathered together in a theatre under pretext of witnessing a chariot race, they were hemmed in by the soldiery, and all strangled, regardless of age or sex. The carnage lasted for three hours, and claimed seven thousand victims. Like excesses, it is true, were seen in pagan ages; and a horrible repetition of their atrocities disgraced the Reign of Terror in France, when the Goddess of Liberty became the sole divinity of a crazed populace; but under a Christian emperor, the noble, merciful Theodosius, the massacre of Thessalonica fills the world with astonished horror.

The grief of St. Ambrose knew no bounds, and his righteous anger found vent in an act of sublime energy. Learning that Theodosius was preparing to come to the basilica of Milan to assist at the divine mysteries, he clothed himself in full pontificals, and, crosier in hand, went to the door of the church to await his arrival. At the sight of his countenance, gleaming with the majesty of a judge, Theodosius trembled, paused an instant, and begged the Bishop to let him pass in. St. Ambrose replied that he could do so only over his body, and bade him answer for the blood he had shed. Theodosius, in a suppliant tone, insisted on being allowed to enter, adducing the example of David, whose like sin the Almighty had mercifully pardoned. "You have imitated his guilt," answered the saint: "go and imitate his repentance!"

The Emperor bowed his head, and, with eyes blinded with tears, retired,

despite the protestations of his officers and courtiers. For eight months he wept, prayed, fasted; and, as he had scandalized the world by a great fall, he edified it by the example of a great repentance. At length on Christmas Day, no longer able to bear the deprivation of the sacred mysteries, he presented himself again at the door of the basilica. St. Ambrose, by a sublime impulse of charity, imposed upon him, as a last penance, to sign a law that penalty of death or confiscation of goods should go into effect only after the lapse of thirty days from the time of the sentence, to give reason an opportunity to reassert its dominion over the impulses of anger; then he gave him absolution.

Theodosius entered the church, and, in presence of the multitude there assembled, of his own accord laid aside the imperial insignia, and, prostrate on the ground, he bathed it with his tears, reciting aloud the Penitential Psalms in which David bewailed his crime. In this posture he prayed during all the first part of the Mass; then, at a word from St. Ambrose, he went into the body of the church, where he received Holy Communion among the laity. From that day he renounced his privilege of occupying a high throne in the sanctuary—a custom he had adopted at Constantinople,—and contented himself with one outside of the railing, slightly raised above the congregation. When one of his officers expressed surprise at this he answered: "I know what will best do honor both to the priesthood and the Empire. Surrounded on all sides by flatterers, I have met but one man to tell me the undisguised truth—the Bishop Ambrose."

The memory of the massacre of Thessalonica clung to Theodosius all his days, his penance ending only with his life. His last years were marked by constant progress in all Christian virtues,—modesty, humility, love of

peace, and forgetfulness of self. They were stamped, too, with the seal of suffering. He was condemned to see all the hopes he had founded in the Empire of the West swallowed up in the death of Valentinian II.

Before taking leave of his brother-in-law, restored to the rule of Gaul, he had commended him to the protection of Arbogastes, a general of the highest ability, but filled with pride and ambition. Instead of protector, he assumed the rôle of tutor and haughty master. Valentinian, almost twenty years of age and endowed with rare intelligence and ability, felt himself capable of wielding supreme authority; but the popularity of Arbogastes with the soldiery, who made and unmade emperors, rendered the struggle a losing game for the young prince.

One day Arbogastes came as usual and knelt proudly before the throne of Valentinian, presenting for the imperial signature a document whose contents he had not seen fit to communicate. Valentinian took the parchment from his hand, and, laying it aside, presented him another containing his dismissal. Arbogastes glanced it over cursorily, and tore it to pieces before the Emperor's eyes, saying:

"I hold not my power from you, and you can not withdraw it."

"Insolent traitor!" cried Valentinian. "Guards, seize him!"

"Halt!" said Arbogastes. "I represent the authority of Theodosius the Great."

At these words the upraised arms of the soldiers fell, and Valentinian found not one who would dare to take his part. From that day he knew that his fate was sealed. He sent courier after courier to St. Ambrose, begging him to set aside all other affairs and come to his aid; and wrote at the same time to Theodosius depicting the humiliation and danger of his position.

Arbogastes, informed of these steps,

knew well that Theodosius could not hesitate between him and Valentinian, and so determined to make away with the unfortunate prince. One day while Valentinian was walking on the bank of the Rhone his assassin fell upon him, and, after strangling him, hung his dead body to a tree near by. The sentinels ran up at the noise of the struggle, but too late except to catch his dying words: "O Ambrose! O my sisters!" Whether through complicity or through fear of Arbogastes, they let the murderer go. Thus at the age of twenty died an emperor who promised to be the delight of mankind.

St. Ambrose hastened to obey the call of one whom he loved as his own soul; but on the way learned of the dread catastrophe, which Arbogastes had the boldness to attribute to suicide. The assassin lost no time in having the body of his victim conveyed with all pomp through Gaul and Italy to Milan, where it was received amid the tears of the entire people. His two sisters, distracted by their sorrow, ran with dishevelled hair, beating their breasts, to cast themselves on the bier of their brother, weeping aloud in their grief.

St. Ambrose, overcome by anguish, retired to his episcopal residence, where he wept in secret over the son of his heart, the joy of the Empire, and the hope of the Church, wrested from his love by so cruel a fate. The orator Eugenius, the puppet Emperor whom Arbogastes placed on the throne to rule in his name, was at heart a pagan; and the blow that fell on Valentinian was in reality aimed at the Church, already beset by the fury of Arianism.

The funeral oration, pronounced by the Bishop of Milan, was one prolonged sigh of grief, one unbroken outpouring of fatherly love, tempered only by the hopes faith holds out to the Christian soul. It should be quoted entire to show what a hold human tenderness

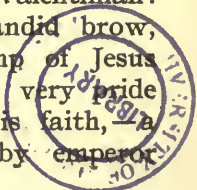
can have on the heart of a bishop and a saint.

"He has been torn from us,—the young prince who gave me back my hope when hope was well-nigh extinct. Hear me, my people, and judge of my cause for grief. Valentinian was our stronghold. We have seen our armed enemies turn back beyond the Alps at the mere sound of his name; and now he who was as a wall of brass, the rampart of all Italy, lies there in a narrow coffin! O Jerusalem, wail for him night and day! . . .

"Alas! I am but the voice of bereavement bewailing an irretrievable past. I can but weep and sigh. I mind me, prince, of the day when I received thee a tender babe into my arms, when thy mother confided to me her imperial orphan; of the two embassies I undertook into Gaul in thy name, when, tottering on thy throne, thou didst neglect thine own interests to think only of burying thy brother. Truly it were better far that bishops should be persecuted by emperors than loved."

In the same strain he continued his panegyric, interrupted every moment by the sobs of his auditors, and ended it with a magnificent outpouring of tender sorrow and love, with which the most celebrated threnodies of ancient literature can not compare:

"Make ready for me that my hands may offer up the august mysteries. Together let us pray for the repose of this well-beloved soul. Give me the holy things, that we may offer them for this end. Let others shower blossoms on other tombs: I will pour on this one the graces and blessings of Jesus Christ. He will consecrate these cherished remains, and ransom the dear soul for whom we pray. O Valentinian! O beautiful youth with candid brow, who didst bear the stamp of Jesus Christ, rise up to-day for very pride of thy consecration to His faith,—a distinction owned alike by emperor



and subject, by master as by slave!...

"Cherished brothers, happy we if our prayers be of avail! You will be present at our Holy Sacrifice. O Gratian and Valentinian, equal in worth, equally cherished, how short and fleeting your earthly career! how closely allied in death! how near together lie your tombs! O Gratian and Valentinian, simpler than the dove, gentler than the lamb; inseparable in life, inseparable in death, the tomb can not part those whose bond is love! I mourn thee, Gratian, whose friendship was so dear to me; Valentinian, whose confidence was so precious!

"Thy love depended on me; thou didst appeal to me in thy perils; thou didst love me as a father and call upon me as a deliverer. Thou didst ask anxiously: 'Is he near at hand? Shall I see my father to-day?' O touching confidence, so ill-founded! How vain had been thy hope if grounded only on man! But in the bishop thou didst see God. O God of mercy! since nothing is left me but my journeyings, deign not to part me in death from those I loved in life! I implore Thee that where I am they too may be; and that I may live with them in eternity, since I have not longer enjoyed their tender love on earth."

The grief of Theodosius was not less poignant than that of St. Ambrose, but was intensified by the death of the Empress Galla, his young wife, the angelic sister of Valentinian, who followed him to the tomb within the space of a few days. Surprise and horror at the crime by which he had been carried off, added to despondency incident to delicate health, gave her a shock from which she could not rally. She gave birth to a daughter, whom Theodosius named Placidia; and soon after breathed her last sigh pronouncing the loved name of Valentinian. Such was the mutual love of these children of imperial blood, whose souls had been

permeated and transformed by Christian faith.

Theodosius determined to punish the treachery of Arbogastes, and rid the West of a worthless ruler who disgraced the Empire and threatened the Church; but he waited patiently for two years, wishing to complete the work of Christian regeneration, and leave the East in a state of peace, as far as it depended on man to do so. More deeply religious, modest, merciful than ever before, he seemed to foresee his approaching end, and to seek to shield the Roman world from the evils to which his death would expose it. His last laws and enactments all bear the stamp of his double purpose—the consolidation of universal peace, and the protection of the Catholic Faith against the impending perils of Arianism and idolatry.

Before leaving Constantinople to all against Arbogastes and his pupil, emperor, Theodosius convoked a solemn gathering of army and people. Feeling his strength diminished, and knowing by a prediction of St. John of Nicopolis that he should not long survive his coming victory, he seemed to be presiding at his own obsequies rather than at the preparations for a triumphant expedition. He presented to the homage of the assembly Honorius, his second son, a child of ten; and associated him to the Empire, with the title of "Augustus," as he had previously done in the case of the elder, Arcadius. Then he left Constantinople, to which he was destined never to return.

We will not rehearse the battle of Aquileia, gained by the miraculous intervention of the God of armies, nor the fierce hurricane that frustrated the valor and impetuosity of Arbogastes and Eugenius. The latter was put to the sword by one of the soldiers; the former stabbed himself in his flight; and Theodosius was left sole master of the Roman world.

His return to Milan was a more

pompous triumph than even after the defeat of Maximus. With St. Ambrose by his side, he entered the city over a pathway strewn with flowers by the enthusiastic populace. Ever modest and humble, he directed all the glory of his success to God, and for seven days refrained from appearing publicly in the church. "I must," he said, "take some time to purify my war-stained hands, that I may be fit to receive the God of peace."

He called for his son, Honorius, to whom he destined the Empire of the West; and, taking him in his arms, presented him to St. Ambrose as to the most faithful of friends and powerful of protectors. This was at the beginning of January, 395. On the 16th he was seized with a sudden smothering, and died on the morning of the 17th, murmuring, as Valentinian had done, the name of St. Ambrose. He was only fifty years of age, and had reigned but sixteen years. Were it not for the one stain on his reign—the massacre of Thessalonica—the Church would doubtless have placed him on her altars.

St. Ambrose, overwhelmed with grief, presided at his obsequies, and pronounced a funeral oration befitting a hero. We will quote only a few passages in which he cites the goodness and mercy of this crowned Christian, and the tender affection that united these two noble hearts:

"Holy Scripture says somewhere that a merciful man is as grand and noble as he is rare on earth. Alas! we have all known and admired such a model of justice, meekness and faith. The Emperor Theodosius, of august memory, looked upon an occasion for granting pardon as a favor received. Never was he nearer to forgiveness than when his anger seemed at its height. How many have I not seen begging his clemency! On their knees they trembled at the first flashes of his indignation; but soon he raised them from their

suppliant position, and sent them away rejoicing in his pardon. He wished to conquer crime by sparing the criminal.

"I loved him: why may I not speak my love? I loved your merciful prince with all my soul, for the inexhaustible charity that moderated the exercise of his power; for his pure, heroic heart and meek soul, that depicted so well those of whom God asked: 'On whom shall I rest but on the pure and humble of heart?' I loved him tenderly—that prince who preferred truth to flattery; that Emperor whom you all beheld one day lay aside his royal purple, and, prostrate in this sacred edifice, deplore his fault, and with sighs and tears beg pardon of God and man. Private citizens blush to undergo public penance, and an emperor accepts it humbly and willingly. He bewailed his fault all the rest of his life..."

The great Bishop did not long survive the great Emperor who carried with him to the tomb all the patriotic hopes of St. Ambrose. The holy old man lived, however, to see the bloody games of the Circus revived, and the right of asylum violated by Stilicho, a Christian and a skilful warrior, who ruled the West for the child-emperor Honorius. With Theodosius the Roman Empire lost its last great man.

When St. Ambrose took to his bed in his last illness, Milan, Italy and Gaul were trembling to their very foundations. Stilicho himself had said: "If we lose Ambrose, Italy must perish." His death, as related by his secretary, was full of faith, grandeur, and simplicity.

"We were drawing near to Holy Week. He had said he would live to see Easter, but not longer. The Bishop of Todi, Bessanias, came to visit the illustrious patient. While they prayed together, Ambrose had a heavenly vision, in which Our Lord appeared to him, and with a reassuring smile said: 'Thou shalt soon be with Me.'

A few days after, Honoratus, Bishop of Vercelli, arrived. He lodged in an upper room. Three several times during Holy Saturday night (the 4th of April, 395) he heard a voice say: 'Arise! He is about to quit this earth.' He arose quickly. We all knelt about the bedside. For an hour Ambrose prayed with his arms in the form of a cross. We saw his lips move but could not distinguish his words. Honoratus gave him Holy Communion, and as soon as he had received it he breathed out his last sigh, bearing his Viaticum with him to heaven. Blessed soul that winged its flight to the society of the angels, whose virtues he had copied on earth!" Thus the holy Bishop of Milan went to meet in the eternal happiness of heaven those whom he had so tenderly loved on earth—Valentinian the Younger and Theodosius the Great.

Resting - Places.

BY E. M. WALKER.

NOW and again we dwellers in great cities come upon them—places where we may rest for a brief space and catch a glimpse of a life far different from ours. For a few weeks, a few days maybe, we dwell as it were in an Enchanted Land; then the great current of Reality sweeps by, and bears us back to the commonplace, workaday round of office or shop or home. Even so, the memory of those days stays with us, and life never looks to us quite as it did before. There is a glamour of romance in the background, and a faint homesick feeling to remind us that man does not find his whole happiness, even from a human point of view, in commercial prosperity and the acquisition of wealth.

The other day the shrill steam whistle of an adjoining factory called me from my bed just as I was dreaming of a

little country town in the heart of Bavaria. I see it as I write. On one side lies a deep belt of forest; on the other, a silvery, winding stream. The streets are narrow and crooked, and from the Bierbrauerei opposite my window the song of a band of jovial students rises loud and clear. It is market-day, and the patient oxen, yoked to light two-wheeled carts piled high with country produce, stand side by side all round the square. A Capuchin friar crosses the end of the street; the children run after him, catch at his hand and kiss it reverently. Toward midday the gay ta-ra-la of a horn announces the arrival of the mail, and through the town drives the postboy clad in a veritable costume of comic opera—tall shiny black hat, white breeches, yellow leggings, and a blue tail-coat with silver buttons. When it grows dusk and the stars begin to show above the quaint house-tops, a woman with a shawl over her head and a long pole in her hand comes round the corner. She is the lamplighter.

On the outskirts of the town is an old, old church—the Sandkirche. Enter it when you will, you are sure to find some one kneeling before the Wunderbild, a miraculous statue of the Virgin Mother. I have the story of this Wunderbild from a dear old German nun. Here it is.

Once upon a time a party of soldiers traversing the forest in midwinter chanced upon a beautiful white lily springing straight from a bank of snow. Surprised and delighted, they cut off the flower and carried it home. But on the following day, one of them returned to the spot and was astonished to find that during the night there had come up a second lily, even more beautiful than the first. He fetched his comrades and they determined to dig the plant up by the roots. This was no easy task; for the

roots went down, down, ever so deep. They persevered, however, and dug and dug until their spades struck against something hard, and they came upon a buried statue. When the soil was cleared away, it proved to be, as the homely German phrase has it, *ein Muttergottesbild*. They carried it to the nearest church, where it remains to this day; and the country-people have great faith in its miraculous powers.

"It is a pretty story but it does not sound probable," I said when I heard the tale.—"Not probable, but possible," replied my good old friend, who had clear, candid eyes and a square, sensible face. "*Es ist nicht wahrscheinlich, aber es kann wahr sein.*"

From Germany, home of the Lorelei and Wunderbild and Christmas Tree, I pass to the storm-swept coast of Brittany.

That is an ideal resting-place,—that old abbey convent, once a Benedictine monastery, nestling in the hollow of a small peninsula, the waves breaking against its very garden wall. From the shuttered windows of the grey stone building you look out upon broad gravel paths, tall hollyhocks, a clump of fir trees, the inevitable fountain, and the weather-stained statue of a Cornish saint who crossed over to Armorica in the early centuries. From the grassy promontory up yonder you can see far away over the Channel; and below and all round is the brilliant green-blue sea of the "Emerald Coast," lapping softly against the sides of magic islets, running up into weird, rocky creeks.

This is the enchanted Brittany of Arthurian legend. But down in the quaint fishing village, where the houses turn their backs to the road the better to shelter the inhabitants, where the great crucifix keeps guard at the top of the straggling street, and the cracked bell of the old church rings the Angelus unsteadily,—there it is the Brittany

of Brizeux, the land where the ten-year-old peasant-poet met Marie at Catechism,—the little village "where one may live and die in solitude."

I remember a lovely and secluded corner of the earth where the words that fall upon one's ears have the familiar sound of home. It is an island shrine in the southwest of Ireland. A rough stone wall and a huge wooden cross mark the spot where once stood a hermit's cell. Here in the fifth century dwelt an ancient Celtic saint until he was called back to work and die in a world which could ill spare such helpers. Doubtless these mountain regions have not changed much since his day. He, too, as he knelt at his evening prayer, must have looked out at the same wild, rugged rocks to the west, and low, undulating hills to the east. He, too, in the mystic hush of early dawn, may have fancied he heard the rustle of the *sheogues* as they slipped away through the long grass, or the splashing of the water-horse at the deep end of the green, green lake.

The people have not changed much either,—in garb perhaps, but their hearts remain the same. I met at the shrine a very modern-looking young tourist. He was standing by the low stone wall; his cyclist's cap lay on the moss at his feet, and he was reading out of a little book of prayers. As I approached he glanced up, quite unembarrassed, and interrupted his devotions to ask me a question or two. We stood side by side for a few minutes, gazing down at the exquisitely colored shadows in the rippling water; then we parted. He had a kindly, open, boyish face, and I have always thought of him since as a friend.

Sometimes one comes upon a resting-place even in the heart of a great and noisy city. For indeed we have more power over our environment than we suspect; and if it often is not all we wish, it is perhaps because we are not

strong enough. There never yet was a gentle, brave and resolute soul but he created round him a little patch of light into which the weary and wounded in earth's combat could creep and sun themselves.

Beautiful and refreshing spots! Looking back with grateful hearts, we realize that the charm was all the greater because our sojourn was so short. Had we lingered, we should have learned that here, too, as elsewhere, "man is born to trouble." Our houses would have been broken into, perhaps, by that daring gang of twenty robbers which infested the Bavarian forest in winter (so some children told me once, in all seriousness). Or some one we loved would have died, and we should have walked with bent heads behind the coffin borne in a species of gaily-painted sedan-chair, as did my Breton friends at a funeral I once attended. Or again, we should have suffered hunger and want, like many a poor Irish peasant.

Yet I think, among simple, noble natures, even sorrow loses its bitterness. And we should still have trusted ourselves, so to speak, on the back of the Metal Pig and let him carry us into the Hans Andersen Country,—the land where, unperplexed amid all his misfortunes, the little tin soldier, whose uniform was "red and blue and very splendid," never ceased to "shoulder his musket and look straight before him." We should still have fallen under the spell of the naive, homely, but incomparable poetry of a world as yet untouched by the Time Spirit.

NINE tithes of times

Face-flatterers and backbiters are the same.
 And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
 Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
 Wanting the mental range; or low desire
 Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
 Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
 To leave an equal baseness.

—Tennyson.

Wisdom and Baldness.

BALDNESS of the head is variously viewed. Among certain tribes of North American Indians it excites derision and distrust. These natives are never more on their guard than when dealing with a government agent whose head is destitute of the natural covering. That wily old Sioux chief, Spotted Tail, once said to a Commissioner of Indian Affairs: "All the men who come from Washington are liars, and the baldheaded ones are the worst of all!" Among highly civilized people scarceness or absence of hair is regarded as an indication of worth and wisdom rather than of frailty and folly. All baldheaded men are not wise, but it is safe to assert that most wise men are bald.

Cardinal Manning was no exception. In his recently-published Memoir of Aubrey de Vere, Mr. Wilfrid Ward quotes this passage of a letter which the poet wrote to his mother from Rome, where the future Cardinal also was: "Imagine people reporting in England that Manning has been found so heretical that he has been put in prison, as also that he has gone mad and had his head shaved—the good man being for many years bald!" It was about this time, a writer in the *Tablet* remembers, that Henry Wilberforce—the brightest in a boyish spirit of all the Tractarian converts—used to pour out to Thomas Mozley a grievance he had against Manning. Sometimes when Wilberforce was joining in general conversation people would say: "Hush: Manning is speaking!" Wilberforce complained that he had just as good things to say as his brother-in-law—rather better!—but that everybody attributed superior wisdom to Manning—because Manning was bald.

"The anecdote," adds the *Tablet* writer, "should comfort half mankind

with the thought that our lives are netted about with compensations. Why, by the way, are there so many more bald heads to be seen in Catholic churches in England—not abroad—than in any other places where men congregate? On the theory that the less you have outside your skull, the more you have inside it, even this form of religious census may be made entirely flattering." In our country bald heads are more conspicuous in theatres of a certain grade than in churches. The theory that a skull devoid of hair must be filled with brains is worthy of the wag that remarked to a dyspeptic friend who had just risen from a bountifully laden table: "If that's what you leave untasted, what must you have eaten!"

A Letter from England.

"A recent convert" writes:

Since my article in THE AVE MARIA of last February was written, the Ritualist controversy in the Church of England has subsided for the time; and one of the periodical truces in that body's internal warfare has brought the various sections into more closely-knit activity, in the face of a threatened attack by non-conformity and political liberalism upon the recent Education Acts. The Church Congress, which has just closed, has this year been held in Liverpool, the centre of aggressive Protestantism in England; and nothing has of late years been more remarkable than the *rapprochement* between the local church-people and the High-Church speakers, who invaded the Northern city in great force. Unfortunately for the spreading of Catholic ideas, the levelling up of the Low Church implies a levelling down on the other side. High-Church folk, even of the extremest sort, have taken of late with renewed vigor to the rooting up of "sources" and to grubbing about among "origins," with the result, natural in a community not guaranteed internally against error, of a general weakening in the hold upon Catholic doctrines and practices. Only Catholics can afford to indulge in the critical investigation of origins.

It is not surprising that such a *pax Anglicana* should prove hardly less disquieting to anxious minds than the former state of active warfare.

At any rate, so it is. Since my last communication the stream of conversions has continued. In at least one case a small corporate movement similar to those I described before has taken place; and, as the result of the reception of one of the clergymen and several of the congregation, Mass has been said for the first time in modern days in the old Devon town of Bovey Tracey. But of even more interest to readers of THE AVE MARIA will perhaps be a few words about a beautiful, and appealing work for souls which has just been happily guided into a Catholic channel.

In 1899 a young Oxford layman settled in the slums of South London and began religious work in a club for boys. Coming under the influence of the life and spirit of the venerated Don Bosco, he gave himself wholly up to the work; and the club developed into a home where lads were taken in from the gutter, the police court, and other places far worse than either. In bare faith and with unremitting prayer, responsibilities were undertaken, with the result that a large house was purchased. Its cost was liquidated last year, with the help of friends largely Anglican, and under the patronage of the Protestant Bishop of Rochester. The work was peculiar in that it sought to bring abandoned lads up in a true home, its founder being in the full sense their foster-father. Everything savoring in the least of an institution was avoided, and the result was a happy family life, penetrated through and through with an atmosphere of strong and manly piety. Its patron was St. Hugh, the great Carthusian Bishop of Lincoln.

No sooner, however, was the house bought than perplexities came apace. The religious, devotional system which formed the basis of the work was seen to be more and more plainly Catholic and not Anglican. The friends who had helped were uniformly kind, but a point came at which the founder discovered that in the Catholic Church alone he could work aright for God and for souls. He sought admission into the Church, and gave over into Anglican hands the house, which, though legally his, had been largely purchased with the money of Protestants. His boys, invited to remain, if they chose, under the new auspices, with one voice determined to follow him; and a fresh house was taken at a large annual rent. And now he has to face once more *ab initio* the raising of funds for a roof over the heads of his charges, and the gathering together of new friends and supporters for the work. Those who know him and his deeds are confident that great things will come of this new Catholic work for souls; for they have seen what already has been accomplished by the power of self-renouncing faith and untiring prayer.

Notes and Remarks.

It would be interesting to know just how many books, pamphlets, magazine articles, and newspaper paragraphs on the question of a liberal education have been directly inspired, within the past half century, by Cardinal Newman's "The Idea of a University." The number is undoubtedly large. The book in question treats the subject so adequately and exhaustively that its intelligent perusal practically constitutes an epoch in the intellectual life of the reader, and will infallibly tincture all his subsequent thoughts and expressions on the matters of which it treats. An instance in point is the following extract from a late contribution to *Harper's Magazine* by Prof. Henry Van Dyke:

Let us keep our colleges and universities true to their function, which is preparatory and not final. Let us not ask of them a yearly output of "finished scholars." The very phrase has a mortuary sound, like an epitaph. He who can learn no more has not really learned anything. What we want is not finished scholars, but equipped learners; minds that can give and take; intellects not cast in a mould, but masters of a method; people who are ready to go forward wisely toward a larger wisdom.

The chief benefit that a good student may get in a good college is not a definite amount of Greek and Latin, mathematics and chemistry, botany and zoology, history and logic,—though this in itself is good. But far better is the power to apprehend and distinguish, to weigh evidence and interpret facts, to think clearly, to infer carefully, to imagine vividly. Best of all is a sense of the unity of knowledge, a reverence for the naked truth. . . .

Dr. Van Dyke is, of course, immune from any charge of plagiarism; yet the foregoing paragraphs are irresistibly suggestive of Newman. They are good enough to be reprinted again and again, as they probably will be.

We are glad to record that, on the personal initiative of President Roosevelt, the Governor of Arizona

has been ordered to recover, forthwith, possession of the children taken by force from the Sisters of Charity at Clifton a while ago, and to place the little ones in a convent at El Paso, pending the arrival of their guardians—the New York Sisters. In the absence of any known action, by the authorities of Arizona, to redress the flagrant wrong that had been done, this unusual step on the part of the Chief Executive was not merely warranted: it was imperative as a vindication of our country's claim to the respect of the world. None the less is the step highly creditable to the energetic occupant of the White House. It was inspired by his sense of justice and solicitude for innocent children at the mercy of outlaws.

The recent visit of Mgr. Falconio to the West was a source of much gratification to him, meeting as he did with apostolic prelates, zealous parish priests, throngs of the faithful laity animated with deepest reverence for the Holy See; and finding everywhere beautiful churches and numerous flourishing charitable and educational institutions. And yet, great as the progress of the Church has been in our country, we judge that his Excellency regards it rather as a land of magnificent opportunities than of extraordinary accomplishments. No matter how vast the fields, he looks for proportionate harvests; nor, in view of all that has been done, does he lose sight of what might have been effected.

It is to be hoped that the Apostolic Delegate will see much and meet many during his stay in the United States. The opinion has been expressed that he is more gentle than firm, wisely conservative rather than prudently progressive. Our own conviction is that in him all these qualities are happily combined. Of one thing we feel certain—that when his duty is plain and his way clear, he knows neither hesitation nor fear. His

Excellency has had too much experience not to be conservative, and he is too zealous to be unprogressive. He has already gained intimate knowledge of the condition and prospects of the Church in the United States; and in due time, we feel confident, that knowledge will bear fruit in acts and laws calculated to promote progress and to prevent decay.

President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation has the unmistakable note of piety and sincerity. After recounting the reasons we have to rejoice and be grateful, he adds: "We speak of what has been done by this nation in no spirit of boastfulness or vainglory, but with full and reverent realization that our strength is as nothing unless we are helped from above." It is devoutly to be hoped that the day will never come—it would be an ill day indeed—when words like the following will impress the people of this nation as being perfunctory:

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the twenty-fourth of this November, to be observed as a day of festival and thanksgiving by all the people of the United States at home or abroad; and do recommend that on that day they cease from their ordinary occupations and gather in their several places of worship or in their homes, devoutly to give thanks unto Almighty God for the benefits He has conferred upon us as individuals and as a nation, and to beseech Him that in the future His divine favor may be continued to us. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Now that the Canadian elections are over, it is allowable to compliment the defeated leader of the Conservative party, Hon. R. L. Borden, on his attitude with respect to campaign contributions. Several weeks ago he issued this statement:

To whom it may concern.—To avoid misunderstanding, it has been thought best distinctly

to declare that the Conservative party will receive subscriptions only from those who favor its general policy, that such subscriptions are not to be understood as creating claims to consideration for any interest likely to be effected by any special feature of that policy, and that no subscriptions are solicited from any such interest. Such a declaration is deemed desirable in order that the leader may have an absolutely free hand in framing his policy in the interest of the whole country upon the return of the party to power. If any subscriptions have been given in any other spirit, they will be returned on application to the treasurer.

This is a manly, straightforward and patriotic declaration. That a campaign fund is necessary to provide for registration work, political literature, hall rents, advertising, and other legitimate expenses, is of course obvious; but the soundness of the position of Canada's Conservative leader is equally clear. There can be no question that large contributions to party funds are often made with the understanding that valuable franchises, subsidies, or similar privileges will be received in return.

A copy of the *Manila Cabled News*, recently received, contains some interesting information as to the education and life-settlement of Filipino girls. When the convent of Santa Isabel, in Manila, was founded in 1594, there was formed a pious fund, the interest of which was to educate and maintain a number of girls at the convent gratis, and also give each of them on her wedding day a dowry of five hundred dollars. Commenting on a marriage lately celebrated, the *Cabled News* says:

The day after the wedding, Archbishop Harty was astonished upon being asked to sign a large, impressive-looking document conferring a dowry upon the happy pair. The astonishment of the Archbishop was soon changed as the history of the dowry was disclosed to him. His Grace expressed his admiration and approbation of the custom, which has been observed with fidelity by the Convent of Santa Isabel for more than three centuries.

There are at present fifteen hundred girls in Santa Isabel, and the original

dowry fund has been so largely increased from time to time by the generosity of Filipino Catholics that it gives no sign of speedy exhaustion. Of still greater interest to prospective Benedicts in the islands than the assured dowry is the knowledge that the training received at the convent is a thoroughly sane one, fitting the pupils for any and every walk in life.

Taken in connection with the balderdash recently spoken and written about the barbarism and ignorance prevalent in the Philippines, the foregoing account makes rather interesting reading. The establishment of an institution such as Santa Isabel postulates some slight measure of civilization; and it is well to remember that the establishment occurred, not "in the last five years," but a quarter of a century before the *Mayflower* landed its pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

Apropos of Mr. Wynne's promotion to the headship of the Post Office Department—a promotion which was fully deserved,—it is pertinent to remark that his appointment, while of course grateful to his Catholic fellow-citizens, is scarcely a phenomenal favor that imperatively calls for effusive acknowledgments or abundant rejoicing on the part of our coreligionists. The bald, prosaic fact of the matter is that we Catholics constitute one-sixth of the population of this country; and are justly entitled to proportionate representation, both in the Cabinet and in the subordinate offices of the various departments. Mr. Wynne's appointment, following as it did the regular course of promotion, is merely an act of elementary justice, not at all a remarkable instance of presidential generosity.

With Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, who passed to his reward last week in that city, closes the line of remarkable

prelates who were the immediate successors of the pioneer bishops of the United States. They were singularly pious, zealous and devoted men. All had imbibed the spirit of their predecessors, and it was that of the saints. As Bishop of Natchez, Mgr. Elder bore the burdens and endured the privations which fall to the lot of missionaries in foreign lands; and when, late in life, he was elevated to the archbishopric of Cincinnati, his hardships were not lessened nor were his trials diminished. There he labored as cheerfully and indefatigably as at the South, where he had experienced the horrors of war and the ravages of pestilence. Always ready, if need be, to lay down his life for his flock—an exemplar of every Christian and sacerdotal virtue,—Archbishop Elder deserves to be classed with those noble prelates whose memory he venerated and in whose footsteps he so closely trod. Those who knew him intimately venerated him as a Bruté or a Flaget must have been venerated in their day. His spirit was like theirs, like theirs must be his eternal recompense. *R. I. P.*

We have read with considerable interest and satisfaction, in the *Republic*, some extracts from the report of President Cummings, of the A. O. H., Suffolk County, Massachusetts. "It has been brought to my attention," says Mr. Cummings, "that educated Catholics bearing Irish names are discriminated against when seeking employment. I have investigated this matter as fully as possible in the limited time at my disposal. I found that all the mercantile agencies use an application card, obliging the applicant to state his nationality and religion. All the school agencies and some of our larger corporations use this form of application card when selecting employees, particularly for positions that require an education.

I found that hundreds of Catholic young men and women, born Americans, graduates of our high schools and business colleges, find it impossible to procure employment after putting their name and religion in these application cards. They are often plainly told that a Protestant is wanted for the position they are seeking."

After commenting on the unfairness of this line of action, and animadverting on the changed conditions since the days when New-England intolerance publicly proclaimed that "no Irish need apply," this level-headed citizen advises the advocacy of a legal enactment abolishing this religious test. That failing, he would pursue another plan:

After careful investigation we can report to our societies business houses which are unfair to Catholics, and thereby you will have the means of redress in your own hands. To-day we comprise two-thirds of the population of Boston, consequently we purchase two-thirds of the goods sold. If we refuse to trade in stores and large business houses that are unfair to Catholics, this scientific bigotry will stop.

This proposed action is just in line with the course we have frequently advised in the case of publishers whose books or periodicals are anti-Catholic in tone. This is a commercial country, and the bigotry that entails financial loss is pretty safe to be overtaken by sudden death.

It is gratifying to learn that, as a result of the reiterated protests of Bishop Gibney, the wrongs of the aborigines of Western Australia are in the way of being righted. His letters to the press and to prominent individuals connected with the home and colonial government were of a kind to command attention. The atrocities of which the Belgians in Africa are accused pale before the cruelties to which the natives have long been subjected by English settlers in Australia. They are charac-

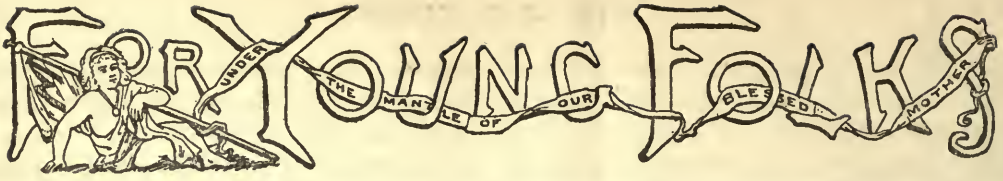
terized as "a disgrace to humanity and so-called civilization." So one good result of the agitation against the rulers of the Congo Free State, fomented by the English press, has been to open the eyes of Englishmen to quasi-slavery, with all its attendant horrors, under their own flag. Bishop Gibney will be honored as the Las Casas of Australia.

Some years ago an imaginative writer in one of the Chicago newspapers made the extraordinary statement that St. Joseph was the discoverer of the river, called by his name, which rises in Northern Michigan and empties into its great lake. The desecration of a grave (presumably that of some early Indian missionary) last week near Niles, in the same State, occasioned the further statement, no less extraordinary, that the grave in question is that of St. Joseph. It seems that this has long been the belief of local residents; for a press dispatch from Niles, dated Nov. 2, states that—

John Hatfield, one of the oldest residents of Niles, says that sixty years ago he replaced a wooden cross which had succumbed to the ravages of time; and that in that early day the grave was supposed to contain the remains of St. Joseph, after whom the St. Joseph River was named.

Evidently there is work for historical critics to do in Michigan.

On the occasion of the Marian Exposition in Rome, the St. Luke's Madonna, venerated in the Borghese chapel of the Church of St. Mary Major, was withdrawn from its bronze frame to permit of its reproduction under the direction of Mgr. Wilpert. The picture has not been displaced since the days of Pope Paul V., and will, of course, be restored to its frame when the copy is finished. Among the gifts to the Exposition sent by the missionaries of Kiang Nau, China, is a translation of the *Ave Maria* in three hundred and forty languages.



Three Months Under the Snow.

BY J. PORCHAT.

II.

NOVEMBER 23.

IF matters continue as they are at present, it will not be easy for me to write down the story of each day. I have often been praised by my teachers for my skill in composition, but I now find myself quite unable to express all I think and feel. I will do my best; and if these pages fall into the hands of a stranger, he must not forget that they are the work of a mere schoolboy.

When we found, yesterday morning, that we were more closely imprisoned than on the night before, we were much discouraged. Our first thought was for the goat. While my grandfather was milking, I watched him attentively.

"You must learn to do this," he said. "It hurts me to stoop over; besides, I might fall ill. So come and try now."

I obeyed, but I was not very successful. Blanchette did not seem to enjoy my efforts, and she came near tipping the pail over. Afterward I tried to milk her again and succeeded much better.

After breakfast we turned our attention to the chimney. It had been out of repair for some time, and my father had arranged a sort of trapdoor over a hole in the roof, that could be opened to allow the smoke to escape, and closed to shut out the cold and rain. It was now covered with snow. As we had made no fire, I crawled into the fireplace and looked up through the chimney. After a time the sun's rays suddenly streamed on the snow

which rose to a considerable height above the opening. I mentioned this to my grandfather.

"If we only had a ladder," said he, "you could go up to the roof and shovel the snow off the trapdoor, so it would work; then we should not be bothered as we were last night."

We were both silent for a few moments, trying to think of some way to accomplish our purpose. Finally, my grandfather remembered having seen a long pine pole in the stable.

"That's all we need!" I exclaimed, gleefully. "I have often climbed up trees no larger than that; it has bark on, too, and that will help me."

The next thing to do was to get the pole and introduce it into the fireplace. Fortunately, the opening was wide and the pole flexible, so we accomplished this without much trouble.

I tied around my waist a rope to be used in drawing up a shovel, and climbed up, helping myself along by the walls. When I reached the roof, I scraped myself standing room, and then looked around me. The snow here was about three feet deep; but it was much deeper around the chalet, as it had drifted in.

I saw an immense white carpet spread out in every direction. The great pines covering the mountain-side were white, too, excepting their trunks; and many branches were broken off by the weight of the snow. A strong icy wind was blowing; black clouds scudded across the sky, obscuring the sun at intervals; and spots of dazzling light sped over the white carpet with the swiftness of an arrow.

I was very cold, and my teeth chattered so that my grandfather noticed it when I called down to him for orders.

He told me to shovel the snow off from the trapdoor. As I had no means of locating it, I had to shovel quite a distance around the chimney, so as to be sure to find it. This task took much time and strength, but it warmed me up. The trap was at last bare. I replaced the rope in the pulley, so that we could pull it open from below, and it closed by its own weight. After working it a few times to see that it was all right, I came down much more easily than I had ascended.

My clothes were wet, but I had to keep them on, as I had no others. We built up a good fire from pine cones, opening the trap just enough to let the smoke escape, and sat before it nearly all day. We did not light our lamp until milking time, as our stock of oil was small.

The time seemed very long, as I was in a state of continual expectation. I kept fancying I heard some one coming, although such a thing was impossible; and I asked my grandfather all sorts of questions. He could reply only that my father might not have been able to make his way down the mountain, or that some accident had befallen him. At this thought we were sorrowful indeed.

After completely closing the trap, we went to bed last night with the hope that to-day might bring us deliverance. This morning we concluded that we must give up hope. We raised our trap with difficulty and I went up to the roof again. I found that two feet more of snow had fallen during the night. After my descent we built a fire and tried to content ourselves. Grandfather thinks that we shall not be able to leave this place before spring.

NOVEMBER 24.

I am still trembling with fear at the thought of the calamity that nearly befell us. How could any one imagine that, buried under the snow as we are, we could be in danger of burning to

death? But we had a very narrow escape from just that fate. This is how it happened.

To beguile the time as we sat in front of the fire, my grandfather gave me little exercises in arithmetic. I raked out some ashes, to use as they do sand in many schools for tracing figures. When I had finished my calculation, we felt heat behind us. Looking around, we saw that a bundle of straw, left too close, was on fire at one end. I rushed at it to beat it out, but only burned my hands. My grandfather got up as quickly as he could, and, grasping the burning bundle, tossed it into the fireplace.

"Pull back everything that can burn!" he exclaimed.

I pushed back the stools and chairs, and hurriedly carried away the wood piled up near the chimney. Then we passed some awful moments. The straw was soon a mass of seething flames, and it took all our efforts with the long tongs and fire-shovel to keep it inside the fireplace. The sparks flew about, and we were in terror for fear some of them might fall on our bed. The room was lit up with a lurid glow, and the smoke almost suffocated us. To add to our fears, we did not have a drop of water handy. It seems as if a bundle of straw would burn quickly, but I thought I should never see the end of this one. At last the fire died down, and we breathed more freely.

The room was in perfect darkness and we were still afraid that sparks might be smouldering somewhere. By degrees the smoke cleared away, and we lit the lamp. We were both as black as coal-heavers, but we were safe.

"We have been careless in neglecting to have an extra supply of water," said my grandfather, after we had shaken off the cinders. "If we had had even a pailful, we could have put the blaze out. There is an empty barrel in the milk-room. We will bring it in

and knock out one end; then we can set it by the chimney and fill it with snow, which will soon melt. We must be careful and watchful; for the burning of the chalet would mean certain death. A fire would be as dangerous to us as to sailors on the ocean."

We set to work at once. We brought in the barrel, knocked out an end, and set it in the chimney corner. We then opened the door of the chalet and brought in snow till we had filled the cask to the top. I need not say that my heart sank at sight of the great white wall outside the open door, that separated us so completely from the rest of the world.

(To be continued.)

Our Robins.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

Birds were never so abundant in our Wisconsin home as they are this season. Blue jays, yellow finches, chippies and robins abound. All are friendly. With the robins we are on terms of especial intimacy.

When my husband and I sit on our front piazza, looking out over beautiful Lake Monona, the robins appear on our lawn, and hop lightly over the grass to our steps. They view us with their farseeing eyes, tilting their heads from side to side, and making it plain that they are trying to say: "Good-day, dear friends! You *are* our friends, we know."

If we take our seats amid the thicket of verdure at the rear of the house, there, too, come the robins. Beneath a wide-spreading elm a suitable bath-tub has been placed for their accommodation; and they splash in the water to their hearts' content. A strict code of etiquette is observed by them in regard to the use of the tub. The older birds have the first right. Whoever attempts

to usurp it is driven away in scorn.

As a return compliment for the bath-tub, the robins have assisted my husband in his gardening. They have found peculiar amusement in a small onion patch. As soon as the onions began to sprout, the robins plucked the plants one by one from the ground, and carefully laid them aside. They were no sooner replanted than they were again uprooted. After this game had been played several times, we gracefully admitted ourselves defeated. The good robins had decided for us that onions were not to be allowed in our garden. People tell us that at the root of the onion lies concealed a choice morsel of a worm, and that our robins are seeking it when they uproot the plants. We prefer to believe the dear birds consider onions unsuited to our garden.

From early spring until approaching autumn the robins have been to us a source of delight. They have had nourishment at our door, shelter in our trees and shrubbery, and protection from the overhanging eaves of our house. They have won our friendship. It makes us sad to realize that they will soon be taking flight for a more genial clime.

Six of the robins are our very special pets. We can always distinguish them from the others. Pay attention, and I will tell you their story.

Two robins, hungry and forlorn, sat perched on the bough of a maple tree outside of our dining-room window one day in the early spring. An unexpected snowstorm had covered the ground with its white mantle, depriving the poor birds of access to their natural food. They had left the Southland too early for comfort. We threw some bread crumbs on the porch at the dining-room door, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the robins hop contentedly about, supplying their needs. Every morning while the snow and blustering weather lasted they

came to us for their breakfast, and never came in vain. As soon as traces of the storm began to disappear, they took to foraging for themselves.

Hour after hour we heard them chirping merrily away. Often we saw them speeding busily to and fro. Business of vast importance was apparently on hand. One day a handsomely constructed robin's nest was discovered on the ledge of a sheltered upper window of our home. Soon there were seen in it four tiny eggs, and Madame Robin brooded over them patiently for long hours. Monsieur Robin, her mate, spent much of his valuable time swinging on a tree near by, cheering her in her arduous duties with his gay roundelay. He also made it his business to fortify her with nourishing food of the kind she liked best.

So long as we were quiet in our movements the pair offered no protest at our presence on our side of the window. For my part, I spent much time in watching them. Thus I was the first to espy four young robins in the nest. *Homely* is too mild a word to apply to them. They were the most hideous little creatures you ever beheld. In fact, they seemed to be all mouths.

At certain intervals Madame Robin flew away in quest of food. It was a pretty sight she offered us when she returned to the nest with food sufficient for two of her babies. No mistakes were made by her in the feeding process. Part of a juicy worm, well prepared, went into one of those yawning chasms called mouths, the remainder into a second. Then the devoted mother flew away for means of satisfying the third and the fourth.

Presently the babies began to open their eyes, beaks assumed shape, feathers grew. I knew that Mother Robin would not long keep her brood in the home nest. There came a morning at last when I discovered one of the youngsters crouching alone in a corner

of the window-sill. It was pecking at its feathers, while these were gaining proportions so grand the young robin looked almost as large as its mamma. The rest of the brood remained helplessly huddled together in the nest, watching with wondering eyes this first adventurous spirit of the flock.

Shaking itself and pluming its wings, the young creature all at once perched on the edge of the nest. Mother Robin was drawing near, bearing with her a mouthful of eatables. Seeing her boldest darling ready for action, the worthy dame unhesitatingly deposited the entire portion in its expectant mouth. Evidently she wished to strengthen her precious one for the crisis at hand.

As the mother flew proudly away, her ambitious child watched her intently, its small body swelling with fond admiration, eager longing, and earnest purpose. Presently its own hitherto unused wings were tried,—cautiously at first, then with gradually increasing vigor. Before long the wings were fully unfolded, and the birdling seemed to be testing their powers.

Some time elapsed before the youngster gained confidence in the ability of body and wings to work together in perfect harmony. At length, with one supreme effort, the wings were outspread, the claws permitted to relax their hold of the nest, and my baby robin, a full-fledged bird, had followed its mother.

Before night the young robins, each prepared in the same manner, had winged their way out into the wide, wide world. They never returned to the home nest.

A profound impression was made on me by this the only first flight it had ever been my good fortune to witness. It seemed to me to afford a noble lesson to the young of the human race. Too often our boys and girls start heedlessly and without preparation for some lofty goal, and fall maimed by the

roadside. If they would but try their wings before taking flight, and partake freely of the nourishment for body and mind provided by their elders, there would be fewer failures in life.

The baby robins are now strong, active birds, but they still follow their parents. We often see the trim little mother scratching the grass in quest of food; while the dignified father watches her with extreme satisfaction, even deigning to afford her occasional assistance. When she chances to find some peculiarly pleasing morsel, she chirps to her children, who wait at a respectful distance until bidden to approach. They promptly heed her call. Then Madame Robin drops a choice worm into each wide-open mouth of her big, awkward children. Monsieur Father chirps his approval, and then away they all fly, chattering brightly together.

Cultivate the acquaintance of birds, dear young friends. You will learn much from them, and find in them a constant source of joy.

An Old Rhyme.

Very ancient is the origin of the old rhyme anent the number of days in each month, and every school-child has chanted:

Thirty days hath September.

But nearly every section of the country has a different version of the jingle. In some parts of New England they say:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,—
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap year makes it twenty-nine.

Among the Quakers, especially in Chester County, Pennsylvania, they say in the quaint phraseology of the Friends:

Fourth, eleventh, ninth and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix,
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.

These both, coming from an English source, are doubtless from either the form used in England in 1606 or that used in 1590. The first, found in "The Return from Parnassus," runs:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
February hath twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one.
Excepting leap year,—that's the time
February's days are twenty-nine.

Similar but much older is the quatrain from the chronicles of England by Richard Grafton:

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Apriel, June and September;
February hath XXVIII alone,
And all the rest have XXXI.

Most ancient of all is the Latin version from William Harrison's "Description of Britaine," prefixed to the Chronicle of Holinshed, dated 1577:

Junius, Aprilis, Septemq; Novemq; tricenos
Unum plus reliquul, Februs tenet octo vicenos
Sed si bissextus fuerit superadditur unus.

Words with Queer Origins.

Do you know why we call a cow "bossy"? It is because "bos" is the Latin name for an ox, and English-speaking farmers gradually applied the term to all cattle. The origin of the word "cobos" is still more strange, being composed of the Latin "bos" and of a Sanscrit word which means "stretch yourself," and is said to cattle when one wishes them to lie down.

In Elizabethan times a cock's comb adorned the cap of the professional jester; so we have the word *coxcumb*, which meant originally "fool," then "fop," its present definition.

Three Things.

There are three things which never return: time, a spoken word, and a neglected opportunity.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Of Gouverneur Morris' "The Pagan's Progress," *Out West's* book reviewer says: "It is a short story—but quite long enough."

—Apropos of a volume of verse written by a little maiden under twelve years of age, a prosaic critic complains that the normal output of grown-up poets is sufficiently infantile, and that there is therefore no excuse for inflicting professed juvenilia on a patient public.

—It is stated on good authority that there are about four thousand newspapers in this country whose daily or weekly edition is less than one hundred copies. Possibly, however, each copy is read by as many as five persons and is seldom destroyed. On the other hand, millions of copies of the great dailies go back to the paper mill just as they come from the press room, damp and folded. The heavily-laden drays that pass in the night from printing offices to paper mills have astonished many a belated citizen of large cities, whose belief in "immense circulations" had until then been unshaken.

—We rejoice to see a new, revised edition of "The Priest, His Character and Work," by Canon Keatinge, and to learn that fifteen hundred copies of this excellent book have already been sold. The success is richly deserved. We know of no work in our language more likely to render young priests exemplary and efficient, or one in which their duties and offices are more clearly set forth, than the volume just reprinted. It is a pleasure to recommend it a second time. Canon Keatinge has availed himself of criticism: two or three paragraphs which met with disapproval have been removed, and to the chapter on zeal have been added some pages dealing with the life of the lonely priest on the country mission. We hope for the continued success of this very meritorious book. Kegan Paul & Co. and Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The Boston *Traveller* speaks approvingly of the Cathedral Library in New York city. This collection contains what is primarily designed to be all the important literature available, with no distinction as to the religious faith of the authors, but with supervision by those in authority, who advise Catholics against reading certain books disapproved by the Church. In other words, the clergyman who is responsible for the Cathedral Library, recognizing the futility of attempting to spread good literature by the negative method of advising against a given list of books, takes the positive method of publishing a good general list of books from which the objectionable titles are stricken out. This impresses

us as being an excellent plan, even better perhaps than that adopted in Boston, where Catholics may obtain special lists of such works by their own authors as are contained in the Public Library; although even this much is a long step in the right direction.

—Denslow's "Scarecrow and the Tin-Man" (G. W. Dillingham Co., publishers) will charm the little folk. The pictures in colors must furnish endless delight to them, and the text will suggest a hundred meanings for each picture. "The Barnyard Circus" is deliciously funny; and children of an older growth will appreciate not only the farmer's discomfort on seeing his performing animals, but also the *finale*, which shows the denizens of the farmyard willing to return to the old life again. "The Animal Fair," text and pictures, is, perhaps, best of all.

—"The Ray" is a story of the time of Christ by R. Monlaur. Its respective chapters are unified by the character Susanna, a wealthy and comely Jewish maiden. She has heard of the Messiah, and her eager desire to see Him affords the author an opportunity of narrating the most prominent incidents in the public life of Our Lord. All these incidents are well told, yet no one of them shows evidence of the master-hand. The "Mary of Magdala" scene, for instance, pales when compared to Newman's description of that meeting between what "was most base and what is most pure." Published by B. Herder.

—If the Benjamin Franklin almanac of yesteryear times was received by the general public as Benziger's "Home Annual" is to-day in Catholic families, we can understand just how welcome it was. The "Annual" for 1905 is, as usual, made up of the useful in the way of statistics; of the instructive in the way of information, biographical and religious; and of the entertaining in the way of poems, stories and illustrations. We still object to the placing of illustrations without reference to the text, however interesting the pictures may be; though the present number does not offend in this particular so grievously as did former numbers.

—The debt which Modern History owes to the Catholic missioner is constantly growing to huger and huger proportions, and will doubtless continue to increase as long as zeal for God's glory leads devoted priests and nuns to the remotest confines of incipient civilization. The venerable Oblate missionary, Father Lacombe, left Winnipeg the other day to "go into my hermitage at Pincher Creek, in the far Northwest; and there, in quiet, I will write my memories

of fifty-four years on the plains." The future historian of greater Canada will prize these memoirs as an invaluable storehouse filled, as no other living man than Father Lacombe can fill it, with the precious ore of historical material. We note also that another Canadian missionary, Father Jette, S. J., is engaged in preparing for the press a work on the language of the Indians in the Yukon district,—the most northerly mission, we believe, in the world. Father Jette was obliged to learn the language himself, with little or no aid from an interpreter; and his compilation of a full vocabulary is accordingly a notable feat.

—A correspondent of an Australian contemporary calls attention to a danger that is as cosmopolitan as it is real. He writes:

The books which boys and girls bring home to read from their school libraries should be examined by their parents. Last week I glanced through one of those books and thought it unfit for a schoolboy. Some chapters of the book, which was an old romance, appeared to me to be both dangerous and indelicate. Others were suggestive of immorality and debauchery; and profanity and irreverence were sown broadcast in its pages. The name of God and of our Redeemer was used in a commonplace way without any restriction or qualification.

The evil wrought by bad books is incalculable, and Catholic parents in our day had better be scrupulous rather than lax in their supervision of their children's reading-matter.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.

Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.

St. Egwin and His Abbey of Evesham. *The Benedictines of Stanbrook.* \$1.25, net.

Sportsman "Joe." *Edwin Sandys.* \$1.50.

Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate. *Roger Freddi, S. J.* \$1.25.

The Fatal Beacon. *F. von Brackel.* \$1.25.

Oxford Conferences on Prayer. *Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P.* \$1.

The Grounds of Hope. *Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D. D.* 40 cts., net.

Lives of the English Martyrs. Vol. I. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.75.

Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise. *Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.* \$1.08.

Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. *Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.

The Immaculate Conception. *Archbishop Ullathorne.* 70 cts., net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Francesco Maretti, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, archdiocese of New York; Very Rev. Peter McCarthy, archdiocese of Ottawa; Rev. Francis Breitkopf, C. R.; and Rev. Francis Fullerton, S. J.

Brother Halward, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister Mary Gonzaga, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Marcella, O. S. D.

Mr. Thomas Butler, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret Fiesinger, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Neil Flattery, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Edward O'Neill, Albany, Oregon; Mr. Blase Benner, Erie, Pa.; Mr. J. R. Wall, Colfax, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Hickey, Co. Cork, Ireland; Mrs. Joanna O'Brien, Salem, Oregon; Mr. Hyaciuth De Angeli and Mrs. Sarah De Angeli, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Helen Baker, Fremont, Ohio; Mrs. Michael McGrath, Fredericton, N. B., Canada; Mr. Charles Liegey, New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Tuhey, Youngstown, Ohio; and Mr. Thomas Evans, Buffalo, N. Y. *Requiescant in pace!*

Our Contribution Box.

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

For Mlle. Mulot's school for blind children: B. J. M., \$1; M. L. M., \$5; A. J. 50 cts.; F. H., \$10; Friend, \$2.50.

Bishop O'Gorman, West Africa: Friend, \$5.

The Maori Missions: Friend, \$1.

The White Fathers, Uganda: C. J. B., \$1.

The Chinese Missions: J. J. C., \$2.

The Jesuit Mission, Alaska: Friend, \$2.50.



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

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To Mary.

THE clouds of Advent's night hung dark and low,
In that long, weary hour before the day,
When through the Temple shadows gleamed a ray,
The herald of Redemption's crimson glow.
The lambs that waited in the portico,
The doves that fluttered in the dawning gray,
Were types of thee in purity's array,
Thou Virgin victim for sin's overthrow!

Again the clouds of darkness gather round,
And sin hath veiled the glory of the star
That shone for us from hope's fair arching skies;
Do thou, in whom no smallest stain is found,
Draw near and drive the foes of light afar,
And be once more love's spotless sacrifice!

An Efficacious Means of Assisting the Dead.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.



IN this Month of the Dead, solemn and mournful, the wail of the winds, the bare trees, and the swift-falling leaves are melancholy symbols, all, of the vicissitudes of human life, its nothingness, its transitoriness, and the final winter which must overtake it here below. These days of the year's decline call up numberless poetic images; but the thought invariably suggested by faith, most forcibly brought to the Catholic mind by the clear vision of things unseen, is that of the world beyond the grave, the realm of immeasurable suffering and immeasurable

peace,—the land of purgatory. The Church has seized upon this idea, and, giving it definite form, has dedicated this autumn month to devotion toward the dead, beginning with the Feast of All Souls. On that beautiful festival of charity and of remembrance, to quote the expression of Mother Mary of Providence, whose work is being regarded in these pages, "how many exiles see their true home!"

It is, therefore, fitting that all Catholics should unite with the Church, their mother, in endeavoring to do something, however little, for the relief of the Blessed Souls. Every class and condition of humanity is interested in this holy enterprise; for a saintly missionary exclaims: "Remember, dear Christians, that we, too, shall be poor, helpless and suffering souls in purgatory. And what shall we carry with us of all our earthly goods and treasures? Not a single farthing's worth."

St. Thomas teaches that prayer for the dead is more readily accepted than prayer for the living, and that there is no limit to the help to be granted those who suffer in that place of exile. "We can offer the infinite satisfactions of our Blessed Lord for them," says Father Faber; "we can do vicarious penance for them; we can give them all the satisfaction of our ordinary actions and of our sufferings; we can gain indulgences for them." How many and how easy are the means of gaining these priceless suffrages for the dead!

"How many are there," says a recent

writer, "who are ready to bestow a certain kind of sentimental emotion on the memory of those they once loved, who keep their little mementos with fidelity, who read their handwriting and look at their portraits, and yet will scarcely take any trouble to have a Mass celebrated, or to offer an alms for the poor, or apply an indulgence in their behalf! If only a thousandth part of the time, feeling and conversation that is often spent in sterile regrets for those who are no more were to be employed in praying, suffering and working for them, there would be, perhaps, fewer merely human tears shed upon the earth, but the fiery path of purgatory would be shorter, and the crown and robe of glory would be more speedily placed upon those souls to whom the affection of persons once dear to them in a cherished past can be truly welcome only when it distils itself in labor for them during the crisis of their present need. Prayers, works and sufferings for the dead are immortelles, which do not stay to wither on the surface of the grave, but, being transmuted by the Sacred Heart of Jesus into rest, light and liberty, reach in this blessed form the souls of the departed."

A singularly efficacious means of supplying all omissions, voluntary or involuntary, toward those who have gone before has been supplied by the foundation of that most beautiful and spiritual of charitable institutes, an Order devoted to the interests of the dead—the Helpers of the Holy Souls. In an age which bears the stamp of materialism, and in which the works of man, his intellectual prowess or his mechanical skill, have accomplished results so stupendous; in a country where infidelity stalks rampant, disdaining the mask of conventionalism which it elsewhere assumes,—this work of God sprang up silently, unobtrusively, aided for the most part by the

lowly, yet attaining full soon tremendous results. It has overpassed the boundaries of time and the visible limits of God's mighty creation, to mine, so to say, in the sad and solemn world of purgatory, where the beloved shades of the Christian dead await with indescribable eagerness the hour of their release, the season of their entrance into joy inconceivable.

And this Order not only thus constitutes itself the agent of the suffering Church, but it offers to the most worldly or the most frivolous or the most indifferent a means of supplying for their own remissness and of co-operating directly in the good that is done. It seemed to come as a distinct inspiration from on high, to supply for that growing coldness of faith and that ever-increasing absorption in material things, which might have resulted to the detriment of those souls specially dear to God. He took His own means of protecting their interests.

A child, Eugenie Marie Joseph Smet, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant of Lille, France, was playing one day in a meadow, chasing butterflies with her young companions. Now, the butterfly is in many nations the emblem of immortality; it is introduced, as the symbol of the resurrection, and of life everlasting, into painting and into those priceless porcelains which emanate from Chinese factories. By some chain of association, perhaps, those tiny creatures flitting about in the summer sunshine brought to the mind of that little girl the thought of souls predestined to eternal glory. The remembrance of their sufferings pierced her to the heart, and she asked her companions whether, if they saw in a fiery prison some one whom they might release by a word, they would not hasten to speak it. The children assented, though naturally puzzled by her query; and Eugenie explained that she was referring to purgatory, where

a kind God is compelled to shut up souls, but that He would only too joyfully open the door at a word from us. She sadly and significantly added: "And that word we will not speak."

The idea, however, germinated in the soil of her own pure and fervent heart, and she was thenceforth haunted by the thought of how she might relieve the Blessed Souls. Under her religious name of Mother Mary of Providence, she eventually became in a sense one of the foremost factors in the spiritual life of the nineteenth century. It is unnecessary to dwell here upon the various circumstances of her truly providential career; the guiding finger of the Most High traced out for her every step in the sublime path which she trod. The cheerfulness and vivacity of her disposition, which enlivened the sombreness of her self-imposed mission; the childlike trust in Providence which never deserted her and which never remained unrewarded; the indescribable privations and hardships of the little community she gathered about her in that miraculously indicated dwelling on the Rue Barouillière, Paris,—all these and many more details are recorded in her life.

It would be impracticable to give here any just idea of the work which has been done by these devoted agents of the Suffering Souls. A house of their Order was founded in New York in 1892, under the episcopate of the beloved Archbishop Corrigan, and in great measure through the patient and devoted efforts of Miss Adèle Le Brun. She did for New York what Lady Georgiana Fullerton did for England.

Hence it is that, in their modest quarters in the great metropolis, the Helpers of the Holy Souls have been laboring, unobtrusively but untiringly, for well-nigh a dozen years. Their work and its results, even as regards this nether world, can not be coldly set down in black and white. If they

pray and if they suffer for the dead, they also work. The scope of their Order includes gratuitous visitation at the homes of the sick poor, the instruction of neophytes and of the ignorant, and the relief of the indigent. They gather together on Sunday, for instance, children attending the public schools, and instruct them in the catechism. Of course they persuade the parents, whenever possible, to attend also and partake of this instruction.

To give some idea of the good accomplished, it may be mentioned that, in one year, by this community of only about thirteen members, five thousand adults were instructed, besides the numberless children who attended the catechism classes; over four thousand visits were made to the sick poor; nearly three thousand articles of clothing were distributed, and hundreds of children entertained at Christmas-time.

It is, indeed, part of the plan to organize, in the course of the year, various little entertainments for children and young girls, and to provide them with a pleasant meeting room, furnished with a library and piano. Mothers' meetings are held, as well as assemblies for young girls. The girls are taught sewing and embroidery; the boys are instructed in drawing. And in that dwelling of benediction the poor colored people, too, have meetings and their Conference of St. Peter Claver. In fact, the charity that reigns there acts in all directions; no one is denied succor, let his creed or his nationality be what it may. Protestant, Jew or infidel,—it matters not to the religious, if he has but the one passport to their favor—that he is poor and suffering.

Yet this mighty and incessant activity is all the while subservient to that higher and more spiritual form of charity, the relief of the holy dead. Far-reaching and beneficial as is that ever-widening circle of charitable endeavor, temporal and spiritual, and

vast as is its effect in the whirlpool of modern city life, it is only a means to an end, and that is the succor of the most destitute of all—the dead who have to expiate their sins in the world beyond the grave.

Hence the religious, who are divided into choir and lay Sisters—the latter attend to the domestic work,—take upon themselves, in addition to the three ordinary vows of religion, a fourth, by which they bind themselves to resign in favor of the Holy Souls, as far as the will of God permits, all the satisfactions which they would otherwise gain for themselves, and all suffrages offered for them by others in life or in death. Besides this heroic self-immolation in behalf of the dead—one including all work and sufferings,—they send up a continual holocaust of prayer to the Throne of Mercy. They begin their day by the ejaculation, “My Jesus, mercy!” with its one hundred days’ indulgence; and this they repeat at each visit to the Blessed Sacrament or whenever they meet each other. They conclude all their prayers with the supplication, “Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them!”—which prayer they often ejaculate during the day.

After morning Mass they sing the *De Profundis*; and the prayer, “O good and most sweet Jesus!” with its plenary indulgence, is applied to those for whom the prayers of the community have been specially asked. Meditation, spiritual reading, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament are employed by all as part of the daily offering for the dead. But the choir Sisters recite in addition the Office of the Dead, and the *De Profundis* at nine in the evening. The Helpers attach great importance to these exercises of the interior life. An association of expiation, they believe, should be one of prayer; and to sanctify themselves in behalf of the suffering souls is their principal object.

Affiliated with the Helpers is a species of Third Order for women in the world, who are known as Lady Associates. They take upon themselves such obligations as are compatible with their state, pledging themselves to pray, labor and suffer for the relief of the departed. They likewise offer their personal satisfactions during life; they are under no obligation of making the “Heroic Offering” as to prayers and suffrages after death,—though this was voluntarily done by the first twenty-eight of these auxiliaries. They assist at certain of the offices and public exercises in the chapel; they aid the religious in ministering to the poor and sick. They pledge themselves, moreover, to support the work, directly or indirectly, from a pecuniary point of view; and should, properly speaking, be possessed of the means of so doing, since they are regarded as a powerful bulwark in the maintenance of the institution.

There is, however, a third association, and this directly appeals to the laity at large, and enables them to have a share, as do the associates, in all the prayers, labors, good works and indulgences of the Order. They also benefit by these treasures after their own death, and can, while living, apply them to the souls of deceased friends and relatives. This large class of promoters are known as honorary members. Their obligations are but few. They recite the ejaculation, “My Jesus, mercy!” also the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, for which there is an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, once a day. They offer their daily work, sufferings and trials for the same intention; thus conforming to the motto of the association—to pray, labor and suffer for the Holy Souls. They contribute a fixed sum annually, payable ordinarily in the month of November. A dollar is the minimum, though the wealthy who are

likewise zealous and charitable will not limit their almsgiving to so small an amount. On the other hand, the very poor may become members by simply co-operating with the associates in their prayers and works.

It seems, indeed, a priceless privilege to be permitted to aid these heroic laborers in the vineyard of purgatory, and have a share in their incalculable merits. On the part of a Catholic who retains even the slightest spark of faith, neglect to succor the dead can proceed only from thoughtlessness, or from the perpetual hurry and bustle of modern life. There is no one who would deliberately refuse to stretch out a hand to assist those whose need is, of all possible needs, the most pressing and grievous.

Even persons who, individually, do what they can to relieve the departed are often distressed by the thought that their own poor efforts may be ineffectual; or that they may lack system and continuity; or, again, that they themselves may be called from earth before they have accomplished the work of rescue. It is most consoling, therefore, to be aware of the existence of such a community, which will continue, no doubt, as long as the world lasts; and which will supply all omissions, and provide perpetual intercessors for all the souls, but particularly for those who were associated in the sublime undertaking.

By making a yearly offering, the honorary members or the benefactors of the institute actually co-operate in the good that is done. They aid in the support of these holy religious and in their charitable and apostolic work for the poor of earth; while they help in the daily, hourly release of souls from the intolerable bondage of that prison house of purgatory, or at least mitigate the suffering and the anguish of those detained there.

Kindred souls who made the delight

of earth—the mother whose beneficent memory of love and tenderness lightens all the landscape of the past; the father, the wife, the husband, the brethren; the benefactor who has done good, or the enemy who has done evil,—all alike cry out for pity from the depths of that dungeon, and all alike may be benefited by the priceless treasure of merit which the piety and the self-immolating love of the Helpers have gathered about them.

Priests associated with the Order have poured, yearly, into its treasury some eighteen thousand Masses; affiliated religious of various convents have contributed, at the last computation, four hundred and fifty-six thousand Holy Communions annually. In all this, from the instant they bestow their alms and register their names in the convent books, the honorary members have their share—for themselves after death, as for their deceased relatives and friends. They may, besides, gain many plenary indulgences—on the day of their enrolment, on the Feasts of the Sacred Heart, of St. Gertrude, St. Joseph, St. Ignatius Loyola; and at the hour of death by saying, at least mentally: "My Jesus, mercy!" Assuredly they will obtain a rich recompense from that most liberal Giver who has promised to reward a cup of cold water given in His name.

For the love, therefore, of dear ones departed who are crying out for mercy from those forlorn regions of exile, and who may be detained there "for very slight matters," and much longer than their sorrowing friends on earth are willing to believe, let all who can, unite in this holy crusade by a generous alms. For the fear of God's justice and as a provision for their own souls, for the love of Mary, Queen of Purgatory, and the loving Heart of her Son, let all who can, make it a duty to contribute toward the good work during their lives. Those blessed with the world's

goods may, moreover, remember in their last will and testament the Helpers of the Holy Souls. Surely that would be "a holy and a wholesome thought," since they may thus provide themselves with intercessors upon earth when their own day of intercession and of merit is over, and when upon them has fallen the "night in which no man can labor."

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

VIII.—HUMPHREY'S CLOAK.

WHEN she was left alone, Irène walked to the piano and touched the keys, but without sounding them. She longed to play, but dared not. Surely an enchanted god dwelt within the instrument, dumb to her, but responsive to the brother magician so lately departed. She sat down far away from it, in the window-seat where Humphrey had listened that evening. Sitting there, she heard the distant sound of the horses' feet as her guests rode away; and a sudden longing for Humphrey came over her,—a sense of peril and distress which only one like him could relieve. She started up with the impulse to send after him and bid him return; but, remembering who rode beside him, her heart froze again, and she made no further movement.

And now, as one who in some keen danger, after searching in vain all possible chances of escape, turns to meet the danger's self, with the enforced courage of very dread, so Irène turned to meet the thought of Mirvan as it came to her fully for the first time. She tried to remember what she had felt about him before his coming. It was all gone, the dread of anticipation

lost in this greater dread of the personal presence. She had seen him with her eyes, she had heard with her ears the unimaginable music of his creation, and nothing else remained.

But the person and the music were two powers, and she could not bring them into relation with each other. No sooner had the spell of his playing reasserted itself in her memory, with its all too painful intensity of life, than there came, as its attendant conception, the unforgotten form of his face, Medusa-like, to turn her again to stone; and in this painful, changing succession her thoughts travelled, always to end with the remembrance of that single moment when the two powers had trembled into one,—that moment when he had lifted his face and looked at her. But there, upon the edge of deliverance, the cold terror fell again, and the circle of unhappy thinking recommenced. So long it continued that the night was well on its way to morning before she remembered time or place; and then it was by no effort of her own. A light shone upon her from the doorway, and she saw her father standing there, a candle in his hand. He looked old and tired in its unsteady, flickering light.

"Are you still up, father?"

"I can not rest to-night, my child," he said. "What was the music I heard a while since?"

"Humphrey brought his cousin to see me," Irène answered. "He is a musician. Did it disturb you?"

The Baron passed his hand over his forehead.

"I never heard such music," he said. "It filled the house with sound. It troubled me with its beauty, and now I can not sleep. I have been thinking of Raoulf, Irène, and fearing that I was hard upon him."

Irène came to him and passed her arm through his.

"Do not think those thoughts," she said. "The music was too much for

me also. But come, and I will read you to sleep."

She made her father go to bed, and established herself with a book by his side. But long after he was peacefully asleep she stayed on, until the light of the candle faded in the broad day. Then she softly darkened the window and left him, to find an hour or two of troubled dreams in her own room. Waves of music seemed to lift and lose her again, in lapses of ecstasy and terror, until she woke, unrested, with fevered eyes and head. Through wakefulness and sleep alike the desire to see Humphrey continued; and in the morning it strengthened, until she grew sick with the thought that he might not come that day. But as if the night had brought him word of her need with an unspoken summons, he came early and alone.

"You're to eat something," were his first words, as his quick eyes scanned the untasted breakfast on the table; "and then I want you to come out with me into the woods."

When they were deep in the green solitudes, he said:

"Irène, you're not to let that fellow trouble and tire you."

Irène smiled rather faintly.

"I *am* tired to-day," she admitted. "My father was a little ill last night, and I sat up with him."

Humphrey shook his head, unpacified.

"You're not tired with that," he said. "And I've told him he's not to come here again unless he can behave like a human being."

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"Only that you were not accustomed to the society of spectres and goblins, and that he had first frozen you to stone and then driven you crazy with his music. I never heard him play like that before. It was dæmonic."

Irène laughed. Humphrey's lightness, through which she felt his sympathy as surely as when he was serious, came

like the touch of the summer morning to her face, fresh and healing. She was glad to be able to lay the blame of her trouble on the music alone.

"I think I never heard playing before," she said. "It was going in my head all night."

"Then is he to come again?" Humphrey asked.

Irène would have liked to say "No." But something not herself answered:

"Yes, but not alone,—not without you."

It was true that Humphrey had warned Mirvan, half in jest, of the effect of his strange manner on Irène.

"I can not help it," he had replied. "I need not play unless she likes."

And, by a tacit mutual consent, on his second coming they had no music.

Whether intentionally or not, the next time Mirvan played to Irène, it was in a manner so different from the last that, except for its subtle and exceptional power, she would not have known it for the same hand. He subdued the whole scope of strings and keys to one simple melody, repeated and repeated with an ever-changing background of varied accompaniment, like the same solitary river threading its devious way through rocky bed and mossy woodland,—now all but silent in a sunless pool, now running clear and light in an open valley. And Irène felt as if she were tracing the river to its source. Thinner and softer fell the stream of sound, until, as if he had indeed reached the spring whence it ran, on a single note the player ceased, and Irène smiled. For the first time she felt at ease in his presence, and spoke without thought or effort.

"We have reached the beginning of it," she said.

And Mirvan, as if following her thought now rather than his own, also smiled down upon the keys, and, repeating once more the closing note, made of it indeed a beginning, this

time for a deepening crescendo of solemn sound.

And now Irène knew that she was following the river to the sea. Fuller and stronger ran the stream,—not hastening its pace, but sweeping and hollowing a wider bed for its larger life; softly gathering fresh volumes of water as it ran, until the original melody was all but lost in the ringing multitude of its liquid voices. Onward still, through folding meadow and boundless marsh; onward under the open skies and vanishing hills of the seaward country, until at last there came to meet and mingle with it, in the bass, the dull, distant boom of the sea-surge far away. And now her following feet failed her, and she was swept, a grass or weed, on the bosom of the flood. No conscious melody now; no separate sequence of rhythmic notes; only sound—ceaseless, infinite sound,—sound that was most like silence or like sleep. The river was lost and drowned in that eternal sea of music whose waters wash the horizon of the soul's world.

When silence really fell she hardly knew it, nor moved nor spoke for a long time. Looking up at last, she saw that Mirvan was gone.

Humphrey did not forget Irène's prayer—that he would not leave her alone with Mirvan. But about this time the Baron fell ill—not dangerously, but with a lingering and painful illness,—and he craved Humphrey's society, whenever he came, so eagerly that Irène could not deny it, even though it left her defenceless. But she had another defence at her command. Left alone with Mirvan, she asked him to play; and after that there was no more any question of silence or need of speech. Humphrey heard it from the Baron's room, and the sick man lifted his head to listen.

"He is a musician," he remarked, repeating unconsciously Irène's words. "Is he like you?"

Humphrey laughed.

"As unlike me as you can imagine," he answered.

And the Baron questioned no further.

So Mirvan and Irène were often together, and always alone; yet the distance between them grew no less. Except when he was under the immediate influence of music, the musician was mute in her presence. Instead of that triumphant salvation his hope had promised him for another, he himself seemed to be fettered, frozen and dumb. Irène thought it was his old dislike and disapproval, still unappeased. She often wondered why he came, and said so one day to Humphrey.

"I wonder myself," he replied. "I'm almost afraid it is because he thinks I need a safeguard."

Irène did not understand him for a moment. Then they both laughed. It was a pity Mirvan could not hear it.

Humphrey saw her now very seldom. A few words at meeting and parting, a brief glimpse where he sat playing chess or reading with the Baron, were all his fate vouchsafed him. There was no complaint in his heart. From the moment of Mirvan's return, of his first indignant reproach in that stormy midnight interview in the music-room, Humphrey had known that his time with Irène was over. Whatever the future might hold for them, this past chapter was closed.

It was part of Humphrey's nature to distinguish keenly between the circumstance that is trivial and the circumstance that is fate; to cut through the first as a sharp sword scatters cobwebs, but to meet the second with folded arms and proud consent,—an acquiescence that was almost active in its intense, deliberate passivity. It was Sebastian's temper, quickened into life by thought and religion,—a perceptive and reverent fatalism which seemed to disarm fortune by foreknowledge. That voluntary truce with the nature of

things, which in some minds is only reached after long years of reluctant effort and rebellion, which by some is never reached at all, or only through the *tour de force* of a "special revelation," came to Humphrey as an instantaneous and instinctive act. The struggle, the sacrifice, were so rapid as to be invisible, or were made manifest only in the nature of the acceptance,—a stillness of concentration, not of sleep.

The Baron's illness was followed by a long, slow convalescence. He began to go out, first in a chair and then leaning on Humphrey's arm. It was still Humphrey for whom he always asked; and on the days his friend failed to come, he hardly cared to leave his room. Humphrey, learning this by chance from Irène, came daily at the same hour. He saw very little of Mirvan now. When the cousins met, by chance or necessity, there was always the same constraint between them, as impenetrable as at first. Humphrey was ignorant of its real cause. Notwithstanding his light words to Irène, he had no idea of Mirvan's deeply conceived purpose in coming so often to Fontenelle. It remained a puzzle, but not a puzzle he cared to solve. He turned his mind fixedly away from all thought of Mirvan for the present; hoping things would come right, somehow, some time; certain that no overt interference of his could mend them.

But as the summer came to its close, a great restlessness began to grow upon him,—a sense that he must break free from this stagnant time of inactive abeyance, and go forward again into the life that awaited him beyond it. It was still September, and but half his year of rest was spent when he pleaded hard with Anselm to suffer him to cancel the remainder. Anselm consented in so far as to allow of his coming to the monastery once or twice a week to make some special studies; but he stood firm against his pupil's

leaving home or entering upon his professed probation until the spring.

Irène did not fail to notice that he came less often; that, although her father's health was restored, she saw no more of Humphrey than during his illness. And still when he came he was with the Baron, or Mirvan was there.

"I miss you," she said, on one of those rare occasions when they were alone together. "Why do you let me see you so seldom?"

"I thought we were to give it up," he answered.

"It has turned out differently," she said. "Everything is changed and lost, and yet we have done nothing."

"Are you unhappy?" Humphrey asked quickly.

And before Irène had time to think, she had responded:

"Yes."

Humphrey had not needed the answer to tell him so.

"And you see I can not help you," was all he said.

When Irène spoke it was to say:

"We can not go back. It is no use. You are right not to come."

Beyond this, she made no direct mention of Mirvan; and Humphrey now never spoke of him. Instead, he spoke again of her.

"Perhaps it will be better for you when I have gone away."

It was uttered in all simplicity, with no hint of morbid self-depreciation; but as one might say, "I can serve you better at a distance."

Irène's mind stopped short at the fact of his going.

"I had forgotten," she said. "I was thinking of you as to be always here. Has the time come already?"

"Not yet. I have a few months longer. But until I go I must work hard."

Irène's look was of one who sees solitude widening on every side; one who is silent, because he knows his voice can not reach a living ear.

"Irène," Humphrey said, "I would stay here longer, if my staying could serve you or bring you peace. But it is only a hindrance. This, that has come between us, is greater than I. I can not cross or alter it."

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Humphrey. "But I used a wrong word. Nothing has come between us, nor ever can, in this life or another. *You* made that mistake in the beginning; and then you made a second when you thought"—his reluctance to name Mirvan made him pause an instant,—"*when you* thought it was you who had come between me and my brother. Something has separated us lately, but not you,—not you."

"What, then?" she asked.

"I am in the dark," Humphrey answered. "But of this at least I am certain, that my absence for a while would be the best thing for all of us. Mirvan is in trouble, and I am in some way the cause. Some false thought of me is always in his mind when he is here, and it falsifies all our relations together. I stand continually between him and you, and until I am gone you can not know him."

Irène shook her head.

"I don't care to know him like that," she responded,—"*at the cost of losing you.*"

Humphrey smiled.

"I see it wasn't quite the way to put it," he said. "All I meant was that Mirvan has forgotten what I am like, and has put some strange creature of his own fancy in my place; and if I go away for a while he may remember. It's only your own plan, you know. We agreed that we were to help him if we could. It seems I can't, for I don't know him any longer. Now you must try."

"Humphrey," Irène said, "to me your cousin is two people. When he plays I feel as if I knew him well,—quite well.

But at all other times he is still the terrible, forbidding stranger he was at first."

"It's because, with you, he's himself only when he is playing. But that's a mistake about his being two people. He is one, if ever anybody was. The rest of us are pieced up out of scraps and bits; but he's a real, single soul, the most beautiful I have ever known."

A smile touched Irène's lips as she listened.

"I will try to see him with your eyes," she said.

"Does his coming weary you?" Humphrey asked, as if struck by a sudden thought.

He had to wait for an answer.

"If we could go back and be as we were before he came," she said at last, "I should be glad. But that is over, and his music is a new and wonderful world I would not willingly lose now that I have known it. I often feel, when he is playing, that I am about to change into something not myself, or into some self that is new and different; like coming to birth out of the dark. It is painful, yet it is worth the pain."

She spoke slowly, with averted face, as though her thought found expression difficult; as though the terror she had hinted at to Humphrey were present even now.

They had been talking in the woods on Humphrey's homeward way. Elzevir, stooping now and again to crop the grass as they went, walked beside them, his bridle over his master's arm. Neither had noticed how far Irène had come. In saying the last words, she looked up, and her face changed. Humphrey's eyes followed hers, and he saw Mirvan, who approached, and was already close to them. He was watching Humphrey with a set, concentrated attention. Irène he seemed hardly to notice. He forgot to give them any greeting. Following so closely

upon their talk about him, the apparition was startling.

Humphrey was the first to recover his self-possession.

"My cousin will walk back with you," he said to Irène. "I was wrong to let you come so far, and now the dew is falling."

He was unfastening something from Elzevir's saddle.

"Make her wear this," he said to Mirvan, giving him the riding-cloak; "and do not let her linger in this chill air."

But Mirvan took and held it absently, as though not knowing what it was.

"I will not wear it," Irène said. "And I think your cousin came only to meet you."

Mirvan started at the sound of her voice. But apparently Humphrey's were the only words he had understood.

"Yes, I will go back with her," he said, and he laid the cloak on Irène's shoulders. But his eyes never left Humphrey's face.

Humphrey met the singular look for a moment by one as direct and searching. He addressed him again, hoping perhaps to rouse him:

"Tell her I do not need it. I am too warm as it is. You can bring it back with you to-night."

With a silent farewell to Irène, he mounted and rode away.

But still Mirvan seemed unconscious of his companion's presence. He stood motionless, his gaze fixed on Humphrey's slowly-retreating figure, soon indistinct in the darkening length of the twilight avenue, and presently lost to sight at a bend in the path. Irène waited, a chill upon her heart colder than the evening air; but still he did not move, and when he spoke it was not to her.

"Not once to look back!" he said.

Irène's fear suddenly left her.

"He did not know you were waiting. He asked us to hasten back."

She spoke gently, almost as if he were a child who needed comfort.

"Would you like to follow him?" she inquired. "I can easily go home alone."

"He is gone," Mirvan answered in the same voice.

Abruptly he came to himself.

"I beg your pardon! It is very cold, is it not? Let us go quickly."

As they walked back together to Fontenelle, Irène, wrapped closely in Humphrey's cloak, felt that to her it was a symbol of his friendship's sheltering strength. She lifted her face to meet the cool night breeze, and drew it in with a sense of quick relief, as though a weight of fever were lifted away from her heart and life. Was it that Humphrey's will had compassed its desire, so that, without actually departing, he had withdrawn or appeased Mirvan's trouble and her own? So she felt, and she glanced timidly at her companion in the half-darkness.

He walked beside her bareheaded, with eyes that sought the stars, and never turned to look at her. Once he stopped to listen to a bird's song in the thicket, and Irène saw him smile. She felt as if they were alone together for the first time, after the long disguise and distortion of the past weeks, which now looked like the nightmare of meeting one we love only in public places. Her terror of him was gone, like a cloud that the night drinks up; and only the mystery was left, with its starlighted promise of a happiness too great to imagine. They might have been each one alone, in the intimacy of this new silence.

When they reached the house, Irène opened the piano, and lighted the candles in the recess behind it. Then, still folded in the cloak, she sat down in Humphrey's curtained window-seat, and the dog came and rested beside her to listen. As she looked out over the forest, the thought, long-forgotten, came to her of what Humphrey had

related about Mirvan's childhood; and she remembered, for the first time since she had known him, that this was the same who was with her now. A kind of shyness came with the thought—that delicacy of spirit which would fain put aside its own treasure, and not touch or handle it hastily, and withal a breath of the sadness that hovers about the beginnings of things.

She did not notice what a long time it was before Mirvan began to play. And when he did at last touch the keys, the sound he won from them was so soft, so cold, so alien, that it fell upon her mood as an echo rather than a reality. And in a very short time he broke off, the half-heard melody fading into silence uncompleted.

"I can not play to-night. The whole room is full of music."

Irène heard his voice, and thought she had never heard it before.

Again it came to her across the darkness of the room:

"You are the only person I have ever known whom I need not forget when I play."

She strove to speak, but the sound died on her lips. And his next words followed swiftly on her silence.

"It is because, to me, you are one with music."

The simple statement was spoken in a sort of passionate abstraction, as though no human listener were near.

"Except my mother, you are the only woman I have ever known. You draw my life away. How can I struggle against you any longer?"

Irène turned, and saw that he had left the piano, and was kneeling beside her, gazing hopelessly in front of him.

There was still a little light from the sky about them in the window, and the candles burned where Mirvan had been; all the rest of the room was in deep darkness. She saw that he was unconscious of what he had said, or to whom he had said it; that he was

speaking to her in his heart, forgetful of her presence, turning to her instinctively for help against herself. And in answer to his cry of pain, all feeling died out of her, and she became for the moment what he needed. She forgot their long, troubled knowledge of each other; forgot the possibilities of her own peace or pain; forgot even that she loved him, and in Love's name gave him what he asked.

"There is no need to struggle," she heard herself say. "Rest and forget. Think I am your mother who died so long ago, and who was good to you."

She remembered afterward that she had laid her hands on his head; and that the dog, puzzled and sympathetic, had tried to lick them both.

No word came from Mirvan, his face buried in his hands.

"Is it death?" he said at last.

And, like one indeed waking out of a death-trance, he raised himself and stared about him, bewildered.

"Where is Humphrey?" he asked. "I thought he was here just now."

Irène saw that he knew nothing of what had happened. Absorbed in her own consciousness of it, it was not until she had been long alone that she remembered Humphrey's cloak, and that Mirvan had not taken it. She was still wrapped in it when the sleepless morning came, to remind her that life must begin again with the daylight.

(To be continued.)

Prayers and Flowers.

BY DENIS A. McCARTHY.

THE flowers that in youth I brought
To deck thy shrine, O Virgin dear!
Are turned to dust, are fall'n to nought,
Are fragrance fled, this many a year.

Not so do youthful prayers depart,—
The sweet "Hail Marys" murmured low,
Retain their influence o'er my heart
To-day as twenty years ago.

Burials in Ireland.

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

IT is alike pathetic and astonishing what sacrifices the Irish will make in order to provide for themselves a decent, independent burial. Too often it is the strenuous efforts of a lifetime, the attempt taxes so hardly their slender resources. The very poor will uncomplainingly go supperless to preserve weekly the few pence "dead money," that they may be able to discharge their liabilities to the insurance agencies, from which they hold policies that, individually, scarcely ever exceed a money-value guarantee of twenty-five dollars, payable at death.

No privation will be found too exacting if its endurance render possible the payment of the weekly tribute. Tragically sad, indeed, is that day for those who, by an inevitable accumulation of arrears, see their policies lapse; or who, before that luckless hour, have not handed over their interest in them to those who would, as it generally happens, be able and willing to accept the transference on the usual conditions,—conditions which give to the one the assurance of decent sepulture, and imposes upon the other the responsibility of keeping the policy free from debt or possible annulment; while conferring the right to retain whatever money might remain on hand, as resulting from the final closing of the transaction on the decease of the original policy-holder.

For the Irish have an instinctive horror of anything which savors of mendicity or pauperism touching their burial. Their poor remains, if the greatest sacrifice on their part can prevent it, must not be allowed to be subjected to the ignominy of being wrapped in the cerements of the dead and consigned to an unhonored

and unmarked grave at the expense of the parish. Although it might be permitted to exercise a guardianship over them during illness, the Poor Law Board may not—shall not, if they can at all help it,—be the custodians of their remains.

Another trait which conspicuously manifests itself is the passionate desire of the Irish to be buried side by side with the kith and kin who have gone before them to the grave. This is especially the case with those who, by stress of circumstances, have been compelled to migrate to the alien surroundings of populous towns and cities. Unable and unwilling to assimilate homely country customs and manners with the more rigid forms and tastes of civic life, they thrill with the remembrance of other times and people, and fervently hope and pray that when their hour comes, they, too, will be laid to rest beside those whom they loved best in life, and whose ashes repose in distant churchyards. Their souls constantly yearn for the country; their minds are ever crowded with old associations; and so when they come to die they want their earthly all to get sepulture in that portion of their little world which is regarded by each as a hallowed shrine.

Not only does all that is mortal of kith and kin repose there—quietly, calmly, far from the toil and stress of city life, with the birds choiring over it, the perfumed breeze and the blessed sun, the gossamer dew and the verdant lawn, purifying, warming, and beautifying it,—but each little plot ("God's Acre," as it has been happily denominated) is sanctified by the holy men who in olden times trod its rugged little pathways, and offered sacrifice in the sanctuary which, within the precincts of every rural burial-place throughout the land, reared its graceful, sculptured form, before the destroying hand of time, and the still more disintegrating

force of alien vandalism, had reduced it to a shapeless pile of moss-grown and ivy-clad masonry.

Equally with the bard might each of these wanderers exclaim:

Oh, 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so!
 . . . on an Irish green hillside:
 On an opening lawn,—but not too wide;
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees;
 I love not the gales, but the gentle breeze
 To freshen the turf. Put no tombstone there,
 But green sods decked with daisies fair;
 Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.

This circumstance, in conjunction with the preceding one, explains the rather expensive style in which the obsequies of the Irish poor are generally carried out; the comparatively insignificant number of pauper burials; and the reason why so many interments are undertaken at so much cost of money and trouble. In Ireland it is no uncommon occurrence for a funeral cortege to have to wend its weary way a distance of even thirty miles before its destination can be reached. Ninety-nine in every hundred cases, the insurance money—the “dead money” in popular phrase—is forthcoming to defray the funeral expenses; whilst the last requests of the dying, if at all possible, are always religiously complied with.

As might be expected of a people so essentially Catholic, the religious element is never wanting in the solemnization of the obsequies of the Irish. Indeed, throughout the performance of those sad and solemn functions that element clearly predominates. From the time when the soul has not yet departed to the moment when the mourners finally rise from their knees at the graveside, the various Offices for the Dead are recited at intervals, and responded to in common by the people.

Whilst on its way to the churchyard, almost within a stone's cast of the water, within sound even of the clang

of the bells and the rumble of electric cars, the funeral cortege may be seen to halt at certain places rendered hallowed by legendary or other deeds of saintly piety or heroism; when the concourse kneels and with bared heads offers up a short prayer for the soul of the departed,—kneels and prays beneath no other roof than the vaulted arch of heaven, on no other floor than the rugged highway.

A wealth of more or less sombre picturesqueness lends itself to the carrying out of these funeral solemnities of the Irish. This is particularly the case when the obsequies are those of a rural inhabitant. Long before the hour appointed for the cortege to start, the mourners—from far and near, and by the various known modes of conveyance—begin to arrive at the homestead. It is a representative gathering of Irish country-folk, whose demeanor and appearance are as respectable as their sympathy is sincere. Without exception, all are attired in Sunday clothes. The men—those venerable in age, clean-shaven and silvery-haired—look exceedingly picturesque in their neat buttoned gaiters and knee-breeches, double-breasted vests and cutaway coats, light, well-fitting shoes, high linen collars, large folding black cravats, and semi-tall felt hats. The women are motherly old souls, whose white wrinkled faces and snowy ringlets are prettily set in their frilled linen caps and the shadow of the hoods of their flowing black cloth cloaks; while the youth of both sexes are comely in attire and decorous in demeanor.

Immediately upon arriving at the homestead, each one prays for a while in the death chamber; then the women remain in the house, in order, by their presence and their whispered words of sympathy, to fortify and encourage the bereaved family; while the men retire and saunter around outside, inspecting with sympathetic interest

the general arrangements of the place; until that most affecting of cries, the wail of the *caoiners*, painfully arrests attention. This lament or dirge of the women mourning in Gaelic over the coffin, is the one great intimation to those outside in the crowded farmyard that everything is in readiness for the subsequent burial.

The arrival of the priest is greeted with profoundest respect; and as he performs the initial portion of the burial service in the house, the people all kneel and join in the ceremony. This done, those who have not come afoot get their vehicles and horses in order; and as soon as the coffin appears, borne aloft on the shoulders of stalwart fellows, the funeral procession forms into line. The priest—in his trap or sidecar, as the case may be—takes the lead, followed at some little distance by the glass-panelled hearse, which, with nodding plumes—black, if the deceased had been married; white, if not so,—immediately precedes the coffin, still borne aloft (the longer the coffin is being “shouldered,” the greater the respect for the deceased). Then come the private spring cars and the springless farm carts, with their occupants; and, lastly, the horsemen, who, as equestrians astride their carefully groomed, sober-pacing steeds, present quite an imposing appearance. The pedestrians always form an irregular concourse, whose greatest bulk centres near the hearse.

Arrived at the graveyard, the coffin, as before, is carried, shoulder high, in processional order, behind the priest, who, robed in alb and stole, is conducted past ancient ruins, tomb and tombstone, wooden cross and stone slab—past every memorial and reminder of piety, faith and mortality,—to yonder mound of earth, on which the coffin is presently temporarily placed.

Although the proceedings now are of the usual religious description, the

conditions under which they are carried out impart to them an effect more than usually edifying. The people circle around the grave, and, as the priest's voice is raised in solemn cadence, every knee is bent, every head is bared and bowed in silent reverence. It is a scene singularly full of religious awe, religious faith, religious Christian feeling; and nowhere else, perhaps, to be witnessed with so much impressiveness as here—in a remote Irish churchyard.

The religious function at length completed, the priest, ere he finally takes his departure, whispers a kindly admonition to the relatives of the deceased. But what avails the gentle counsel? Does not nature exact the tribute of affection, demand of their souls the evidence of the stricken people's grief? Ah, yes! and nobody, perchance, knows it better than the clergyman himself, who scarce will have quitted their presence, as the coffin is being consigned to earth, than these same people involuntarily give expression to the emotions of their surcharged hearts. Nor will any one leave the graveside before a shapely mound and a green grass covering—“green sods decked with daisies fair”—mark the resting-place of all that is mortal of the loved one gone, and the prayers, customarily said in silence, are offered for the repose of this latest addition to the souls of the faithful departed.

Suso, the famous monk and mystic, was in the habit of observing a touching custom. Whenever he met a woman, no matter how poor or ugly or old she might be, he would at once step from the path, even though his bare feet encountered thorns or sharp stones in so doing. When asked the reason for his action he said: “I do this to show my homage to Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin. For her sake I honor all women.”

A Memory that Lingered Long.

A NOVEMBER STORY.

BY MARY TERESA WAGGAMAN.

I.

THROUGH the grey gloom of the November eve Vance Wharton walked homeward, with slow, heavy step for a man of twenty-five. But the pace he had held for the last few months did not tend to lightness of heart or foot. He had plunged recklessly on perilous paths, and now the stop had come—a dead stop,—with the black gulf of ruin yawning before him, and the road behind blocked beyond return.

It was a grim outlook that Wharton faced this November day; and he was facing it hopelessly, defiantly, his breast filled with the dark thoughts that despair rouses in those for whom there is no light beyond earth's darkness,—for whom Death drops the curtain and ends all. Goaded into restlessness, he had been walking far out into the bleak suburbs of the great city, where Nature stood scarred and unlovely, with quarry and waste land and newly cut roads. And his thoughts turned, as the modern pagan's thoughts will, to a velvet-lined drawer in his ebony cabinet, where lay a shining silver-mounted toy that, with a touch, a click, a flash, would end everything and bring peace, rest, oblivion forever.

A chime struck from the old grey church at the corner as he passed. Involuntarily he lifted his hat, from the old schoolboy habit learned at Saint Croix in the long ago. Long ago! Was it only ten years since he had been skimming over the white hills of Saint Croix, with old Frère François shouting anxious warning from the college door, "Look out for the creek, boys! Don't forget the creek! How rash those little pagans are!"

Ah, what a wild chase he and Tom Travers had led old Frère François in that madcap long ago! Good Frère François, whose heart had yearned over his two "little pagans," with all their pranks, more tenderly than over all the flock safely sheltered in the fold. He was dead, poor old man,—dead and buried for seven years under the Canadian snows! And a shiver like a sudden breath from that far Northland passed through Wharton as he turned into the great apartment house he called home, and took the elevator to his own luxurious rooms.

A messenger boy was waiting in the private reception hall, tapping his feet impatiently on the tiled floor.

"Mr. Wharton!" he said, starting up eagerly. "Been waiting an hour for you, sir. Message from Dr. Locke at the City Hospital. Told me I must make haste."

Wharton tore open the envelope with a nervous hand and read:

MR. VANCE WHARTON.

DEAR SIR:—Patient fatally injured in accident last night. Asks to see you. Will give no name. End, we think, very near, so there is need for haste.

Respectfully,

AUSTIN LOCKE.

Wharton reread the note with perplexity. He could recall no friend likely to die anonymously in a city hospital. His friends were not of that ilk. And just now,—just now (his lips paled)—this bidding to a death chamber seemed rather inopportune. He would go, however, and see the poor soul. It would take but a few moments of his time—and—and—yes, he would go. So, paying the messenger boy his double fee, he told him he would follow at once.

Entering his own room, he filled a glass from the decanter on his bachelor's buffet, changed his overcoat for one that muffled him more luxuriously in lining of silk and fur, and

went out to meet the nameless friend whose end was near.

At Wharton's summons, the heavy door of the City Hospital opened and admitted him into the marble hall. He sent up his card and stood waiting, tall, stalwart, and handsome,—a glowing picture of vigorous manhood against the bare pallor of this house of pain.

Dr. Locke came down. He was a kindly, grey-haired man, on whom many cares bore heavily.

"There is no mistake," he explained. "The man, a stranger in the city, was knocked down by a train at a suburban crossing last night and was fatally injured. Would give no name. Asked simply for Mr. Vance Wharton, who could be located at the Lawyers' Club. So you *have* been sent for. Will you go upstairs at once? The final summons has come to a dozen others in the hospital to-night, and I have no time to parley."

Wharton followed him up the wide stairs, through dimly-lighted corridors, where white-robed nurses were gliding noiselessly, and the air was heavy with odors of disinfectant and detergent. A shriek of pain came dully from a distance; two attendants were slowly rolling an empty stretcher through a cross corridor; everywhere were whispers, echoes, glimpses of a Power that all man's skill and wisdom could not defy. Wharton was in the antechamber of King Death.

The physician opened a door quietly and motioned the visitor forward.

"In here," he said. "No one will intrude upon you. It is the privilege of the dying. He can not last the night through."

And Vance looked upon a scene whose every detail followed him to his last hour of life. The small, spotless room; the dimly-burning light; the white-capped nurse, who moved noiselessly away at his approach; the pungent

breath of some aromatic essence in the air; the long, rigid figure swathed in bandages upon the narrow cot,—the figure that, as Wharton drew near, turned dark, flashing, familiar eyes on him, and cried in eager gasps:

"Vance, old boy! I knew you would come, old comrade Vance! Don't you know me?"

And the years vanished like a withered scroll in the wind. The wide white wastes of the Canadian forest stretched around Wharton, and Frère François shouted warning over the snow-clad heights.

"Tom!" he cried, grasping the cold, trembling hand outstretched to him,— "Tom Travers! Good God, what brought you here?"

"Lost—lost my wits—near—near the railroad crossing last night, Vance. Too much—of that devil's draught—that I've taken to—since I—saw you. Been up in the Klondyke—five years, Vance; and—had to drink or go mad. Doctor won't say anything to me—and I can guess what that means. Did he tell you how—how long he gave me, Vance?"

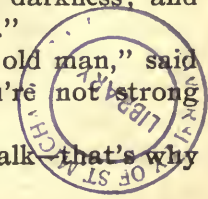
The dark eyes, burning with a fire that mocked the flashing light of old, questioned Wharton wistfully.

"You were never the kind to give up without a fight, Tom," he answered, evasively.

"No," said Tom, with a faint touch of disappointment; "but—I knew when I was beaten, Vance, and—and I'm beaten now. It's the flare of the lamp—before it goes out,—just as I used to see it in the long nights up yonder—when we poured oil on the dying blaze. Talk about hell, Vance! It isn't fire: it's ice, ice, and snow and stillness and everlasting darkness; and I've been through it all."

"Don't talk about it, old man," said Wharton, gently. "You're not strong enough yet."

"I must—I've got to talk—that's why



I sent for you. Give me that—glass. No, it won't hurt,—the Doctor left it to keep me up. Yes, it was—hell, Vance. But I stood it; for—when the sun came back—it showed me gold, gold. It would be only for a few years—and then I'd have the world in a sling—and I knew Mary would wait for me. But—but she didn't, Vance."

The speaker's voice broke in a hoarse gasp.

"Went back on you, Tom? It's woman's way, old fellow."

"No—it wasn't hers. She—she died—and—after that—it seemed nothing mattered much."

"No, nothing matters much, Tom," echoed Wharton, dully.

The dying man gave the speaker a quick, keen glance.

"You—you haven't got there, too,—have you, Vance?"

"Everyone gets there sooner or later, Tom."

"No, there are some who don't—ever, Vance. They keep up—believing, hoping, and—and I thought you were one of that sort. Brave, you know,—strong, sound in head and heart. Do you remember the day I broke through the ice in the creek and you held me up until Frère François came—to pull us both out? We had to do penance for a week. Ah! those were good times, Vance,—the best I ever knew. I often used to dream of them up there in the blackness—and the winds seemed to chant the doleful old dirge that Frère François used to lead every night before we went to our little white beds in the dormitory. How did it go? I never could catch on to Latin—you know. *De Profundis clamavi ad Te*—"

De Profundis! Aye, Wharton remembered, though the words had been unheard for years; and again the strange shiver went through heart and frame. *De Profundis*,—the pitying cry for mercy that Mother Church nightly breathes for the dead!

"You are talking too much, Tom,"—for Travers was gasping painfully.

"No, no! The glass again, Vance,—the glass! I haven't come to the point. I told you about the gold, Vance. After I heard about Mary I didn't care; I went to the dogs for a while and let things go. But there's some left, Vance,—about—about ten thousand dollars."

Wharton started.

"Ten thousand dollars," went on the dying man. "I want—want to leave it with you."

Vance's heart gave a sudden leap.

"I can trust you, I know, old fellow. And, besides, you're a rich man. I don't want any sharks of lawyers gobbling up my little pile. I want to leave it with you for—for Mary's mother. She is old and feeble and poor, and there is no one to look out for her since Mary died. I want you to find her, Vance. I've made my will, and fixed it all right,—left her everything. It's here under my pillow, with the papers—my mining shares. They're good—good as gold,—but the brokers might fleece the poor old lady; so I want you to take them and—and—fix things for her in—in my place."

The speaker drew a package from beneath his pillow and thrust it into Wharton's hand, then fell back, gasping painfully:

"Your word, old man,—your word that you'll fix things right for me—for Mary's mother!"

The panting speech, the livid lips, the starting eyes of his old playfellow awoke all that was human and pitiful in Wharton's breast. For the moment he forgot himself, his ruin, and his despair.

"I'll do it, Tom,—I'll do all you ask. My word for it, old chum!"

"Good, Vance!"

The spasm passed and the dying man rallied his sinking strength once more.

"Don't—don't leave me yet. See me

off—behind the curtain, Vance. It's dark—dark and cold—as up in that frozen hell of the North. Odd—I seem to hear the boys chanting as I did up there—*De Profundis clamavi ad Te*—what's—the English of it, Vance?"

"Out of the depths I have cried to Thee," was the mechanical answer.

"Vance!"—the hoarse voice grew low and solemn—"something within me is crying now,—crying loud. Do you believe there is any one to hear?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Frère François told us so—in the old days, Tom."

"I'd like to think so now," said the dying man, eagerly. "I'd like to think there was light behind the blackness; that Mary—my Mary—was waiting for me somewhere in the sunrise. Do you—do you think so, Vance?"

"Perhaps, Tom. I—I—do not know."

"Mary thought so; she believed like—like old Frère François. There was a French priest here last night when they brought me in. He talked in the old way,—Frère François' way. But I was mad with drink and pain, and would not listen to him. I would like to hear him talk now, Vance."

"You shall hear him, if you wish it, Tom."

"It is late—too late, I am afraid; and I was rough to him. Perhaps he won't come," said Travers, wearily.

"He will come, I am sure. Priests always do. I will go for him, Tom. I know the French church; it's not far."

"And come back, Vance, old man!" pleaded Travers, wistfully. "Don't leave me long. Come back soon."

"I will, Tom,—don't fear."

(Conclusion next week.)

"Thou Shalt not Kill."

BY BEN HURST.

THE demand for a legal right to curtail agony in cases of hopeless disease is getting gradually louder. I have watched the arguments—from the first plausible protests of a worn-out wife who has been bending for months over the sick bed of a husband in the throes of incurable cancer, to the cool demand of a philanthropist that idiot and deformed children should likewise be removed by the lancet. Before, in logical sequence, a suggestion be made to deal similarly with our pauper population, it would be well to reflect on the probable consequences of this modern return to Spartan methods, and see how far these would modify the standard of humanity in the future.

We must remember that there is a considerable number of people who do not find physical or even intellectual enjoyment the main object of life. Love—self-sacrificing love, with its marvellous capacity for transforming and elevating—is the mainspring of their existence. True, what passes for love often manifests itself in various ways. I have known a tender relative abstain for years from visiting a sad and lonely invalid because the knowledge that she was doomed made her sight painful to him; but I have also known a love that turned night into day, and guided the sufferer to the last bourn with a devotion that not only triumphed over disease but moulded a character.

The love that would terminate a dear one's sufferings by violently dispatching him beyond the Unknown Gate looks perilously like a selfish desire to escape the pain of witnessing them. It is difficult to comprehend how any believer in Revealed Religion could reconcile his conscience to the curtail-

WHAT silences we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

—Nora Perry.

ment of a life which belongs to its Creator; and there are moral sufferings which would certainly justify "merciful murder" much more than physical ones, if such cowardice before torture could ever be justified.

The natural inclination to avoid not only pain but annoyance or inconvenience of any kind gains ground in proportion to the deterioration of our system through the weakening effects of civilization. We may, especially by wealth, escape from work, but we can not escape responsibility. The poor we shall always have with us; and, luckily, our present laws forbid getting rid of our incurable, maimed and infirm brethren. These are sources of virtues in others—charity, abnegation, and industry,—without which our world would be the poorer. The necessity for self-control and the development of a spirit of helpfulness in presence of a loved one's pain are invaluable factors in the forming of a mind. An invalid is often a blessing in a house.

There would be no practice liable to such terrible abuse as this one of "merciful murder," should it become established. The bestowal of an authority for life or death on a body of men whose hitherto recognized aim has been the prolongation of life with alleviation of disease, is fraught with dire possibilities. No man is free from temptation. The wish to enter into a long-coveted heritage would be an unconscious factor in the decision of an affectionate nephew to obtain at all costs the deliverance of a tortured uncle from incurable throes; and there are many offspring, alas! who would gladly welcome the pretext of shortening pain in order to get rid of an aged, cumbersome parent.

There is, indeed, a tribe of savages in Malaysia who systematically put to death those of their community who are disabled by the weight of years. To those who protest in horror at

a parallel between these pagans and ourselves, I would say that almost every great-city newspaper contains a record of the most unnatural crimes that can be imagined.

With the brutal extinction of suffering, the incentive to painstaking research for healing remedies would considerably wane. The demand for "releasing death" would soon reach such proportions that no patient would be secure from his own impulses or those of his attendants. In the interests of humanity at large, therefore, let not such an evil be introduced—thought of for a moment.

But it is in the interests of the patient himself that the advocates of "merciful murder" profess to speak. Suppose, then, that a council of medical men have the right to shorten the agony of a dying man at his own request, who will dare answer for it that his decision was final, and that a possible cessation of his worst throes might not have made him cling to the few hours that still remained? The love of life is strongly implanted in the human breast; and there are few of us who have not during some acute pangs welcomed the hope of release by death, only to rejoice later that our hope had been unfulfilled. The greatest medical scientists are liable to err, and many of their condemned patients have rallied and lived to a good old age. Science, as well as Lourdes, works wonders; and there is no ailment for which a new remedy may not at this very hour be discovered.

To those who believe in expiation by suffering, the idea of "merciful murder" can make no appeal; and to those who do not relish life without freedom from pain or defect, the knowledge that the idiot and the cripple have moments of pleasure and satisfaction ought to be a consolation. Finally, the highest spiritual authority existing has always repudiated this barbarous idea.

“As a Man Lives so shall He Die.”

I WAS once travelling with the late venerable Archdeacon Halpin of Rathkeale; and the conversation turned on a death under saddest circumstances, of which we had just read an account in the papers. He thereupon gave me a relation of what happened to himself in the year of the famine.

At that time “the sickness” was sweeping away thousands. Every city erected a fever hospital, and all through the country large buildings, mills and factories, were turned into auxiliary workhouses. The Archdeacon was attached to one of those fever hospitals on the outskirts of the city of Limerick. Priests’ work was incessant there: day and night he had to stand by the bedside of the dying.

One of those stricken with the fever was an “unfortunate” of the streets. She was taken to the hospital on Sunday morning and word was brought to the Archdeacon, as he was finishing the parish Mass, that she was dying. A poor “unfortunate” dying,—dying in her sins! Perhaps of all the “calls” that come to a priest, none appeals to his heart with such pity as the case of such a one. He went to her without delay. She was “very bad”; she might live a day or so, but could scarcely hold out much longer. She told him she did not want him, she was not very ill, she knew she was not going to die yet, and when she felt herself getting worse she would not fail to send for him.

At that moment a corpse was carried out before their eyes. He thought that the sight would impress her much better than he could; but she seemed to be no way moved. He asked if she wanted to die in her sins? No, she did not; and, please God, when she came to die she would make up her mind to confess her sins and be reconciled to her

Creator. At present, she declared, she could not. He put on the stole and told her that now God’s mercy was open to her. No, she did not want it just now. He quoted the Scripture in its terrible warnings and denunciations; but it was all to no purpose,—he was obliged to leave.

Just as evening fell he went to the door of the hospital and knocked. The slightest knock always met with an immediate response. This time there was no answer. He knocked again and louder: no answer. He waited and listened, and his mind began to picture the poor unfortunate woman on her bed, approaching her judgment,—and with such dispositions! He breathed a prayer and waited, looking up at the stars that began to appear in the heavens. Brighter than these man’s soul and woman’s was made to be. And here was a redeemed soul, blurred and soiled!

He turned round and knocked again. He listened, thought he heard a foot-step, but it was only a breath of wind or the noise of a vehicle at a distance. Again he turned to the huge knocker, and long and loud he thundered,—it seemed to him as if the whole city might have heard it. No answer came.

Accordingly he went home, and was just retiring to rest for some hours—or as long as he might be permitted—when he heard a hurried step approaching the door, and a knocking quick and sharp followed. He hastened downstairs. The girl was dying and desired to see him. He flew to the hospital. He knew where the bed was. He had his stole and oil-stocks ready. He was thanking God in his heart for His long and patient mercies. He came to the bedside all out of breath. He looked on the girl’s face—and stood aghast. She was dead! “May the Lord give us all a happy death and a favorable judgment!” the Archdeacon said.

R. K.

An Open Confession.

THE following communication from a Protestant Episcopal clergyman will be read with mingled feelings of pity and surprise. The writer is known to us, but for obvious reasons his name is withheld:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AVE MARIA.

DEAR SIR:—I read with interest your article on "Invincible Ignorance." It is not that "High-Churchmen" are blinded by the idea that private judgment has sovereign rights, or that the Pope must wait till they are all ready to come over in a body; but we are blinded for want of faith, in that we—or (let me speak for myself) I fear to make a move, when all is dark and unknown before me.

I am a P. E. clergyman, and I do not hesitate to say that I would join the Holy Roman Church to-morrow, if I could see my way to get a livelihood. After twenty-seven years in orders, a man without means, and precluded from the priesthood by being married, dares not throw up a small certainty, for a new life which gives him no promise of work, or knowledge how to do it even if it came in his way.

Could I know surely that, as a layman in the Catholic Church, I could find occupation which I might readily fit myself to carry on—if it offered only \$700 per annum,—I would make my submission next week. It is easy enough for a *layman* in our church to change his creed, and his calling in life still remains; but for any Anglican clergyman who knows no other business than that in which he has been reared and experienced, a very difficult feature presents itself when he is moved to seek that Church in the soul of which he already lives. And I submit Mr. Orby Shipley had such clergymen in mind when he adds that hundreds of Anglican clergymen are in the same position as he was; and, at all events, it is mine.

Believe me

Yours truly,

AN ANGLICAN.

We have often remarked that what keeps so many Catholics from living up to the Faith is precisely what prevents innumerable outsiders from finding and embracing it—the world, the flesh, and the devil. If the sayings of Christ have any meaning intelligible to mortals, condemnation is the inevitable fate of both of these classes. We are commanded to walk whilst we have

the light. To ignore it or to shut our eyes to it is equally temerarious, not less so because the generality of mankind may do the same.

No doubt there are many clergymen of all the sects in the position of our correspondent,—realizing the untenableness of their position, yet shrinking from the step which conscience dictates. How far circumstances may sometimes palliate their inaction is not for us to say. It can not truthfully be asserted, however, that such men "live in the soul of the Church."

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." We have heard of adult converts to the Church whose submission entailed no sacrifices, but as a rule this step is full of pain; and not unfrequently, in one form or another, that pain endures throughout life. But what is pain to peace, what is the temporal loss to the eternal gain? The pearl of great price is worth more than any man ever paid for it.

An Anglican clergyman who became a Catholic some years ago—he was married and past the meridian of life—was asked how he hoped to support himself. "I will take thought of that later on," was the reply. "If worst comes to worst, I can probably secure a job in M— cleaning the streets." If a spirit like this were more common there would be fewer bad Catholics and more converts. But "the world is too much with us," and we think to win a crown by avoiding every cross. The thing we are commanded to "seek first" is relegated to the second place. We try to serve one master without breaking with the other,—hoping, in spite of divine warnings, to be under the right one, somehow, when the time of service is forever ended.

We deeply sympathize with our correspondent, for whom, and for all—there are many—in his position, we bespeak the reader's prayers.

Notes and Remarks.

Of timely interest in this month of the Holy Souls is an article contributed by Mrs. F. C. Seavey to a recent issue of *Park and Cemetery*. It is a description of St. Stephen's Catholic cemetery, Hamilton, Ohio, "where, happily, a progressive spirit prevails, and, to a considerable extent, progressive ideas are put into practice." The writer declares that "previous to 1890 this cemetery was no better than the all too common 'graveyard' that lies barren and neglected on many a bleak hillside and lonely plain, protesting against the indifference and forgetfulness of men." Of late years, however, intelligent care has been manifested in improving St. Stephen's until it has become quite different from ordinary Catholic cemeteries, of which Mrs. Seavey says: "There are but few of the smaller that may be cited as anything but horrible examples of what places of interment should *not* be."

Loving care shown in attending to the last resting-places of our dead is commendable, and quite consonant to the mind of Mother Church; but the fact should not be lost sight of that the truest, most unselfish love for our faithful departed is evinced in our securing abundant suffrages for their souls. Requiem Masses, almsgiving, Communion, prayers, the Stations,—these are of far more moment than handsome caskets, costly marble shafts, the deepest of mourning, or the most trimly kept graves.

The importance of small offerings for all great works of religion is often lost sight of; and yet, as everyone knows, it is the many mickles that make the muckle. The immense collections for the Propagation of the Faith and the St. Vincent de Paul Society in

France result from the perfect organization by which the numerous small offerings of poor people are collected. With a little well-directed effort, the receipts of these excellent associations might be immeasurably increased in our country. We are glad to notice that the New York branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith furnishes little boxes for the reception of "mite offerings" in behalf of foreign missions. Persons who desire to share in the good work of the Society and find it inconvenient—or are ashamed—to send small contributions, are thus enabled to carry out their pious intention. On one side of the boxes is printed this admirably chosen extract from St. John Chrysostom:

Make a little chest for alms at home, near the place where you pray; and as often as you go to pray, first deposit an alms and then send up your prayer.

On the recent Festival of All Saints, many a preacher doubtless insisted upon the point that sanctity or holiness consists essentially, not in the accomplishment of extraordinary deeds or the endurance of remarkable sufferings, but in the perfect performance of the everyday duties of one's state or calling in life. A concrete instance of this abstract doctrine is furnished in the current issue of the *Irish Monthly*. Father Matthew Russell devotes ten or eleven pages of his magazine to an account of the singularly beautiful life and cheerfully peaceful death of a young woman, whose earthly career of twenty years was redolent of the sweetest odors of genuine holiness,—and holiness, not in the cloister, but in the world.

Dora Tyrrell was the adopted daughter of Mrs. Bennett, cousin of Gladstone. She was ever a favorite of the great statesman, who said of his first meeting with her, when she was a child of ten years, "I thought at the moment that I was looking at the face of an angel";

and who wrote to Mrs. Bennett, when Dora died: "I can not be sorry, for her sake, that she is added to the company of the just gone—

To where beyond these voices there is peace."

On the same melancholy occasion another great Englishman, Cardinal Manning, wrote to the afflicted mother: "Your letter of sad tidings has never been off my table since it reached me.... You may rejoice in the confidence that Our Lord had marked out that good child for His own." Her chief characteristic, says Father Russell, was a bright, cheerful, childlike purity of mind. And this purity wrought its natural result. "Everywhere she went, she had won the hearts of all who knew her, and their love followed her." Similar prizes—the reverent love of the worthy on earth and the approving smile of our Heavenly Father—are attainable by all who earnestly strive for life's greatest good—personal sanctification.

Without being a prophet or the son of a prophet, we ventured, ten years or so ago, to predict that Mr. Roosevelt would some day be chosen President of the United States. As police commissioner in New York, he gave proof of possessing sterling qualities of character and unusual talents as a civic administrator; and this, with his wondrous energy and power to win friends, seemed to mark him as a man sure to come to the front in national politics. Our prophecy has been realized, and Mr. Roosevelt's ambition is now gratified. His desire to fill the high office to which the people have called him has never been concealed: his opponents can not, however, accuse him of being unboundedly ambitious; for he has already declared that he will neither seek nor accept renomination.

In a magazine article published seven or eight years ago, Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "Good government can come only

through good administration; and good administration only as a consequence of a sustained—not spasmodic—and earnest effort by good citizens to secure honesty, courage, and common-sense among civic administrators." Mr. Roosevelt has been chosen as their chief administrator by an overwhelming majority of good citizens, who are persuaded that he is honest, courageous, and gifted with common-sense,—rare qualities these the world over; though every man protests his honesty, no man acknowledges himself a coward, and common-sense is even less common than genius. Let us hope that in our new President the expectations of the nation may be fully realized. Our readers will remember that we have often expressed our high appreciation of his personal worth. It was for a better reason, however, than because, so long ago, we predicted that he would some day be President of the United States.

The lately-elected Superior-General of the Order of Minor Conventuals, Father Dominic Reuter, is not, as has been asserted, a native-born American. He is a naturalized citizen of the United States, however; and was formerly a member of the American province of his community. His last office was that of Procurator-General. Father Reuter was born in Germany, but was brought to this country by his parents when a mere child. There is a singular appropriateness in the choice of an American as head of one of the great branches of the Franciscan family. The first priest who set foot on the shores of America was a son of St. Francis, as was the first bishop, and also the first martyr. In a thousand ways the Seraph of Assisi is forever associated with this Western World.

The London *Tablet* notes that the Royal House of Saxony, lately bereaved by death of its head, is unique among

European royal families for having supplied in our day one of its princes to the priestly order. The reference is to the present Archbishop of Olmutz (Prince Maximilian). "Born in 1870, he was the youngest son of King George of Saxony and Maria Anna, Infanta of Portugal. Having served in the usual course over four years as a lieutenant of Saxon Hussars, the young Prince astonished the courts of Europe by enrolling himself as a student in the ecclesiastical seminary of Eichstädt, Bavaria. Once ordained to the priesthood, Prince Max came to prove his mettle on the English mission, working from 1896 to 1899 as assistant priest at St. Boniface's German church, White-chapel. On his return to Germany, he became professor of canon law at the University of Friburg; and when he was consecrated Bishop of Kulm shortly afterward, he was the youngest bishop in Christendom."

Preparations are being made in St. Peter's, Rome, for the solemnization of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee. In accordance with the expressed desire of Pius X., the decorations in the Basilica will be of the simplest, in order that the imposing character of the edifice may not be disfigured. The Pope is not enamored of the old style of adornment which consists in a lavish display of drapery, bunting, mottoes, and banners. Another oldtime practice to be done away with during the approaching festivities is that of reserving special seating-spaces, the Holy Father's idea being that among the faithful in the house of God there should be no distinction.

While innovations at liturgical services are, of course, as a rule, to be deprecated, we are inclined to applaud the action taken recently at a fashionable wedding in a Catholic church in

England. The bridesmaids and ushers took up a collection for the St. Vincent de Paul Society. If people *will* crowd the churches' seating accommodations at such functions, there appears to be no good reason why their attendance should not be made the occasion of positive help to a most deserving charity. The onlookers at a marriage are either sympathetic friends of the contracting parties, and are accordingly apt, for the time, to be generously inclined; or they are merely curious spectators, in which case their curiosity may well be taxed.

M. Emile Ollivier, whom Napoleon III. called to be the head of a Constitutional cabinet in 1870; who entered upon the Prussian war "with a light heart," and after its first disasters retired in utter discredit; and who during the past three decades has been better known as an Academician and author than as an active politician,—has recently visited the Vatican. His appreciation of Pius X., who is ten years younger than the French statesman, makes interesting reading,—more gratifying to good Catholics, presumably, than to the present French administration and its friends.

"What struck me most," says M. Ollivier, "was the superior qualities of the Pope's intelligence. That intelligence is a composite of clearness, lucidity, and precision. He is a perfect listener, seizes exactly what is said to him, goes straight to the decisive and delicate point of the question under discussion, and summarizes it in a few words of perfect accuracy. To my mind, he possesses, to a far greater extent than Leo XIII., the true qualities of a statesman. There are in him no reveries, no chimeras, but the perception of realities and the clear vision of what is possible and what is not.... Still more than by his charming manner and high intelligence was I impressed by the courage

of Pius X. He has the genuine courage that is mild, calm and exempt from every species of braggadocio. He will never raise his voice in saying, *Non possumus*: when he has to say it, it will be in a very gentle tone. But once it is said, he will never thereafter retreat from his position...."

All of which seems to foreshadow the discomfiture of M. Combes or any other politician who may attempt to intimidate the present occupant of the Chair of Peter.

The smallest Grand Seminary in the Catholic world is undoubtedly that of Harar in East Africa. It consists of only three rooms, or halls, whose combined measurement is scarcely seventy feet square. One apartment serves as dormitory; the second as recreation-room; and the third as study, class-room, lecture-hall,—an "omnibus chamber," as the Capuchin superior, Father Séraphin, calls it. The seminarists number eleven, all of them natives; eight being Gallas and the other three Abyssinians. Six of their number have already received Minor Orders. Father Séraphin claims, in a letter to the *Missions Catholiques*, that his seminary is not only the smallest in the world, but the poorest as well, and appeals to Catholic charity for funds wherewith to ensure the prosecution of his important work—the training of native missionary priests.

If there is one quality the possession of which distinguishes the really great scientist from the pretentious amateur who arrogates to himself that imposing name, it is modesty. The most famous investigators in all scientific branches have uniformly eschewed the positiveness of opinion and the arrogance of assertion which have just as uniformly characterized the lesser men in their respective fields. A case in point is

the celebrated Nicholas Steno, the seventeenth-century Danish anatomist who, after achieving a most brilliant reputation as a scientist, closed his career as a Catholic bishop. In a paper on Steno, read recently to the medical students of St. Louis University by Dr. Frank J. Lutz, we find this introduction to one of the great anatomist's discourses: "Instead of promising you the gratification of your desire for information concerning the anatomy of the brain, I candidly confess that I know nothing about it. I wish with all my heart that I were the only one who is compelled to say this, for in time I could at least profit by the knowledge of others." Fancy the pseudo-scientist of the present day admitting his ignorance of anything connected with his specialty! Of science, as of all other learning, it is true that—

Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

"Provident Institution" seems to be the English equivalent for what on this side of the Atlantic is termed a mutual benefit association. As a specimen of the advantages proffered by such a society, we quote the following advertisement of the Booksellers' Provident Institution:

A young man or woman of twenty-five can invest the sum of twenty guineas (or its equivalent by instalments), and obtain the right to participate in the following advantages: 1. Freedom from want in time of adversity as long as need exists. 2. Permanent relief in old age. 3. Medical advice by eminent physicians and surgeons. 4. A cottage in the country (Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire) for aged members; with garden produce, coal, and medical attendance free, in addition to an annuity. 5. A furnished house in the same Retreat at Abbots Langley for the free use of members and their families on holidays or during convalescence. 6. A contribution toward funeral expenses when it is needed. 7. All these are available not for members only, but also for their wives or widows and young children. 8. The payment of the subscriptions confers an absolute right to these benefits in all cases of need.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Thanksgiving Lie.

BY MARGUERITE G. REYNOLDS.



IT was the day before Thanksgiving, and Harold and Teddy had been dressed for the afternoon. Nurse had told them to play quietly in the library, as their mother was taking a much-needed rest after her long preparations for dinner the next day.

Nurse was very busy, so the two little boys were left alone. They were, however, a restless little pair, and quite unused to amusing themselves; books and marbles were soon thrown aside, and the afternoon seemed likely to be a dull one.

It probably would have been all that it promised, had not Harold been struck with an unfortunately brilliant idea.

"I say, Ted!" he cried out suddenly. "Martha's been making lots of good things to-day. Let's go and have a look at them."

Ted raised a pair of frightened brown eyes to his brother's face.

"Do you s'pose we dare?" he asked timidly. But, reassured by the short, "Don't be a muff!" of his more valiant twin, he said nothing more.

Hand in hand, the two naughty little boys started for the kitchen. Both Martha and the cook were at work upstairs, and no one noticed the twins as they stole softly out of the library.

The pantry was locked, but the key hung on a nail beside the door; and Harold, with the aid of a kitchen chair, reached it without much difficulty. With trembling fingers he inserted the key in the lock and opened the door.

The twins stood side by side on the threshold, staring with wide-open eyes at the sight which met their astonished gaze.

There were long rows of shelves all filled with tempting delicacies; there were pies of every sort and description; there were cakes of every kind imaginable; and on the lowest shelf of all were nuts and raisins, jellies and tarts, fruits and candies.

To the hungry twins, it seemed as if a paradise had opened before them; and, quite forgetting that they had come "only to look," they began to eat as fast as they could. Tarts and candies and raisins disappeared with marvellous rapidity. They ate until they could eat no more.

"I guess p'r'aps we'd better go back," whispered Teddy faintly.

And, after grasping another handful of raisins, his brother followed him out of the pantry. Harold forgot to lock the door, and left traces of his sticky fingers on all the door-knobs. The two boys went quietly out of the kitchen, Harold leaving a trail of nuts and raisins on Martha's spotless floor.

When they reached the library, they wrapped the remaining "goodies" in their handkerchiefs, and sat down before the fire with their storybooks.

It soon grew too dark even to see the pictures; and, as no one came for them, both Harold and Teddy fell fast asleep. When they awoke nurse was bending over them with a queer expression on her face. She seemed to forget that the twins had had no supper, for she took them each by the hand and led them upstairs.

Harold suddenly drew out his handkerchief, forgetting what it contained; and out flew the nuts and raisins, all

over the bedroom floor. He stooped, with a very red face, to pick them up, saying as he did so:

"Well, Martha gave 'em to me."

Nurse received this information without comment; but Harold's face grew redder and redder, for this was the first lie he had ever told.

Nurse continued to undress them in silence, and in a few minutes their mother came in for her good-night kiss. Her face was very grave, and she did not laugh and joke as she usually did.

Teddy's eyes closed almost immediately, but Harold lay sobbing bitterly. He could still see in imagination Teddy's great brown eyes gazing at him with astonishment as he told that wicked, wicked lie; he could still see the love and sorrow in his mother's face as she kissed him good-night.

No, he could not go to sleep without her forgiveness; and finally he crept softly out of his little white bed. The hall was long and dark and cold, and Harold's heart throbbed almost to suffocation as he opened the door and peeped out. Two minutes later, however, a little white-clad figure sped through the long corridor.

It was very late, but Mrs. Fielding had not yet retired; and Harold felt that the light which shone out through her transom promised a welcome to her unhappy little son. When he had confessed how naughty he had been—for he was too honorable to blame Teddy,—his mother kissed him in token of her forgiveness, and led him back to his own room, where she tucked him warmly in bed.

Mrs. Fielding thought her little sons were punished sufficiently; for both were very ill that night, and the delicious Thanksgiving dinner lost all charms for them.

Harold and Teddy firmly resolved that they would never again touch anything which did not belong to them; and I do not think they ever did.

Three Months Under the Snow.

—
BY J. PORCHAT.
—

III.

NOVEMBER 25.

Snow still falls in great quantities, and I have great trouble in keeping the trap clear so that we can raise it. My grandfather thought it would be best to shovel most of the snow from off the roof, leaving only enough to keep us warm. I worked at this quite a long time to-day.

It is a pleasure for me to get out of my prison; and yet the scene from the roof makes me feel very downhearted. A dead white landscape and a lowering sky meet the eye on every hand. I have read stories of voyagers in the Arctic regions who found themselves surrounded by fields of ice and snow. It seems to me as if we had been transported to those frozen seas.

We are not so badly off as we might be in our solitary habitation. We have found that we have enough oats and straw to keep Blanchette for a year. That means a great deal to us, as we have to depend largely upon her for our food. We also found in a corner of the stable a small stock of potatoes, of which we are taking the best of care. We have covered them with straw to keep them from freezing, and we use them sparingly.

We found our wood in the stable; but we have not enough to last the winter through, so we close the trap and do without fire whenever we possibly can. Fortunately, the snow that buries us keeps us warm. I can see now how the Esquimaux keep so comfortable in their snow-houses. To add to our fuel supply, we have a pile of pine cones, a part of which I myself collected when on a visit to the chalet, intending to take them down to the village. Then, if necessary, we shall not

hesitate to burn the mangers and other parts of the stables.

Almost everything had been taken away from the chalet previous to my father's departure. We are sorry that they did not leave the kettle for making cheese. We have some kitchen utensils and a hatchet and saw. We found only three loaves of the bread that is kept for a year in the mountains, and has to be broken with a hatchet at last, it gets so hard. We came upon this while we were searching about in an old oak cupboard. We also found a little salt, some ground coffee, and some lard. We decided to save this last for our lamp, as we have but little oil.

NOVEMBER 27.

It is still snowing. My grandfather says it is rare to see such a snowfall even in the mountains. We have calculated, as exactly as possible, how much oil we burn daily; and we have found that if we burn our lamp twelve hours a day, it will last only a month. We have decided to burn it only three hours. When it is out, we talk to cheer each other in the gloom. Grandfather often gives me examples to work out in my head. Time passes rapidly when we are occupied in this way, and for the moment we forget our forlorn condition.

NOVEMBER 30.

We have found another way of employing ourselves. As there is plenty of straw, I braid it together in long strands, which can be used for different purposes. I have seen my father bind such strands around sheaves of grain to keep them together. They can also be woven into chair bottoms. I sit close enough to the fire to see, and my grandfather passes me straws, and watches that I do not get dangerously near the blaze. As we work, we talk of the coming summer and the joys of harvest time, and for the moment forget our snowy prison.

DECEMBER 1.

A shiver of fear passed over me when I wrote down the above date. If November days seemed long, what can we expect of December? This month may see the end of our captivity, but I hardly dare hope so. The snow is so deep, it seems to me that a whole summer will not be long enough to melt it. It now reaches to the roof; and if we did not go up every day to clear off the trap, it would get so that we could not open it, and then we could have no fire at all.

I pity my grandfather so much in this living tomb! I asked him to-day what he missed the most, and he replied:

"A ray of sunlight! Still," he continued, "our fate is less hard to bear than that of many prisoners, some of whom do not deserve punishment. We have fire and light at times; no cruel jailer comes to visit us. And we are not alone: we have each other for company. Even Blanchette softens our captivity; and it is not only because of her usefulness that I prize her."

These last words caused me to reflect, and I proposed keeping the poor beast closer to us.

"She must be lonesome out there alone," I urged. "She often bleats piteously. Why not keep her in here in a corner? There is room enough for us all, and she will be so happy."

My proposition was well received, and I at once set about preparing a place for her. I chose the most suitable corner, and nailed up a little manger for her; then I went out and led her in.

How delighted she was! It seemed as if she tried to thank us. Now while I am writing, she is lying on her fresh straw bed, calmly chewing her cud, and looking at me with a satisfied air.

DECEMBER 3.

To-day I was attracted to the roof by a ray of sunlight shining down the chimney. Cold, dry weather has succeeded the stormy period. How the

white carpet dazzled my eyes, and how beautiful the forest looked! I hardly dared tell my grandfather of all the joy I felt.

As I pondered over it, it suddenly occurred to me to do the most simple thing in the world: that was to shovel the snow away from the door, beginning at the roof. I began the task at once, determined that my grandfather should see a ray of the beautiful sunlight. I have worked all day, but my task is not yet completed. My clothing is now drying before the fire, and I am wrapped up in a quilt as I write.

DECEMBER 4.

My work is advancing. I keep at it as long as my grandfather will allow me to. He is afraid I will get too fatigued or catch cold. He says that he thought of this long ago, but did not mention it, for fear it would be too much for me to accomplish.

DECEMBER 5.

We can go out of doors now. I have had the pleasure of seeing my grandfather walk around the small opening in front of the chalet, steadying himself on one side by a railing I put up, and on the other by a pick stuck in the snow. We stopped a few moments at the end of our short avenue, to look about. The day was cloudy and we were oppressed by the sight of the overcast sky, the mountains of snow, and the deathlike stillness surrounding us. But one living thing met our glance: a bird of prey, which flew over our heads, with a hoarse shriek, in the direction of the village.

"The pagans would have interpreted the significance of that bird, the direction of its flight, and its cry," remarked my grandfather. "Superstitious men have considered it an omen of fear or of hope. Shall we soon follow in the direction indicated by it? God only knows. He is too good and too wise to reveal the future to us. If He desired to do so, He would not use

a bird as a prophet. Come, child, let us go in. I thank you for the trouble you have taken to procure me a bit of pleasure. I shall profit by it better some other day."

We came inside; and, contrary to my expectations, we are more serious than usual. In spite of my efforts, conversation lags. I think our melancholy is caused by our having been able to go out from our prison for a short distance, thus realizing more strongly than ever how shut off we are from the rest of the world. I had hoped the effect would be quite different.

(To be continued.)

How Long to Sleep.

A year or two ago people in Sweden became very much interested in the question as to how much sleep school-children should have. The doctors had discovered that those young folk who did not have enough sleep were far more liable to different kinds of sickness than were the rest. A regular investigation was accordingly held, and here is the conclusion at which the learned men all arrived:

Children four years of age require twelve hours of sleep; children of seven require eleven hours; children of nine need ten hours; boys and girls from twelve to fourteen years old should have from nine to ten hours; and, finally, youths and maidens from fourteen to twenty-one ought to take from eight to nine hours.

Less than this average is pretty sure to result in poverty of blood, general weakness, etc. And now, as all our young readers know how old they are, they can tell just how long they ought to sleep. Let us add that, if they are sensible young folk, they will take at least one-third, if not one-half, the requisite amount of slumber before midnight.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Amateur ornithologists in our home State, and bird-lovers generally, will welcome "How to Know One Hundred Wild Birds of Indiana," an excellent booklet written by D. Lange and neatly brought out by the Educational Publishing Co., Boston.

—Many a minor poet will take heart of grace on reading Brander Matthew's opinion that "verse, however exquisite, is almost valueless if its appeal is merely technical and merely academic, if it pleases only the sophisticated palate of the dilettant, if it fails to touch the heart of the plain people."

—Book Two of Cyr's "Graded Art Readers" is one of the most attractive school-books that we have ever seen. It is designed to help children to appreciate famous paintings, a number of which are admirably reproduced. Nevertheless, Book Two, like its predecessor, is primarily a reading-book. The selections are well chosen, and there is an excellent vocabulary. Ginn & Co.

—A very readable sketch of Lady Georgiana Fullerton (1812-1885), by an unnamed writer, has recently been added to the English Catholic Truth Society's biographical series. We hope it may find many readers among those to whom the complete life would not be attractive. Cardinal Newman once said of this remarkable woman: "Since I have been a Catholic I have looked upon her with reverence and admiration for her saintly life."

—In his preface to "At the Deathbed of Darwinism," E. Dennert, Ph. D., says: "My object in these pages is to show that Darwinism will soon be a thing of the past, a matter of history; that we even now stand at its deathbed, while its friends are solicitous only to secure for it a decent burial." And yet only forty-five years ago "The Origin of Species" was hailed as the last word of accurate science on a subject of engrossing interest. Science has about as many last words as the popular prima donna has farewell visits.

—"Songs of the Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ" is a delightful little Christmas book, printed on Cheltenham paper, with rubricated title-page, and illustrations by Albert Dürer. The songs carry one back to the Ages of Faith when Christmastide was a religious rather than a social season. Among the poets represented are William Drummond of Hawthornden—two of whose exquisite sonnets are reproduced,—Coleridge, Southwell, Donne, and Giles Fletcher. There are also translations of old Latin and Greek songs on the Nativity by E. Caswell, Philip Schaaf, Ray Palmer

and Catherine Winkworth. This little book is from the Monadnock Press, Nelson, New Hampshire, and somehow gives one the same impression of artistic value as one receives from the Mosher publications.

—From Ginn & Company comes a pamphlet of fifty pages, "Bethink Yourselves," by Leo Tolstoi. It is a reprint from the London *Times*, and embodies the Russian author's views of the struggle now going on in the East. That these views are condemnatory of the war need hardly be said.

—We experience no difficulty whatever in crediting this statement of the *New Zealand Tablet*:

The curtailing of such names as the following would be appreciated by the mercantile community of Victoria: Baddaginnie, Boomahnoomoonah, Connewirricoo, Durdiwarrah, Hinnomunje, Karramomus, Kinimakatka, Kinneypaniel, Koorocheang, Korweinguhoora, Panoobamawm, Pannoomilloo, Puckapunyal, Tallagaroopna, Tarrayoukuan, Terrapee, Weepoinah, Wulgulmerang, Dellicknora. Just fancy a post office being named Upotipoton.

—"Catholic Bible Reading According to Rule," by W. Thornton Parker, M. D., Obl. Sec. O. S. B., pleases us very much. The author has in mind what might be called a layman's Breviary. Few persons, perhaps, will be able to follow out the writer's plan as faithfully as the priest accomplishes the daily recitation of the Divine Office; still, all the laity will find in this pamphlet a thoroughly systematic course of Bible reading. We heartily commend the publication to our readers. John Murphy Co.

—From Benziger we have received two timely little books—namely, "The Rosary," by the Rev. F. P. Garesché, S. J.; and "The Immaculate Conception," by the Rev. A. A. Lambing. Father Garesché's book is a series of reflections on the mysteries of Our Lady's Chaplet, and should make the recitation of the Rosary what it ought to be—namely, a devout meditation. Father Lambing's book is a short treatise on the Immaculate Conception, and gives the history of the dogma, its meaning, and its place in the economy of the Church.

—"The Divorce Problem in the United States," a pamphlet of some fifty pages, is published by Thos. J. Flynn & Co. The author, Patrick L. Crayton, S. T. L., addresses the general reader rather than the specialist, and sets himself the task of demonstrating the evils of divorce, the inadequacy of the reforms ordinarily proposed, and the desirability of certain remedies "for the existing disastrous condition of affairs." The pamphlet would be far more readable had its author conformed to the modern custom of

dividing his material into sections and chapters. An unbroken series of fifty pages, of some four hundred words each, is not especially attractive. On the other hand, the five pages of bibliography printed after the essay furnish some interesting and useful information.

—The Catholic Library Store, of Dayton, Ohio, is an establishment that may well receive the increasing patronage, not only of that city's Catholics, but of their coreligionists in adjacent towns and villages. The proprietors of the store maintain a Catholic free circulating library, the permanence and progressive excellence of which are dependent upon the general prosperity of the business. In connection with the Library Store there is also a Catholic newspaper and periodical agency, which supplies good magazines and papers at publishers' prices.

—The Rev. Father De Costa, whose death occurred recently, was at one period in his career of threescore and thirteen years a somewhat prolific writer. Besides editorial work on several periodicals—among others, the *Magazine of American History*,—he published a number of valuable monographs on early American historical topics; and also brought out (1873) a novel, "The Rector of Roxburgh," under the pseudonym of William Hickling. After his conversion in 1899, his most important work was "From Canterbury to Rome," published three years ago.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.
 The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.
 Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.
 St. Egwin and His Abbey of Evesham. *The Benedictines of Stanbrook.* \$1.25, net.
 Sportsman "Joe." *Edwin Sandys.* \$1.50.
 Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate. *Roger Freddi, S. J.* \$1.25.

- The Fatal Beacon. *F. von Brackel.* \$1.25.
 Oxford Conferences on Prayer. *Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P.* \$1.
 The Grounds of Hope. *Rev. W. J. B. Richards D. D.* 40 cts., net.
 Lives of the English Martyrs. Vol. I. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.75.
 Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise. *Very Rev P. A. Sheehan, D. D.* \$1.08.
 Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. *Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1.60, net.
 The Immaculate Conception. *Archbishop Ullathorne.* 70 cts., net,
 Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael.* 75 cts., net.
 Poems by Richard Crashaw. *Edited by A. R. Waller.* \$2.
 The Land of the Rosary. *Sarah H. Dunn.* \$1.10
 In Many Lands. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* \$1.50.
 Strong-Arm of Avalon. *Mary T. Waggaman.* 85 cts.
 The Woodcarver of 'Lymпус. *M. E. Waller.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. P. A. Twohey, of the archdiocese of Kingston; Rev. Henry Pinard, diocese of Natchitoches; Rev. Thomas Plunket, diocese of Ogdensburg; Rev. Joseph Wielgus, diocese of Pittsburgh; Rev. Alphonse Kuisse and Rev. Claudius Ebner, O. S. B.; and Rev. Agostino Cogliani, O. S. A.

Sister Mary Germaine, of the Sisters of Charity.
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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.]

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

○ BOUNTIFUL Mother, full of grace!
 ○ path of light 'twixt heaven and earth
 Unknown before!
 By thee the Saviour of our race
 Descends, and, child of thee, hath birth
 For evermore.

By thee, Celestial Gate, doth man
 Ascend, led on by thee, fair Star,
 To heaven above.
 Through thee the reign of love began;
 Lead home thy children wand'ring far,
 With mother-love.

○ Mother-Maid! God's mystery!
 Nature amazed, the wonder saw,—
 Its God thy child.
 All hail! thy children cry to thee:
 Make us, in hope and love and law,
 Live undefiled.

R. O'K.

Catholics and Spiritism.

TEN years ago, in one of the November issues of THE AVE MARIA, there was published an account of a specific apparition of a soul from purgatory, a prodigy that occurred in an Italian convent in 1859.* The unquestionable authenticity of the narrative, coupled with the light which it threw upon the reality and intensity of the sufferings endured by the Holy Souls, awakened an interest that led to the paper's full or partial reproduction in a score or more of

periodicals in various parts of the world. As a bit of timely reading during the Month of the Dead, it more than justified its appearance in these pages; and the graphic illustration (of the Dead Hand) which accompanied it lent to the narrative an impressiveness calculated to stimulate Catholic fervor and zeal in proffering effective aid to the souls of the faithful departed.

After the lapse of a decade, and by way of striking contrast, the article in question has been recalled to our mind by the perusal of a paper in the October issue of the *Homiletic Review*, "The Fraudulent Side of Spiritualism." Its author, Dr. Isaac K. Funk, some months ago requested his brother, Mr. B. F. Funk, to investigate the business of a "radium expert" of Chicago who thus advertises the sale of equipments for spiritistic mediums: "Crowns, belts, veils, hands, and full-sized figures, all illuminated with the new radium light, will appear gradually, float about the room, and disappear." The investigation took place, and Dr. Funk publishes the detailed account of his brother's exposure of the purveyor who caters to the increasing number of fraudulent, so-called mediums.

Sufficient for our present purpose will be the quoting of the following paragraphs from the dialogue between the expert and the investigator:

What class of people will be the chief constituency of your lady friend [the supposititious medium]—Catholic or Protestant, white or black?

Why, what difference does that make?

* "The Dead Hand of Foligno," Vol. xxxix, No. 18.

Well, if Catholic, they will prove the more remunerative, as they are much more ready to accept the supernatural. I have a splendid make-up representing a Catholic priest. The Catholics go wild over him. He is very effective with his priestly garb and with his large cross.

But how is one costume and one medium to represent different priests?

Oh, given little light and plenty of faith and plausible assertion, a Catholic will see just the priest he wishes to see. It is amazing how easily people are deceived in a semi-dark room. With the lights low, you can not tell whether an object is three feet or ten feet away. Distances and directions and proportions are extremely deceptive in the dark. As to the Catholics, if you materialize a well-known priest, or two or three dead friends of some one or more Catholics present, for the next week you will have all the private "sittings" you can care for at \$5 or \$10 each.

An obvious comment upon the foregoing statements is, of course, that they are probably as absurd as are the spiritistic manifestations which it is their author's professed business to promote. Yet it may be that, full allowance being made for the usual exaggeration of the merchant who wishes to dispose of his wares, the statements are not without substantial truth. We have, indeed, independent reasons for believing that some, at least, of the participators in the spiritistic séances held in different parts of the country are Catholics.

Now, what shall be thought of a member of the one true Church who, from reprehensible curiosity—to say nothing of any more serious motive,—dabbles even occasionally in this turbid pool of modern spiritism? In downright earnestness, there is but little exaggeration in asserting of him, as did Polonius of Hamlet: "That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true." The Catholic who imagines that he can with a safe conscience attend these séances and witness these spirit-manifestations, be they genuine or fraudulent, is sadly mistaken, and needs a heart-to-heart conversation with an enlightened confessor.

In connection with this subject, let there be cited here a passage from an article—"The Devil and His Crew"—contributed to the current *Catholic World* by the Superior-General of the Paulists, Father Searle, scientist as well as theologian:

"It is important for Catholics to understand this matter and to realize the danger involved in it. Many of us are inclined to disregard it, to think and say these séances and manifestations are all humbug and nonsense. But they are not,—not all of them; and you can never know when you will meet the real thing. You will say that 'even if we do, we are on our guard against it; it is not going to shake our faith.' Perhaps not; still one should not play with fire. And even if it were absolutely certain, not only that our faith would not be weakened, but that it would even be strengthened by so doing, still the sin of mixing ourselves up with work of this kind would remain the same. The real sin consists in having dealings wantonly and needlessly with the devil; and in these affairs there is always grave danger of this. And it is not lawful, even though good may come of it. We must not do evil that good may come."

This teaching is, of course, merely the reproduction in another form of what may be found in any advanced catechism's exposition of the First Commandment. Thus, in Spirago's "Catechism Explained," we read: "God also permits the evil spirits to mislead those who practise spiritualism, which consists in the invoking of the spirits of the dead in order to discover things secret, or [events] that are taking place at a distance. The devils personate the spirits invoked, and by their superior knowledge are able to reveal many things, by which they delude those who deal with them into thinking that they are really conversing

with some departed relative or friend. On these occasions the spirits will sometimes take a material form. Spiritualism leads to the loss of faith or of morals, or at least to the ruin of the peace of mind of the person practising it. Very often it is mixed up with a great deal of imposture."

The concluding statement of the foregoing paragraph inferentially acknowledges a fact which it is a serious mistake for any one to call in question—viz., the genuineness of some at least of the spirit-communications and spiritistic phenomena so increasingly prevalent at the present day. To deny this fact, and assert that all such phenomena are "humbug and nonsense," is to confess one's ignorance or very imperfect knowledge of the subject; and is, moreover, to furnish the unwary with a plausible pretext for tampering with such forbidden matters. Granting that exposure after exposure has proved to a demonstration that a very large number of spiritistic wonders are gross impostures, it can not, in the light of scientific investigation of the subject, be denied that some of the phenomena recorded by competent observers are inexplicable by any laws of the known forces of nature.

Notwithstanding, indeed, the almost innumerable instances in which fraudulent mediums have been, and are daily being, shown up in their true characters as deceivers of a credulous public, so serious an author as the Catholic, J. Godfrey Raupert, in "Modern Spiritism,"—a book which bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of St. Louis,—does not hesitate to say that "it will be found to be wholly impossible to escape the conclusion that a very large proportion of the phenomena commonly termed spiritualistic are objective in character, and that they are often directed and controlled by intelligence; and that that intelligence

is frequently one apart from, and independent of, the intelligence of any person or persons assisting at the experiment."

As Mr. Raupert was, himself, originally a spiritist, and has been for years a prominent member of the Society for Psychical Research, his testimony as to the objective reality of the various kinds of spirit phenomena is valuable, if not conclusive. These different manifestations are: (1) the movement of heavy bodies with contact but without mechanical exertion; (2) percussive and other allied sounds; (3) the alteration of weight of bodies; (4) movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium,—the rising of tables and chairs off the ground without contact with any person; (5) the levitation (or buoyancy in the atmosphere) of human beings; (6) movement of small articles without contact with any person; (7) luminous appearances; (8) the appearance of hands either self-luminous or visible by ordinary light; (9) direct writing; (10) phantom forms and faces.

It may add to Mr. Raupert's prestige with some of our readers to learn that, in response to an invitation from the late Cardinal Vaughan, he, several years ago, delivered a series of conferences on spiritism to the Westminster clergy. It is scarcely necessary to add that, being an orthodox and educated Catholic, he unequivocally condemns as highly dangerous and most prejudicial to faith, morals, and even sanity, all dabbling with the occult.

Similar conclusions will be arrived at by any reader, passably equipped with Catholic philosophy, who peruses with discrimination another recent work on spiritism—Dr. Funk's "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena"; and this, notwithstanding the author's evident desire to justify the prosecution of spiritistic research. The *Literary Digest's* review of this work contains the following paragraph:

The reader of this book may consider himself at the end well up to date on the subject; for the author leads patiently and courageously into all the byways and retreats of the study, giving us a thesaurus of just the things which one interested wants to know, but which are so widely scattered and so difficult of access that the layman is left in a haze of things half revealed and half concealed.

The present writer has qualified himself in the direction indicated above. He has given Dr. Funk's book a painstaking perusal, industriously going through its 534 pages, including the twelve pages of bibliography,—in which, incongruously enough, is found Faber's "Spiritual Conferences." The outcome of his reading is the strengthened conviction that spiritism, where it is not imposture, is diabolism pure and simple; and that mediums who set out to dupe the credulous by such fraudulent devices as are advertised by the "radium expert" of Chicago are themselves commonly enough the dupes of Satan. If we adopt for the nonce the commercial phrase and ask as to spiritism, What is there in it for us Catholics? the answer must unmistakably be: Absolutely nothing save sin and very real danger of perversion.

The spirit of bravado which prompts Dr. Funk to write, "I should think much less of myself were I afraid to enter a séance-room, though I knew it to be full of devils as the air with bees at swarming time," is not at all the Catholic spirit. We pray to God daily, "Lead us not into temptation"; and we think it prudent to pay heed to the Scriptural injunction, "Let there not be found any one that consulteth spirits; for the Lord abhorreth all these things."*

With regard to this whole subject, good Catholics, far from gratifying a baneful curiosity by attending the séances of real or counterfeit spiritists, will shun their meeting-rooms as the

very antechambers of hell; and will recite with earnest fervor the invocation at the end of the daily Mass: "Holy Michael, Archangel, defend us in the day of battle. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; and do thou, Prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God, thrust down to hell Satan and all wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls."

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

IX.—THE HEART OF THE FOREST.

DURING the days that followed, Irène had leisure to look at her life as it was, and was to be. But when she looked, she could not find it: it was all swept away into this mystery of another's life which had enveloped and uplifted her own. She seemed to herself hardly to exist, hardly to draw her own breath. She, who had made such imperious demands upon what was unable to satisfy her, now took the first hint of her life's perfection as if it were completely fulfilled; and she was content, humble, at ease.

It was no abstract, unhavened dream. She encouraged in herself an austere, deliberate regard of the possible future. If Mirvan's broken, reluctant confession, shaken from him unwittingly and in spite of himself, had been food and drink sufficient for her needs, it was not because she was unaware of the penury and starvation that might be to follow. She knew that this which was the beginning might also be the end; and she threw no disguise, woven from hope or fear, upon the doubtful future.

* Deut., xviii, 10-12.

Mirvan had no clear vision of the truth he had revealed to her; he was not even conscious of having revealed it. And from the tenor of the revelation she gathered that, in so far as he was aware of whither his destiny was drawing him, he was, for some reason, in desperate struggle against it. He was striving to thwart it all he could, and might still succeed. The cry that had reached her was a cry of dread, not of longing,—the last appeal of a heart and spirit overtaxed. She knew all this, and all that it meant; and still she was confident and untroubled.

Meanwhile Mirvan never came, and she sent him no word or message. Her faith included the perception that he himself knew his own road best. She would not shorten it by a hand's-breadth, even if she might. To her this time seemed neither long nor short. It was like a portion of life set apart in which to realize the rest of it. But as the days multiplied, the conviction that he would not return grew stronger than at first; and now she thought that her life must be spent without him, and that to meet they must wait for another life beyond the grave. Then she thought of the possible length of this life, and still she was unafraid.

During this time Humphrey kept away from her altogether, coming now and again to visit the Baron, but seldom seeing Irène. He did not know that Mirvan, too, was now continually absent, and that she was quite alone. And his fate seemed minded to keep him in ignorance; for the only time he did see her, Mirvan was her companion.

Humphrey was going through the garden in talk with the Baron, appreciating keenly the delicate treasures of this mind, so long chilled and isolated by suffering. They had reached the garden's end, and were continuing their

steps into the wooded park beyond, when Mirvan and Irène were seen suddenly at a little distance coming toward them under the trees. The Baron would fain have escaped the encounter of a stranger, for his old dread was undiminished; but it was too late.

Humphrey had not seen Irène for several weeks. He was struck by her pallor, although she was always pale; and Mirvan, too, wore a ghostly-featured aspect, as though seen in deep shadow. But what startled Humphrey most was their likeness to each other, visible to him now, outwardly at least, for the first time: not the likeness of blood-relationship, but a more intimate and serious resemblance, as of two souls who are simultaneously moved and inspired by one inhabiting thought, or two bodies in whom one soul has found a diverse expression.

Did the Baron see it? He saw something; for as Mirvan drew near, he regarded him with a fixed stare from under his grey brows. Irène, catching sight of them, came to her father; while Humphrey presented his cousin.

The old gentleman's greeting was of the coldest.

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, his tone implying that the pride was unaccompanied by pleasure.

Mirvan returned the stare and the greeting with a set, preoccupied vagueness, as if he literally did not know whether he were addressed by a man or a tree. Then he followed Irène into the house, Humphrey and her father continuing their interrupted stroll. But the Baron's eloquence was gone, his brow and his spirits were overcast. When Humphrey took leave of him, he said, with a very affectionate look:

"I wish he were like you, or you were in his place."

But Humphrey forbore to ask him what he meant.

So the long summer had withered into autumn,—not, as often before in that climate, an autumn of golden tints and breathless beauty, but a rain-swept and storm-beleaguered season, wild as Mirvan's heart, driving swiftly onward to the dark, cold winter. All through October, with only an occasional respite of sunshine and calm, the storms and the winds vanquished the leafage of the forest, broke down its branches, and soaked about its roots in dreary pools. No season could have been better suited to Mirvan's mood, no glory or tenderness of spring or summer so in keeping with the wildered desolation of his mind.

From the first moment of his meeting with Irène, he had felt the grave dread of her power upon him,—for evil, he thought, blinded by his own prejudice. But if his heart's instinct prompted him to flee, to shun the danger before it should be too late, its courage and devotion bade him remain for Humphrey's sake. If he himself was on the edge of peril already, was not Humphrey bound fast in its net? So he held his purpose for a shield before his heart, and went forward into the haunted wood, steadying his steps and enchanting his ears with music. But as the weeks passed on he lost sight and sound of Humphrey altogether; the defence fell forgotten from before him, and the music grew dim and faint, sinking into the laden silence of his heart.

The forest was of great extent, and in many parts pathless and perplexing. Mirvan knew it well, and every path and every pathless glade. But had he not known it at all, it would have made no difference; for he can hardly be lost who cares not where he is. To the intense, inward preoccupation of his mind, even well-known places looked unfamiliar and strange. Sometimes, for days together, he could not have told where he was; then he would realize

it sharply for a while, and then lose it again.

He passed the daylight, and much of the darkness, in this unguided wandering, snatches of exhausted sleep coming unawares, and leaving him again unrested. He hardly felt the change between his sleeping and his waking consciousness, so dream-driven and labored were his daylight thoughts, so keen with pain the creations of his sleep. As the night drew on to be late, he sought covering in some half-protected shelter of rock or tree; or more often spent the night in his mother's deserted hut, never inhabited since she died; and there some faint, obscure influence still lingered, to bring him forgetfulness and rest.

Mirvan was so new to trouble, that at first he could not believe but that this would pass quickly away. Living until now in the calm temple of art and beauty, long practised in the glad abnegation of art's ascetic service, he was unaware as yet of any other form of sacrifice than this; profoundly unapprehensive of that deeper denial which is sometimes demanded by the inexorable genius of life.

It came upon him at first as an alien infliction dimly understood, and he found no words to voice it to himself. It was no more to be described or analyzed than extreme physical pain; and, like the pain of the body, it usurped and obliterated his conscious thought, so that he seemed less a person than a mere instrument of suffering. At first he never named it love; but as the days dragged on, the word and the thought came and rested in his heart, deeper than its pain or strife,—the one inviolable certainty of his being; as, to some life misspent and gone astray, death, with its healing hope, becomes the sole salvation. Down in the deeps it rested; and it was only now and then that he touched it, and found safety for a while from his own

tormented thoughts. In the upper world of his consciousness the contest raged unceasingly, with its double host of recollection and foreboding, its bondage of heart-broken remorse, its unseen ambush of despair.

He held close to the thought of Humphrey. Toward Humphrey the wrong might surely be repaired, no matter at what cost. Irène he strove by all means to forget; for the thought of her came between him and his life as he saw it must be. Out of the midst of the cloud that enveloped his faculties, he yet perceived that something was laid upon him to do, and that to accomplish it his face must be forever turned away from her.

All this was dark at first. But, from hour to hour, the pain of his experience cleared the outlook of his soul, and he saw what it all meant, this thing that he had done. For the worst of all came to be that he himself had deliberately sought this fate. Fate? Yes, but self-chosen by the blind despotism of his own will.

Such were his days through the early and the later autumn; and his nights brought him no respite. At first he slept little, his youth and strength undaunted by the fierce demands of his spirit. But by degrees, and against his will, exhaustion laid its hand upon him, and he was unable any longer to shake it off. He dropped asleep continually, rousing himself only by fits and starts, and helpless to hold himself awake for long together.

And now in his dreams a new feature began to trouble him far more than his waking life. So far his hours of unconsciousness had been but a reiteration of his soul's disquietude; but now, in his sleep, he and Irène were always together. It was vain to struggle against her all day, if at night she was to wait for him in that vivid shadow-world from which he had no power to banish her. There was no escape. And

if she did not come as visible figure or invisible voice, it was because she was nearer still, dreaming his dream along with him, sounding the same experience in an inseparable companionship, until he woke in terror, with a terrible sweetness in his heart, and hated himself, and resolved to sleep no more. But the exhaustion of the day told upon him, and the night returned again.

At last he determined to go to Irène, say something that would evoke the avowal of her love for Humphrey, and come away fortified with the truth. But to crave the truth in earnest is a perilous search. No sooner had he framed this resolve than the truth itself answered him. Why should she inhabit his dreams, if in his life she had no part? Why, the bondage of his waking will once lifted, was she always at his side, silent often, and unseen, but never absent? Was there no significance in this? Could one who loved another attend so faithfully, so fatally, his soul's fathomless searchings in the abyss of sleep? Nay, was there need to question his dreams or her? His own heart gave answer amply significant, only he dared not listen.

Nevertheless, he went. He sought her. It was many weeks after the night of his love's unconscious revelation. As chance would have it, he did not reach the house, but met her in the woods, almost at the very place where Humphrey had last taken leave of them together. She was walking slowly toward him even as then, but now she was alone.

Aware of his approach by some other sense than sight or hearing, she said, never lifting her eyes:

"You are come at last!"

There was no reproach and no gladness in her voice. But once again the truth rose, and stood in front of him, undisguised.

"I am come to say something to you," he answered.

Involuntarily they both turned back by the way Irène had come. And the whole of the way Mirvan was silent. Irène could not or would not help him.

This was the time of their meeting with Humphrey and the Baron; and Mirvan made no stay afterward, nor any attempt to speak. Neither did he come again. Tossed from weakness to weakness, he had but one strength—the strength to keep away from her.

X.—TENEBRÆ.

This had happened in the end of November. As the next month drew to its close a kind of resolve formed itself in Mirvan's mind, slowly, uncertainly, like a dim light in a great darkness. He saw it at first as a pale possibility, in the tired desolation of his heart; then it took a shape of rescue, and beckoned him to choose it. Therewith came the thought and the remembrance of Abbot Anselm, long forgotten. Now, when all else failed, Mirvan turned to him, as he had done long ago; the same blind trust, the same heart-broken craving calling him on. Late on the last night of the year he found himself at the gate of the Monastery of St. Nazarius, now, as always, standing open.

The year was closing in sullen storm. The great trees bent and shook in the blast; and the flooded fountain cried from the darkness, its slender waters white with beaten foam. No soul seemed abroad as Mirvan crossed the wind-swept cloisters. Only, as he neared the chapel, a sleepy monk came shuffling out, and halted a minute in the arch of the doorway, to huddle his robe more closely round him ere he faced the open night. This simple Brother stared affrighted as the wild apparition of Mirvan passed him by, unrecognized, its spectral gaze and rain-drenched garments revealed by the storm light from the sky.

"Some evil-doer, perhaps!" he said.

But when he saw it approach the Abbot's door and enter without knocking, he only shook his head.

Inside the Abbot's room a fire was burning, and the light of a lamp fell on the central table, leaving the rest of the room in shadow. He sat between the table and the fire. A book was under his hand, but he was not reading,—rather framing his own thoughts in the glowing coals; watching, perhaps, with solemn expectancy the passing of the year. To Mirvan it was the peace of heaven, ringed round by the unavailing tempests of earth. He saw the Abbot's face turned toward him in kindly welcome. How well he remembered it! And it was unchanged, carrying still its mysterious message of freedom and repose. All this waiting for him, and he had forgotten it!

He threw himself on his knees, crying:

"I have come back to you! I have none left but you. Here, with you, I am safe."

"Here, with God, you are safe," the Abbot answered. "But you can not wander from Him, my son. He is out in the night even as here."

"Let me tell you everything," Mirvan said; and, as if still under the pressure of the outer storm, he got up and began to wander about the room, in and out of the light and the shadow, speaking breathlessly, swiftly, incoherently,—in short, tumultuous, broken phrases, pouring out his mind's burden like a river in flood.

The Abbot said nothing the while, only listened, with grave head bent, in a keen and rapt attention. He made no attempt to quiet or control Mirvan, beyond the unspoken spell of his presence. And the influence did not fail, as it had never failed before.

The very stillness with which the monk listened—a stillness so restful, yet so alert,—asserted its power. He nodded his head gently from time to time, always looking upon the ground;

and when the lull of exhaustion came, and the spent stream of speech died away in a desolate repetition of its main burden, he rose, and, opening a cupboard in the wall, took from it a flask of golden wine. From this he filled a glass, and, touching Mirvan on the shoulder, bade him drink. But he, who had been watching these movements with eyes that knew not what they meant, when he saw the wine, shook his head and his lips framed the words:

"I can not."

"Drink!" the monk repeated.

And Mirvan, feeling as if he were a child again, and under Brother Anselm's care, set his lips to the glass and emptied it. Then the Abbot laid a hand upon his wet garments, drew him to the fire, and made him sit down. He threw fresh logs upon it, watching them earnestly until they broke into a blaze.

"And now we can talk," he said, seating himself again.

But Mirvan leaned forward, for the moment incapable of speech, and his whole body trembled.

If the Abbot questioned him, it was not because there was need. Enough had reached him, in substance if not in form, to make further enlightenment fruitless. The more so, in that he had often thought of Mirvan during the past months. Yet perhaps he thought a restatement might help this troubled mind, whose methods he well remembered. And so, feigning to be still in the dark, he said:

"Now, will you tell me what is wrong?"

And again Mirvan told it, this time with some semblance of control and intelligent meaning, though still the words were interrupted and distressed.

The Abbot heard him to the end.

"So you think you have hurt Humphrey?" he remarked at last.

Mirvan stared at him.

"Have I not?" he said, dazed by a thought he could not grasp.

"Perhaps we shall be able to find out," the Abbot answered. "Perhaps I think he is invulnerable," he added, with a smile. "And you believe that by the sacrifice of yourself you can save him?" he asked presently.

Mirvan bowed his head.

"But what of *you*?" Anselm continued. "You are not of those who think they can solve the mystery of pain, when it comes upon them, by destroying God's fair gift of life. Sacrifice is a good word, but it is well to know certainly what we mean by it. When you have given up your life's best good, what will you do with life? And how will you convince him for whom you sacrifice it, that it is no sacrifice? For else it will be of no avail. He will not accept his joy at the hands of your pain."

"He knows nothing about it," said Mirvan quickly.

The Abbot slightly shook his head, as though he doubted this. But he only said:

"And the future? Can you assure yourself that he shall never know, never discover on how frail a foundation the house of his happiness is built? Can you let him see you at peace, untroubled, serene, not for one day or week, but day by day and month by month, your whole life through? Have you thought of this?"

The Abbot's voice, so penetratingly gentle, in its strong yet delicate intonation, seemed to act upon Mirvan like the power of reason upon madness. He spoke quietly now, in answer.

"I can not," he said. "I have thought, and I can not face it. My life is over. I must not die, for God forbids it; but I can die to the world, and hide myself here with you until He sends His death to release me. My life is gone from me. Let me be a monk."

A fleeting, yet a very sad smile crossed Anselm's lips.

"But this life is not only a life of sacrifice," he said, gently: "it is a life of supreme and joyful dedication. How can you come here when you have nothing left to lay upon God's altar?"

For the first time a doubt of his own purpose threw its shadow upon Mirvan's face.

"Will you refuse me?" he said. "You can not be so cruel."

"We will speak of that later. You know we demand some preparation before entering this place."

"It is not a resolve taken hurriedly," Mirvan said. "I have long thought about it all through these weeks,—all through these dreadful weeks."

"I know it," Anselm replied. "You have thought of it as an escape and a refuge from these demands of your life that are too heavy. But have you thought that this life, too, will make its demands upon your spirit, and whether you will be able to meet them?"

The youth was silent. He raised his haggard eyes and looked in the monk's face.

"You close my last door of hope," he said.

"This door always stands open," the Abbot replied. "But I would not have you be of those who enter it blindfold, lest, when you wake and look round you, you find your haven of refuge only a prison."

"It matters not," was the passionate answer.

"Yes, it does matter," the monk said. "A false position is what no man may live in, if he know it."

They were both silent on this.

Then the Abbot said:

"We have spoken of you, but there are others whom this touches as nearly. You have told me that you love this lady, and that for Humphrey's sake you will give her up. But you say nothing of her. Are you certain that she loves your cousin?"

There was no answer. Mirvan's face fell into his hands. And still he said nothing.

"My child, my child!" the Abbot went on. "Are you tampering with God's own truth in your wilful blindness? Are two to suffer that one may rejoice with a joy that is only deceit?"

"It is Humphrey," Mirvan said, in a choked voice.

"I know,—I know," the monk replied. "To me, too, he is dear,—dearer than life or joy, but not dearer than truth."

"I thought"—Mirvan's voice was hardly audible—"that she would come to be his in truth, if I were gone."

The Abbot leaned forward a little and touched Mirvan on the arm.

"Do you love your cousin?" he asked.

The look lifted in answer was quick with reproach.

"Loving him, then, and knowing him, as you doubtless do, through love, can you answer me something about him?"

Mirvan waited, still looking.

"If he knew of this sacrifice of yours, fully, as you and I know, would he accept it?"

At the words a veil seemed to fall from Mirvan's eyes. In this tragedy he had looked upon Humphrey as the sufferer, injured and powerless. Now, for the first time, he thought of him as an actor, with will and knowledge and the right of choice.

"If not," Anselm continued, "have you the right to force upon him through ignorance what with fuller knowledge he would reject? Have you the right to cheat him into an unwilling acceptance in so great a matter? Are you, in doing this, treating him as one whom you love or only as one whom you pity?"

"I would die for him if I could," Mirvan said.

"Ah, my son, you have learned not so long ago that it is harder to live than to die. But you have not answered

my question. Would he accept this at your hands?"

"He would never consent," replied Mirvan, in a low voice.

"Against his will, then, and without his knowledge, must this thing be done. But when you have succeeded—when you have gone away out of his life and beyond his knowledge, when you have died for his sake,—what have you left him?"

Again Mirvan looked up, with a face which was literally despairing.

"I begin to understand," he said.

"Can things material ever take the place of things spiritual?" the monk went on, his tone deepening. "If you and this lady are wholly dear to each other, what is there that you can renounce to your cousin? Will not her love be still with you, though you be hidden under a deeper cowl than any religion can shroud you in? Can she change or perish toward you, whatever comes? You can not believe this, else your love for her would be a mockery to itself. And how would Humphrey be bettered by the ruin of her life and yours? Do you know him so little? Give him your reverence, not your pity. And if he indeed be called to suffer, is he any the farther from God for that? What is yours can never be his, and the sacrifice of a thousand lives will not make it so. Who are you, that you should meddle with the doings of God, who has you in His hand, who is in all love whether of earth or heaven, and who will let no true lover feel alone? Fear not for Humphrey, but follow and believe in the truth, and juggle not with things sacred and inviolable."

The priest had spoken sternly, and had risen as he spoke. Mirvan's head sank continually lower, while he realized the contrast between this inveterate vision of the truth in his friend's words and his own blind, useless devotion. He rose to his feet, heavily, as if in pain, and turned to the door without a word.

The Abbot gently laid his hand on Mirvan's shoulder.

"Remember," he said, in his usual voice, "that I have taken as true your estimate of Humphrey's feeling. We are alike actually ignorant as to his inner mind; but it is my belief that you are in error, that it is his final, unshaken decision not to marry."

"I must speak to him," answered Mirvan. "I must be satisfied as to Humphrey's peace. It is dearer to me than my own."

Again he moved to the door, but again the Abbot stayed him.

"Promise me one thing," he said: "that to-night you will go home and rest; and, until you are rested, think of this no more. And for Humphrey's peace," he added,—“remember, it is not in your keeping."

Mirvan seemed hardly to understand.

"Yes, I will go to Humphrey," was all he said.

And Anselm, after a moment's hesitation, allowed him to depart.

"Yes, he will be better with Humphrey," the Abbot said to himself, as he closed the door.

He was oddly reminded, in saying it, of his own words to Sebastian, spoken long since, in this very room; when Mirvan had passed from his care to Humphrey's, in his first sorrow, twenty years ago. It seemed that he and Humphrey were still to be the fellow-guardians of this unsheltered soul.

(To be continued.)

Thy Coming.

THERE was no harvest-time, O Queen!

In all the Advent years:
Men gathered not in gladness
What their hearts had sown in tears.

But with thy coming, Mother dear,
The earth ran oil and wine,—
Men knew the Bread of Angels,
And the grape of the Living Vine! . . .

Memories of the Abbé Peyramale.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN the Sixties Lourdes was very far from being what it has since become—a place of pilgrimage of world-wide celebrity; and the visitor to the Grotto, seeing what it now is, can not help wondering that for so many years the scene of the apparitions remained comparatively unknown. The only person who recognized from the first the great importance which the favored spot had for the Christian world, who predicted the future in store for it, was Abbé Peyramale, the parish priest, a devout and devoted servant of Mary. As if inspired by a spirit of prophecy, he confidently told his bishop that the time was approaching when pilgrims would flock from all parts of the earth to the miraculous spring at Lourdes.

Peyramale looked at all things in the light of faith. He knew for certain that Lourdes was specially chosen by Heaven for the dispensing of extraordinary graces, since the Mother of God had declared this in the most unequivocal manner. To carry out her design, to construct the Grotto in accordance with it, to erect a church and cause it to become a famous place of pilgrimage, was his one thought, his one desire. He pictured to himself a splendid church crowning the rock of Massabielle, and around it a group of religious and charitable institutions. The Christian life, the kingdom of God, was to flourish in Lourdes, far from the giddy world; it was to form, he said to himself, an oasis in the spiritual desert.

The pious Abbé's prediction has been realized: from year to year the number of pilgrims has increased; for a long time Lourdes has ranked first among modern places of pilgrimage. The institutions which Peyramale saw in

the future have in part been erected, but not always in accordance with his wishes and intentions: as time went on much was done of which he could not approve. Many a work ordained by God is imperfect and defective on account of the human element.

At an early stage the direction of affairs was taken from Peyramale and placed in other hands. This was naturally a trial to him; but he bore it bravely and silently, like a true disciple of Christ. It was not that he felt the sting of wounded pride or disappointed ambition: everyone will understand that he would wish to co-operate in a work in which he had every right to share; for his diocesan had expressly stated that he had been called by our Blessed Lady to be her trusted servant, the witness to her apparitions, the apostle who should publish them.

Peyramale withdrew entirely to his presbytery: not more than two or three times in a year was he to be seen at the Grotto. "My mission is accomplished," he would reply to those who wondered at the seclusion he had chosen,—who thought Lourdes was not itself without his familiar figure. In fact, the more he withdrew from and avoided publicity, the more his name, coupled with that of the child Bernadette, was spread abroad far and wide. Innumerable individuals consulted him, either verbally or by letter, concerning their doubts and difficulties; endless matters relating to the miraculous occurrences at the Grotto were laid before him. Few pilgrims were content to leave Lourdes without seeing him. He himself reckoned the number of persons who visited him annually at twenty thousand; and the letters he received, at nine thousand.

Amongst those numerous visitors was a German writer of some repute, who, in an account which he published of his journey to Lourdes, gives a graphic description of his reception at the

presbytery. "After some hours spent at the Grotto," he writes, "I was most desirous to make Abbé Peyramale's acquaintance. One of my countrymen, an ecclesiastic of high rank, kindly offered to accompany me to his house and introduce me to him. The door was opened to us by a staid, middle-aged woman, neatly dressed, who ushered us into a large room, very poorly and scantily furnished. We had waited only a few minutes when a heavy step sounded on the stairs, the door opened and the Curé of Lourdes entered. He cast on me a searching glance; but when the first greetings were exchanged, and I handed him my card, his face brightened; he shook me by the hand and cordially bade me welcome.

"Peyramale is a fine man, tall and broad-shouldered, with something about his appearance which inspires respect and confidence. His hair is white; his features are strongly marked and their expression is somewhat stern; his eye is penetrating. I had abundant opportunity to make observations; for we sat talking a considerable time, freely and confidentially; both on that day and on the following, when we dined with him,—a privilege not enjoyed by many.

"His conversation struck me as that of an intellectual, well-informed, superior man, thoroughly straightforward and upright, incapable of practising or countenancing deception, of tolerating superstitions or delusions. One can well imagine with what irresistible authority he searched Bernadette's conscience, with what severity he sifted her statements, with what incredulity he at first listened to them; and one can understand that the timid little girl would tremble in the presence of the venerable priest, who cross-questioned her sternly, and reproved her for causing a disturbance in his parish by the report of her visions.

"I was so deeply impressed with his good sense and integrity that I felt certain that, were he not perfectly convinced of the supernatural nature of the miraculous occurrences at Lourdes, he himself would arrest the pilgrims on their way to the Grotto, and warn them against too great credulity. I would unhesitatingly attach my belief to anything for the truth of which he pledged himself."

Such was the impression made upon the mind of the German writer.

A bishopric was more than once offered to Abbé Peyramale, but he always declined promotion. "I am not good enough to be a priest, let alone a bishop," he would say. "Every day I see more plainly how many faults I have." One distinction, however, he could not refuse to accept, as it came from the Holy Father himself. In 1874 Pius IX. nominated him Apostolic Prothonotary, in a letter couched in most laudatory terms. The letter is of importance as showing what were the Pope's sentiments in regard to Lourdes. He expressed his high approval of M. Peyramale's project of erecting a church on the spot which the Mother of God had hallowed by her presence, and his appreciation and commendation of the untiring, persevering exertions of the Abbé to increase and promote devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the hearts of the faithful. Moreover, he assured him of his warm sympathy and interest in the miraculous events that took place there, and gave him permission to have the statue of Our Lady solemnly crowned.

Peyramale was now a Monsignor, and on formal occasions had to wear the insignia of a prelate; yet he remained the same humble, unassuming priest as before. Again and again he refused to comply with earnest entreaties to allow his photograph to be taken: he did not wish to become a celebrity. Nor would he listen to

those who told him that his portrait would be eagerly purchased: he did not approve of that means of making money, even for a good purpose.

At one period, however, the zealous, energetic pastor found himself in sore need of funds. He had begun to build a new church of ample dimensions, corresponding to the altered conditions of the place. His appeal for monetary aid was, at the outset, answered with great liberality; and, in the belief that the gifts of the faithful would continue to flow in, he pushed on the work with feverish haste. He found he had deceived himself; for during a considerable period the donations almost entirely ceased, and his embarrassment was great.

About that time he received a letter which gave him great pleasure. A priest belonging to one of the Swiss cantons, who was exiled from his country on account of the Kulturkampf, wrote that, notwithstanding his straitened circumstances, he could not refuse himself the gratification of contributing his mite to the new church, and enclosed a five-franc note which he had saved out of his scanty pittance. M. Peyramale, in acknowledgment of the gift, expressed his fervent thanks. It was more valuable to him, he said, than many a far larger contribution. "Permit me," he added, "to offer a slight token of my sympathy for you in your banishment. I can return you only tenfold: Heaven will reward you a hundredfold for your self-sacrificing charity." The letter contained a note for fifty francs.

The evening of the Abbé's life was by no means as unclouded and bright as one might have expected, considering the celebrity Lourdes acquired after the close of the Franco-German War. He was oppressed with the burden of heavy trials, of keen physical and, what is far worse, mental pain. He who sought to build a beautiful, spacious church in honor of the Mother of God

found himself obliged to stop the work, to abandon the undertaking he had begun on so grand a scale, and leave the half-finished building exposed to winds and storms, for lack of funds to continue it, or even to pay off the heavy debt already contracted. He who had always been ready to help and befriend others found himself deserted, left in the lurch, in consequence of hostile influences at work against him. His very efforts to make known the graces to be obtained at this favored spot appeared to bring discredit upon him. Thus God proves His elect for their sanctification.

Peyramale, recognizing the hand of God in his trials, uttered no word of complaint, but bore his afflictions humbly and patiently. The burden of the cross, however, weighed him to the ground; anxiety and grief undermined his health. His end was sudden.

In the first days of September, 1877, he had the satisfaction of receiving several bands of French pilgrims; after this he was one night attacked by acute pain, in consequence of internal hemorrhage, and his condition quickly became critical. His sufferings were terrible before death obtained the mastery over his vigorous, stalwart frame.

During the night of Saturday, September the 8th, he entered upon his last agony. Shortly before midnight the struggle ceased, and he breathed his last so quietly, so tranquilly, that the bystanders scarcely knew that his soul had departed. Mary called her faithful servant on her own birthday, to reward him for all the sacrifices he had made, the labors he had endured for her greater glory. He was interred, by the express wish of his parishioners, in the crypt of the unfinished church, beneath the spot where the high altar was to stand.

The words inscribed on the monument raised later on to his memory

were these: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house." "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up." They are most appropriate to one the single object of whose life was the glory of God, the welfare of souls.

Peyramale was sixty-six years of age when he died. His name will ever be connected with Lourdes, and ever held in respectful remembrance.

A Memory that Lingered Long.

—
A NOVEMBER STORY.

—
BY MARY TERESA WAGGAMAN.

—
II.

A FEW moments later Wharton rang the bell of the modest rectory, and gave his message to the white-haired priest who opened the door.

"Ah, yes, yes, I will come,—I will come, of course!" he said eagerly. "But he told me last night, with many sinful words, poor boy, that he was not a Catholic."

"He is not; neither am I, Father. But we went together to the Canadian College of Saint Croix; and Travers has tender recollections of his old teachers there which you recalled, though last night he was suffering too much to heed you. Of course he doesn't look for any—any religious rites, but it might comfort and soothe the poor fellow to have you talk to him."

"Yes, yes!" Père Romaine nodded brightly, while his wrinkled face and sunken eyes seemed to kindle into life and glow. "I will go and talk to him, poor boy! Ah! it is the grace, my friend,—God's beautiful grace for which I prayed last night when I saw Our Lady's medal on his neck. That good Mother does not forget,—she never forgets. I will go, my friend,—I will go with you, at once."

They went back together through the

wintry night that had grown rough and wild,—almost too rough and wild for Père Romaine's failing strength. Courtesy to the aged was a law in Wharton's gentlemanly code; and he gave the venerable priest his arm, and upheld his trembling form against the blustering wind. And Père Romaine, who had walked the rough ways of his Master unhelped and unthought of by his fellowmen, warmed up into tenderness under this unlooked-for courtesy.

"Ah! these good teachers of yours, my friend," he said as they reached the hospital door,—“they have taught you the French *gentillesse*. An old man's blessing on you for your great kindness! I will see the patient alone. I will talk to him, and you will wait here. And—do you ever pray? No?” as Wharton was silent. “Well, then, wait and think,—think of the poor soul passing to its God, its Father, its Judge. Wait and think, my friend.”

And Wharton thought, seated rigid and motionless in the wide white hall, while the great clock on the stair ticked away the minutes,—the minutes of the passing soul.

Soul! It was now a word vague, almost meaningless, to Frère François' "little pagan"; and yet it seemed to add to the terror, the power, the darkness of the mystery before which he sat awed and chilled. And two hours ago he would have dared to die, to plunge recklessly into this unknown horror! Now as he sat in its shadow, the white-robed nurse flitting noiselessly up and down the wide staircase, faint echoes of plaint and groan coming through the stillness, the nervous tension grew upon him until it was almost more than he could bear.

Die! Good God, no! He must live, live, live, at any cost,—in ruin, shame, poverty, dishonor,—at any cost. And the half-formed thought leaped suddenly to his mind: Had he not the cost in his

grasp now? The packet, the mining shares, the old woman's legacy. It would bridge over the gulf; it would save him—for a while at least.

And as he sat there, like one dazed by the lurid flash of the temptation, Père Romaine's touch fell on his shoulder. He started to his feet with a quick cry of alarm.

"Aye, my friend, he has gone!" The priest's eyes were dim with tears, but his aged face shone with a strange joy. "He has gone! It was so quick I could not call you."

"Gone!" gasped Wharton, hoarsely; and there was in his eye a light which good Père Romaine did not see.

"Be comforted, my friend. It was in peace, in hope,—in the Faith learned unconsciously in his happy boyhood, held unconsciously in his heart all these dark years, kindled at last by God's dear grace,—kindled at last into love, into life. They are asking for you, to give directions about the poor body. Let it come to the church, to the foot of the altar—to his Father's house. It is his right, poor boy,—it is his right *now*."

And Wharton roused himself to play his part of friend,—to give directions for the simple funeral: poor Travers had money in his pocketbook to defray all expense. There were none to mourn, none to question, none to be informed. There was only Wharton to settle the grisly details of shroud and coffin and grave for the friend who had gone down in the darkness, as he had wished, nameless and unknown.

It was midnight before Wharton, chilled with the horror of all that he had passed through, sprang into a street car for his home. Life—glowing, sparkling life—seemed to meet him on its threshold. The bright flash of the electric lights in the vestibule, the cushioned ease of the elevator, the rich warmth of carpet and rug and drapery in his own luxurious rooms, all the

charm of wealth to which use and *ennui* had deadened him, swept with irresistible appeal over sense and soul.

He flung himself down in his easy-chair before the hearth fire, and basked like a frozen thing in its ruddy glow. Ah! this was life, life,—the life that was still his own, that he must hold at any cost.

With a sudden impulse, he drew Travers' packet from his breast and opened it. The will marked and sealed, the letter to Mrs. Ellen Tomey, 46 Highland Place, B—, were tossed aside carelessly; while with eager hand he unfolded the mining shares, glanced at their heading and gave a low, startled cry:

"The North Star, the North Star!"

He tore open one after another, impatiently: all were shares in the North Star Mining Company,—the North Star, that had bounded up into fancy prices for the last two days, that was bounding still. Ten thousand dollars, Tom had said: these shares were even now worth thirty, forty, perhaps fifty thousand.

Fifty thousand dollars,—safety, honor, fortune; life again,—rosy, glowing, luxurious life! His, if he claimed it,—all his. There had been none to witness the trust of the dead. Of the *dead*! Travers had passed into nothingness, to oblivion. Why should his will hold against Wharton's throbbing, glowing life? And the old woman tottering on Death's verge would never know of gift or loss.

Wharton's cheek burned and his breath came quick and fast as the tempter's whisper rose into passionate strength, before which honor, truth, loyalty,—all the shadowy bulwarks the world rears in the name of Virtue, went down like wind-blown straw.

And in the wild frenzy of the Stock Market next day Vance Wharton stood in white-faced triumph; while the North Star rose higher and higher, and

cheer and hand-grasp and wondering comment on his fortune told him the world for which he lived was again at his feet.

The old Church of Saint Etienne stood dim in the early light of the following morning. One bright beam, struggling through Saint Michael's window, flung the crimson hue of the Archangel's triumphant banner upon the pallid gleam of the funeral tapers burning on the altar, before which the wanderer lay at rest, Père Romaine's crucifix upon his broken heart. Past "the creek"—the gulf of doubt and awful darkness,—old Frère François' "little pagan" had come safely home.

A few devout worshipers, strangers in all but charity to the dead, were gathered in the church; and, in correct mourning garb, Vance Wharton, who could not in very decency shirk this last tribute to the poor clay, occupied a front pew. It had been years since he knelt in the shadow of the old Mother Church that had sheltered his orphaned boyhood; and, in the cold, worldly strength that had returned to him, he felt he could pass through with indifference what to him were meaningless forms.

But the gleam of taper and chime of bell and breath of incense awoke memories that all the cold strength of Wharton's will could not master. Turn his thoughts as he would, there rose before him the olden pictures: the white slopes of Saint Croix glittering in the winter sunlight, the playground with its shouting throng; the boyish ranks marshalled in the quaint old chapel, where a light curly head and sparkling eyes were always close to him, while old Frère François led the evening prayer.

Unhearing and unheeding good Père Romaine's feeble voice, Vance Wharton bent a reluctant knee during the Low Mass. But at the close there was a tender feature that the old Frenchman

had brought from his own country,—a feature never omitted at Saint Etienne.

As the Mass ended the chant of boyish voices arose in the choir:

"*De Profundis*,"—Wharton started, as if thrilled by an electric shock. "*De Profundis clamavi ad Te, Domine*," went on the tender, solemn words, that were piercing as death-darts in their merciless sweetness.

It was old Frère François' evening chant in the college chapel; it was the wail of the wind in the Alaskan darkness, the music that haunted Travers' dying ears, the last cry of his pallid lips.

"Out of the depths!" rose the sweet, boyish chant.

And the crimson light of Saint Michael's banner fell upon a bowed head, a form shaken into blessed weakness,—the rock of cold, worldly, selfish strength forever rent.

Too feeble to go to the cemetery, Père Romaine was unvesting in his little sacristy when an intruder broke rudely upon its holy calm.

"Ah, my friend!" exclaimed the old priest, recognizing Wharton. "Wait a few minutes and I will see you."

"It must be now, Father,—*now!*" was the low, almost passionate answer. "You must listen to me now. I dare not trust myself another hour, another minute,—not even to see him laid in his grave. I would turn liar, thief, traitor again."

"Tut, tut! Silence, my son!" said Père Romaine, soothingly. "You do not know what you say."

"It is the truth,—it is God's truth, Father," continued Wharton, hoarsely. "Take this,"—he drew a paper from his breast. "Keep it for him—for her. It is his will. All that he had he left in my hands for an old woman, his betrothed's mother. Ruin and dishonor were facing me, Father; and I—would have robbed her, robbed him."

"Hush, hush, my son! This is not the way to confess. Wait—"

"I can not, I dare not! You do not know me. In another hour I would be Vance Wharton again,—hard, cold as stone. Hold me to my word, to the truth. I tell you, all I have in trust is hers—Ellen Tomey's,—the mother of the dead girl Travers loved. All is hers by his will that I have just given you. He trusted me with his dying breath. He thought I was the boy he left in old Saint Croix ten years ago. He did not know,—he did not know"—the speaker's voice broke into a strange, hoarse sob.

"I understand, my son," said Père Romaine, that wise old physician of souls,—“yes, I understand. But listen! There is one thing you must know. I told it to your friend, poor boy! Ellen Tomey, good soul, is dead. She died at the Little Sisters' three months ago; and, after her, my son,—after her, as your friend told me, he left all by this will to the brother, the friend of his happiest days,—all to you,—to *you*.”

"To me!" cried Wharton. "Good Heavens, to me,—traitor and coward and liar that I have been!"

"Ah, no, no!" said Père Romaine. "That is all past, my son,—all past. Good! it is the old schoolboy of Saint Croix again. And the old lessons,—the saintly old teacher's lessons! One never quite forgets them. Sooner or later they lead us back, out of the depths into which we have strayed, poor lost sheep, safe into God's fold."

And good Père Romaine was right: the old lessons came back to Vance Wharton, and, learned again from this new friend's lips, led him gently to God and Home.

(The End.)

An Historical Incident.

IT was in July, 1865, at Carlsbad. A large throng of elegantly-dressed promenaders assembled in the court around the music pavilion; and among them was a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman who was the cynosure of all eyes. Annoyed, evidently, by this open curiosity, the gentleman walked away and entered one of the avenues, where a pale-faced little girl approached him, holding out her hand.

"Who sent you out to beg, my child?" asked the gentleman.

"My sick mother," was the reply.

"What does your father do?"

"He is dead and we are so hungry," said the girl, bursting into tears.

The gentleman had taken out his purse, but he put it back again and said:

"Show me where your mother lives."

The girl led the way through the streets into an alley, and stopped before an old house.

"She lives here, sir."

They entered the house and climbed up the rickety stairs to an attic. There in a corner, on a straw pallet, lay a young woman wasted to a shadow by hunger and disease.

As the two entered, the poor woman half rose from her bed and said:

"O sir, my little girl should not have brought you here, for I have no money to pay you for your services!"

"Have you no one at all to help you?" asked the supposed doctor.

"No one: the other people in the house are very poor themselves."

Upon hearing this, the visitor took out his purse and gave the child money to buy food and wine. He then took his leave, and soon afterward one of the principal physicians in the city entered the humble abode. On seeing this second visitor, the woman was perplexed.

WE never ought to look toward Death as a thing far off, considering that, although he made no haste toward us, yet we never cease ourselves to make haste toward him.

—Blessed Thomas More.

"Sir," she said, hesitatingly, "my little girl has made a mistake in calling you in: a doctor has already been here and prescribed wine for me."

"But that gentleman was not a physician, and it was he who sent me to you," was the kind rejoinder.

The gentleman who had accompanied the little girl to her poverty-stricken home was the Czarowitz of Russia, who afterward came to the throne, and whose untimely death, at the hands of an assassin, caused universal mourning.

A Chinese Convert.

WE frequently read in missionary records that recently converted heathen take delight in becoming Children of Mary and love to recite the Rosary. "However difficult it may be," writes a missionary in Cochin China, "to make earnest Christians out of those who have grown up as heathens, examples of real Christian virtue are not of rare occurrence.

"To this number belonged a native catechist named Andreas Do. He was more than ordinarily intelligent, and, from the perusal of books which we lent to him, had drawn the just conclusion that it is to the Christian religion that the nations of Europe owe their superiority. After severe trials and struggles, he became not only a Christian but a model one."

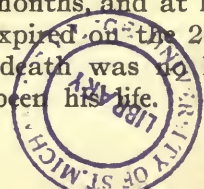
On the 2d of July, 1899, he was baptized, together with his whole family. On this occasion he said to the missionary: "Father, in answer to the question, 'Dost thou renounce Satan?' I should say all I would like to say, the devil would not be greatly gratified. I renounce the devil with my whole heart and forever. I can hardly contain myself for joy when I think that in a few moments I shall be a child of God and of Holy Church."

He made his First Communion on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. During his thanksgiving he could not utter a word, but the tears which flowed down his cheeks spoke volumes. When at a later period the priest endeavored to console him for the death of one of his children, he answered: "Father, I am quite content; for I know that my child is happy. This one is the fourth which God has done me the honor to take to Himself and number with His angels."

The life of this convert was regulated like that of a religious. He rose at five in the morning, and said the Rosary; then followed morning prayers and preparation for school; from seven to ten, classes; then the first meal, and Rosary again; one to five, classes. Next came a second meal, followed by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, when he took a bouquet to Our Lady's altar, and made the Way of the Cross. The rest of the day was spent in the study of Holy Scripture and in private lessons and conferences. His advice was frequently sought in various ways; for he was the trusted counsellor of all who knew him.

His devotion to Mary was a specially beautiful feature in his character. He carried a Rosary with him wherever he went. When trial or suffering of any kind came upon him, he always fell upon his knees and commended himself to God and to His Holy Mother. While still a catechumen he defrayed the principal part of the cost of an altar to the Blessed Virgin, and later on he made other gifts of a similar nature.

This chosen soul was purified in the fire of affliction and suffering. He had many a conflict to wage with natural faults of character. A malignant disease of the lungs confined him to a sick bed for many months, and at last proved fatal. He expired on the 29th of July, 1902. His death was no less edifying than had been his life.



A Long Time Dead.

Notes and Remarks.

A SOMEWHAT startling answer was given not long ago to a Judge of Probate who, in the course of a will case, asked the chief witness, a very old but vigorous Irishman:

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"None, your honor," said the witness: "my only brother died a hundred and fifty years ago."

"What's that?" exclaimed the Judge.

"Witness, you are too old a man to indulge in such trifling. This is no place for pleasantries."

"I'm not trifling, your honor. My father married when he was nineteen, and soon afterward had a son, who died in infancy. Becoming a widower before he was thirty, my father married again, when he was seventy-five; and during the same year had a second son, myself. Now, whether I look it or not, I am ninety-four years of age, as can be proved by the entry in our family Bible, and the register of baptisms in the old church at home. If you add ninety-four to fifty-six, the number of years my father's first son had been dead before I was born, you will find that the sum is just one hundred and fifty. So 'twas not fooling I was, but telling the straight truth when I said my only brother died a hundred and fifty years ago."

"Your explanation is satisfactory, witness," commented the Judge; "but you will admit that the Court had reason to doubt your seriousness. Your brother has been a long—a very long time dead."

MEN may be charitable, yet not kind; merciful, yet not kind; self-denying, yet not kind. If they would add a little common kindness to their uncommon graces, they would convert ten where they now only abate the prejudices of one. — *Faber.*

In a recent sermon, the Bishop of Fall River warned his hearers against the sensational Sunday papers, which he described as "the true yellow peril of this country"; urging parents to keep them away from their homes, out of the hands of their children. "You can not preserve the purity of the home if you have these sensational sheets in them," said the Bishop.

It is a far cry from Fall River to Calcutta, but in distant India the same baneful influence is felt, and the same warning is re-echoed. "Through the secular press," says the *Catholic Herald* of Calcutta, "many come to lose touch with Catholic interests and Catholic life." Disregard of this evil, neglect of counteracting influence, is a sign of carelessness creeping in and threatening to smother Catholic life. "There is no denying," adds our distant contemporary, "that in a Catholic paper one finds what must, on the whole, to a great extent, keep alive the true Catholic spirit so much needed when everything around us is so worldly and even debased."

To the current issue of the *Month* Mr. James Britten contributes a readable account of "The Catholic Conference, 1904." One or two items of information contained therein will probably surprise the general reader. The first is that in the *Times'* report of the Archbishop of Westminster's address, Mgr. Bourne is made to say that two Catholic doctrines completely misunderstood by Protestants are "the infallibility of the Pope and the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ." Such utterly crass ignorance of Catholic dogma as is displayed in the printing of this last clause would be explicable in a backwoods sheet published in Farther India or down in the Aus-

tralian bush; in a paper of the *Times'* prestige it is as astounding as it ought to be humiliating. Quite on a par with this exhibition of what English publicists don't know concerning Catholicity is the statement of the Rev. Dr. Horton, to which attention is called by Mr. Britten, that in mediæval literature the Holy Father was commonly spoken of as "Our Lord God the Pope." It is painful to be obliged to add that this Protestant clergyman, although challenged to support his preposterous contention or else manfully withdraw it, has done neither the one thing nor the other.

A letter from Bishop Couppé, of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Vicar-Apostolic of New Britain, makes it plain that the recent murder of Catholic missionaries in his distant diocese by barbarous and semi-nomadic natives of the Baining tribe, was instigated by the universal and inveterate hatred of the whites, who have taken possession of their country and become their masters. "That our missionaries have been the first to be done to death in the Baining district," writes the Bishop, "is due to the fact that they were at the outposts and known to be defenceless. The murderers, beyond doubt, had no other grievance against them except that they were whites. These natives were as yet in too barbarous a state fully to appreciate the devotion and charity shown to them by the missionaries."

A recent issue of the *Missions Catholiques* contains an interesting notice of Doctor Paul Ki-ko-lao, the three hundred and first anniversary of whose baptism was lately celebrated in the mission of Kiang-nan, China. Ki-ko-lao seems to have been, in the seventeenth century, a man of much the same intellectual calibre as is, in our day, Wu Ting-Fang, late Chinese Minister to the United States. He filled

with notable dignity and executive ability the office of First Minister of State, and his conversion to Catholicity was an event of major importance in the annals of the Church in China. It was chiefly owing to his influence that Father Ricci, founder of one of the early missions in that country, secured the favor of the Emperor; and he himself did effective work in the mission field, bringing within the fold not only his own relatives but a very large number of his friends and acquaintances. The most powerful and devoted protector of the infant Church in the Chinese Empire, Paul Ki-ko-lao deserved well of his fellows three hundred years ago, and his memory is justly held in benediction.

Writing in June, 1897, of his experiences as chairman of the New York Police Commission, Mr. Roosevelt declared: "When one man attacked another because of his creed or his birthplace, I got rid of him in summary fashion.... I refused to 'recognize' any creed or any nationality, or anything else except fitness." On these grounds our worthy President should part company with his Secretary of State. Mr. John Hay was a bigot when he wrote "Castilian Days," and that he remains a bigot is to be inferred from the fact that this very offensive book is still kept before the public. It contains some of the grossest insults and slanders ever penned against Catholics—Spaniards and Irishmen.

A bigot's unfitness for the office of Secretary of State is unquestionable. One occupying such a position should be above ignorant prejudices against any religion or nationality. Mr. Hay is incapable of a statesmanlike course toward any Catholic nation with which our country might at any time have special relations; nor could an individual Catholic expect common justice at his hands. Mr. Hay's narrow-

mindful intolerance of the religious belief of an ever-increasing number of his fellow-citizens renders him unfit to hold public office. The President should, therefore, get rid of him in summary fashion. Mr. Hay would then be free to hie himself to England, a country for which he has long manifested a special predilection. Should he ever contemplate another journey to Spain, however, our advice to him would be to travel *incognito*; otherwise he might be the recipient of attentions which would be altogether unwelcome, though very richly deserved.

In a late number of the *Catholic Watchman* we find an account of the reception of a choir novice at the Presentation convent in Black Town, the commercial quarter of the city of Madras. The mere fact of such a ceremony is, of course, too common to be notable; but one circumstance in connection therewith is distinctly worth mentioning. Miss Anna Murphy—or, as she is now called, Sister M. Dominic—is the *eighth* daughter of Mrs. Murphy to consecrate herself to the religious life. As the *Watchman* comments: "A record surely, even in so Catholic a land as Ireland, which is so prolific in vocations to the cloister!" Of what abundant suffrages is not that good mother assured when she will have passed from earth to purgatory!

The Rome correspondent of the *New York Freeman's Journal* relates, in a recent letter, an incident calculated to increase, in all democratic countries, the popularity of Pius X. The Pope, it appears, lately appointed to the archdiocese of Palermo, hitherto presided over by a prelate of noble birth, Mgr. Lualdi, who is of humble extraction. The archdiocese of Lucca being vacant, and its aristocratic people probably fearing that they too might receive a plebeian prelate, a delegation was sent

to Rome to request the Holy Father not to depart from tradition, but to send them as usual a noble ecclesiastic. The members of the delegation, it is safe to predict, will think twice before repeating their action. They stated their case, and received this answer from "the people's Pope":

You have come here to tell me that a bishop born from the ranks of the people is not fitted for you. Have you considered that your petition is a mark of insult and contumely toward me? Do you mean that if I were sent as Archbishop of Lucca, that you would not accept me because I am sprung from the people? And do you consider that the See of Lucca can demand to have an aristocrat for a pastor, when the Universal Church is content to have the son of a peasant? Your mission here is a misguided one. Return home and accept obediently the bishop whom the Vicar of Christ will select for you.

Needless to add, the Lucca party did not take long thereafter in coming to the conclusion that they would do well to consider the incident closed.

From some "Reminiscences of California," appearing in the *Monitor* of San Francisco, we learn that up to 1849 there was but one Catholic church in that city. It was a barn-like structure, attended by a picturesque flock representing many nationalities, and served, of course, by a single priest. San Francisco now boasts of fifty-six churches and chapels, not a few of which are fine specimens of architecture. The number of priests in the city exceeds one hundred.

A fairly reliable barometer of the vitality and energizing activity of a country's Catholicism in our day is its Catholic Truth Society. That this is the case, at least in countries preponderantly non-Catholic, will scarcely be questioned by any student of the Church's progress in either hemisphere. It is accordingly gratifying to learn, as we do from the *Glasgow Observer*, that the demonstration recently made in

Edinburgh by the C. T. S. of Scotland "eclipsed in importance, brilliancy, and effectiveness, anything hitherto attempted" by the Society in the country north of the Tweed. Fully five hundred were present at the reception to his Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Smith, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh; and the *Observer* declares that

Tuesday night's gathering... may be truly and exactly said to be the most representative assemblage that the Church in its hierarchy, clergy, nobility, and leading laity, has ever held in this country. It was representative of the best of all that was good in the Catholic light and leading of Scotland; and proved a true reflex in the eyes of the public of the growing importance of the Catholic Faith as a religious and social factor for good in the community at large.

While Scotch Catholics number at present only about one-tenth of the country's four and a half millions of inhabitants, the Church is making substantial progress as the decades go by; and the outlook grows increasingly promising.

A recent issue of the *Osservatore Romano* contains an authoritative list of the canonizations and beatifications to be solemnized on the occasion of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee. It will interest our readers to learn that the beatification of the Venerable John Baptist Vianney, better known as the Curé of Ars, is fixed for Sunday, Jan. 8, 1905.

In connection with this announcement, one is reminded of the spirit in which the saintly Curé accepted earthly distinctions. In 1855 Father Vianney was named by Napoleon III. Knight of the Legion of Honor. Of the insignia proper to the rank, the Curé sold the mantle in order to assist the poor; and begged M. Tocannier, who was commissioned to invest him with the cross, to accept that bauble himself. The Bishop of Belley had also appointed M. Vianney one of his

Canons. Conversation turning upon such honors, one day at a meeting of ecclesiastics, the Curé exclaimed: "How incomprehensible are the designs of Providence! I am a canon by the inordinate grace of his Lordship; I am a Knight by a mistake of the Emperor's; and—not so very long ago I was herdsman of three sheep and a donkey by the will of my father."

Our trans-Atlantic exchanges of recent dates all mention with considerable, and quite natural, gratification the splendid record of the Catholic colleges in Ireland as compared with their non-Catholic competitors. Says the *Glasgow Observer*:

The honor lists of the Royal University of Ireland show once again how decided is the superiority of the Catholic colleges, which do their work without much or any State subvention, over the Queen's colleges, which are entirely kept up by State endowment. University College, Dublin, which is a Catholic institution, has secured thirty-four first-class distinctions in the list just published, as compared with thirteen won by the Queen's College, Belfast, the rival sectarian institution. With fellowships and studentships and special prizes, the proportion is four to one in favor of the Catholic college. Queen's College, Cork, has only four distinctions all told. The Catholic Medical School in Dublin has also worsted the Queen's College, Belfast.

The moral would seem to be that when Ireland secures, as of course before long she will secure, a Catholic university, its graduates will take no second place in the ranks of Great Britain's youthful scholars and intelligent citizens.

In recent exchanges from across the Big Pond we find two memorable sayings of Cardinal Newman quoted. In allusion to certain graceless attacks made upon his "Apologia" by Catholics who thought they knew better, he said:

I think it very hard that I may not write under the antecedent confession that I am a fallible mortal, but that every turn of expression is to be turned into a dogmatic enunciation.

Those who wish me to talk with the tongues not of men but of angels, had better themselves have a little charity.

A learned friend, a trained theologian, to whose judgment Newman had submitted an essay, declared that, although it contained nothing against faith or morals, he did not like it. With the deep humility characteristic of him, the great Cardinal wrote back that the essay was 'in the waste-paper basket, and would never be published.'

..

To these quotations let us add the beautiful words spoken in reply to the messenger bearing the *biglietto* from the Cardinal Secretary of State, containing the notice of his elevation to the cardinalate. Newman said:

In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints—namely, that error can not be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all that I have written is this—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the Holy Church; and, through the Divine Mercy, a fair measure of success.

—•••—

A symposium on the question, Do We Believe? in the *London Telegraph* brought out a large number of more or less important communications, from men of all sorts and conditions. It was made evident that numerous persons do not believe; and that of those who do, few believe alike. The Babel character of the non-Catholic world has rarely been more strikingly illustrated than in this say-what-you-please discussion. The most valuable contribution to it is an extract quoted by one of the writers from an address of the late Lord Beaconsfield before a diocesan conference at Oxford in 1864. He had not yet become Prime Minister. It closes with a singularly eloquent passage, as follows:

A terrible orgy of bloodshed in the French Revolution and a devastating European war for twenty years. But when that turbulence was

at length calmed, and this deluge of blood had subsided from the face of the earth, then the sacred heights of Sinai and of Calvary were again revealed in all their pathetic majesty; and amidst the wreck of thrones, extinct nations, and abolished laws, mankind, tried by so many sorrows, purified by so much suffering, and wise with such unprecedented experience, bowed themselves once again before the divine truths which Omnipotence had entrusted to the custody and promulgation of a chosen people. On the acceptance of those truths all sound and salutary legislation depends. They are the only security for civilization, and the only guarantee of real progress.

If all who took a hand in the *Telegraph's* symposium read and pondered these words, the discussion was surely not in vain.

..

The mention of Beaconsfield recalls his clever saying, in the early Darwinian controversies, that he was "on the side of the angels," as opposed to the monkeys. This memorable declaration is quoted by a writer in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, commenting on the urgent appeal recently made by the Dean of Canterbury for help in the repairs of the central tower of the cathedral church:

There may not often be much in a name; but in such a case as this—which appeals, or ought to appeal, in a world-wide sense to all educated English-speaking people—it would be better if the Dean and Chapter for the future worded their entreaties for assistance on behalf of the "Angel Steeple," instead of using the much more recent vulgar title of "Bell Harry." If there is one old cathedral city in the whole of England that has more reason than any other to hold the name of Henry VIII. in detestation, for the miserable destruction that he brought about of all that was beautiful and fair—altogether apart from religious associations,—it is Canterbury. Why need this tower any longer bear such a title as "Bell Harry," simply because, out of the thousands of bells that Henry VIII. silenced forever, he managed to spare an infinitesimal fraction of the ruined metal to cast a big booming bell to sound over the very city that he had ravaged?.. Is it not more seemly to associate this central tower with the Angels that gave it its first inspiring title, rather than with the name of that exceptionally carnal monarch who has been dubbed in modern times "the professional widower"?

Notable New Books.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. By James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus. B. Herder.

This book is a bi-columnar translation of the Hebrew-Masoretic (traditional) text and of the Vulgate version of the Psalter. The author's purpose is to enkindle in the hearts of clergy and laity a devout relish for these inspired hymns, by throwing light on the many obscurities of the Vulgate Psalter. The author is correct, we believe, in stating that a literal translation of the Psalms will go far toward the realization of his purpose; for, as a rule, the popular mind grasps the plain, literal rendition of a given passage with greater ease and accuracy than it would a free or rhetorical translation of the same.

The erudition and critical aim of the book, however, tend to debar it from the great mass of the people. It will best reach the faithful through the intermediary aid of the clergy, who should find in this scholarly production a source of "refreshment, light and peace" in their ministerial duties. If, indeed, the poems of the Syrian St. Ephrem are so unctuous and devotional that their author has been called the "harp of the Holy Ghost," what shall we say of the Psalms,—those sacred lyrics of the Holy Spirit Himself? Father McSwiney's book is pre-eminently useful as a weapon against such non-Catholics as insist upon arguing the meaning of a text from the original Hebrew. It well deserves an honored place among scholarly works of its class.

An Irishman's Story. By Justin McCarthy. The Macmillan Company.

So charming a writer as Mr. McCarthy need proffer no excuse for giving to the world successive outputs of his literary energy; but were any reason—other than the world's desire to read him—required to justify the appearance of his autobiography, it would be found in the statement made on an early page of this really delightful book: "Mine, I may say at once, has not been a life of much adventure, nor has it been diversified by many ups and downs; but it has given me opportunities of meeting many men and women about whom the world will always be glad to read, and of taking part in some political and literary movements which are likely to be objects of study to succeeding generations."

Mr. McCarthy himself is a man about whom the world—of to-day at least—is always glad to read; and his latest volume will assuredly prove

not the least popular of his many works. To say that "An Irishman's Story" is as entertaining as a thoroughly good novel is rather inadequate praise for an author whose grace of style has invested the "History of Our Own Times" with all the charm of a delightful romance; so perhaps it will be better to indulge in the comparison which, if always odious, is sometimes justifiable, and declare that this particular Irishman's "story" is the most readable autobiography we have perused for years.

The number of eminent or interesting personages, in the political, literary, and artistic circles of both Great Britain and the United States, with whom in the course of his three-score and four years Mr. McCarthy has come into more or less intimate association, is large; and his narrative both illumines sundry measures of notable statesmen and gives grateful details as to the personality of many a character known to fame. It is worth recording, incidentally, that the author bears testimony to the fact that his being an Irish Nationalist and a Roman Catholic has not handicapped him in his political or literary career.

Absolute perfection is, of course, unattainable—in autobiographies as in other matters; and here is one defect in "An Irishman's Story." On page 306 we read: "I shall have to speak later on of the noble sacrifice Edward Blake afterward made when, as a patriotic son of Ireland, he gave up his splendid position in the Dominion of Canada to help us during a great national crisis by becoming a member of the Irish Party in the House of Commons." Beyond a casual mention on page 415, Mr. Blake's name does not again appear.

The typographical excellence of the book is in keeping with its subject-matter. The volume is a very handsome one,—too handsome, we fear, to suit the purses of all who will wish to secure it. A future, and cheaper, edition will, however, doubtless be forthcoming.

A Short Cut to Happiness. By the author of "The Catholic Church from Within." B. Herder, Sands & Co.

Most people nowadays like short cuts, and there would be safety in taking the way recommended in this book if we would speedily attain true happiness. The reflections are to the point, are full of common-sense, and are based on the love of God. Happiness means different things to different people, but true happiness can come but from one thing—namely, a proper adjustment of one's relations with God and our fellowmen. The author of this work on happiness quotes these words: "I never was really light-hearted till I forgave every man who had injured me." Here we have the keynote to the underlying

principle of this guide on the way to the goal of man, happiness. Self is the enemy that struggles with us at every step of the road; and until self is vanquished there can not be lasting content of soul. Sydney Smith's remark is true: "Many people would be good Samaritans, if it were not for the twopence and the oil." And by the twopence and the oil we may understand anything that costs us trouble and effort.

Au Pays de "La Vie Intense." Par M. l'Abbé Félix Klein. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Although written primarily for the benefit of his fellow-Catholics of France, these impressions of an observant and thoughtful visitor to the "Land of the Strenuous Life" will appeal with singularly engrossing charm to all American readers of French. The Abbé Klein is a philosopher who looks below the surface of the men he meets, the things he sees, and the institutions he studies, so that the conclusions at which he arrives are safe to be interesting; while he is in addition a stylist whose pen has the happy knack of transforming even the most commonplace material into most readable paragraphs and chapters. He found much to admire in the United States, and is generous in his appreciation of typical American men and systems. Of his brief visit to Canada, "that distant part of old France," the author writes in a sympathetic spirit equally laudatory. Not the least attractive feature of his book is the entire frankness with which numerous distinguished personalities are occasionally discussed,—a frankness that is always courteous and discreet. The pen-portraits with which every chapter is enriched—portraits of President Roosevelt, Archbishops Ryan and Ireland, Bishops McQuaid and Spalding, Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Falconio, with many other notables of Church and State—are clever and interesting bits of characterization; and, on the whole, the volume is a charming mirror in which, seeing "ourselves as others see us," we may leisurely study and profit by the view.

An American Missionary: the Rev. William H. Judge, S. J. By a Priest of St. Sulpice. John Murphy Company.

The American youth who has heard and obeyed the Master's call, "Take up thy cross and follow Me," will find reflections that tell of heaven in the biography of the Rev. William Judge, S. J. This simple story of one who died that others might live will doubtless be a source of inspiration and encouragement to every seminarian that reads it. While thinking over the events of this self-sacrificing career we can not help recalling the significant fact that "God speaks to us still, as He spoke to our forefathers"; and we

realize with the fullest conviction that the saint is one who "does everything that any other decent person does, only somewhat better and with a totally different motive." The biography contains many points of historical information about Alaska, and the chapter entitled "The Rush to the Klondike" is particularly interesting. An introductory page contains these fine lines by the poet priest, Father Tabb:

'Twas not for gain of glittering gold he trod
Alaska's frozen loam;
Nay, but the superscription of their God,
On colder hearts to coin.

Romance of the Charter Oak. By William Seton, LL.D. O'Shea & Company.

This new edition of a story first published nearly a quarter of a century ago will be practically a new book to many of our readers, and will compare more than favorably with the average historical novel of to-day. It has the advantage of being a vivid portrayal of social life in the Colonial period of our own country's history; and the tale proceeds in the leisurely fashion of the elder novelists rather than in the precipitate rush and hurry of contemporary fictionists. In the matter of bulk, the volume's appearance is exceedingly deceptive. While not an unusually thick book, it contains well on to eight hundred pages,—and is interesting all the way through.

The Charter Oak around which the author has woven his romance is, of course, the noted tree of Hartford, Connecticut,—the tree in whose hollow was hidden, in 1687, the Colonial charter which Sir Edmund Andros, Governor General of New England called upon the Colonists to surrender. It may be mentioned, by the way, that when, in 1856, the oak in question was blown down, its age was computed to be almost one thousand years.

Kind Hearts and Coronets. By J. Harrison. Benziger Brothers.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets"; and if one needed proofs other than those afforded by personal experience, this story would surely furnish them. From the opening lines, which introduce a very live boy, brother to the hero, to the last chapter, when we take leave of Hugh, happy in the possession of his heart's desire, we follow the fortunes of the Lindsays with eager interest. And when the gold thread of a love story weaves strands between the North and the South, we feel an added charm,—a charm not lost when the gold becomes tarnished by tears. True, there is more dialogue than action in the story, and the movement is not very rapid from exposition to denouement; nevertheless, it is a story of hearts ennobled by "simple faith," more to be desired than "Norman blood."



An Advice.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE world's a dreary place, they say,
And full of ills and sorrow,—
Of vain regrets for yesterday,
And dread of each to-morrow.
'Tis full of wretchedness and sin,
Of endless strife and labor;
And each one seeks some goal to win,
Regardless of his neighbor.

There's less of joy in it than care,
The sunshine gloom effaces;
And here and there and everywhere
Wrong triumphs in high places.
Ingratitude is met each day
Among all ranks and classes;
And men and women love display,
As do the lads and lasses.

The world has many ills, we know;
But you and I—whatever
Our station be, or high or low—
Just by a slight endeavor
To brighten some one's daily life,
To make some burden lighter,
By soothing pain, allaying strife,
Can make a sad world brighter.

So fret not, under sun or star,
In dreary melancholy,
O'er evils that our world still mar,
Or o'er its wrongs and folly;
But make a firm resolve and wise,
And keep it to the letter,
Your best to do each day you rise
To make a bad world better.

IN some countries of Europe old people are employed in gathering wool from the bushes in sheep pastures, where it has been plucked from the fleeces of the animals on passing; and the expression, "his wits are wool-gathering," is said of one who wanders in his mind like an old and feeble person,

Three Months Under the Snow.

BY J. PORCHAT.

DECEMBER 6.

ONE idea leads to another. We have decided to shovel the snow away from the window. It will take a long time to do this, as it is packed in pretty solid; and, in order to get any light, the slopes of the sides must not be so steep as they are in front of the house.

I began my task to-day. I will not let my grandfather help me; and he does not insist, as he knows how precious his health is to me.

DECEMBER 7.

We are not so far along as we were yesterday. It has begun to snow again, and the wind is so cutting that my grandfather would not permit me to work. Toward evening I shovelled away what snow had fallen during the day. I intend to keep steadily at the work, as I have a good stock of perseverance.

DECEMBER 8.

The weather being milder this morning, I resumed my work. After I had been shovelling for a time, I had a mishap which made me laugh at first, but which might have had very serious consequences. The snow I had heaped up in a pile higher than my head came tumbling down, burying me completely.

My grandfather had gone back into the chalet, after giving me directions which should certainly have prevented such an accident. I had not followed them, it seems. By dint of great exertions, I managed to get my head out, but that was all I could do. After

useless struggling, I was obliged to call for help.

My grandfather came running out, much frightened. He could hardly get to me through the deep snow. After I had freed one of my arms with his assistance, I was soon out; but I had difficulty in getting permission to continue my labor.

DECEMBER 9.

We have just passed the most terrible day of our captivity. I never before knew what a storm in the mountains could be like. Even at this moment I am overawed at what is taking place outside.

We were awakened this morning by a roaring like distant thunder. We opened our door just a crack, and such a whirlwind of snow rushed in that we could scarcely close and bolt it again. We dared not open the trap, so we had to do without fire.

After milking Blanchette and eating our meagre breakfast, we sat in darkness. I was sad and discouraged; my grandfather tried to comfort me by telling me that the storms we so feared were needed to prepare the earth in the valleys below for a new seedtime and harvest.

After an outburst of tears I felt calmer, although the storm was still raging. Suddenly, amidst the roaring, something struck the door with such force that we both trembled. It seemed as if it would burst off its hinges under the force of the blow. After a short silence, my grandfather said, with a calmness I am sure he must have been far from feeling:

"As we have had no fire to-day, we will burn our lamp a little longer than usual to-night. Besides, we must examine the door to see that it is not broken in any part; if it is, we must repair it as well as we can."

I lit the lamp, and upon examination we found that a great mass of snow had fallen against the door, so that we

were shut in as completely as before.

"If that weight of snow had fallen upon the chalet before it was buried, it would surely have crushed it," said my grandfather. "Let us accept with resignation a state of things that might have been more dangerous."

The tempest is still raging as I write. We built a fire of pine cones (as these give out but little smoke), and heated our milk to-night. We are quite warm now, and we hope to find rest on our straw pallet.

DECEMBER 10.

There must be less wind to-day, as we have heard no roaring. We have no means now of knowing the state of the weather, as we are unable to raise the trap. How I regret my window! As soon as it gets milder, I am going to try again for light and a little liberty.

DECEMBER 11.

The cold is now intense. Although we are buried under the snow, we are chilled to the bone. We have decided to make a fire and endure the smoke for a time. Blanchette is bothered by it more than we are; but we can not think of putting her back into the stable.

My grandfather thinks it must be extremely cold outside, for us to feel it so much in the chalet.

DECEMBER 13.

Yesterday we had another great fright. I am scarcely calm enough now to write down what happened, as we are not sure that we are out of danger yet.

I was milking the goat while my grandfather was making a little fire, when suddenly she pricked up her ears and began to tremble violently.

"What's the matter, Blanchette?" I asked, stroking her.

Then I heard the most blood-curdling howling—right above our heads, it seemed.

"Wolves!" I cried.

"Hush, hush, my child! And stroke Blanchette so she will not bleat," said my grandfather, in a low tone.

He brought her some salt, and she licked it out of his hand still trembling, as the howling continued.

"Now, Louis," continued my grandfather, "what would become of us if the window and door were unobstructed? Even the trap might have proved an available entrance for the famished beasts."

"Are we safe now," I whispered.

"I hope so; but speak low, and keep Blanchette from bleating: she might betray us."

My grandfather sat down near us and kept his hand on my shoulder, else I think I should have died of fright. The strain was kept up all day. We could hear the wolves howling at intervals, and at one time it seemed as if they were right upon us.

"They are digging into the snow," I whispered in terror. "They will surely eat us up."

"Oh, no, they will not!" answered my grandfather. "These wolves can roam over the mountains now, because the extreme cold has covered the snow with an icy crust. They will not stay long up here: at this season they prowl around villages. Even if they could scent us, I think we are safely protected from them. Let us recognize the hand of Providence in this affair. If the snow had not covered us up again, we should have been at their mercy. Then, too, they might have come upon you while you were outside working. We must be more careful in the future."

So our captivity is getting closer all the time. Winter has only just begun; the cold may be greater still, and I fear we shall never leave this place alive.

The day was passed in great discouragement. I slept little last night, although it was quiet outside. To-day I thought I heard the howling again,

but my grandfather did not hear anything. Blanchette is quiet, and that is a good omen.

DECEMBER 14.

Since we have been threatened with this new peril of which I had not dreamed, I feel gloomy and disheartened. It is not only the idea of being devoured by wolves that haunts me: it is the thought that I can no longer go out of my prison for a few moments and get a breath of fresh air; it is the thought that I can not clear the snow away from the window and door, and thus be able to make our condition more bearable.

A few days ago I had an almost joyous outlook for the future. My grandfather was to see the sunlight he loves so well, and we both were to enjoy the light of the window. Now my hopes are crushed. We are not to know what is going on outside of our prison; while inside the smoke almost strangles us. If we attempt to better matters, we shall be in danger of being attacked by wild beasts. I pray that all this discomfort and anxiety may not cause either of us to fall ill.

My grandfather notices my sadness and chides me for it. He finds me much changed, and I share his opinion. I must try to rouse myself and accept my fate with more resignation.

DECEMBER 16.

Milk, a morsel of hard bread, boiled potatoes eaten with a little salt, make up our daily fare. Sometimes we roast our potatoes in the ashes, for a change; I like them best that way. Until now, my grandfather has not been willing to touch the coffee we found. He has finally decided to drink a little, to see if it will not improve his appetite. He enjoyed it very much, and he wanted me to have some too. I firmly declined it, as I do not need it.

Milk of itself ought to nourish men. The Alpine herdsmen live on it for the greater part of the year, and they are

more robust than those who eat bread and meat and drink wine. But we are used to more variety in the village, and it is not easy for an old man to change his habits. It grieves me much to see my grandfather reduced to such a meagre diet.

DECEMBER 18.

Grandfather has eaten almost nothing to-day. He again mixed some coffee with his milk, but he drank only a few swallows. He has tried to appear as usual, but I could see that he was making an effort. I was much touched by it, but that does not prevent my feeling a certain anxiety. What if he were to fall sick now, when our position is becoming more difficult each day! I pray that we may be spared such a calamity.

DECEMBER 19.

To-day another idea came into my mind. The smoke has worried us so much that we should certainly have made a great effort to raise the trap if it had not been for fear of wolves. I found a piece of rusty stovepipe in the stable. I remembered that it had been used last year, when a small stove was set up in the chalet. I thought that if we could put the pipe up through the trap, we could have a fire without being smoked out. I mentioned this to my grandfather.

"The idea is a good one," he replied; "but it would be difficult to carry out. How could you make an opening in the trap, and how could you hold yourself up to do it? It would be dangerous for you to try."

I said nothing but began to plan, as I felt it would be useless to insist until I had found the means of convincing my grandfather. I knew that it would not be a very difficult thing to make a hole in the trap. The board was not thick, and there was a fairly good saw on one of our knives. I had found an old auger in a drawer, and that could be used to start the opening;

then with my little saw I could make it large enough.

The hardest part would be to keep myself in position to do the work. I took a rope and fastened one end of it to the top of my pole, in such a way as to form stirrups in which I could stand; the other end I could pass through the ring of the trap and secure around my waist.

After explaining it all to my grandfather, he gave his consent to the undertaking. I climbed up to the top of my pole and was soon at work. I took my measurements so exactly that the pipe passed through the opening the very first time I tried it. I fastened it in place with some nails, then descended in high glee. I cleared the snow out of the fireplace, and now I have the pleasure of seeing the smoke go straight up. It took nearly the whole day to do the job, but I am well repaid for my exertions in seeing my grandfather so warm and comfortable.

(To be continued.)

Two Common Mistakes.

A good many young folks, either through carelessness or ignorance, often mispronounce two little words in the "Hail Mary." The first one is "with," which does *not* rhyme, though a number of people seem to think it does, with "pith." The *th* in "with" is sounded exactly like the *th* in "breathe." To sound it like the *th* in "breath" is a mistake. Then there is the word "blessed." As an adjective, it has two syllables; but as a participle, only one. "Bless-ed Virgin" is right; "bless-ed art thou" is wrong.

Of course our prayers may be very good and fervent, even though we mispronounce all the words; but it is a mark of respect to address Our Lady in as correct a manner as possible. And now that our young folks know these mistakes, they should avoid them.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"A Girl's Idea: a Story of a Fortune," is the title of a new book by Lady Rosa Gilbert, just published by Blackie & Son.

—Fra Cassiano Beligatti's "Account of Thibet in the Eighteenth Century," edited from the Macerata MS. by Prof. R. Norton and Mr. Soulsby, is one of several important works promised by the Hakluyt Society.

—What ought to prove to very many readers an interesting book is "The Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton," announced as about to appear. That the letters are the most familiar and intimate communications ever penned by Ruskin is a statement likely to enhance the desire of the cultured to peruse them.

—An interesting French booklet, entitled *A la Mémoire Vénérée de Madame Anna de Meeûs*, comes to us from Polleunis & Ceuterick, Bruxelles. Madame de Meeûs, whose death occurred a few months ago, was the foundress of the Association of Perpetual Adoration, and also of the Work for Poor Churches. This brief record of her fourscore years is a most edifying narrative.

—Madame Clotilde Gérard Juillerat, whose death occurred recently in Paris, had the distinction of being the oldest of French artists. She was born at Lyons, November 14, 1806, and first exhibited at the Salon in 1833. She won medals the year following, also in 1836 and 1841. Her portraits and historical subjects were at one time very popular. *R. I. P.*

—The late Heinrich Petry, who died last month at Frankfort, in his seventy-third year, was one of the most eminent of European sculptors. A number of monuments to distinguished men and many of the figures on the chief door and the tower of Frankfort cathedral were his work. Another notable death of recent occurrence is that of M. Coosemaur, a well-known painter, to whom is due in great measure the revival of landscape painting in Belgium.

—"Downside Motets" is the title of a collection of musical compositions by masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as sung in the abbey church of Downside, near Bath, England. These compositions, edited by R. R. Terry, musical director, Westminster Cathedral, are now offered to the public by Cary & Co., London, through J. Fischer & Bros., New York. As these arrangements are according to the spirit of the Church as expressed in late announcements from Rome, choir-masters will be glad to have their attention called to them. *Cibavit Illos, O Sacrum Convivium, Bone Pastor, Ave Verum*, as well as several

easy Masses suited for small choirs are included in the collection. We direct attention also to Fischer's edition of "The Principal Offertories of the Ecclesiastical Year," edited by J. Gubing.

—Of latter-day novelists, Mr. Andrew Lang serenely remarks: "Some of them bore me, others I know would bore me if I gave them a chance; of others I never heard." Mr. Lang is nothing if not frank.

—In the *West Australian Record*, just to hand, we find a poem, "Mother Erin to Her Young," by C. Upton. It is an appeal against emigration from Ireland, and the verses make up in fervor for what they lack in poetic grace. The point of one quatrain is enforced by a reference to this footnote:

Let us now praise... our fathers in their generation, rich men in virtue, studying beautifulness, living in peace at home.—Eccles., chap. xlv, v. 6.

—Many things have happened in France since Dom Gasquet delivered the inaugural address at the Catholic Conference in Liverpool, soon afterward published by the Catholic Truth Society under the title, "The Religious Troubles in France: Their Origin and Development." The religious question is still, however, the burning question of practical politics; and this pamphlet will be found useful to all who have occasion to write or speak on the subject of Church and State in France.

—"Within and Without the Church," by the Rev. J. Laxenaire, reminds us of a scholarly article, now in pamphlet form, which appeared in this magazine, January, 1899, entitled "Are Protestants Catholics?" The question at issue in Father Laxenaire's little book is certainly a vital one: "To be or not to be within the pale of the True Church." The author's method of treating this absorbing question is clear and concise, and his conclusions point to the consoling thought that the greater number of men are saved. B. Herder, publisher.

—While reiterated attempts at constructing a universal language have uniformly resulted in successive failures discouraging enough to warrant the judgment that the scheme is entirely Utopian, some steps toward the end to be served by such a medium have been taken with noteworthy effect. A writer in the *Medical Record*, after stating that "every science, whether medicine or botany or linguistics, must have some universal medium for recording the essence of things in simple style and compact form," goes on to say that "in medicine, Latin always has [answered] and probably always will answer

this purpose in a more or less satisfactory way." It is interesting to note in connection with this subject that in some scientific volumes recently published in this country and England, each article or study is preceded by an abstract in Latin; thus making the pith of the work intelligible to educated men the world over, even should their knowledge of English be a negative quantity.

—"The Old Road" traced in detail by Mr. H. Belloc in his new book thus entitled 'is the Pilgrims' Road, or, more precisely, the old prehistoric trackway from Winchester to Canterbury, perhaps the oldest monument of civilization in England. Its antiquity is demonstrated, and the reason why of its existence, its termini, and the particular line of country that it follows are elucidated in a very striking and original fashion. The work is illustrated with numerous photogravures and is provided with maps and plans.

—The clergy and laity of many countries are under special obligations to the late Father Francis Xavier Schoupe, S. J., whose death, after a long and painful illness, occurred at Darjeeling, India, on the 11th ult. He was the author of several excellent text-books of theology, Holy Scripture, and Sacred Eloquence; also of numerous devotional works, which have been translated into many languages. His long priestly life was one of unremitting labor for the glory of God, and he deserves grateful prayers for his eternal rest.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Songs of the Birth of Our Lord. 50 cts., net.
 An Irishman's Story. *Justin McCarthy*. \$2.50, net.
 Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. *James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus*. \$3, net.
 A Short Cut to Happiness. *Author of "The Catholic Church from Within"*. 75 cts.
 The Pearl and the Pumpkin. *W. W. Denslow, Paul West*. \$1.25.

- Welcome! *Mother Mary Loyola*. \$1, net.
 Kind Hearts and Coronets. *J. Harrison*. \$1.25.
 Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow*. \$1.25.
 The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft*. 10 cts.
 Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.
 St. Egwin and His Abbey of Evesham. *The Benedictines of Stanbrook*. \$1.25, net.
 Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate. *Roger Freddi, S. J.* \$1.25.
 Sportsman "Joe." *Edwin Sandys*. \$1.50.
 The Fatal Beacon. *F. von Brackel*. \$1.25.
 Oxford Conferences on Prayer. *Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P.* \$1.
 The Grounds of Hope. *Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D. D.* 40 cts., net.
 Lives of the English Martyrs. Vol. I. *Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.* \$2.75.
 Concerning the Holy Bible: Its Use and Abuse. *Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan*. \$1.60, net.
 The Immaculate Conception. *Archbishop Ullathorne*. 70 cts., net.
 Chronicles of Semperton. *Joseph Carmichael*. 75 cts., net.
 Poems by Richard Crashaw. *Edited by A. R. Waller*. \$2.
 The Land of the Rosary. *Sarah H. Dunn*. \$1.10
 In Many Lands. *A Member of the Order of Mercy*. \$1.50.
 Strong-Arm of Avalon. *Mary T. Waggaman*. 85 cts.
 The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. *M. E. Waller*. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. Daxacher, of the diocese of Omaha; and Rev. Joseph Carrier, C. S. C.

Sister M. Balsina, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Mother Ambrosia, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. William Palmer, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. George Tritsch, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Marie Linehan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Charles Slavin, Waterford, N. Y.; Mrs. Ellen Neuberger, Chelsea, Mich.; Miss Florence Keenan, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Nicholas King, Youngstown, Ohio; Miss Mary Anstey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Barry, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Isaac Mann, Oil City, Pa.; Major B. J. Reid, Clarion, Pa.; Judge Thomas Moran, Chicago, Ill.; and Mrs. Josephine Loseno, New London, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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To the Immaculate.

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

NEVER true child of thine, Virginal Mother
 Given to men by thy crucified Son,
 Never a client, on thee full-reliant,
 Doubted thy stainlessness, — never a one.
 Love-taught, the lowly knew,
 All the long ages through,
 Sin ne'er had tarnished thy soul's fair device;
 Knew it, and called thee well
 Beauteous, unsullied shell
 Fashioned to hold Him, the Pearl of great price.
 Not for thy children, whose faith never faltered,
 Christ through His Vicar thy glory declared:
 Scoffers defamed thee, and hence He proclaimed thee
 Sole among creatures from primal stain spared.
 Earth hailed the gladsome word,
 Heaven rejoicing heard
 Pæans triumphant thine honor restore,
 E'en as we now, elate,
 Greet thee, Immaculate,
 Queen of our love and our life evermore.

The True Origin of Our Patronal Feast.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

LD calendars tell a tale to those who know how to read them. The brightness of the gold is still undimmed, though a thousand years have passed by since, in prayer and silence, the monastic scribe lovingly laid on the precious metal to adorn the manuscript that he and his fellow-monks had labored at, in their peaceful cloister, for many an anxious hour. The coloring of the

illuminations that deck the pages is as bright as it was the day the artist finished it,—a little sermon on the lasting effects of good work and good material.

Come with me, reader mine, into the British Museum, and let us go into the Manuscript Room. There, if we be students, we shall have access to the great stores of ancient manuscripts that have from time to time been bought by or given to the national collection from the gatherings of learned men. As we take into our hands some venerable tome perhaps, written in ink that puts to shame the inks of to-day, we notice the loving care bestowed on these volumes. Maybe, if the original binding has gone, it now reposes in all the glory of royal velvet or precious metals. Maybe it is so old that we are not allowed to hold it in our hands, but are required to examine in a glass case the work of some aged but unknown monk who little thought that the work, which he was doing as part of his daily toil, was going to be kept all these years.

What tales, too, could not these old parchments tell, had they but tongues,—tales of human tragedies and weird stories of the play of human passions! How many generations of men have they not seen! What struggles of nature against grace! What frequent risings too! They would tell us that the "monks of old" had the same difficulties as we have to contend

against, and that they found human nature in the cloister as well as in the world.

These old books have witnessed the Norman Conquest and all the age of chivalry. They saw the storm and strife of civil wars and of Tudor tyranny. They have witnessed love and sacrilege; and now have fallen on days of dignified leisure and æsthetic repose. But among the stories they have to tell there is a tale which was lately coaxed out of them by one whom they know as a reverent lover of the old times. He told me, and I saw for myself; and now, following in his steps, I will share with the readers of *THE AVE MARIA* the new light shed on an old story.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception is, they tell us, of Anglo-Saxon origin, and dates probably from the great Benedictine revival brought about by Saints Dunstan and Æthelwold. Winchester is said to have been its cradle,—a very likely place, as it was the centre of that wonderful outburst of learning and art which marked the tenth century. This is a strange statement to make, in face of the tradition that the institution of the feast is due to a vision which Helsin, abbot of Ramsey, had when he was journeying back from Denmark, where he had gone on a mission from William the Conqueror. The so-called narrative of Abbat Helsin seems to have been known to Saint Bernard, who evidently refers to it in his famous letter to the canons of Lyons. This would have been about 1140.

Then we have also the witness of a solemn provincial council of Canterbury held in London in the year 1328, under Archbishop Simon Meophan. The assembled Fathers, after stating that Saint Anselm had thought fit "to add to the more ancient feasts of the Blessed Virgin the solemnity of her Conception," ordered the feast to be kept

throughout the province of Canterbury. Here it will be noticed that we get another founder given: Saint Anselm instead of Helsin. In course of time the two statements were reconciled by the simple method of adding a few lines to the beginning and the end of the abbot's narrative, which is now made to appear as a letter from the archbishop to his suffragans!

This is one of the many little pitfalls that the Middle Ages prepared for posterity, which, however, avenges itself on its ancestors by unkind remarks about forgery, and so forth. Scholars nowadays have no hesitation in saying that the above letter is spurious. While we have no evidence at all that the saint had anything to do directly with the feast, we are also able to discredit the vision of Helsin, and to prove that, whatever he did, he did not institute the festival. The honor belongs not to the conquering Normans but to the despised Anglo-Saxons.

Mr. Edmund Bishop, whose profound and solid knowledge of the liturgy puts him at the head of all European authorities on that science, has drawn out in his own inimitable way the Origin of the Feast; and here are the conclusions this eminent scholar has established. Four manuscripts in the British Museum tell the tale; two are calendars and two are pontificals.

(1) A calendar (Cottonian Manuscript Titus D. XXVII) which was written in the monastery of Newminster at Winchester during the time of Abbat Ælfwin, bears an entry in Latin, in the original hand, on the 8th of December: "The Conception of Holy Mary, Mother of God." The date of this MS. is between the years 1034 and 1057.

(2) Another calendar (Cottonian Manuscript Vitellius E. XVIII) which belonged to Oldminster, the cathedral monastery at Winchester, has the same entry on the same day. The date, which

some authorities give as early as 1030, is certainly previous to the Conquest.

(3) Among the Additional MSS., one (No. 28188) is a pontifical containing the formulas of the blessings which, on solemn feasts, the bishop, in mitre and with staff, was wont to give to the people immediately after the *Pax Domini* at High Mass. Among these forms of blessing is one for the "feast of the Conception of Holy Mary." This particular book comes from Exeter; but we know that Bishop Leofric, when he was providing books for his new cathedral, used Winchester books as models. We may thank a careless scribe for making this quite clear; for he sometimes forgot to make the necessary alterations from the manuscript he was using as a model. Mr. Bishop says: "Its liturgical character is distinctly pre-Norman; and its original, at least, is of Winchester." He assigns a date between 1046 and 1072 as the period when this copy was made. Of course the model must have been older.

(4) Among the Harleian MSS. is a pontifical (No. 2892), which contains another formula for the episcopal blessing "on the day of the Conception of Holy Mary, Mother of God." This book belonged to the primatial church of Canterbury, and it is not necessary to recall the influence of Winchester on the older See. This book was written soon after 1023.

The evidence of the calendars is, of course, only a proof that the feast was celebrated in those monasteries for which the calendars were written. But the pontificals show that authority had accepted the feast; and that it had, at the time when the books were written, an official status which lifted it far above any merely local or private celebration. By the date of the pontificals it had gained a fixed place in the Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastical year.

Having thus established the fact that the feast is of Anglo-Saxon and not of

Norman origin, it remains to see how Saint Anselm came to be credited with the honor. We must remember that the Norman victors had the greatest contempt for everything that savored of "Englishry." They swept away the old customs and introduced their own ways and ideas. Even Saxon saints were ruthlessly cut out of the calendars, and Saint Anselm had difficulty in saving the name of the martyred Ælfege from Lanfranc's undue suspicion of saintly "Saxondom." In this way we can quite understand how the new masters would regard so purely a national celebration as that of December 8. It went with much more that was sweet and beautiful because it was Anglo-Saxon. But the memory of the feast did not disappear, and it was to reassert itself when the times were more propitious. It may be that Helsin came under this influence, and saw the remains of the feast in the books at Canterbury when he was abbot there, at Saint Augustine's. But his legend is so hopelessly at sixes and sevens with what we know, that it is impossible to discover the element of truth that may, perhaps, connect the name of Helsin with the revival of the feast.

Saint Anselm has been mistaken for his nephew, another Anselm, who was abbot of Saint Edmundsbury, and, in the latter part of the reign of Henry I., a leading churchman. In a letter written to the abbat in 1128 or 1129 by Osbert, monk and sometime prior of Westminster, we read: "Your sedulous zeal has fired many in various countries with devotion toward the blessed and glorious Mother of God; and by your assiduous care the feast of her Conception is now observed in many places, which was not wont to be celebrated by the ancient fathers."

Two of the bishops, of Salisbury and Saint David's, are mentioned as opposing the celebration; and others

used the argument that the feast had not the authorization of Rome. So, amid all these difficulties, Osbert consulted with the abbot as to the best way of defending "the cause of Our Lady." Gilbert, Bishop of London, and the abbot of Reading approved of the feast; and the King himself had urged this abbot to keep the feast in his monastery at Reading, even as it was kept in the royal abbey at Westminster.

We gather from the Tewksbury Annals that the endeavors of the friends of the feast were shortly crowned with success; for under the year 1129 we read: "The feast of the Conception of Holy Mary was confirmed by apostolic authority in a council held at London." Saint Anselm had died twenty years before this council was held. The "apostolic authority" evidently meant that of the local synod of the successors of the Apostles.

An interesting thing remains to be noted. We have seen that all the evidence we have points to Benedictine houses as the originators of the feast: it is fitting that they, too, should bring about the revival. Hence, besides the abbeys at Reading, Saint Edmundsbury and Westminster, we find the feast kept at Saint Albans, before 1146; at Gloucester, before 1131; at Winchcombe, in 1126; in Worcester, soon after 1125. Moreover, probability points to Bishop Gilbert of London, who had been a canon of Lyons, as the connecting link between the English Church and that of the Primate of Gaul.

Here I must leave the matter; but, as an Englishman and a lover of the olden ways, I am glad to have an opportunity of adding to the lustre of my Anglo-Saxon forefathers who made this the Island of Saints. Their devotion to Mary ever-blissful was tender and true; and it is an additional glory to them that they were the institutors of that one of her feasts which is the triumph of preventing grace.

The Castle of Oldenburg.*

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

XI.—LIGHT.

WHEN Mirvan left the monastery the storm had spent its strength.

The night was calm with stars; the forest was fresh and cool, full of a continual dropping from the laden trees.

And outwardly Mirvan, too, was calm; but under the calmness reigned chaos. The monk's wisdom had indeed done away with the false fabric of his imagined devotion, but that was all. It had given him nothing in its place. As he went out into the forest, it was with a sick, hopeless sense that the one road, his desperation had seen was closed in front of him, and that no other was open.

Yet even to look at the truth with open eyes brings strength, and a certain quietness that is akin to peace. And the thought of Humphrey, changed utterly from what it was—not now the passive victim of a cruel fate, but a living hope with power as yet untried,—shone in front of him, his only light. This was what the monk had done for him. By forcing him to face half of the truth, he had given him courage to face the rest. But all Mirvan was conscious of was the increasing need to see Humphrey, to question him, and to hear his living voice in reply. It was the kind of longing the heart might have to see one who has been dead and is raised again. For the real Humphrey had been long dead to Mirvan; and even now he saw him but dimly, across the fading world of his past experience.

So he went swiftly, heedless of the

* "St. Nazarius." Adapted. By special arrangement with The Macmillan Co., proprietors of the copyright.

heavy showers that fell upon him from the shaken branches as he forced his way through them. Presently he found the open road, and went more swiftly still, never pausing or resting until he reached Oldenburg; nor staying then, except at Humphrey's door, where he waited a moment, as if afraid.

Humphrey's rooms, always held sacred for him by Sebastian, lay at the top of the house. They were, in fact, the nurseries of old days,—little changed, save for the books, from what they were then. To-night the outer room was dark and empty. By the dim light from the window, Mirvan found his way across it, stumblingly; and, opening softly the inner door, he entered without a word.

Humphrey had been reading through the storm; but when the wind fell, he, too, had fallen asleep, tired with the exhilaration of his mind's exercise. A table, with his books, was pulled close up to the bed; and the lamp above it was still aflame, though burning low. Its light fell gently on Humphrey's face, as he lay in a deep sleep, one arm under his head. The attitude, so well remembered of Mirvan through their childhood, the look on the sleeper's face in its all but smiling gravity, broke down his last defence. Yet still he made no audible sound, only stood watching him, his throat heavy with unuttered sobs. It seemed that the trouble of his presence penetrated and disturbed the sleeper; for Humphrey opened his eyes, and, wide awake in an instant, stared at him amazed.

"What ever is the matter?" he said. "Is it morning? I thought I had only just gone to sleep."

Strange to say, neither Humphrey nor Sebastian had any suspicion, so far, of the extent of Mirvan's disorder. Humphrey had carried into literal action his vow of abstinence from his cousin's life, and had even set a seal upon his thoughts whenever they

turned that way. It was the easier in that he was now no longer idle. Rising early and reading late, long rides with Sebastian his only relaxation, he was saved from brooding by the ready sleep of exhaustion which came to him almost before he called it.

Moreover, in spite of the pain of this present misunderstanding, Humphrey had no fear of an ultimate separation from his friend. He knew Mirvan too well to hope that his mood, whatever its cause, might change or pass away quickly; but he had an infinite belief in time, the healer of mistakes, and his thought refused as incredible the idea of a permanent wrong between them. So it happened that by this deliberate oblivion he came to know nothing of Mirvan's actual state—of his hard-fought struggles, and their despairing closure. He knew that his cousin was almost always absent, the piano closed, the silence of the music-room unbroken; but he always thought of him as with Irène, and then banished the thought.

Mirvan himself, meanwhile, fostered the oblivion. With a jealous secrecy, once far from his nature, but which is quickly learned from sorrow, he hid his heart from all recognition,—not by absence alone, lest too much of this should awaken the suspicions he dreaded, but by dissembling carefully the conduct of his life. He appeared in the castle from time to time, generally in the evening, when the dim lights made it easy to disguise his features under a semblance of well-being and indifference; and by this concession he guarded the more scrupulously the inner solitude of his soul.

Even now, in the dim room, he could hardly be seen by his cousin: the light of the lamp, thrown downward upon the bed, was shaded and ineffective toward Mirvan. So Humphrey stared at him in unfeigned astonishment, but not as yet alarmed.

"What is it?" he repeated.

Mirvan, on his way thither, had made no scheme of approach to the question his heart labored with. It came to his lips now without prelude.

"Is it true, what *he* says, that you will never marry?"

With a supreme effort of self-control, the strange, abrupt query was spoken quietly, with a manner insignificant of the tempest beneath. It was Mirvan's last offering to the truth,—to win, if it might be, the whole of it from Humphrey's unguarded lips, nor suffer any revelation of his own feeling to check or withhold its utterance.

To Humphrey the inquiry seemed strange enough. He frowned.

"What a question!" he observed. "Don't you know what my life is turning to be?"

"It was something you said," Mirvan went on. "Don't you remember, long ago, when we once spoke of this?"

His cousin looked more lost than ever.

"No, I don't remember. I have said such a lot of stupid things in my time! What was this particular one?"

"You said"—Mirvan's voice trembled a little, but he steadied it—"that if you met any one whom you really loved, you would give up all thought of the priesthood."

Humphrey became suddenly serious. He sat up in bed, but did not answer at once.

"Did I say that?" he remarked at last. "I had quite forgotten it. Well, it was true, of course."

Mirvan recoiled a little, as if something physical had struck him.

"Well?" he said breathlessly, after a moment.

"Well?" Humphrey repeated, looking at what he could see of his questioner. "You want to know whether it has come to pass," he said, as Mirvan did not speak. "Is *that* what has been troubling you all this while?" He was

silent for a minute, thinking. "No, it hasn't come to pass," he said, and there was a great change in his voice. "I have never been so eager as now for the life I have chosen."

"Tell me the truth!" Mirvan cried. "Don't spare me. I must know whether you love her."

In spite of himself Humphrey frowned again. But the trouble in the other's voice had reached him this time, and he answered, very gently:

"I am telling you the full truth. I don't love her—not as you mean. I shall never marry."

Mirvan had drawn closer, his strained eyes fixed on Humphrey's face. He still fought it off, as though it were a thing of terror,—this truth he had sought after so earnestly.

"Does she know it?" he asked.

"She has always known it. She has never for a moment mistaken me,—nor I her," Humphrey added, in a lower voice.

Mirvan groped his way to a chair, and, as though his limbs could bear him no longer, sank down upon it; once there, and the long strain loosened, he broke into a flood of silent, shaken weeping, as if he were alone.

But Humphrey uttered a cry.

"My God! what is the matter?"

For Mirvan had come within the circle of the lamplight, and Humphrey saw him for the first time,—his face with its sick, haggard lines of misery, and his storm-drenched clothing.

"It's nothing," Mirvan replied. "I can't understand it all at once, that's all. I thought I was still out in the storm and the night, fighting, fighting so hard to save you"—his voice broke in a sob.

"And I've been safe all the time, you see," Humphrey said. "And I could have told you all about it long ago. Oh, why didn't you come to me sooner? What made you come at last?" he added suddenly.

He was out of bed now, rubbing Mirvan's hands, in a vain attempt to warm them into life.

"I had been with Anselm, and he sent me to you," Mirvan answered.

At this moment, in the minds of both, Irène was forgotten and they remembered only each other.

But with Mirvan's mental release, the physical reaction had begun. His body trembled violently, and his teeth chattered. Humphrey looked at him in grave anxiety.

"I'm so afraid you're going to be ill," he said. "Wait here a moment." And he left the room.

When he returned, Mirvan's head had fallen upon his arm, and he was almost asleep. Humphrey gently roused him.

"You mustn't sleep here, because it's so cold. I've lighted a fire in your room. I must get you warm if I can. Come."

And by persuasive determination he half led, half lifted Mirvan away, and in the same manner got him undressed and to bed. He fell immediately into the heavy sleep of illness. Humphrey stood watching him a while.

"He will sleep it off," he said, "now that his mind is at rest,"—expressing in the words a hope and not a certainty; for the face upon the pillow was alarmingly changed, and chilled his heart with fear. He made the fire up, and went back to his own room, not to sleep but to walk up and down until morning, his mind full of pain and self-reproach.

"I ought to have known,—I ought to have guarded him from this," he said again and again. "I was tired of it all, and took my ease, while his heart was breaking."

In the morning Mirvan was delirious and knew nobody. Nature's pitiless payment had begun for these months of exaction from sense and spirit. Humphrey knew little of illness, but his instinct took alarm. He sought

Sebastian, and begged him to summon advice. He himself meanwhile kept watch in Mirvan's room, helpless and all but hopeless. How much of this did Irène know, or how little? It would be his part to tell her.

The old doctor, spectacled, solemn, came and shook his head. He was a constant figure in Humphrey's childish experience; but his chief remembrance of him, through that childhood's slight disorders, was this same unhopeful sign; so he did not hold it final. Then came questions no one could answer, as to the preceding symptoms and the possible cause.

"I can not tell," was all Humphrey could say; while Sebastian listened, silent, with a troubled face.

The doctor laid a hand on Mirvan's brow and pulse, shook his head again—this time with a more real concern,—and, leaving a few simple directions, the old healer of the house of Oldenburg bowed himself out. Humphrey went with him to the door, dreamily recalling, as he went, his childish problem, still unsolved—whether the wonderful grey wig was a wig or not. He knew that under it dwelt an astute brain and a great kindness of heart, specially devoted to all who were of Sebastian's kin.

In the doorway Humphrey, in his turn, detained him with a question.

"If he can sleep," was the answer. "There has been some tremendous strain of mind and body; but if he can sleep he may win through. I can do very little. We must leave nature to work. Repeat the draught as often as he wakes, and I will come again to-night."

Humphrey went back to Mirvan's room, and found Sebastian sitting by the bed.

"I want to go away for an hour or two, father," he said. "You can stay? There is nothing to be done but give this when he wakes."

Sebastian nodded, too miserable for speech.

Presently he said, looking Humphrey in the eyes:

"Do you believe he will die?"

"No," the other answered, gravely.

Sebastian leaned his head on his hand.

"I feel just as I did that night I brought him home. It was you pulled him through then. Take care of yourself, Humphrey, and make haste back. I believe you're stronger than he is, for all your white face."

Humphrey saw no foot of his road that day: he saw Irène waiting for the tidings she knew not of, and her alone. The morning, after the storm, was sweet and calm as summer, though more keen; the sweetness all in the air and earth, birdless and leafless the boughs. He woke to the recognition of Fontenelle only when he was close upon it. It lay so still, so void of life or sound, in its tangled wilderness of garden and park, that Humphrey was involuntarily reminded of his first coming there,—how long ago it seemed! This time he rang no bell, but, fastening Elzevir lest he might wander and delay his return, he passed swiftly upstairs and knocked. There was no reply; and, expecting the house to be empty, he entered.

Irène was there, but neither his knock nor his entrance had roused her; and, standing a moment in the doorway, he saw her, himself unseen.

She was sitting in the great, upright chair by the fire, her face to the window, and the dog at her feet. Again he was reminded of the past. Her head was thrown back, with open eyes that saw nothing, and her hands lay loosely along the arms of the chair. It was the attitude of one who has not moved for a long time.

The dog heard Humphrey, and lifted his head; but even this movement failed to rouse Irène. She was neither resting

nor thinking nor feeling, Humphrey thought. Rather her life was in some phase of fixed abeyance, of breathless immobility, like a sculptor's thought in marble; or like death as we dream it,—not dissolution with its pain and terror, but the eternal stillness of arrested life. Humphrey held his breath a moment, as though he were indeed in the presence of death.

Then he spoke:

"Irène!"

It was like the translation from death to life. Her face, turned toward him, slowly kindled into joy.

"Humphrey! I thought I was never to see you again."

Humphrey forgot his errand for an instant,—quickly he remembered it.

She had hastened across the room, her hands stretched out. But he made no movement to take them. Looking at him then in wonder, she read his mind's message in his eyes. But the fear of her heart outran the truth.

"Mirvan is dead!"

"No, thank God!—but very ill."

She had fallen back from him a little; and, so standing, she questioned him, with voice unshaken.

"How long since?"

"It was last night; but I think now it has been coming upon him for a long time. He is worn out, and that is what makes me afraid."

"Does he know you?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Not at present."

Irène shivered, and Humphrey said:

"I would give my life for him if I could, but there is little to be done. I will bring you word myself each day."

"Thank you!" Irène said.

She wandered once up and down the length of the room. Coming back to him, she asked:

"Do you think it would help, or hinder, his chance for life if I went back with you?"

Humphrey was quite silent for a little time, not looking at her. Then, with the shadow of death between them, he spoke.

"He has struggled against you so long; and now in his illness, when he is not himself, he might forget that the struggle is over; and if he did, to see you would be hurtful."

"Is the struggle over?" she said.

"He came to me last night," replied Humphrey. "He thought I loved you, and that he must give up his life for me. I told him how it was."

The young girl stretched out her hand, and he took it this time in a gentle clasp.

"I have not seen him," she said, "except once, since the evening you left us together in the woods."

Humphrey started.

"Has he been alone all that time,—struggling, dying by inches, alone? And you?" he said, turning to her swiftly.

"I have not struggled," she answered. "That night, after you left us, he told me the truth without knowing it. Since *then* I have been alone."

Humphrey moved his lips as though in prayer.

"If God will but give us his life!" he said.

And then he went away.

(To be continued.)

NON-CATHOLICS are printing and reading our spiritual books. The lives of our saints and the writings of our ascetic and mystical theologians are to be found in public libraries, whence any one can take them. Consequently, men not of our faith look closely to see if we practise what we profess. Let them live what life they will themselves, let them talk what scandal they will against the Church, they nevertheless expect holiness, like that of our books, from the Church's sons and daughters.—S. L. Emery.

Mary's Praise.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy!
Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception!

SADLY wept the Magna Mater, fell her tears
like scorching rain,
As she knelt near holy Abel, by his elder brother
slain.

She had seen the flowers wither, she had seen
dumb creatures die,

But the dark-winged, silent Angel hitherto had
passed *her* by.

Tender words her voice had spoken—soft as
breezes of the South,—

She had pressed him to her bosom and had kissed
him mouth to mouth;

Listened for his heart's pulsation, breathed upon
him with her breath—

Could this strange, this awful something, be that
he who is called Death?

"Lord," she pleaded,—“Lord and Father, open to
me Eden's gate!”

And a Voice replied from heaven: “Wait for the
Immaculate!”

Sweetly in the camp of Moses sound of voice and
timbrel fell,

As the songstress sang of freedom unto list'ning
Israel:

God will lead them as He promised,—go before
them in the Ark;

By the cloud and by the pillar, He will guide, in
light and dark,

To the blessed Land of Promise, to the honey and
the vine,

Where on fertile plain and terrace sunlight, moon-
light, starlight, shine.

Fairer was the Ark of Promise framed by God to
bless the earth;

Perfect was the Hebrew Maiden who loved Jesus,
gave Him birth;

Angels and archangels listened when e'en to the
Golden Gate

Rose the sweet, glad song of triumph sung by the
Immaculate.

Faithful Ruth and lovely Esther, both were types
of this one Maid,

Who, like Eve in thornless Eden, walked with God
all unafraid.

With the exile goeth Mary; for the sad, the weak
she pleads;

As the woman fed the prophet, she the spirit's
hunger feeds.

Jesus loved her, she loved Jesus; her hand led
Him through the corn;

Cross and passion and betrayal,—she was near
Him when forlorn.

Sweet to Christ the love of Mary,—God's own
stainless turtledove,

On whom fell the drops of crimson from her
dying Son above.

From His cross He saw her standing, saw her
for her children wait;

And, as faithful guide and Mother, gave them the
Immaculate.

Pio knelt beside the altar, shepherd he of Christ's
own sheep;

Round the fold the wolves were prowling, never
must the watcher sleep.

Said a Voice: "Proclaim the glory of the Virgin
without stain!

Sound the trumpet in her honor, let it ring and
ring again!"

And the Pontiff said with meekness: "Master, I
will do Thy will."

Morning found him praising Mary, evening found
him praising still.

Pio sleeps with Popes unnumbered, crook and keys
are laid aside;

But still greater grows the glory of the Spirit's
mystic Bride,

Of the Mirror of Perfection, Mother of the Crucified,
Of the Advocate of Sinners, of the Mariner's
bright Star,

Who would lead us to the haven where the saints
and martyrs are;

Of the Queen who went to meet Him in her bright,
angelic state,

And doth reign with Him forever—Mary the
Immaculate!

WHAT do we know of our neighbor's
motive, his intention—that thing which
we dare to blame? There is a brilliantly
acute as well as a saintly saying,
worthy to be set in gold: "Never be
scandalized or surprised at what you
see or hear. If you lived among the
angels and gave heed to what was
going on, many things might seem to
you not to be good, because you do
not understand them."

—"The Inner Life of the Soul."

How a Martyr Met His Death.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

ON December 29, 1681, the feast
of St. Thomas of Canterbury,
there suffered in London, on
Tower Hill, one of the best and noblest
of his time and country—William
Viscount Stafford, of the noble family
of the Howards. He was a victim of
the fierce persecution that raged in
England in consequence of the pre-
tended revelation of a Popish Plot by
the infamous Titus Oates and his vile
imitators and abettors.

I have before me a volume, published
shortly after the martyr's death, and
entitled "Stafford's Memoirs; or, A
Brief and Impartial Account of the
Birth and Quality, Imprisonment, Tryal,
Principles, Declaration, Comportment,
Devotion, Last Speech and Final End
of William, late Lord Viscount Stafford.
Published for rectifying all mistakes
upon this Subject." It is my purpose
in the present paper to give from this
interesting volume a few extracts to
show with what sublime courage and
wonderful meekness this great noble-
man met the reverse of fortune—terrible
from a worldly point of view, though in
reality a great and blessed privilege,—
which led him first to a prison cell
and finally to the block. When, after
a trial which was a mere farce, the
sentence of death for "high treason"
was pronounced, the noble Viscount,
like the Christian martyrs of old,
thanked God from his inmost heart.

"When the votes were passed," says
the old contemporary record before
me, "the Lord High Steward declared
to the prisoner he was found guilty
of high treason, whereof he was
impeached." (The trial, being in the
form of an impeachment, took place
in Westminster Hall at the Bar of the
House of Lords, the Commons being

present.) "To which my Lord Stafford answered: 'God's holy name be praised, my Lord, for it!' Then the Lord High Steward asked him what he could say for himself, why judgment of death should not be given upon him according to law. He replied: 'My Lord, I have very little to say. I confess I am surprised at it, for I did not expect it. But God's will be done, and your lordship's. I will not murmur at it. God forgive those who have falsely sworn against me!'"

On this—after a short prologue from the Lord High Steward, in which he expressed his sense of the enormity of the crime which the prisoner was supposed to have committed, the barbarous and horrible sentence of death customary in those days was duly passed.

"My Lord," continues the chronicler, "received this dismal sentence with a meek and resigned countenance. He declared, in the presence of Almighty God, he had no malice in his heart to them that had condemned him, but freely forgave them all. He made one, and only one, humble request to their lordships,—namely, that for the short time he had to live a prisoner, his wife, children, and friends might be permitted to come to him. My Lord High Steward told him their lordships had so far a compassion for him, they would be humble suitors to the King [Charles II.] that he will remit all the punishments [the horrible process of hanging, drawing and quartering] but the taking off his head. This sentence being passed, the Lord High Steward broke his staff, and my Lord Stafford was led back from the Bar to the Tower; the axe being carried before him, as the custom is in such cases, with the edge toward him....

"The greatest part of his time, from his last sentence to his final end, he employed in serious recollection and fervent prayer, wherein he seemed to

receive a daily increase both of courage and comfort; as if the Divine Goodness intended to ripen him for martyrdom, and give him a taste of heaven beforehand. Indeed, he behaved himself in all things like a man whose innocence had banished the fear and horror of death."

A few days before his death, Lord Stafford received from his confessor a beautiful letter, which our author gives verbatim, "to the end everyone may see how the priests treat their penitents in the condition and circumstances my Lord was in." The letter is too long to give *in extenso*, and I must content myself with choosing a few touching passages:

"My Lord, the character I bear gives me some title, and the singular esteem I have for your noble and truly virtuous person and family gives me confidence to present your lordship, in this your last and grand affair, with a consolatory, or rather congratulatory, letter. As I daily make my supplication to God on your behalf, so I hope I may make my addresses to you on God's behalf. You are chosen by the King of kings to share with Him in immortal crowns; you are called from an abyss of misery to the top of felicity; you now pay a debt on the score of grace which is due, and which you must shortly have paid to the course of nature.

"And herein, my Lord, you are adorned with all the trophies of Jesus' victory. He was condemned of high treason by false witnesses for the love of you, and you stand condemned of the same crime by the like evidence for the love of Him. Yet you shall not die, my Lord,—'tis a mistake of this blind world: you shall only pass from a state of death to a state of life,—true life, eternal life. You shall be transformed into Him whose essence is to live, in whom and with whom and by whom you shall enjoy all that is good, all that is lovely, and all that

is pleasant. And this enjoyment shall be in all its fulness, altogether, all at once, without interruption, without bound, limit or end.

"The omnipotent Creator of heaven and earth, the Searcher of hearts, the dreadful Judge of men and angels,—He who justly might otherwise peradventure have cast you into eternal fire, from whose sentence there is no appeal,—He, I say, will now be forgetful of past frailties, regard you with a merciful eye, with a pleasing countenance, a loving heart, an open arm, an endeared affection. Millions of laurels hang over your head; thousands of millions of glories and sweets attend you, which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man. The Virgin Mother shall meet and conduct you to her beloved Son: the Apostles, martyrs and confessors shall receive and accompany you; and all the blessed quires of saints and angels shall celebrate your victory, and sing Alleluias to their celestial King for His unspeakable goodness to you."

There is much more in the same encouraging and triumphant strain; and the writer makes it clear that the death which awaits his former penitent is that of a martyr for the Catholic Faith. "The innocence of your cause, the dignity of your religion for which you suffer, entitles you to the merits of the cross, and incorporates you to the blood and passion of Jesus your Saviour." The letter is full of texts of Holy Scripture calculated to arm the soul of the martyr with hope and courage and joy. "'This day,'" it concludes, "'thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.' 'The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that you may abound in hope and the power of the Holy Ghost!'"

"Your lordship's most devoted servant in Our Lord, . . ."

"Those hours," says the narrator,

"which he spared from prayer or necessary repose, he bestowed part in the entertainment of his friends (though indeed none were permitted to come at him but under severe provisos and restrictions), amongst whom he demeaned himself with exceeding sweetness, candor, and alacrity of spirit, connatural to him always, but more especially after he had an assurance of his death; insomuch that he could not endure to see any in grief or dejection on his account. For this reason his sad and disconsolate lady (who alone touched his heart, and who could no longer support the weight of her affliction) was forced entirely to absent herself from him the day before his passage out of this world. Some moments likewise he allowed to give his last adieu by letters to his nearest relations, particularly to his aforesaid most dear lady, whose incomparable virtue, and above forty years' experienced constant affection to him, had taken a deep impression in his soul. But because the letters themselves express his mind and disposition better than I can describe it, read here these few copies which good fortune brought authentic to my hands."

Here follow copies of several letters to his wife and children, of which I shall give the most touching. The first is inscribed, "To my dear and most kind wife," and runs thus:

"God of His mercy and goodness, I most humbly beseech Him to reward you for your extraordinary kindness and love to me. I am sure no man ever had a better wife in all kinds than you have been unto me. I am most heartily sorry that I have not been able to show how happy I have held myself in the great blessing which God was pleased to afford me in having you, not only for the great family to which you are the undoubted heir, and estate you brought me and mine, but for the great love you have always

borne me. I sincerely ask your pardon with all my heart for all that I have done to give you any dislike. I know you will forgive me out of the kindness and affection, you have so often shown unto me more than I deserved....

"I do most willingly submit myself to God's holy will; and, since He knows how innocent I am, and how falsely I am sworn against, I am most confident that the Most Blessed Trinity will, through the merits and passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ, grant me a place in the heaven of happiness, to glorify God to all eternity amongst His angels and saints; the lowest place in heaven being an happiness above all the kingdoms of the earth. I give God most humble thanks that I am absolutely quiet within myself from being guilty, even so much as in a thought, of that treason I am accused of, and never had a thought of anything against the person or government of his Majesty. And what I did toward the introducing of the Catholick religion was no way but that which I thought to be for the good of the kingdom by Act of Parliament. I do ask of the eternal and merciful God most humble pardon for all my great sins; hoping in the mercy of Christ Jesus, through His most sacred passion, to obtain remission of my sins, and life everlasting in heaven.

"God protect you and keep you and ours in His holy grace! My dear, I beseech you, by the love you always bore me, afflict yourself as little as you can for the unexpected, yet I doubt not but blessed, end of

"Yours . . ."

A second letter is addressed "To my dear and loving and beloved wife"; and is signed, "My dear mistress, your most affectionate loving husband."

To one of his children he writes:

"GOOD CHILD:—The condition I am in is such as I doubt not but that God hath brought me into it for the good of my soul. His holy name

be praised for it! I willingly and cheerfully submit to it. I beseech God to bless you and send you eternal happiness, which is the prayer of

"Your affectionate father."

The noble martyr left several "little papers or notes," as the narrator terms them, which form a kind of diary covering the time from his trial to his execution. I propose in another article to make extracts from these, and from the account of his execution and last moments.

The Voice of a Singing Woman.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

AURA BIRT saw, day by day, in the pretty little home that her sister and she had shared since long, long ago, the figure of a beautiful young woman with bright eyes, rosy mouth, and auburn hair glossy and abundant. This beautiful young woman had a quick, light step and agile fingers, and, above all, the loveliest voice you ever heard,—a clear, rich mezzo-soprano of good compass and pure in tone. She would sing for Laura, her elder sister, evening after evening, songs that had been in fashion many years before this time; and Laura would listen with all delight.

And on Thursday evenings Laura and this beautiful young woman would put on their boots and wraps and go down to the Girls' Club, where Sister Agnes presided. And, after the usual greetings, Clara would go straight to the piano, while Laura would sit in the easy-chair that Sister Agnes always pulled out some couple of feet from the wall, close against which it usually stood, and listen to the songs her sister sang.

Latterly Sister Agnes had been suggesting that the girls, she thought, would like some lighter music. Might they, now and then, have a comic song?

Laura thought this a little *infra dig.*; but no one could be offended with Sister Agnes, and so Clara would sing "something light." She had a song in which a grandmamma warned her granddaughter to have nothing to do with young men; and the granddaughter objected to the prospect before her—"die an old maid, die an old maid,"—until her difficulties were smoothed away by the thought that—

If all the young girls of the men were afraid,
My grandma herself would have died an old maid,
Died an old maid, died an old maid,—
My grandma herself would have died an old maid.

There was another about a girl who went to meet her Lubin, and was encountered by a sage, who plied her with indiscreet questions and knocked her answers into a cocked hat.

More than once Sister Agnes had asked if Miss Clara would mind playing a little, instead of singing; perhaps the girls would like this, as some of them were tired, and might rather not be too closely attentive. And Clara smiled and swept off a few arpeggios, and then—broke into a warble, a girl said, not sentimentally but ironically. After an hour or so, during which she had said, "Oh, no, not the least!" to repeated inquiries as to whether she were not tired, Clara would rise, and, amid thanks, she and Laura would go home, tired but happy.

It will have been guessed that, in Clara Birt, Laura's younger sister to whom she had always been as a mother, Sister Agnes and the girls at the club did not see a beautiful young woman, nor hear in her voice the melody and sweetness which were there to the ear of undiscerning affection. Sister Agnes did not see with the girls' eyes nor hear with their ears; but she saw and heard what made her feel grieved and puzzled. The girls saw Clara Birt as one of two old ladies, kind indeed, but silly, or more than silly; and they blamed Laura as partly the

cause of her sister's folly. Poor Miss Laura! to imagine that an elderly, wrinkled, faded woman was young and beautiful! And, above all, to imagine that a voice which often went flat and which cracked, or almost cracked, on certain notes, and which had very little tone indeed on any notes, was sweet and clear and true!

Sister Agnes had tried to minimize the ridicule the girls could hardly keep from showing, by asking for comic songs. But, somehow, it did not do. And there was going to be a village concert to help the fund for an organ in the church, and Miss Clara Birt had offered to sing,—offered, as a matter of course. Poor Father Lyons had not known what to say, but he begged that Sister Agnes would say something.

Would Clara Birt ever be old in Laura's eyes,—eyes that were fond as any lover's; eyes that ignored the changes which time had not failed to work in her? *She* was old, but Clara? Never, never! And yet, though Laura looked thus on her sister, and heard sweetness and fulness in the voice that, so many years ago, she had helped to train, just now and then there stole over her a strange feeling, which she put away almost as if it were a sin; for did it not seem like unfaithfulness? Were Sister Agnes and the club girls less kindly disposed than Sister Martha and other generations of club girls had been? Or—or was Clara's voice a little smaller in compass, a little thinner in tone? No, no, of course not! It was the fog, or the remains of a cold; or—what? Was Laura's step a little slower? Were her movements less agile? Was her hearing a little—a very, very little—less acute? No, no! It was only fancy; only a sort of reflection of the elder sister's own increasing infirmities.

Unlike her, Clara had never donned glasses to read by artificial light,—but gradually she had ceased to read at all in the long or lengthening evenings.

She liked a chat, or to hear what Laura had found interesting in the paper, or to play and sing from memory. No: if Laura had 'grown old, and beautifully grown old, with the atmosphere around her of that sweetly wise dependence which gives more help than it receives, Clara, in her eyes, was young and fair and strong, and had much to do with that lovely gift—her voice.

Clara wished to sing "Cleansing Fires" at the concert. She had sung it at the club one evening, and it had sounded funny,—so funny that Sister Agnes had felt that to listen to such singing was really growing to be too great a strain on the courtesy of the girls; and it was, of course, bad for them to turn Miss Clara covertly into ridicule. There had been choking sounds, and even something like giggling, and a suspicious use of handkerchiefs, when that terrible high note had come—if note it could be called.

What was to be done? It would give both the sisters such pain to suggest that Miss Clara's voice was—no, she could not say it, could she? Yet was it fair to the club, to its members, even to the dear old ladies themselves, to allow this to go on?

Not only did Miss Clara want to sing "Cleansing Fires," but she also wished to take the leading part in a cantata which Sister Agnes had suggested to the girls to get up. It had been in vain that Sister Agnes had gently remarked that the girls had better do it themselves. She had even gone to the length of saying that the part of a fairy might be most suitable to a young girl,—quite a young girl. But Laura had met her suggestion with, "Oh, yes! But you see also that everything goes better when a trained singer takes the leading part." Both the sisters thought that Clara's singing "would make all the difference." "So it would!" thought poor Sister Agnes.

The club girls made up their minds to

take the matter into their own hands. The leader of this movement of determination spoke.

"Sister, it's this way. If Miss Clara insists on being Fairy Listavorana, the others and I are not going to make sillies of ourselves. We mean no disrespect to you, Sister; but there's no use in making sillies of ourselves if that old—"

"Alice!" There was authority as well as remonstrance in the tone; and, somehow, the look conveyed the remembrance of Miss Clara's real kind-heartedness, and the sense of its not being "nice" to talk about her as "that old"—whatever noun the adjective was meant to qualify.

With some deprecation in her tone, the girl proceeded:

"Well, Sister, what would you have us to do? Not have the cantata at all, I think. She said—I mean Miss Clara said she was coming to practise it next Thursday and Saturday."

"Alice, you must give me a little time to think. I will tell you soon."

It was not easy for Sister Agnes to find time to think out the matter; but, being one of the people who make time, she did think over it and carefully; and as soon as possible she went to see the Birts. She felt very sorry for them, but she knew that what she had to say must be said; and her little bit of comfort was that she knew she would say kindly and carefully what might, and probably would, reach the old ladies (for, being fairly young herself, she classed them together) in some way that might bring pain greater and sharper yet.

When she was shown into the little drawing-room she could not help noticing that, somehow, it did not look quite like itself. What was the reason? It was not untidy, but there was about it something unlike its ordinary prim neatness. The flowers, in particular, looked different. They

were not, as usual, in tidy little rotund groups, edged about with leaves: there were sprays and trails, and here and there one tall flower alone in its beauty. The piano was open, and there was music on the desk. Sister Agnes saw the title "Cleansing Fires," and her heart sank.

After a little delay (and there was not wont to be any delay in receiving Sister Agnes) the door opened and Miss Birt came in.

"O Sister, how nice of you to come up! And I am so sorry to have kept you! But we're so busy and so—what shall I say? Not exactly flustered that—no, no, you mustn't go away yet! Sit down again just a few minutes. We're in such a state of surprise—delightful surprise, too,—that we hardly know what we're doing. Our nephew, Jemmy Birt, who went to Australia years ago, has sent home his daughter on a visit to us. And, oh, it seems only yesterday that he was a mere lad, going off to a new country; and here is his daughter, as tall as he was then! She came last night, just as Hannah was putting up the shutters, and Clara was taking out her beads, ready for Hannah to come in to Rosary. And—but I mustn't keep you to chatter away like this. Must you go? Well, you'll come again soon,—or I'll come to you. She's so pretty, Sister, and so nice! You will be charmed with her. And she and darling Clara have very much in common. She plays beautifully, and will be able to accompany her aunt, which is delightful. They have just been trying 'Cleansing Fires,'—practising, you know, for the concert."

"Does she sing?" asked Sister Agnes, a wild, unreasonable hope flashing upon her mind.

"Oh, no! She only plays. It is nice to have her. But such a surprise! O Sister, won't you stay? No? Well, then, if you must go, I won't hinder you.

Say a prayer for us, Sister, won't you? and for our bonnie girl, Jem's child?"

Sister Agnes went away, smiling at Miss Birt's delightful unconsciousness that it was not Sister Agnes who was too busy to stay,—smiling, and then feeling sorry, and yet in a sense relieved, at having had to go without saying one word of what had cost her so much to prepare.

Sara Birt—known to her family, and so, of course, to the great-aunts, as Sadie—was in the little wood at the bottom of the garden, watching the birds, strange to her as a Colonial; and watching the insects, and the play of light and shadow on the leaves. Sometimes she hummed to herself a few bars of song; then suddenly she would stop. "No, I mustn't, I mustn't! They are not to know I can sing."

She thought of their warm welcome of the unexpected guest; of the rapid preparation of the pretty spare room; of their quick assumption that she would make their home hers for a long time; of their expressions of affection for her father. They had made her love them at once, as they had been drawn to love her. And then had come that funny, pathetic little scene at the piano, when Aunt Clara had sung, and Aunt Laura had rapturously applauded. And she had heard all about the club, and how Aunt Clara loved to sing for the girls, and how she was to help them with their concert. "It's God's beautiful gift to Aunt Clara," Laura had said; "and she loves to use it for Him."

Sadie had realized it all, and quickly; and, though her good sense told her it was a pity the dear, sweet old ladies should so deceive themselves, she could not but feel that it was not her part to undeceive them; and she made up her mind that neither of them should know, at least during her visit—perhaps they need never know,—that she could sing.

The Jubilee Prayer.

AS a page of reading peculiarly appropriate to our Blessed Lady's Jubilee week, and to the title of this her magazine as well, we take pleasure in proffering to our readers the following translation of a French author's exquisite commentary on the "Hail Mary."

**

After the "Our Father," which we have the hardihood to say because we have been divinely instructed to say it (*Et divina institutione formati, audemus dicere*), the "Hail Mary" is the most perfect, the most potent, and the best beloved of prayers. It is beautiful and dear to us because of its origin, its division, and the use made of it by holy Church.

As for its origin, its authors were the most august Trinity, the Archangel Gabriel, Saint Elizabeth, the Catholic Church, and the Christian world.

Of the component parts of the prayer, the first portion is devoted to our Blessed Lady's virginal and maternal glories: "Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." The second part is consecrated to the needs of Our Lady's children: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." And it is thus that it becomes us to pray. To offer our petitions without thanks and blessing is to forget to whom we speak; to pray without asking and entreating is to forget who we are.

The prevalence of the *Ave Maria* in the Church's offices and authorized devotions is noteworthy. It is at the beginning and the end of each of the Canonical Hours; it is almost the only constituent of the Angelus and the Rosary; almost invariably it follows the "Our Father." It is the prayer of

saints, the petition of the lowly, the favorite homage of virginal hearts, the trustful cry of little children.

We love the *Ave Maria* for the beauty and the sweetness of its words. Each one of them is a star in thy aureola, O Holy Virgin Mary,—a brilliant gem in thy matchless crown!

Ave.—Hail, thou who hast been and art still greeted by God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; by patriarchs and prophets; by martyrs, confessors, and virgins; by all the saints; by those who are wending their way upward to heaven, by poor sinners who hope for and implore their pardon.

Maria.—Mary is the foremost of the names which piety has multiplied to express the glory, the greatness, the purity and the goodness of her who is called the Lily, the Vase, the Tower, the Rampart, the Gate, the House, the Bark, the Star of God and of the sons of God.

Gratia plena.—At the very instant of her creation, Mary received the plenitude of divine grace,—received it as a sea or an ocean that ceaselessly hollows out still deeper abysses, and constantly enlarges its ever-widening boundaries. It is through her that Christians receive that grace; though not, of course, its first source, she is its necessary channel.

Dominus tecum.—Jesus, Mary: they are the two inseparables of the Gospel and its mysteries,—“And the Mother of Jesus was there”; the two inseparables of the Church and its history. One leads naturally to the other. None have adequately honored the Son without rendering homage to the Mother. To fall away from her is to detach one's self from Him.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.—Many women are famous in Holy Writ: Eve as the mother of the human race, Judith as the defender of the people of God, Esther as the suppliant for that people's salvation. Mary eclipses Eve

by a more fruitful motherhood; Judith, by a more powerful arm; Esther, by a prayer that never rests unanswered.

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.—The Mother is blessed because through her there is given to us Jesus, the primary Author of our salvation; Jesus, who will one day address to the elect that greeting of eternal benediction, "Come, ye blessed of My Father."

Sancta Maria.—Holy: therefore mild and compassionate; holy: therefore powerful; nay, all-powerful as an intercessor.

Mater Dei.—Mother of God and Mother of Christians,—our Mother. She is the Mother of the Saviour, of Jesus Christ; of the Chief and His members, of the whole Catholic family in its magnificent unity.

Ora pro nobis.—The Blessed Virgin possesses all the virtues that render prayer irresistible: humility, purity, docility; the divine charity which was so moved on Calvary by the Passion—*Stabat Mater dolorosa*,—which is so moved to-day by the peril to which our souls are exposed.

Peccatoribus.—The first cause of our distress and our need is sin,—accursed, incomprehensible sin. Our Lady, who has fathomed its horror more thoroughly than have done all men combined, combats and destroys it.

Nunc.—Now, during the brief space of our present life; now, whilst we can still pray, merit, do good, become converted.

Et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.—Our Lady stood by the Cross when the Saviour committed His soul to the hands of the Father. Gate of Heaven, Refuge of Sinners, Queen of the Elect, she continues her office by the side of her children on the threshold of eternity. None of those who are truly hers—who imitate her example—will perish forever.

THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.—*Disraeli.*

Notes and Remarks.

There is a revival, in Roman diplomatic circles, of talk about the speedy establishment of a Nunciature at Constantinople. The decorations proffered by the Sultan to Cardinals Merry del Val and Gotti are taken as indications that the matter is being negotiated between the Vatican and Turkey. Leo XIII., it is known, thought seriously of such a step some years ago, but gave up the idea because France objected that her protectorate would thereby be endangered. Any representations along this line from present-day France are not likely to have much of a deterrent effect on Leo's successor.

It is also stated that there are actually under way negotiations looking toward the elevation of the Prussian legation to the rank of embassy and the establishing of a Nunciature at Berlin. This action, it seems, would be quite in harmony with the desires of the German Emperor, who apparently courts the increase of the Church's influence as sedulously as France seeks to destroy it. Finally, there is talk of still another Nunciature in China. This, too, was one of Leo XIII.'s projects, abandoned for the same reason as that which led him to give up the proposed establishment at Constantinople. "'Tis an ill wind that turns none to good," and France's diplomatic defection bids fair to augment materially the Church's sphere of influence in other quarters of the world.

In a contribution to the religious discussion carried on in the columns of the *London Daily Telegraph*, to which we referred last week, an English barrister writes:

I have discussed religious questions with scores of men, and, leaving Roman Catholics out of the account, I can not remember more than two who profess themselves Christians. Many others go to church—in the country,—and nearly all

think Christianity a very good thing for their wives and children. But ask them their opinion of the cardinal doctrines of the faith; and, if they know you well enough to confide in you, you will get but one reason.

The exception of Catholics in all such cases as this ought to be fully as enlightening to non-Catholics as it is gratifying to us.

It was natural that the secular press, with its instinct for scandal, should publish long accounts of a recent deplorable defection from the Church, adding, as was done in some cases, comments as senseless as they are indecent. On the other hand, becoming reticence and, above all, charity were to be expected from Catholic papers, not one of which was possessed of facts upon which to base intelligent criticism, if criticism were at all demanded. Many such events are inexplicable, and to pronounce judgment upon them at haphazard is the part of folly. To declaim that the Church will survive the defection of this unfortunate woman, strikes us as being almost idiotic. We have read articles dealing with this case in which the writers seemed to take for granted that facts were as reported, and that there could be no extenuating circumstances to account for them. It is well to bear in mind that the gossip of the world is what it always was—flippant, flowing and irresponsible; furthermore, that the average secular journal delights in scandals and rarely fails to exaggerate them. The proper course for Catholic papers, it seems to us, is to let all such things pass with as little attention as may be, acting on the principle that the least said will be soonest forgotten.

The indications are that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will have especial need during the coming year of generous contributions from

the well-to-do faithful. Two pathetic letters published in a recent issue of the *Missions Catholiques* give details of serious disasters which have befallen our missions in Annam and Mongolia. In the former district a terrible typhoon, besides causing the death of Father Dangelzer and a number of native Christians, wrought havoc with churches, bridges, dwellings,—everything that lay in its destructive path. In Mongolia, equally appalling disasters have been caused by the totally unexpected overflowing of the river Hoang-ho. Entire villages have been swept away by the devastating inundation; and thousands of Christians whose dwellings have escaped the ravages of the flood have, nevertheless, lost their crops, and will be forced to become recipients of charity for long months. Our Lyonesse contemporary from which we extract these saddening accounts has excellent reason for its urgent appeal to Catholic generosity.

“The Crisis in the Catholic Church” is the title of a paper in the November number of the *Fortnightly Review*, by Mr. Robert Edward Dell, which we have read with especial attention. We hadn’t heard of such a crisis, and of course one ought to know about things of this kind. The writer is a mere alarmist, still we do not regret the time spent in his company. If we did not learn of any crisis in the Church, we learned something about Mr. Dell, and shall know how to take the gentleman when met with again. He is one of a large class of persons who think themselves frank when they are only—well, impertinent, who confound fault-finding with criticism. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault, but the trouble is that after a while there doesn’t seem to be anything else to find.

We should describe Mr. Dell as a Cath-

olic smitten with the ultra-scientific, hypercritical mania, who fancies that the Church is rapidly getting into that lamentable condition which the emotional Mr. Mantalini used to characterize as the "demnition bowwows." His alarm is not less exaggerated than some of his statements. This declaration, for instance, is scarcely to be accepted as the expression of a sane person's belief: "Certainly no man should, under present circumstances, take Orders unless he is prepared to eschew intellectual pursuits; the present Pope has plainly intimated that intelligence is not wanted among the clergy." At most Pius X. has intimated that virtue should not be less conspicuous than knowledge in the make-up of the cleric; just as humility, let us say, would be fully as becoming as scholarship to the laity.

* *

In a private interview with President Lincoln, a certain much-respected citizen of the United States waxed wroth and forgot himself so far as to utter an oath. "Just a minute, Mr. —," interrupted the President, with the suspicion of a smile on his melancholy features. "What Church do you belong to? I am curious to know." Not less astonished than abashed, the other answered: "I suppose I ought to call myself a Presbyterian, Mr. President."—"Ah, I thought so!" was Lincoln's reply. "Secretary Stanton is a Presbyterian, I believe, and you used the same cuss word he always does when he gets mad." We have often observed that disloyal and disgruntled Catholics, airing their grievances, in secular periodicals all express themselves in pretty much the same fashion.

A somewhat varied but uniformly honorable career was lately terminated in New York by the death of General Louis P. di Cesnola, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. An

Italian by birth, he served as a cadet in the war against Austria in 1849, being promoted on the field of Custoza to the rank of first lieutenant. Later he fought in the Crimean War, receiving the Victoria Cross for distinguished service at the Siege of Sebastopol. Coming to New York in 1860, he opened a school of languages, served in the Civil War, was brevetted brigadier-general, and at the conclusion of hostilities was appointed consul at Cyprus. He afterward made a valuable archeological collection, which in 1873 became the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York city. For the past quarter of a century General Cesnola has been director of that institution. He was the author of an important work on Cyprus, and numerous pamphlets on art and archeological subjects. By his death New York loses a Catholic of prominence and a citizen of distinction.
R. I. P.

It is no great surprise to be assured that there are very few priests still living whose ordination antedates the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by Pope Pius IX., December 8, 1854. As a rule, the priesthood is conferred only when the age of twenty-four years has been reached; and three-quarters of a century is a long time to live. Yet there is one bishop still among the living—and very much alive, as we shall presently show,—who received his episcopal appointment from Pius IXth's predecessor, Gregory XVI.! We refer to the venerable Archbishop Murphy of Hobart, New Zealand, who celebrated the fifty-eighth anniversary of his consecration on the 11th of October, feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This Nestor of the world's episcopate was born in Ireland on June 15, 1815, and labored for nearly thirty

years in India before being transferred to New Zealand, where he has already spent upward of thirty-eight years. A more favored clime had the effect both of prolonging his life and of increasing his usefulness. From the *Monitor* of Hobart dated October 7, just to hand, we learn that this venerable Irish missionary is still in good health, with spirits buoyant and mind unclouded. "His Grace is well and strong. Only a few weeks ago he attended the exercises of the annual clerical retreat. They began before seven each morning, they lasted until after nine each night; but the venerable prelate, notwithstanding his weight of years, was present at all of them, and gave an example of simple piety, faith, and devotion that was the admiration of all his priests. To-day, when his ninety years tell of shadows that are lengthening, he is still at work."

It will be seen that the oldest of our American prelates—Bishops McQuaid and McCloskey and Archbishops Williams and Ryan—are "not in it" with the Patriarch of Australasia. In fact, they can hardly be called "venerable." As for the youngest of our archbishops, he deserves no mention here. Mgr. Murphy was a missionary bishop in India for many years before Archbishop Glennon was born. May all our youthful prelates attain "the crown of lengthened days"!

We have frequently contended in these columns that, if the Constitution of the United States forbids an equitable solution of the religious education question, then the Constitution needs amending. It would seem, however, that no amendment is really called for. Says a Washington correspondent of the *Western World*:

It is the opinion of an eminent lawyer, whom I consulted on the subject, that...there is no Constitutional inhibition to the making of contracts, on the part of a State, with the Catholic

parochial schools, or any other private schools, for the education of children for which the public schools make no provision, either for want of proper accommodations or for other equally valid reasons.

This sounds eminently reasonable. In indemnifying parochial school directors for the expense of conducting such schools, our government would not be proffering a gift or a subsidy to the Church, but merely granting compensation for services actually rendered. Once the will to be just in this matter is assured, a way to carry out the will is safe to be readily found.

We are more gratified than we can say that the proposal to erect a public monument to the memory of Emile Zola, whose sudden and deplorable end occurred two years ago, meets with no great favor in France. Sane Frenchmen are beginning to realize the great amount of evil wrought by this infamous author; and even some of his admirers are of opinion that it would be better not to place him on a pedestal which in a few years' time may be found unsuitable. Without at all ignoring the artistic element in Zola's work, it may with no impropriety be asserted that the sooner his memory lapses into utter oblivion and his influence ceases to be an active force, the better it will be for France and the world generally. In proof that this opinion is now shared even by those who used to laud Zola as a great stylist, and who are largely responsible for the translation of his works into English, we may quote the following extracts from a review in the London *Athenæum* of the recently published volume by Mr. Vizetelly—an account of Zola's life and work:

So far there is no discernible good effected by Zola's works, and the scientific novel as a reforming agency has proved a dismal failure... Zola may be a great writer, and even a novelist of genius, and a poet in his way; but it is an

abuse of words to dub him a man of science, historian, or reformer....

Mr. Vizetelly is a very able advocate, and his defence of Zola's work in this respect shows that he finds it necessary to plead extenuating circumstances. But his argument is not convincing. In the first place, it is important to distinguish between hypocrisy and decency and modesty. It is not through hypocrisy that we wear clothes, that of two words having the same meaning we choose the more delicate, that we refrain from mentioning certain physical functions or infirmities. It is simply a matter of decency and refinement....

Will Mr. Vizetelly contend that there are two moralities—one for the pen, and one for the pencil,—and that a man may write and publish what another man may not draw and exhibit? Clearly not. And we challenge him to say that either of the episodes we refer to could be pictorially represented. Then, if there are not two moralities, why should it be permissible to write what may not be drawn?

Referring to the prosecution of Mr. Vizetelly's father for publishing translations of certain of Zola's books—books which no one can read or even turn over without a feeling of deep disgust,—the writer in the *Athenæum* says:

Everyone who has taken part in the Vizetelly prosecutions, or who did not agree with Zola either as a novelist or a champion of Dreyfus, is set down as a knave or a fool, or both. We do not think that these gentlemen will be a penny the worse for Mr. Vizetelly's "terrible curse." But it is childish to indulge in gratuitous attacks on men of eminence, one of whom, at all events, is a statesman of no mean order.

It is a sign of the times, let us hope, that sane criticism like this can be found in our leading literary journals.

The Society of St. Peter Claver, organized to assist the missionaries who are evangelizing Africa, has just received a special mark of distinction from his Holiness Pius X. The mother-house of the Society is at Rome, and it was there that the foundress and directress, Countess Ledochowska, received from the Pope, a few days ago, an Apostolic letter in the form of a Brief. The Holy Father approves and praises the association that is becom-

ing so useful to the great work of propagating the Faith in Africa, and gives to the Society as its heavenly patrons Our Lady of Good Counsel and St. Peter Claver. Both patrons' festivals are henceforth to be celebrated by the association as feasts of the double major rank.

There was recently received, in official audience at the Vatican, Prince Emin Yong Tchan, envoy extraordinary of the Emperor of Corea, and bearer of an autograph letter from the Corean sovereign to the Holy Father. Roman advices, by the way, give the Catholic population of Corea as 60,000, a number just twice as large as that given by the New International Encyclopedia, which, by the way, is generally very reliable.

In a pastoral letter occasioned by the visit of the Rt. Rev. Andrew Hodobay to this country, the venerable Bishop Phelan of Pittsburg—the most cosmopolitan diocese in the United States, by the way,—makes this interesting statement:

All Catholics are Roman Catholics. It is a misuse of words and terms to say that some of the clergy and people of the diocese are Roman Catholics and some are Greek Catholics. All the faithful, who are in the unity of the visible Church of Christ, and in obedience to His Vicar, the Bishop of Rome, successor of St. Peter, are Roman Catholics. Some are Catholics of the Latin rite, some are Catholics of the Greek rite, some are Catholics of the Syrian rite, and so forth; but all are Roman Catholics, and all are equal in their rights and duties as subjects of this diocese.

The Holy See has commissioned Dr. Hodobay to visit all the priests and missions of the Greek rite in the United States. He will investigate the spiritual condition of all those scattered flocks, and report on their religious status to the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. He himself is what is called an Apostolic Visitor.

Notable New Books.

Sequentia Christiana. By C. B. Dawson, S. J. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This little work, whose object is "to give a simple and concise account of the chief doctrines of the Catholic Church," would seem to have been inspired by much the same motives as prompted Cardinal Newman to write his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." The author is a convert, having abandoned the ministry of the Church of England. That portion of the book which treats of the Sacraments and Commandments will perhaps be most interesting to the popular mind. Father Dawson has a happy method of presentation. He states the Church's doctrine first, and then corroborates the same by apt texts of Scripture. These Scriptural citations are so well chosen and grouped under the various doctrinal headings, that, in themselves, they afford a desirable "armory of Scripture." The author deserves further commendation for the way in which he weaves into his dogmatic exposition the essential and more interesting ceremonies of the Church, especially those that accompany the administration of the Sacraments.

In a footnote to page 132 attention is called to the fact that there is no authority for the opinion that the Latin word *missa*, English "mass," is derived from the Hebrew *massah*, a "sacrifice." However this may be, it is interesting to note that the Latin word *missa* occurs for the first time in the writings of St. Ambrose. (Epist. xx, 4.)

Toward Eternity. By the Abbé Poulin. Translated by M. T. Torromé. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

We take great pleasure in recommending this book to our readers. It has a ring of sincerity that captivates. Its general conclusion might be stated in the words of the Psalmist: "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is sweet!" The work is neither a catechetical treatise nor a series of careful definitions: it is rather the echo of unspoken sorrows, a brief answer to mute questions, "with here and there, perhaps, a page that has been *lived*."

There are thirty-nine chapters, and each one might be considered a thoughtful meditation on some eternal truth, as the headings of the chapters indicate; for instance: "The Meaning of Life," "Before a Crucifix," "Hope," "Paradise." These subjects are not developed in a sermonizing or even a moralizing tone. The chapters consist of striking thoughts upon the truths under consideration, and bring vividly before our mind the all-important fact: "We have not here an abiding city." There is nothing

trite about the author's quotations: they are new, sprightly and telling. We may cite this one as an instance: "Life can not be entirely happy, because it is not heaven; neither can it be entirely miserable, because it is the road to heaven."

The Pearl and the Pumpkin. By W. W. Denslow and Paul West. G. W. Dillingham Company.

A children's book that is really excellent is a source of pleasure to readers of all ages; and the "grown-ups" who can find no fun in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" must themselves be irremediable "pumpkin-heads." As for the favored juveniles whose happy lot it may be to possess this handsome volume, they will assuredly find it a thing of beauty and a joy for—a much longer period than that during which most novelties succeed in pleasing them. Mr. Denslow's one hundred and twenty-five illustrations are inimitably droll, and Mr. West leads a goodly number of most whimsical characters through as remarkable a series of adventures as ever evoked the round-eyed wonder of fascinated childhood. The little boy or girl who makes the acquaintance of Pearl and Joe Miller and the "Ancient Mariner" and Mother Carey and Davy Jones and the Corn Dodger and the Pieman and—all the other personages of the book, may be counted on as a delighted child for several weeks, at the lowest calculation. The authors of the book have already contracted with a firm of comic opera producers to put "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" on the stage.

Manassas. A Novel of the War. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Company.

The war of which Mr. Sinclair writes is the irrepressible conflict of North and South fifty years ago. The title of his book, by the way, is not strictly accurate, as the story concerns the preliminaries to the war, the various events leading up to it, rather than the mighty conflict itself. The novel is divided into five books—the Morning, the Crisis, the Climax, the Storm, and the Battle,—and it spans the decade and a half of strenuous years from 1846 to 1861. As war stories go, "Manassas" is a creditable production; and those who prefer history in a romantic guise will welcome this vivid picture of an era that nowadays seems a good deal more remote than a mere half-century. Some will thank the author for eliminating the love motif. There is not a sweetheart or a lover in all the book's four hundred pages.

Mr. Sinclair's literary touch ranges from a realism that is occasionally offensive to an idealism that appears at times a little strained. We should judge that both Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" and Carlyle's "French Revolution"

have helped to develop his intellectual stature. The Carlylean influence is, perhaps, the more apparent. The book contains not a few perfervid passages of this sort: "The nation was coming forth like a young giant,—girding its armor about it, calling for the combat.... It was something superhuman, beyond thought; something colossal, cosmic, seizing the mind like the sweep of the planets, the upheavals of the ages, and the crashing of the skies." And this, anent the country's call for volunteers: "She sped above them on rushing pinions, she touched them with her robes of fire. She cried aloud in trumpet-tones; she stretched out her arms, and the multitude quivered; she waved her sword, and the lightning flew. The ground rocked and thundered as she went, the sky bent and cracked above her, and down the tempest-trodden pathway she whirled them on to war!"

The average novel-reader will probably resent the incompleteness of the story as regards the career of its only hero, Allan Montague; and cultured folk will deplore the undashed profanity that sullies some of its pages. It is to be regretted, too, that, with a multitude of genuine Lincoln stories from which to choose, the author has thought fit to select a few that are pointless, and one which, besides being irreverent, is, so far as we know, apocryphal.

The Way that Led Beyond. By J. Harrison. Benziger Brothers.

In this latest book by the author of "Kind Hearts and Coronets" we have a Catholic novel which, considered merely as a story, measures well up to the standard of contemporary fiction; while its general tone and the influence it will exert upon its readers are immeasurably superior to those of the average "six best selling books" of the day. Xaviera Pomeroy is a somewhat unconventional heroine,—or at least she deserves this characterization until the very close of the narrative, and then, much to the satisfaction of normally good-natured readers, she becomes very conventional indeed. The change effected in Phyllis and Aunt Mary might, perhaps, be handled somewhat more artistically; but the story does not drag, the plot is well worked out, and the interest endures to the very last page. What more does one need in a novel that is unobjectionable on the score of literary style and Christian morality?

The Mastery. By Mark Lee Luther. The Macmillan Company.

A story of twentieth-century American politics, realistic as the news columns of a daily paper, and graphic as the snapshot photograph of a stampeded convention. All the prominent characters in the public life of the average State

find their counterparts in these pages, from the scrupulously honorable senator, depicted in Wentworth, to the utterly unscrupulous boss, of whom Maddox is a faithful portrait. There is abundant action in the book, and the story sweeps along with a rush that is exhilarating. Philip Drew, despite some characteristics inseparable, it would seem, from the practical politician, rather extorts the sympathy of the reader whose tastes permit him to grow interested in even fictitious politics; and the cleverly arranged climax of the denouement will satisfy the most exacting advocate of poetic justice and the eternal fitness of things.

Having stated that the story is one of up-to-date politics, it is perhaps needless to mention that the flagrant immorality involved in the bribery and corruption of electors and legislators is glossed over, not condemned. The best of the characters go so far as to look grave when the evil is mentioned; but they clearly consider it a necessary evil. "The Mastery" is a frankly political, not an ethical, novel; but one which will be read with enjoyment by "the man on the street"—and his family at home.

Catholic Ideals in Social Life. By Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Benziger Brothers.

Readers of various Catholic periodicals are familiar with the thoroughgoing fashion in which Father Cuthbert delivers himself on the various questions of the hour, and will recognize his virile personality all through the timely papers that make up this volume. Writing as he has done, not for the student or specialist, but "for the ordinary intelligent wayfarer" whom these questions about social life and conduct concern, the reverend author deals practically, and fairly exhaustively, with such topics as: the Church and Personal Liberty, the Christian State, Marriage, the Value of Work, the Education of Women, the Idea of Responsibility, the Workingman's Apostolate, Religious Aspects of Social Work, the Responsibility of Wealth, the Need of Personal Service, and others of cognate import. The book will make excellent reading for the thoughtful Catholic, lay or clerical, who desires to entertain sound views on subjects about which there is extant more false philosophy than true.

Welcome! By Mother Mary Loyola. Benziger Brothers.

All who are acquainted with the devotional books of Mother Loyola will be glad to turn to this, her latest book, for instruction and inspiration. It is a series of meditations having for object the better preparation for Holy Communion, hence the greater profit from this sublime act. Every line breathes devotion, and every meditation is Scriptural as well as liturgical in spirit and in letter.

MARY UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Our Queen.

☉ MARY, Queen Immaculate,
Thy beauty was enshrined
Eternal cycles in the deeps
Of the Creator's mind;
And we behold reflections fair,
O Mother Maid, of thee,
When in the beauties of the world
God's thought of us we see!

The silver tarn that mirrors forth
The glory of the skies,
Holds glimpses in its crystal heart
Of thy dear love-lit eyes.
The spotless lily of the field,
In purity and grace,
Is but an image unto us
Of thy fair virgin face.

The mystic beauty of the night,
The dawning's tender sheen,
But shadow forth thy wondrous charm,
O thou transcendent Queen!
The gentle wind that stirs the trees
Seems singing thy sweet name,
And river's rune and song of brook
Thy loveliness proclaim.

Oh, would that these poor hearts of ours
Might mirror back in love,
The beauty of the thought of thee
Soft whispered from above
In all the glory of the world,
In sky and earth and sea;
Uniting thus our loving thought
With God's sweet thought of thee!

THE antiphon *Alma Redemptoris Mater* ("Benign Mother of our Redeemer") is recited after Complin, from the first Sunday of Advent to the feast of the Purification. It is commonly attributed to Hermannus Contractus, and the claim of this saintly Benedictine to its authorship is universally admitted. It appears that the antiphon has been handed down to us without any change in the words.

A Great Author's Clever Dog.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



HOW many of our young folks, I wonder, have had their education so far neglected that they have not yet read Don Quixote,—not the whole book, of course, but the edition prepared for juveniles? One is tempted almost to envy the boys and girls who are ignorant of that famous book, because of the delightful experience which is still in store for them. The chivalrous, if fantastic, Don, the ambitious Sancho Panza, and poor, lean old Rosinante are characters so classic that one must in self-defence become familiar with them; for not to know Don Quixote is to be ignorant of one of the few really great works of fiction.

This story, however, is not about the famous Spanish novel, but about a particularly acute dog once owned by the novel's author—Michael Cervantes. It was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that this great writer flourished. He was seventeen years of age when Shakespeare was born, and died in the same year as the English poet—1616.

Old Spanish biographies tell us that Cervantes was very fond of animals, especially of dogs, and that he generally had two or three of these about him. In this respect he resembled another novelist with whom it is time our bigger boys and girls should become acquainted—Sir Walter Scott.

But to come at last to the story. Cervantes, well wrapped up in his great cloak, was walking one cold, dark night through a deserted lane, when he heard a piteous whining that

seemed to come from the base of a milepost. The cries were clearly those of a young dog and probably a lost one.

"If I knew," murmured Cervantes to himself,—“if I knew the rascal who turned out that pup on a cold December night like this, I'd make his shoulders acquainted with my cane, sure!”

He called to his servant who was preceding him with a lantern—in those days the streets of Madrid were pretty dark and not too safe,—and the two of them began to look for the dog. They soon discovered him. He was not precisely handsome, but rather a comical little ball of bristling grey hairs. He might be lost, but evidently he had not been starving; for he was as plump as an apple-dumpling. From under very shaggy brows gleamed the poor animal's only beauty—two large, intelligent eyes. With what an expression of timid entreaty those looked up at Cervantes, as if to say: “Don't leave me here, for pity's sake. It's so cold, and I'm so hungry and weak!”

The writer could not resist the pleading. He picked up the dog, rolled a fold or two of his cloak about the shivering little creature, and carried him to his lodgings. When he reached home, Cervantes deposited the pup upon a table, lit two candles and examined his “find” with the critical eye of a connoisseur. But he frowned a little as he did so; for, as has been said, the pup was not by any means a model of canine beauty, although its expression was as intelligent, bright, and withal as comical as dog ever wore. This rather consoled the writer; and the pup, noticing his master's restoration to good humor, began to make himself at home. He skipped about, emitted joyous bowwows, and tried to lick the hands that had succored him.

Cervantes, amused at his antics, began to think of an appropriate name for his new possession, and at length fixed upon *Patchon*, a word which in Spanish

is the equivalent of “street-cur.” The pup accepted the title without the slightest appearance of humiliation, and answered to it promptly.

From that night the dog enjoyed a life of perfect comfort and ease. A good deal spoiled, he never quitted the great novelist, slept at the foot of his bed, and, sitting gravely on a high chair, even assisted at his meals. All these favors, however, were not quite undeserved. Patchon owed most of them to his merits—to his fidelity, his wonderful intelligence, his devotedness to his mastery, and also his drollery. The most difficult tricks performed by other clever dogs were mere nothings to Patchon. Cervantes began to grow quite proud of his fourfooted pupil, whose reputation was increasing almost as rapidly as the novelist's own.

Two incidents in the career of this famous Patchon have always remained traditional in Spain; they are recorded in several different chronicles.

One day Cervantes, returning from an excursion in company with his comrade José Sanz, was crossing the wide and fertile plain in the midst of which Granada was founded in the tenth century. Patchon, of course, was on hand and was enjoying himself hugely. With gleaming eyes and cocked-up tail, he capered about the travellers for a moment or two at a time, then bounded off to attack ducks or plover, frogs or toads. He did not stand much on ceremony: all game looked alike to Patchon.

The road led just along the banks of the Douro. Suddenly Cervantes, who was discussing with Sanz the surprising intelligence manifested by his dog, conceived an original idea.

“I'll bet you,” he said, “that if I throw my ring into the river, and then, on our arrival at Granada, send Patchon back for it, he will bring it to me. I've known him to do things fully as astonishing.”

Sanz shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense!" he answered. "I don't believe a word of it. Of course Patchon is a clever little fellow; but still, to find your ring, he'd have to use his scent, and that's impossible in water. What I'll bet you is that your ring will be lost for good and all, unless you come back and look for it yourself."

"Well, how much will you bet?"

Sanz thought a moment before replying.

"I'm so sure of winning," said he, "that if I took your money, 'twould seem like stealing. So let's agree that whoever loses shall give twenty-five dollars to the poor."

"Agreed!"

Cervantes drew off his ring, showed it to Patchon, let him smell it, and said to him:

"Attention now, old fellow! You see this ring! Take a good smell at it. So. Now I'm going to throw it into the river. Afterward we're going over there" (pointing to Granada); "then you are coming back here to fish the ring up. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Patchon. He did not pronounce the word, of course, but his big bright eyes and his quivering tail meant just that. "Perfectly. Do you take me for a fool, that you ask so silly a question?"

Reassured by this apparent understanding, his master threw the ring into the river at a place where the water was quite clear and the bottom a sandy one.

Patchon did not, as was his custom when objects were thrown into the water for him to fetch, immediately plunge in and swim or dive for the ring. Not at all. He merely walked to the brink of the river, took a good long look at the spot where the ring had disturbed the placid surface, then trotted back to his master and glanced up at him with a self-satisfied expression that clearly meant: "It's all right.

You're sure of that twenty-five dollars."

At the suggestion of Sanz—who was quite willing to give the dog a fair chance in his future search, and who told Cervantes that he had better mark the spot so as to know it again, himself, in case Patchon did *not* find the ring,—the friends arranged some stones in a peculiar way on the river's bank; then proceeded on their road to the city.

About an hour later the celebrated bullfighter, Francisco Herrado, came riding along the very path that Cervantes and Sanz had been following. It was intensely hot, and it suddenly occurred to Herrado that the river would be deliciously cool. Why not take a bath? He looked around him: there was not a soul to be seen. Moreover, an orange grove near by afforded a convenient place for undressing. In five minutes the toreador had tied his steed to a tree, disrobed, and was enjoying himself splashing about in the clear waters of the Douro.

All at once his eye caught sight of a brilliant, flashing gem lying on the sand at the bottom, and an instant later he had dived and secured Cervantes' ring.

"Well," he soliloquized, "I'm in luck! This is a beauty; and if, as is probable, I don't find its owner, it will make a superb gift for Juanita, my betrothed."

He left the water, wrapped the ring up carefully in a piece of paper, put it in his waistcoat pocket, and proceeded to dress himself. He had just concluded when he saw first a cloud of dust, then a dog coming toward him at full speed. It was Patchon, of course, returning for the ring. Instead of jumping into the river at once as might have been expected, the dog stopped, cocked up his nose and sniffed for a moment or two. Apparently satisfied with such brief investigation, he bounded toward the toreador, uttering joyous barks, and jumping up on him in great glee:

Herrado was not too well pleased with these demonstrations.

"Get down, you brute!" he cried out. Get down! "Keep your paws off, I tell you!"

The dog obeyed; but when Francisco mounted his horse and rode off, Patchon followed him with an air of resolution that was unmistakable. Thinking he had to do with a lost dog, the good-natured toreador did not object; and so he took his new companion into the village inn at which some time later he stopped to take supper and spend the night. During the meal Patchon was continually poking his nose about the waistcoat pocket.

"That's funny!" thought Herrado. "But I suppose his master keeps sugar or some other dainty for him in *his* pocket."

Tired out with his day's riding, the toreador went to bed early, and Patchon stretched himself on the floor near the bed. Herrado did not sleep very well, and awoke at the first break of dawn. He got up and opened his window to let in the fresh air of morning, and then returned to bed, hoping to snatch another hour's sleep before breakfast.

He was dozing off very nicely when he heard a noise at the window. Springing up he went over to close it, when what should he see but Patchon, the waistcoat in his teeth, speeding away toward Granada like a very race horse!

Furious with anger, the toreador hastily donned his trousers and shoes, ran downstairs, hurried outdoors and started in pursuit of the dog. The innkeeper, disturbed at seeing his guest making off without paying his bill, started in his turn, followed by all the servants, crying out:

"Stop, thief! Stop, thief!"

(Conclusion next week.)

THE day that marks a good deed done,
A jewel glows at set of sun.

Three Months Under the Snow.

—
BY J. PORCHAT.
—

DECEMBER 21.

We made a fresh discovery to-day. While groping about in the darkness, I tipped over the jar in which we keep our drinking water. It did not break, fortunately; but my grandfather thought that we had better set the base in a hole in the ground, so that no accident could happen to it in the future.

I lit the lamp so as to see to dig the hole; and just as I struck the first blow my grandfather stopped me. He took the pick and began to work carefully, as if he were searching for something.

"I should not be surprised," he said at length, "if I were to find some bottles of wine. We buried some on leaving the chalet last year."

As he spoke a bottle came to light. He kept on digging until he had found five. I urged him to drink some at once. He did so, and he felt much strengthened. This little incident revived our courage, and we passed the evening in cheerful conversation.

DECEMBER 23.

From this time on I expect to skip many days, as there is little to write down. My grandfather is not so well, and he complains of a numbness in his limbs. We walk up and down in our prison for exercise, and that gives him some relief. He drinks a little wine each day, but he is getting weaker all the time. I pray that my only friend may not be taken from me while I am in captivity.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

We have devoted this day to pious exercises. My grandfather repeated the story of Christ's birth and life on earth. He also read some of the parables and other words spoken to the Disciples,

from the only book in our possession. But then it is *the* Book. I hope I shall never forget the lessons taught me. While I was listening, our poor hovel seemed a holy temple. I should not have been surprised to see it full of the radiance of the Divine Light.

Then I passed a long time picturing to myself what was going on in the village below. I seemed to hear the sounds of merrymaking, and this made our loneliness seem all the greater. How happy people are in being able to associate together! When I go down from this mountain—if I ever do,—I shall appreciate the companionship of others as I never did before.

DECEMBER 26.

This morning my grandfather was not able to drink his milk. I felt much worried, but he comforted me by saying that he felt quite well. He then told me how to make a little cheese with the rest of the milk. I persuaded him to let me make him a hot dish of bread and wine, such as I had often seen my aunt make for him when he was sick. How sorry I was that I did not have some sugar to sprinkle over it when it was done! He enjoyed the morsel very much, as the wine is sweet and mellow.

JANUARY 1.

The first day of the New Year! In spite of myself, I sighed so often to-day that my grandfather was considerably worried. I could not keep from thinking of the pleasure I had had a year ago to-day, and the tears would come.

The dear old man did all he could to amuse me. He proposed a little feast, if we could call it such. We roasted our potatoes in the ashes and made another dish of hot wine and bread. A bit of the cheese was left, and, putting all together, we had a good meal. Neither did we forget Blanchette. She had triple her usual portion of salt and caresses.

JANUARY 2.

We do not hear a sound outside. We feel sure that much more snow has fallen; but our stovepipe pierces through it, as the smoke rises freely. Sometimes, when the fire is out, large flakes drop down through the opening. These white messengers furnish our only communication with the outside world.

When we light our lamp and sit by our fire, we feel quite comfortable, by contrast with the darkness which so often surrounds us. I think of Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. And how many boys have envied him! We are far better off than he was; for the ocean surrounded him, while we know that, if we can manage to keep alive, spring will set us free.

JANUARY 4.

Yesterday I had another fright. After we had eaten our supper and were sitting before the fire, my grandfather, without a word of warning, fainted and fell to the ground. Some way, I can not tell how, I managed to get him to the bed. He came to himself after a time.

Oh, how frightened I was! I thought for a moment that he was dead. I gave him some wine, and rubbed his limbs for a long time to warm them. Finally he felt much better and sank into a quiet sleep. I can hardly write these lines, I am so excited, thinking what would happen if he were really to die.

JANUARY 5.

This morning my grandfather had a long talk with me about himself and his condition. He said that he was sure he would not live long, and he told me what I was to do in case of his death. I sobbed so violently that I could hardly hear what he said; but afterward I grew calmer and listened.

He, too, was resigned, and I wondered how he could be so brave in face of death. I am constantly filled with a

wild fear at the thought of what lies before me. I can do nothing but trust in Him who never forsakes us in time of need.

JANUARY 10.

What I feared has happened, and I am alone in the world! May God show His mercy to me, for I sorely need it now! I do nothing but pray and weep, as my best friend lies dead on the bed before me. Now the chalet is dreary indeed, and I do not know what will become of me.

JANUARY 14.

This is the first time I have been calm enough to write down what happened on the dreadful night of my grandfather's death. He went to bed as usual, but in the night he woke me up by groaning. Nearly dead myself with fright, I lit the lamp and gave him some wine. He tried to talk but could not say much. He took my hand and bade me an affectionate good-bye. As he held it I felt a slight pressure, and he sank away as quietly as if he were asleep.

When I realized that he was indeed gone, I gave myself up to the wildest grief. All day long I wept and prayed for deliverance from this living grave. When night came I was almost beside myself with fear; and, in my despair, I turned to Blanchette for comfort. I slept beside her, pillowing my head on her soft coat.

The next day I tried to remember the instructions my grandfather gave as to what I should do in case of his death. I felt ashamed of my fear of the dear body, and I touched it often, and gazed at the placid face that seemed so full of love.

The most dreadful thing of all remained to be done. I had to bury him! He told me to dig his grave in the milk-room and how I was to manage to get his body into it. After a long hesitation and many tears, I took my shovel and began. I worked

only a short time, then was obliged to stop, as fatigue and grief overcame me. It seemed to me that I could never do this last duty.

After a time I felt braver, and I went back to my task. As the soil was sandy, I had no trouble in digging a very deep hole. It was bedtime when I had finished this part of my task. I was tired out, and I slept soundly, with Blanchette for my pillow. She seemed glad to have me near her, and her mute companionship comforted me.

When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was of what I had to do. I made my breakfast on bread and wine, as we often did at home.

I followed the instructions my grandfather had given me; and, by use of a board and sticks of wood to support the ends, I managed to get the body to the milk-room, where I buried it with many tears. I then marked the spot with a cross I made by nailing two pieces of wood together, and went out, locking the door. Ashamed of my weakness, I afterward unlocked it, and went in many times to pray beside the grave.

Being in despair at the awful loneliness, I busied myself with reading this journal. This comforted me a little, but I am again in deep despair.

(Conclusion next week.)

Our Lady of Clemency.

AMONG the treasures contained in the Basilica of St. Mary beyond the Tiber is an image of the Blessed Virgin, of great antiquity, venerated under the title of Our Lady of Clemency. It is not known at what date the devotion of the people to this image began; but there is good reason to believe that it was already held in veneration in the third century; and, in fact, that it was placed in the church by the founder, St. Callistus, who had obtained it from Greece.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Little Flowers of St. Francis," rendered into English verse by Mr James Rhoades, has just been published by Chapman & Hall.

—"The Newest Saint," translated from the French by Mary Banim, and published by the International C. T. Society, is a life (about 12,000 words long) of St. John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Schools. It is an interesting booklet and an edifying one as well.

—It is said that Charles Battell Loomis, author of "Cheerful Americans" and "More Cheerful Americans," is "racially a bit of a composite, having French, Scotch, and English among his ancestors." A good deal of Mr. Loomis' fun is distinctly Irish, all the same.

—A leisurely examination of the *Catholic School Journal*, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin (November issue), prompts the remark that it is a publication likely to prove genuinely useful to teachers, parents, and all others having to do with the intellectual training of the young.

—If the demand for children's books is at all proportioned to the supply, twentieth-century boys and girls are more assiduous readers than are their elders. In a catalogue of new books just issued, we find sixty titles under the heading "Juvenile," and only thirty-four in the grown-ups' favorite department, "Fiction."

—One of Rand, McNally & Co.'s recent books bears a title that will awaken the boyish reminiscences of several hundred graduates of a certain Canadian college. "Stony Lonesome" was to them the familiar nickname of an original character still extant; and it would be interesting to know just where Mr. Arthur J. Russell, who uses it as the title of his book, picked up the somewhat peculiar collocation of epithets. If he evolved it from his inner consciousness, it is a rather singular coincidence.

—The late Father Joseph Carrier, C. S. C., founder and curator of the museum of St. Laurent College, Montreal, where he had been professor of natural sciences for many years, was also the founder of the scientific department of the University of Notre Dame. He was the author of a text-book which was in use for a long time in French schools, and wrote voluminously on scientific topics. Much of what he produced remains in manuscript. Though a native of France, most of Father Carrier's life was spent in the United States. During the Civil War he served for some time as chaplain in the Army of the West, commanded by General Grant. He was one of the oldest members of the American Scientific

Association, having passed away at the ripe age of seventy years. One who knew him intimately informs us that he bore his last painful illness with admirable fortitude, and died in the most edifying sentiments of faith and piety. *R. I. P.*

—Among the new books announced by the old publishing house of Charles Douniol, Paris, we notice *L'Abbé de Rancé et Bossuet*, "the great monk and the great bishop of a great century"; *Le Péril National* (in the days of Jeanne d'Arc); and a second edition of the life of Father Henri Chambellan.

—Mr. W. S. Lilly's new volume, "Studies in Religion and Literature," is a series of critical and literary papers dealing with such subjects as the Religion of Shakespeare, the Mission of Tennyson, Walter Savage Landor, Lamennais, Balzac, Cardinal Wiseman, the Tractarian Movement, Ghost Stories, the Theory of the Ludicrous.

—"Ancilla's Debt" is another of Madame Cecilia's charming little plays for girls. It has the essential qualities of a successful serious drama, and is not without a touch of humor. Six or seven characters are included, and the setting is simple enough for preparation on short notice. Needless to say, this play embodies a strong moral lesson. Benziger Brothers.

—M. Jules Pravieux, who represents France in the Continental Literature department of the *Athenæum*, has this to say of one of the militant Catholic laymen in the Freemason-ridden republic:

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who brings to the study of literature the temperament of a fighter and orator, a rare power of abstraction, of logic, and of synthesis, carries his militant spirit into the religious and social camp. His "Cinq Lettres sur Ernest Renan" reveal the true logician, the controversialist who knows all the moves of his opponent, and the just and enlightened Christian. M. Brunetière is not only a writer and a born critic, but also an orator whose power is much dreaded by his opponents. Should any doubt the quality of M. Brunetière's remarkable gifts let them but open his latest work, "Discours de Combat." All the great problems which agitate contemporary thought are here considered in masterly style.

—The petition of the Scotch dominie, "O Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' oursells," is an entirely unnecessary prayer in the case of the average professional critic, whether literary, dramatic, or musical. Mr. James Huneker, for instance, is perhaps unduly fond of the oracular style of pronouncement, and is inclined to dismiss rather summarily opinions that clash with his own. In his new volume, "Overtones," Mr. Huneker discusses Henry James, and says: "The question whether his story is worth telling is a critical impertinence too often uttered; what most con-

cerns us is his manner of telling." This is decidedly extravagant; form, even literary form, is not so incomparably superior to substance as is here suggested. In simple truth, Mr. Huneker's own statement is as striking an instance of "critical impertinence" as are the frequent comments of ordinary readers on the inanity of some of Mr. James' novels.

—The death of Father Richard Sankey, of the Archdiocese of Westminster, removes a distinguished musician and industrious composer, whose labors were entirely devoted to the service of the Church. He was the first undergraduate of Oxford for three hundred years to take the degree of Bachelor of Music. As an Anglican clergyman he was a popular preacher, and when he joined the Church nearly half of his congregation followed him. He composed numerous Masses and motets much in favor with Catholic choirs; and a book of hymns which he published while a Church of England parson is still popular among Anglicans. Father Sankey was a man of exemplary piety and zeal, of singularly winning manner, broad sympathies, and wide attainments. Up to the day of his death he was at work preparing a Requiem Mass, and he passed to his reward on the Feast of All Souls.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Toward Eternity. *Abbé Poulin.* \$1.60, net.
 Sequentia Christiana. *C. B. Dawson, S. J.* \$1, net.
 Catholic Ideals in Social Life. *Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.* \$1.25, net.
 The Way that Led Beyond. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.
 Manassas. *Upton Sinclair.* \$1.50.
 The Mastery. *Mark Lee Luther.* \$1.50.
 Songs of the Birth of Our Lord. 50 cts., net.
 An Irishman's Story. *Justin McCarthy.* \$2.50, net.
 A Short Cut to Happiness. *Author of "The Catholic Church from Within."* 75 cts.
 The Pearl and the Pumpkin. *W. W. Denslow, Paul West.* \$1.25.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. *James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus.* \$3, net.

Welcome! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1, net.

Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.

Kind Hearts and Coronets. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.

Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Stinson, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Richard Sankey, archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. James Dougherty, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Francis Burns and Rev. Martin Mullen, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. John Mark, diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. J. B. Buerkel, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Wilfrid Lauriault, diocese of Peoria; and Rev. Valentine Schirack, C. P. P. S.

Brother Francis Caracciola, C. S. C.

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

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An Advent Prayer.

BY S. M. R.

HOW long the Advent must have been,
O waiting Mother, unto thee!
How keen the hunger of thine eyes
The Holy One to see!
A thousand times thou must have felt
His head upon thy breast
Before that precious little form
Within thine arms found rest.

My heart is cold, I feel no thrill
Of thy deep heart's desire:
Do thou but touch my soul to flame
With love's consuming fire,
That I may scan the Advent stars
For Bethlehem's saving sign,
And mingle my fond hopes for Him,
O Mother dear, with thine!

A Marian Poem of the Twelfth Century.

BY THE REV. J. T. McDERMOTT, D.D.

THE Establishment of the Feast of the Conception of Our Lady, commonly called the Feast of the Normans. By Richard Wace, Norman Poet of the Twelfth Century." So runs the title-page of a remarkable poem published for the first time in 1842, from the manuscripts of the Royal Library, by G. Mancel, librarian, and G. S. Trebutien, assistant librarian, of the library of the city of Caen, France.

Apart from its excellence as a tribute of love and homage to the Mother of God, this poem, voicing the mind of an

age seven hundred years in the past, is possessed of literary and historic merits which make it an object of interest to the general student of letters. It stands one of the most ancient monuments of the French language, and is a curious, beautiful revelation of the spiritual ideas and the refined beliefs of the Middle Ages,—a period instinct with poetic inspiration of the highest quality.

Wace's poem on the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a versified compilation of existing poetic prose. It is the artist's presentation of matter found chiefly in the Apocryphal Gospels,—those semi-orthodox recitals which the Church has always more or less tolerated, from which she has borrowed certain rites, and which, left to the imagination of the people, facilitated the transition from the brilliant mythology of paganism to the rigid principles of Christianity. "The apocryphal writings," says an eminent French critic, "are a most beautiful monument; we know no literature possessing anything so elevated or so complete." For a thousand years these writings ruled the soul of the people, as well as the imagination of the poet and the artist. They gave to the Middle Ages that pleasing character of naïveté which has ever been an inspiration to artistic and literary effort.

To these works, which he has reproduced almost textually, Wace has added a mass of facts, anecdotes, digressions, and commentaries, mostly furnished by

Anselm, Eadmer, and other ecclesiastical writers. A little work entitled "The Miracle of the Conception of the Holy Virgin," generally attributed to St. Anselm, is the foundation and suggestion of the poem under consideration. In that work the following narrative is given:

William, Duke of Normandy, had proved himself the conquering master of England. But, while still in the flush of victory, he was filled with alarm at the news that Sweyn the Second, King of Denmark, was contemplating an invasion into the newly acquired territory. Weary of war, and anxious to substitute diplomacy for arms, William vested Helsin, abbot of Ramsay, with the power of peace ambassador, and commissioned him to negotiate with the Danish King. Helsin faithfully accomplished the mission entrusted to him, and after a few months set out from Denmark with messages of peace and friendship from Sweyn to William.

Helsin and his companions had proceeded but a short distance on their return homeward when the sea, at the beginning of the voyage as calm as a dreamless slumber, began to moan and fret, and angrily dash its waves on high. The lightning showing the vast deep, the rending thunders rolling onward, the loud winds sweeping over the billows, shook the strongest nerve, appalled the bravest soul. The crew, trained to the signs of the storm, knew that fatal shipwreck was upon them, that no natural power could now avail. In their distress they turned to the supernatural. They humbly knelt and confidently sought relief from the Virgin Mary, Star of the Sea.

The cry of anguish was quickly answered. Amid the deafening crashes of thunder, the kneeling Helsin heard his name mysteriously pronounced. Looking aloft, he beheld an angel, who thus addressed him: "Helsin, I come to you on the part of the Mother of

God; and I am ordered to say that if you wish to escape shipwreck and regain your native shores, you must promise to establish and celebrate the Virgin Mary's Conception." Showing his instant readiness, Helsin asked: "On what day is it Heaven's wish that this feast be celebrated?" The angel replied: "The eighth day of December." Helsin then inquired concerning the character of the Office that should mark the day; and was told that the Office of the Virgin's Conception should be the same as that of her Nativity, with the single difference that the word "Conception" should replace the word "Nativity." Helsin promised, the angel vanished, and the storm ceased.

Immediately on arriving at Ramsay, the holy abbot fulfilled his promise, and, in manner formal, established the heaven-ordered feast. The inspiration of Helsin's act spread on all sides, and the 8th of December became a day of general joy and exultation. But the new feast took possession in particular of the hearts and the minds of the good people of Normandy; and with such holy transports was the 8th of December celebrated throughout that entire country that the feast of Mary's Conception was called pre-eminently "the Feast of the Normans."

This is the narrative around which Richard Wace has built up his delightful poem of the twelfth century, and which he has taken as a point of departure for his beautiful tribute to the entire life of the Most Blessed Virgin. The poet takes as his suggesting guide the "Gospel of the Birth of the Virgin Mary," and from this work he gives the reader lines of rare poetic beauty. With fine, artistic touch he paints the sorrows of the childless life of Joachim and Anne. For twenty years this afflicted couple prayed and sighed and wept that God might grant them offspring; and the boon sought is obtained when least expected.

It is the day of the Jewish feast of the "Dedication." Filled with the religious spirit of the occasion, Joachim, with relatives and neighbors, goes to Jerusalem to present his humble offering in the Temple. Absorbed in prayer and bowed in grief, he is met at the door by the high-priest Issachar, who cuttingly rebukes him, and sternly orders him from the holy spot. Stung and wounded in his tenderest sensibilities, Joachim blindly staggers away through the curious throngs; and as he moves along he feels the stigma of shame imprinted in his very soul by each word of Issachar: "God has judged thee unworthy of children: thy offerings can not be agreeable to the Most High; for the Scriptures say: 'Accursed is he who does not beget in Israel.' Joachim, thou art accursed,—thou art a shame amongst thy people."

One listening moment Joachim pauses, and then, maddened by the sense of his degradation and ignominy before his people, he hastens on and tarries not till he has reached the desert, the place of refuge in which he expects to spend the rest of his days, away from the jeers and taunts of men, alone with his shame and misery. In his abode of solitude, Joachim passes the time in fasting, praying and weeping. But God is with him. And, lo! one day while the holy man kneels in prayer, a light from heaven flashes out before his gaze; in its midst an angel appears, and says in reassuring tones:

"Fear not, Joachim! I am the angel of the Most High. I am sent to thee to announce that God has heard thy prayer, and is prepared to remove from thee the reproach of sterility. God punishes sin and not nature. When He permits the defect of sterility, it is that His works may shine out more splendidly; it is to show that the child then born is a divine gift and not the fruit of passion. For eighty years Sara yearned for a son; and then Isaac,

whose name is blessed, was born unto her. Samuel the holy, Samson the strong,—did these not have as mothers women once sterile? But if thy reason forbid belief in my words, believe in facts. Thy wife Anne shall conceive and bring forth a child, and the child's name shall be Mary. This child will be consecrated to God from her infancy, and will be filled with the Holy Spirit from the womb of her mother. Forever she will remain a virgin; and, by the power of the Infinite, she will be the Mother of the Saviour of the world. And behold the sign by which thou shalt know the truth of what I announce: when thou arrivest at Jerusalem, thou wilt find thy spouse awaiting thee at the Golden Gate."

Here the poet turns aside from the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary," and, following the beautiful narrative of the "Protevangelium of St. James," gives a touching picture of the afflicted Anne during the absence of her husband. Clad in the garments of mourning, by day and by night she bewails the loss of her husband and the shame of her barrenness. Amongst her own she is despised. Her very servants look at her with insulting eye. On the day of the angel's apparition to Joachim, a maid reproaches Anne for her incessant tears and lamentations, and bids her lay aside her senseless grief and appear in a manner befitting her station in life. Anne replies: "Leave me, for God has laid His hand heavy on me!" Irritated by these words, the maid disdainfully murmurs: "Is it my fault that thou art shamed with barrenness?" With the insulting words of the servant ringing in her ears, the desolate Anne flies to a remote corner of her garden, and there, under a laurel tree, kneels in prayer.

While praying, she for a moment raises her head, and her eye beholds in the tree a sparrow's nest. Bursting into tears, she gives eloquent expression

to the overmastering grief, the sublime dejection, and still more sublime resignation, of a loving spouse, shut out from the joys of maternity. This outburst of the sorrowing Anne recalls the most touching lyric passages in the Bible. "Alas!" the yearning wife exclaims,— "alas! to what can I be compared? What mother has begotten me to be accursed before the children of Israel? My God, I am spurned, I am insulted, I am driven from the Temple! Alas! to what am I like? I can not compare myself to the birds of the air; for they are fruitful before Thee, O God! Alas! to what am I like? I can not be compared to the animals of the fields; for they are fruitful before Thee, O Lord! Alas! to what am I like? Not, O Lord, even to the waters; for they are fruitful before Thee: the waters, calm or agitated, praise Thee with the fish of the deep. But, alas! to what can I compare myself? I can not be compared to the earth; for the earth brings forth its fruits, and it blesses Thee, O Lord!"

Here Wace returns to the "Gospel of the Birth of the Virgin Mary" and recounts the angel's apparition to Anne. "Fear not, Anne!" says the heavenly spirit. "I am the angel who has carried thy every sigh, thy every prayer, thy every offering, to the throne of the Most High. And now I come to announce that a child shall be born to thee. The name of the child shall be Mary, and she shall be blessed amongst all women. From her conception she shall be full of grace, and the shadow of sin shall never darken her life. In prayer and fasting, by day and by night, she shall be consecrated to God in the Temple. Without example, without sin, without corruption, she, ever a virgin, shall bring forth a Son; she, the servant, shall be Mother of the Master. Arise, go up to Jerusalem; and when you will have come to the Golden Gate, for a sign you will meet

the husband whose loss you have mourned."

Now, again, the poet takes up the charming narrative of the "Prot-evangelium" and pictures the meeting of Joachim and Anne. In a transport of joy, Anne throws herself on the neck of her husband and cries out: "Now I know that God has blessed me much! For, behold, I who was a widow am so no longer; I who was barren will now be a mother!" On the following day Joachim brings his gifts to the Temple. His offering is accepted, and he goes down from the house of the Lord justified, declaring: "Now I know God is propitious to me. He has had mercy on me, and before the children of Israel I shall be in honor." The full miracle is accomplished, and Mary, the child of prophecy, is born.

Drawing his matter from the "Gospel of the Birth of Mary," the poet then presents to us the angelic life of the child in the Temple. She lives in an atmosphere of the supernatural. Miracles signalize her high destiny. Angels often visit her and with her hold familiar converse. She reaches the age of fourteen,—the age when, according to the Law, the high-priest publicly announces that the virgins of the Temple must return to their parents and prepare for the marriage state. The virgin companions of Mary with eagerness obey the command of the high-priest; but Mary pleads for the privilege of remaining in the Temple, declaring that her vow of virginity is perpetual.

Now the poet relates the scene of the espousals of Mary,—that scene of lofty inspiration, which, in Catholic art, has been the occasion of galleries of masterful paintings; and to which even modern painters, despite their dislike for Catholic traditions, have been forced to pay artistic tribute.

Embarrassed by the resolution of the young virgin, Mary, the high-priest

retires into the Holy of Holies, there to invoke God for light to solve the difficulty created by Mary's singular attitude toward the Law. After prolonged prayer, he comes forth and publicly orders that every unmarried man of the House of David should come to the sanctuary, bearing in his hand a rod; for Heaven had decreed that one particular rod should miraculously blossom, and from its top a dove heavenward spring; and this miracle, before all Israel, would indicate God's choice of a husband for Mary.

An aged man of Bethlehem, Joseph, unknown and unnoticed, dressed as an ordinary workman, obeys the mandate of the priest and presents himself in the sanctuary. With head bowed and lips moving in prayer, all unconscious of his nearness to the Infinite, Joseph stands amid the throng. There is a moment's pause of holy expectation; eyes glance from rod to rod,—and now every eye is riveted on the one borne in the hand of Joseph; for from that rod has blossomed out a stately lily—the flower of virgin light, sweet and spotless,—proclaiming, without words and beyond words, the truth of Mary's immaculate purity. And out from the rod's top there springs a snowy dove, type of holy love and blessed peace; and on silvery pinions the dove of the miracle mounts heavenward. Joseph sees and understands; and, in humility and obedience, he returns to Bethlehem to prepare for the marriage ceremony. Mary goes back to Nazareth with her parents.

Many beautiful lines are devoted to the Angelic Salutation, the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, and the perturbation of Joseph; and we are brought to the birth of Christ, with which ends the second part of the poem. The apocryphal gospels, as well as the canonical, are silent concerning the life of the Virgin at this period. The grandeur of the Son has overshadowed the brilliancy of the

Mother. This break in the history of Mary, Wace fills with lengthy commentaries drawn from the ecclesiastical writers of his day. He has massed, in an informal but powerful manner, all the known arguments in favor of the Immaculate Conception, and all the reasons establishing the power of the Mother of God. He closes the episode by giving, after a tradition of the Middle Ages, the genealogy of the Virgin Mother.

In the third and last part of the poem, Wace makes use of a work entitled "The Book of the Passing of the Blessed Virgin Mary," written by Melito, Bishop of Sardo. In the early centuries this work was widely known, and exerted a vast influence on the art and literature of Christian Europe. The verse of Wace faithfully follows the charming prose of Melito.

The Virgin Mother had realized unto perfection every detail of her divinely ordained life. To earth she had brought light and hope and salvation; and now heaven claims her as its own fair Queen, as its first glory, its best and rarest ornament. The day of coronation is at hand. The year is the twenty-second after the death of Jesus. Mary kneels in holy rapture in the humble house of the parents of the Beloved John, at the foot of Mount Olivet. An angel suddenly stands before her and reverentially salutes her: "Hail, Blessed of God! Behold the palm branch which I bring thee from paradise! This palm shall be carried before thy bier when, three days hence, thy soul will have been liberated from thy body. Thy Son awaits thee, with the Thrones, the Angels, and the Virtues of heaven." To these words of the angel Mary quietly, humbly, confidently gives reply: "Tell my beloved Son that I wish, ere I die, to see the Apostles reunited in my presence." And the messenger of heaven answers: "Even to-day, by

the power of God, the Apostles will stand before thee." Mary takes the palm branch, and, undisturbed, continues her prayer.

On the same day, at the same hour, three of the afternoon, John, beloved of Jesus, is preaching at Ephesus. And, lo! while in fervid tones he proclaims the law of holy love, a mysterious cloud envelops him, and, before the eyes of the multitude, he is raised and transported to the house of Mary. At the sight of the favored disciple, the Mother of God is filled with joy. "Remember, my son," she says,— "remember the words of Calvary, by which I am thy Mother, thou art my child. In three days I shall die."—"How unable am I alone to prepare obsequies worthy of thee, my Mother!" replies John. "Would that the others were here to do fitting honor to thy remains!" And even as he speaks, Peter and James and Andrew and the rest of the holy band, by divine power, stand physically present, saluting one another, and doing homage to their Queen.

As the angel had announced, the Holy Virgin dies. Her stainless soul goes out like an aspiration of ecstatic love. Death has her; but on the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending. The voice of Christ is heard: "Come, my beloved one,—come to thy realms of immortal beauty!" The Virgin Mother dies surrounded by angels, in the midst of the Apostles, fittingly honored by miracles. Peter and Paul reverentially carry the holy remains, and John goes before them bearing in his hand the palm branch from paradise.

The poet now establishes the high probability of the resurrection of Mary, and closes his work with a magnificent picture of the Assumption—the triumphal entry of the Immaculate Mother of God into the kingdom of her Divine Son.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART III.

XII.—LIFE.

BY the law of nature or the power of prayer, Mirvan recovered. His illness was long, dangerous, deeply disquieting; alternating as it did between fits of fierce delirium and deep, exhausted sleep,—sleep that, although they knew it to be his only hope, was terrible to his watchers, because it was already so like the sunken slumber of death.

Day by day for three weeks Humphrey rode to Fontenelle, remaining only long enough to give Irène the latest word of hope or discouragement, but adding none of his own for help or comfort. Yet upon these comings her life depended; and the long solitude of the twenty-four hours rounded itself to meet and remember them, as the vacant spaces of an Arctic night remember and recover the moment of the sun's appearing.

Certain words of Humphrey's, spoken long ago, haunted her now. He had said once, in speaking of Mirvan: "He is very strong, and has never known a day's illness. Yet I often think that if he had to suffer it would go hardly with him." Humphrey had long forgotten this; but now Irène remembered it when she would gladly have forgotten. For her it was solitude, in spite of her father's presence. Irène knew that for some reason, or for no reason, the Baron's mind was hardened against Mirvan. So she never spoke of him, nor of the danger that menaced his life.

On the first day of the fourth week Humphrey did not come. There came, instead, this note:

"If he live through to-day and to-night he will recover. I can not

leave him. Have courage, dear friend, and pray to God for us all. To-morrow I will come."

Irène read and reread the letter until the words ceased to have any meaning. For her that day and night, once over, were impossible to recall. Only sometimes, later, when people spoke of eternity, she wondered if they knew what it was like.

Early in the morning Humphrey came. In the fresh morning light Irène saw how tired he looked,—he who had seemed tireless.

"It is life!" he said. "I can stay with you a little now; for he is asleep—a real sleep,—and my father is with him."

She ordered breakfast, and they broke their fast together. It was like a pale resurrection of their first time together, shadowed still by sorrow and by death, yet full of a deeper comfort. Irène talked. Humphrey was too tired to speak. He said, as he was leaving:

"You won't be ill, now it is over?"

"No," she answered. "I am well,—quite well."

He went home and slept—as he thought for an hour or two. But when he woke, the clock had travelled its round twice, and it was morning again. Sebastian was in the room.

"I wouldn't have you wakened," he said. "He's all right: has eaten, and gone to sleep again. And the little man's been, and gone, and never once shaken his head. So you may rest, or we shall have you ill too."

"I am rested," Humphrey replied, springing up. "Nothing ails me. I am strong." (Nevertheless, he leaned on his father for a moment.) "You have been everything to me my whole life through; and I—"

"Be quiet, Humphrey!" (Sebastian's voice was rough and shaken.) "You know I can't stand that sort of thing."

It was many weeks before Mirvan spoke of the past. Humphrey thought

he had forgotten it, his state was so dreamlike, so unperturbed. But one evening, when they were alone together, Mirvan said to him, in a voice that seemed to leap suddenly out of the darkness:

"Is it all true, or did I dream it,—that I came to you, and you told me the truth?"

"Yes, it is true. I thought you had forgotten all about it."

"I have forgotten nothing," Mirvan answered.

And he said no more. But from that time his tired apathy passed into a keen desire to live and to grow well. He had a slow road still to travel, and his eagerness did not shorten it.

"There is no hurry," Humphrey said to him one day, seeing the despondency attendant upon his fruitless efforts after strength. "Your life will wait for you."

"But she suffers," Mirvan said.

It was the first time Irène had been named between them.

"No: she is at peace," Humphrey replied. "For her sake you must have patience."

As though to make up for the harsh autumn, it was an early spring. From the middle of February the soft winds blew, and the first flowers starred the forest mosses long before their time. From the moment that Mirvan first breathed the forest air, he turned his back upon sickness and went forward again into life,—not slowly now, but with an unappeasable hunger for health. Soon Humphrey could tell Irène that he was able to come as far as Fontenelle. He asked:

"May he come to-morrow?"

And she answered:

"Yes."

But when the time was near, she did not wait for his coming. The walls of the house seemed heavy with the pain and loneliness that were over, and she went out to meet him under the space and freedom of the trees.

Mirvan, when he saw her coming toward him, covered his eyes with his hands, as if, in the shady place, a great light were approaching. But as she drew near, they fell, and he looked at her. And now, in the immediate heaven of her presence, there came to him by contrast the remembered desolation he had fronted and embraced; and the past months opened upon him in terror, as though present still.

"I have been alone," he said.

And then, kneeling, as once before, he felt Love's hands laid gently on his head; and the past faded, and only the present remained.

These words came to him:

"Take rest, take comfort, beloved! I will never leave you any more."

And her voice was like the voice of the whole forest singing in his heart.

XIII.—UNION AND PARTINGS.

Humphrey's departure for Rome had been fixed for the beginning of April. But the recent events, though they concerned not himself directly, obliged him to delay it until the month's end, that he might see these two lives made one before he went. This was the wish of Irène and of Mirvan. His spirit chafed, for them and for himself, under the slow, clumsy accomplishment of human affairs.

In the meantime his activity needed not to sleep in their service. There was still something he could do. He was aware, no less than Irène, of the Baron's curious predisposition against Mirvan. To her consciousness it was so present that she could not bring herself to tell her father of this new relationship, but deputed Humphrey to do so in whatever way he thought best. Humphrey told the Baron of Mirvan's long illness and grave danger of death. Then, reservedly, he hinted at the cause. The Baron was moved. But when the speaker closed with the ultimate fact, his face hardened.

"It is impossible," he said. "And yet I saw it coming from the first." He frowned, a painful frown. "You are content?" he queried.

Humphrey smiled, thinking how little it mattered.

"Oh, yes, I am content!"

"And your father?"

"I think my father is more than content. Mirvan's happiness has always been his gravest thought. It is everything for him to know it is assured."

The Baron was silent.

"You are displeased?" Humphrey observed.

"I have my daughter's happiness to consider," he answered, coldly. "To me that comes first."

"You surely do not imagine that Mirvan's could exist alone? What can you know against him?" he pleaded.

"Nothing,—I know nothing!" was the answer, spoken promptly, and with some irritation.

"We, who know him well,—Irène, whom you trust,—we all hold him dear."

"It may be all true, what you say," the Baron replied, evasively. "But to me it seems different. And Irène is like me: she can not be happy with him."

"Irène has made her choice. You can make her miserable. You can not alter it. She is like you there, too."

The Baron's pride was touched.

"I will never coerce her," he said. "But neither can I pretend to a liking I do not feel."

There it ended for the time. But Humphrey did not give it up. As he found opportunity he made a fresh attempt.

"My friend," the Baron said to him, "I have a feeling *here*"—and he struck his breast—"that my daughter will not find happiness in this love. How can I explain it? It may be false, but also it may be true; and how can I disregard it?"

"It is not a question of its truth or

falsehood," Humphrey answered. "We can none of us know the future. It is a question of our attitude toward the present. All Irène asks is that you should hold your judgment in abeyance until you know Mirvan better."

"I do not judge," was the Baron's answer. "It is, if you like, an antipathy; but these are the things that are not altered by knowledge. I will never hinder or oppose her will."

Humphrey went sadly back to Irène.

"I have made no way at all," he said. "I can not make him understand that his consent is nothing as long as this mood of his remains. He will not even try to alter it. And yet he has seen Mirvan but once, and even then he seemed predetermined against him. What can be the reason?"

"I think I know it," Irène answered. "That once, when my father saw him, Mirvan had a look that reminded him of my brother. I saw it too. It was his soul's suffering, no part of himself; but how could my father know that?"

Still Humphrey persevered, spending all his patience and delicacy in the task. All to no purpose. The Baron's courtesy compelled him to listen and to answer. But his shrinking dislike of the least word that could recall the past led him to disguise his real fear under elusive replies; so that Humphrey soon came to feel he was assailing a mask, behind which lurked a reality he could not reach. Neither of the two most intimately concerned in his efforts gave him any help. Irène would not plead Mirvan's cause, and Mirvan himself was unconscious of the whole matter. So Humphrey toiled alone, and was about to lose heart in it when help came from an unexpected source.

Returning to Oldenburg one day especially dispirited, not by his failure alone, but by the contrast suggested between love's immediate certainty and the grotesque, protracted struggle it must fight for the building of its

earthly house, he met his father in the courtyard.

"What is it?" he inquired, seeing Humphrey's look.

Humphrey told him.

Sebastian thought for a while.

"I believe I could do it for you," he said.

"Could you, father?"—Humphrey's mood brightened. "Will you come with me, then?"

"I'll come with you to-morrow," Sebastian said. "And you leave us alone together."

So the next day Sebastian, faultlessly dressed, and riding Vizier, accompanied his son to Fontenelle. It was never known by what method of argument or persuasion he succeeded; but from that day the Baron was like a lamb.

"How did you manage it, father?" Humphrey asked on their way home.

But Sebastian could hardly explain.

"We talked almost the whole time of other things," he said: "of old days, and things long past. When I touched upon it, I found he came to meet me halfway. I had no difficulty at all." After a moment he added: "You called him a burned-out torch. But there is fire still at the centre."

"Yes, I know," Humphrey answered.

Sebastian had not only modified and enlightened the Baron's mood, he had arranged some sort of practical scheme for the future. As Irène could not leave her father, it was settled that Mirvan's home should be at Fontenelle. Sebastian had made the proposal, characteristically regardless of his own consequent solitude when Humphrey, too, should be gone. But Mirvan was to visit Oldenburg periodically—some once or twice a week—for the management of his own estates; this fiction of the personal management being still persistently upheld by Sebastian.

Mirvan himself had no voice or thought in the arrangement. Since the stormy passage which had taken him

so near to the gates of death, he seemed more than ever out of touch with the actual, material world.

"I think he will vanish, directly that it is over," Irène said to Humphrey, on the morning of her marriage; "and we shall find a fountain or a star in his place."

"There must be some spell that would hold him," Humphrey answered.

Watching Mirvan and Irène when the sacrament was sealed, as he stood a little apart from them, Humphrey's mind was full of the lives and loves of the saints,—those souls who had never known satisfaction upon earth, but had been chosen of God to wait for Him all their days. And so thinking, his eyes fell upon his father.

He rode home with Sebastian to Oldenburg, and spent the rest of the day in his company. In the evening he went to Fontenelle for the last time. He found Irène alone, and they spoke together of his departure.

"You go to Rome?" she asked.

"To Rome first," he answered, "and probably for altogether. I came to you to-night, because I leave early to-morrow morning."

"Are you in such haste to be gone?"

"When things are over," Humphrey said, "I seem to long to get away from them quickly."

Irène looked at him sadly.

"You don't mean that our friendship is over, do you?"

"God forbid! But you know," he said gently, "I have a life to live, and I am eager to begin. I think I have been too long idle, when the whole of life is so short."

It occurred to him to ask where Mirvan was.

"He is in the woods," Irène said.

"I hope he did not—" Humphrey began, then stopped.

"Oh, no!"—she answered to his thought. "I believe he wanted to be

alone. You know, we are going to be together always; and at first it seems so strange that one almost craves solitude to realize it a little."

The evening seemed long to Humphrey. Yet it was not late when he said:

"I will not wait any longer to-night. Mirvan has promised to ride over in the morning before I start. You will remind him?"

"He will not forget," she replied.

He held out his hand in farewell. Irène's eyes were full of tears.

"Remember"—they were Humphrey's words,—“wherever I may be, I am your friend. And if you need me, I will come.”

Then he was gone.

As he rode slowly homeward through the silent forest, he wondered if it were possible to feel less than he did then, to care less about anything. A calm like death reigned within him since the morning,—an unbroken slumber of his mind and heart.

It was late when Mirvan at last came in. Irène was playing softly, and he leaned on the piano to listen. She ceased, and looked up.

"Where is Humphrey?"

She gave the message.

"Irène," Mirvan said, "we have been married only a few hours, and the whole of this evening I have been wandering in the woods, thinking of nothing but Humphrey."

Mirvan began to walk up and down the room.

"It's impossible to tell you how I love him," he broke out. "I feel as if he were my lifelong safety from danger and distress and fear. It is a strange feeling, and I never had it so strongly as to-night."

Irène looked up.

"I was dead, and he gave me life," she said; "so that when you came I knew you were mine."

To the Immaculate Conception.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IMMACULATE, Immaculate!
 Thou God's own mate!

Sweet, pure and fair beyond the Morning Star
 When fleeting darkness makes the heavens black—
 All purple-black before the dawn of day;
 Sweet, pure and fair
 As none was fair before,
 Thou from afar,
 Out of the fulgence of the Eternal Ray,
 To man broughtst back
 The gift our primal parents' sin had torn away.

Sin stole our bliss
 (Through all the joys of life we hear the serpent's
 hiss),
 And turned God's heart into a judgment-seat;
 Sin changed the world;
 From Eden hurled
 The two whose malice gained Jehovah's wrath,
 And made our path
 Stormy and weary through this vale of tears;
 Yet through the years
 Thou, Morning Star,
 Wert the resplendent House of God to be!

O mystery of the Fall! O hopeless lore
 Of that deep sinfulness that could so snare
 All beauty in the soul,
 And need that thou shouldst the pure Mother be
 Of the great God!
 O boundless mystery!

The seed that swelleth in the mother-sod,
 The child that groweth in the mother-breast,
 The force that makes the ceaseless ocean roll,
 The power that gives no earthly atom rest—
 Force, light and heat,—
 All worldly things that be,
 Are clear to this!

How black the sin!
 How dark a thing of fear:
 How ulcerous, how vile, how dread and base,—
 Abhorrent unto Him
 Who, Love Itself, created us for Love,
 And filled our cup of hope unto the brim!
 He bade us enter in
 The portal of Joy's home,
 Where Peace was dome
 And the Word grace
 That made this world our place;

Man's souls His chosen vase:
 Into that soul He poured,
 From His deep heart above,
 Splendor and power—
 The splendor and the power of a King,—
 Till all the heavens thundered, tone on tone,—
 The splendor and the power of man, Love's Flower!

O power flown,
 By angels once adored!
 Greater are we
 Than they, through God's Love-mystery.
 Ah, power lost;
 Ah, splendor, beauty gone;
 And innocence, a lily burned by frost;
 And strength, a battered oak by wild winds torn,—
 Wild winds of passion.
 In serpent fashion
 Was every bud of life by dark things crossed:
 And all earth's joys are like the bells forlorn
 Heard at the day's sad dawn
 When in our household one we love lies dead.

O Grace's mystery—
 No aftermath,
 But Springtime's Blossom; He
 From the beginning crownèd thee:
 Thou who the joy of Eden didst repeat;
 Thou seal upon the truth that man is free;
 Thou of all beings unto our Christ most dear!

Here with this earth
 That waits the Second Coming of her Lord,
 With sun aglow and stars upheld in space,
 And fires auroral and the flaming sword
 Of summer light reflected to His face,
 His Bride will ardent greet Him.
 Here on this earth we wait
 In the sweet hope to meet Him,
 Enrapturèd,
 With lighted hearts and clean souls all aflame.
 Mary has wed
 Our body unto His;
 And He that is
 Is man's own Mate,
 Through her from whom the Infant had His birth,
 And by whose meekness the Redeemer came,—
 Immaculate, Immaculate!

WHAT matters it how much a man
 knows and does, if he keep not a
 reverential looking upward? He is
 only the subtlest beast in the field.
 —Tennyson.

How a Martyr Met His Death.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE following extracts from the "little papers or notes" written by Lord Stafford, in prison, during the days between his sentence and his death, show that he went to his end with a piety and fortitude not surpassed by the martyrs of the first ages of the Church:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Upon Tuesday, the 30th of November, 1680, the feast of St. Andrew, I was brought to my tryal in Westminster Hall before the Peers; Lord Chancellor being High Steward. My tryal continued until that day sevensight—the 7th of December. Upon that day I was found guilty of high treason and condemned to die. I give God thanks for His great mercy and goodness that He hath been pleased to think me worthy of this sentence, in satisfaction for great and hainous offences that I have committed; and I hope that, through the glorious passion of our Saviour Christ Jesus, and through His pretious blood and merits, He will be mercifully pleased to receive my soul into eternal happiness . . . amongst His angels and saints.

"I conceive this sentence is fallen upon me upon the account of the religion that I am of. If I had numbers of lives, I would lose them all rather than forsake that Church that I am of, and which I am well assured that it maintains nothing but what is well warranted by the word of God. I do with my whole heart forgive those perjured men that swore so falsely against me. I wish them no greater punishment than to repent, and to acknowledge the wrong they have done me. I do also heartily forgive my judges; and if any of them have given

their votes contrary to their conscience, God forgive them! I do it willingly."

Could we have a more striking example of the following of Him who when being nailed to the cross prayed, "Father, forgive them"? Again:

"God give me grace to love Him and only Him. And though I can not do it so well as otherwise I ought, yet I hope I do it what I can; and do firmly resolve by His holy grace I will to the uttermost of my power, so long as it shall please Him to give me my life, wholly and willingly to resign myself to His holy will; and doubt not by His grace but to find more true delight in serving Him than ever I did in the vanities of the world. All glory, praise, and power be given unto Him for all eternity!"

Amongst the papers left by the martyr was found a beautiful prayer of resignation, in which, after acknowledging to Almighty God the great love he bears to his "most deserving wife" and "most dutiful children," he says: "But to show that I love Thy Divine Majesty more than them, and my own life to boot, I willingly render up and forsake both for the love of Thee, and rather than to offend Thee; though by the contrary I may have life and all worldly advantages both for myself and them. Receive, therefore, dear Jesus, this voluntary oblation of both." The prayer ends with this colloquy:

"Receive, therefore, sweet Jesus, this poor oblation of mine (though all I am able to offer Thee), in union of all the oblations of Thy most sacred life, death, and passion; and of all those divine oblations which have been, are, and ever shall be offered upon Thine altars; all which I offer Thee, and by Thy hands to Thy Eternal Father. O Father, look upon the face of Thy Christ, and turn away Thy face from my sins! O Holy Mary, Mother of God, all ye holy angels and saints in heaven, make intercession for me, that what

I deserve not of myself may by your intercession be bestowed upon me. Amen, Jesus,—amen. Grant and ratifie what I ask, for Thy name's sake."

"On Sunday, the 19th of December," continues the narrator, "Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower came to him and told him he was sorry he must bring him the ill news that he must dye on the 29th of this month. To which dismal message he undauntedly replied, 'I must obey'; then added in Latine that text of the psalm: 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice in it.' After which, turning himself to his almost dead-struck lady, he said: 'Let us go to our prayers.'

"It was truly a matter of wonder and astonishment to those who lived and were conversant with him during this short remnant of his life, to see with what constancy and equal temper of mind he comported himself; what interior quiet and serenity he seemed to enjoy; what confidence he expressed in God; what charity to all, even to the worst of his enemies. . . . There appeared in my Lord no other symptoms than those of a most pleasing tranquillity, as if innocence had guarded him; as if the injustice of others had secured him; as if the Holy Ghost had fortified him; as if Christ Jesus had united him to His sufferings, and undertaken his conduct and defence.

"The very morning he was to die he writ a letter to his lady, which afterward he delivered on the scaffold to a friend there present, the contents whereof are these:

"MY DEAR WIFE:—I have, I give God humble thanks, slept this night some hours very quietly. I would not dress me until I had by this given you thanks for all your great love and kindness unto me. I am very sorry that I have not deserved it from you. God reward you! Were I to live numbers of years, I assure you I would

never omit any occasion to let you know the love I bear you. I can not say what I would, nor how well and many ways you have deserved.

"God of His infinite mercy send us an happy meeting in heaven! My last request unto you is that you will bear my death as well as you can, for my sake. I have now no more to do but as well as I can (though not so well as I would) to recommend my sinful soul unto the mercy of the Holy Trinity, who, through the passion, blood and merits of our Saviour, I hope will mercifully grant me a place (though the lowest) in heaven. God grant it; and bless you and ours!

"Your truly loving husband,

"WILLIAM HOWARD.

"St. Thomas of Canterbury's Day,
1680, past six in the morning."

Here follows a section headed "The manner and circumstances of my Lord's Final End." It runs thus:

"When the hour appointed for his death drew near, he expected with some impatience the arrival of Mr. Lieutenant, telling his friends that were about him he ought not to hasten his own death, yet he thought the time long till they came for him. A gentleman then with him in his chamber put him in mind that it was a cold day, and that his lordship would do well to put on a cloak or coat to keep him warm. He answered he would; 'for,' said he, 'I may perhaps shake for *cold*, but, I trust in God, never for *fear*.'

"After some time spent in spiritual discourses, at length about ten a clock word was brought him that Mr. Lieutenant waited for him below; upon which he sweetly saluted his friends, bidding them not to grieve for him, for this was the happiest day of all his life. Then he immediately went down, and walked along by the lieutenant's chair (who had the gout), through a lane of soldiers to the Barrs [*sic*] without the Tower. There the lieutenant delivered

him to the sheriffs, and they from thence guarded him to the scaffold erected on Tower Hill. All the way as he passed, several thousands of people crowded to see him; many civilly saluted him, and few there were amongst that vast number whose hearts were not touched and mollified with compassion for him.

"Having mounted the scaffold, there appeared in his countenance such an unusual vivacity, such a cheerfulness, such a confidence, such a candor, as if the innocence of his soul had shined through his body. Nothing of those reluctances, convulsions, and agonies, incident to persons in his condition, could in the least be perceived in him. He looked death in the face with so undaunted a resolution as gave many occasion to say 'grace had left in him no resentments of nature.' After a short pause, viewing the people, and finding them attentive to what he should say, he stepped to one side of the scaffold, and, with a graceful air and intelligible voice, pronounced his last speech as followeth."

In a somewhat lengthy speech, the noble sufferer solemnly protested his innocence, and said that, after long consideration, he could not see that there was any other cause that he was accused except that he belonged to the Church of Rome. He declared that he had no reason to be ashamed of his religion, and rebutted with energy the charges brought against the Catholic Church of teaching that the deposition and murder of princes are lawful.

"It is much reported of indulgences, dispensations, and pardons to murder, rebel, lie, forswear, and commit such other crimes, held and given in the Church. I do here profess in the presence of God I never learned, believed, or practised any such thing, but the contrary. And I speak this without any equivocation or reservation whatever."

The speech closes with the following prayer: "I beseech God not to revenge

my innocent blood upon the nation, nor on those that were the cause of it. With my last breath I do truly assert my innocency; and hope the omnipotent, all-seeing, just God will deal with me accordingly."

"His speech being ended," says the narrator, "he delivered several written copies of it to the sheriffs and others near him (one of which, writ with his own hand, he sent to the King). Then he returned to the middle of the scaffold, where, encompassed by his Catholick friends, he kneeled down and, reverently making the Sign of the Cross, pronounced aloud, with exceeding devotion, this following prayer."

The prayer is in Latin, is addressed to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and concludes with these fitting words:

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, who dying didst commend Thy spirit into the hands of Thy Eternal Father. 'In peace in the selfsame I will sleep, and I will rest; for Thou, O Lord, singularly hast settled me in hope.' Amen, Jesus,—amen."

After some pious ejaculations, he made a further protestation of his complete innocence of the charges brought against him and of his entire loyalty to the King; moved by which many present loudly expressed their sympathy. "Whilst he thus professed his loyalty, his innocence, his piety, most that heard him were touched with a sensible compassion for him. Some, as he spoke, put off their hats and bowed to him, in sign they accorded to what he said. Others by distinct acclamations answered: 'We believe you, my Lord! God bless you, my Lord! Pray God forgive him his sins!'

"In this conjuncture a Protestant minister accosted him, saying: 'Have you received no indulgences from the Romish Church?' To which my Lord answered: 'What have you to do with my religion? However, I do say the Roman Catholick Church allows

of no indulgences or dispensations authorising treason, murder, lying or forswearing; nor have I received any absolution for such ends. Pray do not trouble yourself nor me.'

"Then, turning from the parson, he applied himself to his friends about him, whom he lovingly embraced, and with a pleasant voice and aspect bid them adieu for this world. Next he delivered his watch, two rings off his fingers, his staff, and his crucifix about his neck, as legacies to several friends. He desired the sheriffs that such persons as he nominated might have leave (without the executioners intermeddling) to assist him and take care of his body, which was accordingly done. And his gentleman stripping him of his coat and peruke, put on his head a silk cap, and accommodated his hair, shirt, and waistcoat for the execution.

"And now being ready for death, both in body and mind, he cheerfully submitted himself to the block; before which, first kneeling down and making the Sign of the Cross, he recommended himself with rapture of devotion to the divine mercy and goodness. After this he lay down, as it were, to try the block. And then (who could imagine it?), with stupendous courage, he embraced the fatal wood as the dear basis, or point, from whence his soul was now to take its flight to immortal glory. The headsman put him in mind that his shirt and waistcoat came too high, whereon he raised himself up to his knees and bid his gentleman put them lower. While this was performing he was heard continually to breathe forth several acts of prayer, as: 'Sweet Jesus, receive my soul! Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!'

"When his gentleman had finished, he again laid down his head upon the block, persevering still in prayer, and expecting the suddain and dismal arrest of death, with a courage...

divinely elevated, a constancy more than human.... At length, finding the headsman delayed the execution of his office, he once more raised himself up upon his knees, and, with an aspect grave but still serene and lively, asked why they staid. It was answered: 'For a sign. What sign will you give, sir?' He replied: 'None at all. Take your own time. God's will be done! I am ready!' The headsman said: 'I hope you forgive me?' He answered: 'I do.' Then, blessing himself again with the Sign of the Cross, he reposed his head upon the block, never more to lift it up in this mortal state.

"The headsman took the axe in his hand, and, after a short pause, elevated it on high, as it were to take aim, and set it down again. A second time he did so, and sighed. The third time he gave the fatal blow, which severed my Lord's head from his body.... The sheriff...commanded the executioner to hold [the head] up to the view of the multitude; the which he did, at the four corners of the scaffold, crying aloud: 'This is the head of a traytor!' But, however the people had been formerly possessed with prejudice both against his practices and principles, yet now they made no acclamations at the sight of my Lord's blood-dropping head, nor seemed much taken by the jollity of the spectacle. Some went away with confusion and remorse for their past hard censure of him; others conceived strange apprehensions and fears of God's judgments ensuing perjury and bloodshed....

"The [Catholics] who best knew his innocence, and who looked upon themselves as in some measure parties in his sufferings, beheld this whole tragedy with most tender resentments. They regarded him as a victim of religion and innocence. They mutually accompanied him with their prayers and supplications to God in his behalf. They seemed to receive new comfort and courage

from his Christian magnanimity. They wept, they smiled, they sympathised with him both in his dolours and joys. They blessed and praised Almighty God for His goodness to him, and to them in him. They glorified His holy name, who often showeth the strength of His power in the weakest subjects. In fine, many did, and still do, believe the peculiar grace and presence of God's Spirit had some effect and influence upon all in a manner that saw him: and few there were of his religion who did not wish themselves in his place....

"Thus lived, thus dyed this famous nobleman, to whose memory I shall only add, of my own, that if his cause was innocent and his religion wrongfully traduced, he is happy and we unfortunate by his untimely death."

The Voice of a Singing Woman.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

SO went by the next few days,— Sister Agnes anxious, and the club girls fidgety and discontented. But the Sister was quite sure that she ought to go and speak to Miss Birt. So she called, and found that lady happy and calm as was her wont. After a few words about a girl whom the Birts had helped to place at a training home, Sister Agnes began:

"Dear Miss Birt, I am going to say something that I fear must give you pain; but I think it will save you from pain in the end. Don't you think it would be better if dear Miss Clara were to give up singing?"

Miss Laura almost jumped, so startled was she.

"Clara give up singing! Sister! Why? She is quite well and strong, and she loves it so! Indeed, dear Sister, she does it in as good a spirit as even a holy woman like you might do it."

"I never thought of anything else," said the Sister; "only—only—dear Miss Birt, has it never struck you that even Miss Clara can not always go on? You see, the voice, the singing voice, stays with us only a part of our lives; it is a lovely gift, but not 'a lifelong one; and—" she hesitated.

"You mean that my darling Clara is losing her voice?"

Sister Agnes said simply: "Yes."

"Oh, no! no! It can not be! She sometimes has a cold, and then it may be husky; but surely, surely, her voice is, on the whole, quite—quite good."

Tears were very near the old lady's eyes. Sister Agnes took her hand,— a kind, wrinkled, mittened hand.

"You know I would not pain you unnecessarily," she said; "and I am grateful to you for listening to me. I am afraid that we all feel it is not kind to Miss Clara to let her sing now. You see, the girls—and others—notice that—that she is older than she used to be, and that her voice has failed."

"Her voice has failed! O Sister, my poor, poor Clara! And she is only—"

She stopped short. "Only sixty-five," she had been going to say. Sixty-five was not very old in comparison to Miss Birt's own age—more by over a decade. But what was it absolutely and uncomparated?

In one moment Miss Birt saw it all; and she knew that, just as Clara's age had been unrealized by her, so also had she been determinedly ignorant of the failure in her voice; had put aside certain warnings, as if to heed them were but unfaithfulness. How often had she had occasion to say to herself: "Clara must be more careful of her beautiful voice!" Or to her sister: "My darling, you really must not eat nuts: they are very bad for the voice." Or: "Clara love, you mustn't take coffee before you sing."

Laura Birt went through much pain in those few minutes of silence.

"It is all my fault,—my fault!" she said at last. "We have made fools of ourselves; but it has been my doing, not my dear sister's. Oh, my darling Clara,—my darling Clara!"

"Dearest Miss Laura, you have always been good and kind; and—and—you are both such dear good women that you will—understand."

"I will tell my Clara," said the old lady. "We must have no more of a Fools' Paradise."

Sister Agnes' tender heart was very sore when she went away.

Miss Birt sat there, seeing and understanding as she thought over past things. How strange it seemed to her that it was only now she read the meaning of that hesitancy in Father Lyons' manner when music was mentioned in connection with Clara; only now that she understood other people's reserve in praise; only now that she knew why the comic songs had been suggested; only now that she saw how it was that it had seemed a difficulty to Sister Agnes to keep the girls quiet while Clara was singing! It was hard for them to check the little bursts of laughter that came when the songs were not comic and the notes were high. Clara was an old woman! Clara was an old woman who had lost her voice! All old women did not lose their voices, or get them quite spoiled! "But Clara!—O my poor, poor darling! If I might only bear the pain for you!"

That evening Clara hesitated when Sadie opened the piano.

"I am not sure—" she said, and stopped.

Then she went over and began to sing "Cleansing Fires," which Sadie had opened. The voice sounded husky as well as thin, and on the high note it broke. Then Sadie played the accompaniment in a lower key. But the song would not go, and Miss Clara stopped.

"I can not sing!" she said, pitifully.

"Clara my darling, you had better rest!" observed Laura.

Clara looked round.

"Yes, I must—rest. I am frightened, Laura. I heard something of what Sister Agnes said. I couldn't help it: the window was open and I heard. Then I went on, but it seemed to paralyze me. I think it took away my voice."

She did not wait for a word, but went quickly away; and the others heard her door shut.

"Will you go to her, Aunt Laura?" said Sadie, full of pity and ready to weep.

"No, my child: she would rather be alone. By and by. We have always accustomed ourselves not to give way before each other, if we could help it: for your grandmother—I mean your great-grandmother, Sadie,—taught us to be self-controlled. She thought hysterics were a disgrace, and she taught us to keep back our tears as much as possible. I will go by and by, but not now. And yet, Sadie, we have shared each other's joys and sorrows all our lives,—all Clara's life, I mean, of course; for I am very much older than she."

Sadie was just crossing the room to tidy the music and shut the piano, when Clara came back.

"Thank you, my love!" she said, quietly. "Laura dearest, it is time to ring for Hannah, is it not?"

"Will you ring, love?"

Miss Clara rang. And it was she who led the Rosary that evening.

The sisters had said "Good-night" to the niece, and "Good-night" to each other, and shut their doors. Laura could not sleep. She was sure Clara was suffering,—had she heard something like a sob? She listened. There were light, rustling movements,—then something like a sigh,—then silence.

Clara's room was inside Laura's, and she could see the light under the door.

Was the light from Clara's candle, not yet put out; or was it from the little votive lamp that burned before the statue of Our Lady? The hours went by, and the tenseness of the hush grew painful to Laura. She got up and put on her dressing gown, and very, very softly knocked. There was no answer, and she gently opened the door. Clara was kneeling before the statue, and her face was lifted up. Was the light on her face from the little lamp, or was it the shining of that which is given when the Will which is our peace has clasped our will and made it one with itself?

She did not move as Laura approached: only smiled. And she kissed her crucifix and kissed the hem of the garment of the Mother of fair love. Then, with a quiet, exultant tenderness, she half-chanted, half-recited:

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

"Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

"Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes."

For she had gone down into the valley of humility, and God had looked upon her and given her joy and peace.

Perhaps the knowledge of power having failed, the consciousness of the memory no more to be trusted, the weakness where vigor used to be, is one of the things most difficult to face with courage and good cheer. The realization that a fair gift is gone forever is even harder still. Clara Birt had for some time begun to suspect her loss; and it would have been easier for her to realize it and accept, had it not been for her sister's apparently unshaken belief in its lasting beauty. So, half-blindfold, she had gone upon her way.

The next morning the sisters went out very early, and came back with lovely peace on their faces.

After luncheon Clara said to Sadie:

"Come, darling, and sing 'Cleansing Fires.'"

"Aunt—"

"You are to sing it at the club, you know," Miss Clara went on.

"Aunt Clara! what are you saying?" The girl looked distressed.

"I am saying that you are to represent the Birt talent, such as it is, darling."

"But I can not—"

"Can not sing? Yes, sweet, you can."

"O Aunt, I can not! And how—"

"How did I know you were a little singing bird? Why, my dear, I saw your music on your bed this morning, before you hid it so carefully away. And I saw this very song."

"Oh, I am sorry,—so sorry! I am a naughty, thoughtless, untidy person."

"My dear, I am glad. Now come and sing it."

"I can not, dearest Aunt!"

"Sing it, childie! It has been a sorrow, but I took it where you too must take all sorrow that ever may come to you. And now it doesn't seem to matter,—not down in the heart of things. You are to be our 'singing woman' and give your gift to God."

"There is a better gift still," said Laura,—“the gift of being glad that His will should be done. You have given it, my Clara."

"And I too," said the girl, as she drew a hand of each to rest upon her head as in blessing.

Does it seem to you who read this as if I have been telling of a little trouble magnified into a great sorrow, as seen through the mist of foolish or needless tears? Do you think it was not worth carrying to the Heart that has borne all sorrow? If so, you must wait and learn.

WE choose not here our pathways: each soul, set
Within a narrow track,
Must follow swiftly onwards; never yet
Soul triumphed that looked back.

—E. Pyne.

One Point in Juvenile Education.

THE proper education of children is, so far as parents and teachers are concerned, one of those primal duties which, according to Wordsworth, "shine aloft like stars." Just what constitutes this proper education has not, however, in any period of the world's development, been determined with such self-evident accuracy as to compel the assent of all the educators. While it is universally conceded that Solomon enunciated an undoubted truth in his quoted proverb, "A young man according to his way; [or, as the King James' Version has it, "Train up a child in the way he should go";] and when he is old he will not depart from it," still that direction is a mere generalization which is interpreted in a hundred different senses when concretely applied.

Theories on this subject of properly training the child are as many in number as they are various, and sometimes contradictory, in character. On one point in particular there has always been, and very probably there will continue to be, marked diversity of opinion,—the measure in which the young should be suffered to get acquainted with evil. Impassioned advocates will, on the one hand, contend for the child's utter ignorance of the ugly, the false, and the sinful; while, on the other, counsellors just as earnest maintain that the fullest knowledge of evil constitutes the best preservative therefrom. The very truth of the matter resides, in all probability, in the golden mean between these extremes of all and nothing.

The tendency in our day is, perhaps, to overdo the matter of acquainting the young with the manifold forms of evil,—of course with the laudable purpose of fortifying them against vice and immorality. We not infrequently

read, for instance, vehement rebukes directed against mothers who fail to make plain to their daughters the whole physiology of sex and sexual instincts. It has been with considerable pleasure, therefore, that we have read a suggestive paper, "The Treatment of Evil in the Training of Children," contributed to the *Twentieth Century Home* by M. V. O'Shea. A few extracts may prove of interest to our readers.

Evil is more attractive to an unformed individual than righteousness, because it is his original estate; and this is to say that we ought to keep vice out of his sight and virtue in its attractive forms in his sight as fully as possible. . . . Look, for example, at our method of guarding the young against the evil of intemperance, which is now attracting universal attention. For the past dozen years or so the children of the public schools, from the beginning to the end of their scholastic career, have, in conformity to law, had instruction regarding the evil effect of alcohol and narcotics upon body, mind, and morals. But we are now hearing on every hand that this instruction has failed of its end, and that it is often in reality a source of mischief. The Committee of Fifty, speaking through Doctor Sargeant and Doctor Hodge, have condemned it; and resolutions are being introduced into legislatures praying for a repeal of the statutes requiring that instruction in regard to alcohol and narcotics must be given in every public school. . . .

Investigations made in the public schools of a Western city reveal the fact that a large proportion of the boys in the higher grades smoke cigarettes, and they have at the same time had instruction for at least six years in the evil effects of nicotine. The boys who did not smoke were mainly those who had received special care, not instruction, in their homes; and it was impossible to say that abstinence was in a single instance due to the teaching of the public schools. Statements like this are being generally made by close observers of the system which is now in operation; and it seems probable, though it can not be stated dogmatically, that teaching the evil of nicotine and probably of alcohol, too, as it is carried on at present in most schools, has little if any effect in restraining pupils.

Concerning the particular topic of which we have made mention above, we find the following paragraphs:

We are hearing much to-day to the effect that explicit instruction respecting sex manifestations

and relations should be given the young, in the belief that this will counteract the evils which spring out of perversions of the sex instincts.... It is probable that most of those among us who are advocating this view have not taken pains to determine whether their doctrines are borne out in the affairs of daily life. An inquiry recently prosecuted among young men who, for professional ends, make a special study of the nature and methods of reproduction, shows that they are not more continent, to say the least, than other young men who have no special knowledge of these subjects. In our investigation we gained considerable testimony, from those who ought to know, to the effect that up to a certain point, at any rate, the more attention that was given to these matters, the greater the tendency toward self-indulgence rather than self-restraint. Knowledge seems to act only as an incentive: it arouses profound feelings that urgently seek realization....

The doctrine is, then, that the young can be saved from sex evil only by keeping their minds and their hands wholesomely occupied. We are building upon the shifting sands when we put a course in sex physiology into the curriculum and fail to provide opportunities for the right use of the unoccupied moments of boys and girls. We rely upon instruction to solve our problems, and so we do not study sufficiently how to make healthful, purifying, exalting work attractive.

Without venturing the assertion that the writer whom we have been quoting has said the last authoritative word on the subject, we submit that his views are well worth thinking about. There is unquestionably much sound philosophy in these comments on the great evil:

Indeed, instruction often only keeps the thought upon topics that ought not to be dwelt upon at all. The secret of right training lies in keeping the attention on other topics. Profound passions can not be restrained by thinking about them, but by keeping oneself under circumstances or in mental attitudes where they are not aroused.

Ignorance of evil may not always be bliss, but neither is the fullest knowledge thereof in the young invariably wisdom.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

—D. J. Scannell-O'Neill.

Notes and Remarks.

It is well to remember that the holy season of Advent upon which we have entered is one during which the Church expects her children to display an unwonted measure of prayer and penance. Lent excepted, there is no period of the ecclesiastical year that ought to be marked by so constant a spirit of interior recollection, so faithful an accomplishment of the duty of vocal prayer and meditation, so resolute a curbing of the desire for sensual ease and comfort, by the generous practice of fasting, abstinence, and other approved modes of exterior mortification.

Solemnities, civil or religious, are apt to be successful just in proportion to the thoroughness of the preparation that is made for them. All adult Catholics know from experience, for instance, that the full measure of Easter gladness comes to those only who have congruously spent the Lenten prelude in assiduous prayer and fasting, and self-denial of various kinds, in the spirit of penitence enjoined by Mother Church. And so with the great and gladsome festival of Our Lord's Nativity, for which these Advent weeks are the appointed preparation. If we take no thought of the beautiful feast until within a day or two of its dawning, it is futile to expect our celebrating it with true spiritual joy, or our gathering from it the fruits of grace that will be garnered so abundantly by the well-prepared. To a truly merry Christmas, the indispensable prerequisite is a penitential Advent.

In the current *Catholic University Bulletin*, Wm. J. Kerby gives an interesting description of the exhibit of Catholic Charities in St. Louis. One's chief regret while reading the account is that the promoters of the enterprise did not at its inception meet with

far more generous co-operation and encouragement than appears to have been accorded them. With the data and means at their disposal, they did excellent work; but the dilatoriness and indifference of many on whom they had a right to count for effective assistance precluded the possibility of the exhibit's being anything more than an incomplete and quite inadequate presentation of Catholic charities in this country. Even in its imperfect state, however, the exhibit was undoubtedly a revelation to those who have never reflected seriously upon the charitable side of the Church's activity and the multifarious ramifications of Catholic good works.

Mr. Kerby suggests that, now that the Exposition is closed, the Catholic University be allowed to install the exhibit within its walls. The idea is an excellent one, which we hope to see carried out. If, in addition, the School of the Social Sciences at the University will forthwith take preliminary measures to increase and perfect the collection, so as to be ready with a more adequate presentation for the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Oregon, the tentative work at St. Louis will have served a thoroughly commendable purpose.

The possibility of a reunion between the Catholic and Protestant churches has been the subject of a debate recently carried on in the pages of a French magazine. One of the disputants, Abbé Grayrand, summarizes the whole argument in this wise: "The basis of reunion can only be the Catholic Faith. The father of the prodigal son may make certain allowances, but must ever remain the father."

There were no fewer than 60,000 divorces in the United States last year,—as one secular journal puts it, an average of nearly seven divorces

for every hour of the day and night, Sundays included. The comment on these appalling statistics is worth quoting: "The business of making and unmaking misfit marriages appears to have become a great national industry." That the national industry will be the national decay it needs no prophet to foretell.

The Catholics of Australia—prelates, clergy, and laity—are to be cordially congratulated upon the successful issue of their second great Catholic Congress. Recent exchanges from the Southern world give lengthy accounts of the proceedings, and testify to the excellence of the results achieved. We particularly admire the following paragraph from the brilliant address with which Archbishop Carr opened the deliberations:

As the circle of human knowledge and human needs is ever widening, so the means of acquiring and communicating information, and of ministering to the needs of humanity, are ever increasing with the demand. Hence, after an interval of four years, an abundance of matter, old and new, presents itself for intelligent and practical consideration. In this consideration of the various questions which will be submitted for discussion, we shall all aim at the glory of God, the good of His Church, the welfare of society, the advance of science, the support of the weak, the direction of the strong, the preservation of "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." We shall be careful to give offence to no man. While we defend our own beliefs, and give a reason for the faith that is in us, we shall not use the occasion to insult the belief of those who differ from us. The effect of a well-ordered congress is not to separate but to bring men closer together.

The proceedings of the Congress were uniformly in harmony with the keynote thus happily struck; and it is safe to say that the general interests of Australia, not less than those of the Church, have been well served by this great Catholic convention.

A cable dispatch from Manila to the *Chicago Tribune*, giving a brief account of the procession in honor of the "Virgin of Antipolo," states that "the

Filipinos almost deify the image"; and the dispatch is headed "Filipinos Adore a Statue." Will the time ever come in this country when there will be no necessity of correcting such absurdities as this? Americans neither deify nor adore the Liberty Bell, but uncivilized Filipinos would probably think otherwise if they were to witness the demonstrations sometimes made in its honor.

The noble tribute paid to Sir Stephen de Vere by his brother Aubrey leaves little to be said of the deceased baronet, now passed "the grave's mysterious brink," into the land of rest for which he had long been sighing:

From his early youth Stephen's life had been one of labor for Ireland. He has saved sons of hers from the gallows, labored in their schools, abstained from wine for twenty years that he might encourage temperance among the poor, brought dying men into his house that they might have more comfort in death, pleaded their cause in public and private life; and during thirty years he has reduced the rental of the property by about a fourth below what would have been considered the fair value. You know of his going out to America as a steerage passenger (I think it was then a six weeks' voyage) that he might speak as a witness respecting the sufferings of the emigrants. He has always been a Liberal, as he is now; and (unlike me) he approved of Gladstone's recent Land Act, having himself recommended nearly the same thing to the government in 1870.

If all Irish patriots had been as sincere, and all Irish landlords as humane, as Sir Stephen, Ireland would be a less distressful country than it is, and England would have been coerced, long since, to do some act calculated to gratify the national aspirations and to touch the embittered hearts of Irishmen.

It appears that the oldtime style of pilgrimage, a foot-journey that entailed genuine fatigue and other physical discomforts, has not yet become entirely obsolete. From Este, near Padua, there recently set out for Rome to see

the Pope, a heroic trio who might congruously have joined the pilgrim bands in the Ages of Faith. A mother, fifty-four years old, with her son, a boy of fourteen, and another woman aged forty,—the little group started on their pedestrian journey with only a dollar and some few cents in the common purse. In seventeen days they walked five hundred and twenty-seven miles, frequently sleeping in barns and begging their daily bread.

Did they succeed in seeing the Pope? Most assuredly. Quite moved by their simple heroism, Pius X. greeted them most warmly, had them assist, with a seminarian from Este, at his Mass, and gave them Holy Communion with his own hand. Then he insisted on improving their wardrobe—their shoes quite naturally had given out—and sending them home by rail. "Holy Father," as applied to the Pope, means to that happy trio a good deal more than a mere ecclesiastical title; and that boy of fourteen has a memory that will dwell with him vividly even when his years will be numbered by fourscore.

An interesting historico-diplomatic study, published in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, sets in its true light the status of the French protectorate in China and the Orient generally. It is abundantly clear from this authenticated document that the protectorate in question was created simply and solely by the action of the Holy See in ordering the clergy and religious of the East to have recourse to the protection of France. In default of such orders from Rome, the Gallic republic would all along have been on precisely the same footing as the other European Powers; and, supposing that the Pope should advise religious and clergy to shelter themselves under the ægis of some other Power than France, the protectorate is *ipso facto* transferred to that Power.

In all probability, therefore, the recent brilliant performance of M. Combes and company in securing, under false pretexts, the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and France, has ensured the speedy loss of a privilege of which the French government has often shown itself jealous,—the prestige due to its protectorate over Christians in the Orient. William of Germany must be profoundly grateful to the French premier for facilitating a project which the Emperor is credited with having long entertained.

If it be true, as Mr. J. Holland Rose seems to think, that Napoleon had no heartfelt belief in Christianity, then he was the veriest of hypocrites. The novel opinion is expressed in Mr. Rose's recently-published volume entitled "Napoleonic Studies,"—in an inquiry into the religion of 'this important and fascinating personality.' Possibly Mr. Rose's wish is father to his thought, yet he quotes these authenticated words of Napoleon:

Experience has undeceived the French and has convinced them that the Catholic religion is better adapted than any other to diverse forms of government, and is particularly favorable to republican institutions. I myself am a philosopher, and I know that, in every society whatsoever, no man is considered just and virtuous who does not know whence he came and whither he is going. Simple reason can not guide you in this matter: without religion one walks continually in darkness; and the Catholic religion alone gives to man certain and infallible information concerning his origin and his latter end.

And of Napoleon's attitude to Protestantism Mr. Rose says: "The Protestant creed never had any charms for him. . . . There is nothing in his writings, early or late, to show that he ever had the slightest regard for the Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, which ran counter to all his ideas of the solidarity of the State."

Like many other philosophers and

great men of action, Napoleon apprehended the four truths thus formulated by Cardinal Manning as the four corners of his faith: "I. A necessity of my reason constrains me to believe the existence of God, because I can in no other way account for my own existence. II. My moral sense, or moral reason, or conscience, constrains me to believe that God has revealed Himself to me. III. My reason and moral sense constrain me to believe that this revelation is Christianity. IV. My reason is convinced that historical Christianity is the Catholic Faith."

Whether or not Napoleon's exterior conduct squared with his religious belief is another question. Into the *arcana* of his or any other man's condition of soul it is impossible to enter.

For frank criticism commend us to the London *Athenæum*. It is not without prejudices, but of its honesty of judgment there can be no question. In a review of the life and letters of two Anglican bishops, one a stiff Conservative, the other a modern of the moderns, though fast friends, our scholarly contemporary observes:

Both were churchmen of the type commonly described as good. Both were humorous and unconventional. Both shocked the prejudices of the pious, and were in every way the antagonists of clerical mannerism. Both men, by their life, their speech, and their actions, were sworn foes of unreality, contemptuous critics of gush, and did their utmost to stem the advancing tide of sentimentalism. Both were disliked and misunderstood by extremists and ecclesiastical old women, by the ignorant and conceited among the clergy,—a class which is unfortunately more and more ready to believe that hard work atones for want of charity, and the voice of the fool is the voice of God.

The wonder to us is that men so free from human respect, haters of shams both of them, and, moreover, gifted with the saving sense of humor, did not realize the pretentiousness of the Establishment. But, then, who knows but what they did?

The Author of a Tender and Delightful
Volume.*

Of Aubrey de Vere it is true to say that there was nothing he touched that he did not adorn. With him, in his work, instead of anything being good enough, nothing was good enough. He had high ideals, and he wrought unflinchingly and unsparingly at their embodiment. When one reflects on the wide field of work—poetry and prose, mythological, historical, ecclesiastical, biographical, and even political work—in which during his long life he had been engaged, one is amazed to think how that vast extent of labor, and all the subsidiary thought and study necessary to it, could be accomplished in the way which alone would satisfy the delicacy of his conscience and the exquisite taste of his art.

He was delicate in art. It was impossible for him to be otherwise; for he was, so to say, cradled in literary art. The surroundings of his home, the ways of his friends, and the native instincts of his mind, all disciplined him in the most sensitive literary delicacy. In the County of Limerick there is no other such spot for a poet as Curragh Chase. Its more widely-known neighbor, Adare, may be softer and richer, and in its monastic ruins more venerable; but it is not so retired, so tender, so full of hill and dale—sweet Nature's monastic piles,—as Curragh Chase. And of all the County Limerick families, there was no other that, in the early part of the nineteenth century, could equal the De Veres in well-deserved popularity among their dependants and peasant neighbors.

This beautiful relationship is illustrated rather amusingly by Mr. de Vere in his "Recollections." When a young man, he was staying one night at the house of a friend—an elderly lady—in England. The full moon shone brightly into his bedroom; and, being unable to sleep, he thought he would go out and walk. Coming downstairs, he went toward the door, expecting to find it standing open, as was the custom in Curragh Chase. It was shut; he tried to open it, and in so doing set a lot of bells ringing. "It was so unlike Curragh Chase!" he says.

It was his nature to sing: he could not but sing. It was foreign to him to touch politics: he was driven to it. He had hardly written his "Search after Proserpine" when he was forced to write "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds,"—a strong political work. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, an Irish and Catholic demagogue might indeed thunder against English misrule; but that one of the favored

caste should heretically find fault with the perfection of English government in Ireland was a phenomenon not even to be conceived.

It is a strange tale, the social history of Ireland in the first half of the last century, when Mr. de Vere was a young man. A land with a teeming population; a glad soil tilled by a race as frugal in their wants, and as spendthrift in the joyousness of their hearts, as lay under the face of the sun; the throbbing countryside alive with people as true to their friends, and as unrelenting to their family, rather than their personal, foes as human blood could possibly be; localities and families fighting in the old clannish fashion for senseless and unintelligible shibboleths,—Whiteboys, Ribbonmen, Peep-o'-day Boys, the Thirties and the Forties; the laborers combining against the tenants-at-will, and the tenants-at-will shooting landlords and agents; and the animus of the whole position epitomized in the cry of the son standing among the crowd in the street, to his father standing on the gallows, at almost the last public execution that took place in the city of Limerick: "Die game, father!"

Though one sees with sorrow the shoemaker leaving his last, who could regret to see the poet under such circumstances become the politician? The political work "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds" was the immediate result; but it is possible, and even probable, that the tenor of Mr. de Vere's after-life may have been affected by the prevalence of such a state of things in his early, impressionable years. To this may be attributed his beautiful "Innisfail," in which, more than in any other of his writings, appear unmistakably the soft, sweet feelings of his own genial nature. I think I once heard him express a preference for "Innisfail" over his other works; it may be, however, that I only thought so. He seldom spoke of the merits of his own books; though to special friends he occasionally read the MS. of something that was about to appear. Having in my own mind a preference for "Innisfail," I may have thought that he, too, expressed or suggested a predilection for it.

"The Legends of St. Patrick" also may, not unfairly, be attributed to the occurrence of those troubled times in Mr. de Vere's early years. And, seeing that Ireland was to a large extent the evangelizer of Scotland and England, his "Legends of the Saxon Saints" were probably due to the same cause. One thing he was very anxious for: that St. Patrick should be to the peasants of the green fields in Ireland what St. Francis is to the *contadini* in the vales of Umbria. He looked on "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" as the most poetical book ever written. I have heard him extolling it over and over again. It is impossible to make Virgil

* "Poems from the Works of Aubrey de Vere." Edited by Lady Margaret Domville. Catholic Truth Society.

Demosthenes, or Homer Horace; but I think he would, if he could, have been the author of an Irish "Fioretti." He felt that in "The Legends of St. Patrick" he had written for the few rather than for the many; but nothing brought him more joy than to learn that, among Irish readers, "The Legends" were becoming more popular. It was for this reason he allowed the work to be reprinted in a cheap but beautiful edition. In the present volume Lady Domville has given only one extract from "The Legends of St. Patrick"; but it is a selection that will tempt many a reader to the original work.

Mr. de Vere was firmly convinced of the missionary vocation of the Irish race. There are few who, weighing things thoughtfully, have not come to the same conclusion. From ten to fifteen years before the great exodus, the Irish people received primary education in the language of the Conqueror. This boon was offered for a double purpose, as is made abundantly clear from the Life of Dr. Whately, the Protestant archbishop of Dublin, who was the prime mover in introducing it. It was certainly not offered by a Protestant archbishop for the purpose of extending the bounds of the Catholic Church: it was introduced rather for the purpose of weaning the people from that Church, and making them Protestant and English in their views and tendencies.

We look back at it now; it has been nearly seventy years at work. God had intended that Irish emigration should be to the great and bountiful nation of the States, to Canada, India, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand,—wherever the English tongue was spoken. And Dr. Whately had put into the hands of the Irish race—little dreaming that he was doing so—the very thing necessary, in all human view, to affect that purpose.

Over and over Mr. de Vere would allude with pathos and gratitude to this missionary spirit of the Irish Celts; and he would, in his quiet, persuasive way, point out that it had ever been theirs. As proof, he had only to mention Iona and Lindisfarne, in Scotland and England, St. Gall in Switzerland, Bobbio in Italy, with many another well-known place in France and Belgium, the Netherlands and Germany,—reminding one of what Virgil makes Æneas say of the Trojans: "What land is not full of our labors?"

Irish readers, and those who take an interest in Ireland, will find many extracts from beautiful "Innisfail" in the book under consideration:

They are passed, the three great Woes; and the days
of the dread desolation;

To amethyst changed are the stones blood-stain'd of
the temple-floor.

A spiritual power, she lives who seem'd to die as a
nation;

Her story is that of a soul; and the story of earth
is no more.

Endurance it was that won,—Suffering, than Action
thrice greater;

For Suffering humbly acts. Away with sigh and with
tear!

She has gone before you and waits: she has gifts for
the blinded who hate her;

And the bright shape by the death-cave in music
answers, "Not here!"

But that which will render the book very dear to the readers of THE AVE MARIA is the large number of extracts from "May Carols." As May with its blossoms precedes June with its buds, so did, and does, Holy Mary, the Flower of the Root of Jesse, precede Jesus, the Bud that springs from the Root. It is greatly to be wished that "May Carols" were in the hands of every Catholic reader. They require to be meditated on and digested, however, rather than skimmed over or lightly read.

Shortly after his conversion—which took place in 1851, when he was thirty-seven years old,—the idea of "May Carols" was suggested to him by Pope Pius IX. in a personal audience. The preface which, because of non-Catholic readers, Mr. de Vere felt it necessary to write for the "Carols," is a striking example of the intense study and care which he bestowed on all his works, as well as a beautiful specimen of his orderly reasoning and his chaste prose style. The "May Carols" go through all the mysteries that have reference to the Mother of God. Lady Domville's extracts from this volume are numerous; very properly begin with:

Religion, she that stands sublime
Upon the rock that crowns our globe,
Her foot on all the spoils of time,
With light eternal on her robe;

and then go on to the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Visitation, Christmas, Good Friday, with many hymns between, and wind up with "He gives His Beloved Sleep" and the "Reality" of the life of the good:

Love thy God, and love Him only;
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely.

Toward the end the volume has several personal sonnets; among the rest one to Father Damien—

Pain's victim-priest, a shadow cast below
By Him, that victim-Priest enthroned on high.

This is a tender and delightful volume, which every lover of Aubrey de Vere's writings will be glad to have; and it will tempt those who have not yet studied his works to a closer acquaintance with them. All are under a debt of gratitude to Lady Domville for the memoir of Mr. de Vere prefixed to the book, and the pleasing choice of the extracts; and to the Catholic Truth Society of England for bringing it out in such agreeable type and paper, and at so low a price.

R. O'K.



A Great Author's Clever Dog.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

(CONCLUSION.)

CERVANTES was not in the most pleasant of humors that morning: in fact, he looked distinctly crestfallen. The non-arrival of his faithful dog, the whole night long, filled him with sadness, quite apart from any consideration of his lost bet; although the chaffing of José Sanz proved rather exasperating, too. If his poor Patchon had not returned, it was of course because he was either dead or stolen.

Growing quite dispirited as he came to this conclusion, Cervantes was just brushing away a suspicious moisture in his eyes when he heard a confused noise on the street outside. A moment later in rushed Patchon, all out of breath, but triumphant, and dropped at his master's feet something that looked like a tattered dishcloth,—the toreador's waistcoat, a good deal the worse for its recent wear.

Imagine the delight of the master, and—once he got his wind again—the joyous barking of the victorious dog!

But Herrado, the innkeeper, with the innkeeper's wife and servants, now burst into the room also. At sight of the toreador, the dog sprang forward, planted all four paws on the waistcoat as if bound to defend it, and showed his teeth in anything but a pleasant fashion. As the owner of the ragged waistcoat, however, made no move to reclaim it, the astonishing animal poked his nose into one of the pockets, drew out the paper parcel containing the

ring, and held it up in his teeth to Cervantes.

The whole matter was very soon explained. Herrado refused all compensation for the waistcoat, Sanz paid over his twenty-five dollars to the parish priest's poorbox, and Patchon feasted on lumps of sugar to his heart's content.

**

The second adventure of Patchon's that has been preserved by the Spanish chroniclers is, if anything, still more extraordinary.

It was the close of a terribly warm day. A battalion of foot soldiers was marching rapidly toward Cadiz. Cervantes, their leader, was at the head of the column; and by his side trotted Patchon, his eye bright, his tail curled up, his whole aspect showing that he shared his master's warlike tastes.

The entry into the city was a brilliant one. The future author of Don Quixote led his men to their barracks, and then betook himself to the seashore to enjoy a little coolness. Unfortunately, he was not accompanied by Patchon, who had just hurt one of his paws by stepping on a bit of broken glass. Cervantes strolled about at haphazard for a time, but his fatigue after a laborious day soon impelled him to stretch himself on the shore and rest at ease.

Now, at that particular period this was an extremely imprudent course of action, because of the African corsairs who infested the Mediterranean coasts. Prudence, however, was not one of Cervantes' strong points. Anyway, he was well armed; and so, heedless of danger, he dozed off and was soon sound asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a horrible sensation of stifling: two men

were gagging him. Instinctively he felt for his sword, but it was not in its scabbard. With singular dexterity his assailants had disarmed him while he slept. Night had fallen, but there was moonlight enough for him to see his captors, and he recognized them as Algerian pirates.

This was terrible. In an instant there rose before him the whole picture of the misery and humiliations that awaited him in captivity, — perhaps an endless exile, hard labor, sickness beneath the deadly African sun! And, brave as he undoubtedly was, he felt the enveloping shadows of despair.

"Alas!" he said to himself, "not even my poor dog, my poor old friend, to console me!"

They put him in the boat; but, to the prisoner's great surprise, they left him in the care of one of their number, and returned to the shore, where no doubt they had other business of importance to transact.

Not long afterward Cervantes heard the faint noise of some one swimming cautiously and approaching the boat. He at once thought of his dog. Sure enough, it was Patchon, the brave and the faithful. He had long awaited his master's return; and, finally growing restless at his continued absence, had gnawed through his leash and started off to hunt him up. He reached the shore after a precipitate race, — but, alas! too late.

The dog swam rapidly. He soon reached the boat, and, raising himself against its sloping side, made desperate efforts to get aboard. He exhausted himself in vain, however; and appeared likely to drown under Cervantes' sorrowing eyes rather than give up his attempt. The corsair, who probably was fond of animals, at last took pity on the poor beast, and pulled him into the boat.

Wild with joy, the animal threw himself upon his master, licking his

hands and face; and then, tormented at seeing Cervantes bound and helpless, he began to whine so piteously that the tears rolled down the prisoner's cheek.

The pirate on guard was not altogether a bad fellow; and, utilizing as best he could the few words of Spanish he knew, he said:

"If you'll give me your word of honor that you won't attempt to escape, I'll untie your hands so that you may caress your dog."

The Spaniard gave his word. What was there to be gained by refusing? He saw no possibility of escaping.

For a long time he patted and caressed his affectionate dog. The night was wearing on, and the guard was gradually growing drowsy. Sorrowfully, Cervantes endeavored to think out some means by which, without breaking his word, he might effect his deliverance. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. If it did not ensure his release, at least it furnished a hope.

Very quietly, with infinite precaution, he drew from his pocket a lead pencil and a memorandum book. On one of the leaves he wrote: "I've been captured by Algerian pirates. Take measure to secure my release. Cervantes."

Signing to Patchon to lie still, he folded the note very carefully, and, with a bit of string fortunately found in one of his pockets, tied it to the inside of the upper portion of the dog's collar.

Motionless and silent, Patchon seemed to recognize the seriousness of the situation and the necessity of keeping perfectly quiet. The next thing was to give the dog his instructions. Patchon understood quite well the words *a casa* ("to the house"), which his master often used when he had taken the dog abroad and for any reason wished to send him back home. So Cervantes took the dog in his arms, embraced him tenderly, and, pointing to Cadiz in the distance, whispered:

"A *casa*, old fellow, and show my note to my friend Sanz or to good old Mariano. Do you understand, Patchon?"

The dog's eyes sparkled intelligently and his tail wagged a vigorous answer. Satisfied with this Patchon-like affirmation, Cervantes gently lowered him into the water.

Patchon swam off quietly, but, like the clever dog he was, landed a good distance away from the boat's position. It was well he did so, too; for scarcely had he disappeared when the pirates came down to the shore. At the noise of their approach, the guard awoke. He hastily re-tied the prisoner, and looked around for the dog; but, seeing nothing of the animal, thought it prudent to keep silence about the prisoner's pet. A few minutes later the corsairs' boat was gliding swiftly over the waters.

It was about daybreak when Patchon reached the city gates, which he found closed. Notwithstanding his furious barking, whining and howling, nobody, of course, came to let him in. He had been able to jump down from the top of the wall to get out and look for his master, but, unfortunately, he could not jump back.

When finally the appointed hour for opening the gates arrived, the dog rushed in and sped like a hairy little whirlwind to the residence of Cervantes. Once there, his desperate yelps attracted the attention of the old serving-man Mariano,—all the more readily as the latter had just discovered his master's absence.

The dog with singular persistence shoved his neck under the old man's hands; all to no purpose, however: Mariano did not understand. Finally, by dint of repeated efforts (it sounds incredible, but the Castilian legend declares it positively certain), by working at it with his paws and twisting his head about, he managed to drop

the collar at the feet of the old servant, who then espied the note.

An hour later all Cadiz knew that Cervantes, captured by pirates, was on his way to Algiers. This result, itself, was an admirable proof of Patchon's cleverness; but the chronicle adds a still more astonishing fact.

The sum fixed for the ransom having at length been collected, it took an insufferably long time in those days to arrange for the redemption of the captive—to provide for interviews with the Algerians, and forward the money in safety. During this whole period of delay Patchon travelled all over Spain, appearing in every city where he had known intimate friends of his master, seeking hospitality now from one, now from another, and looking so miserable and starved after his incredible journeys that he aroused the pity of the most hard-hearted. His idea was evidently to animate the zeal of his master's friends and hasten his deliverance.

At last his beloved master was restored to him, and at first sight of his familiar figure the poor dog nearly died of joy.

Now, if Cervantes had not been so good and compassionate, if he had not taken pity on the homeless little puppy abandoned in the snow, he might have ended his life in slavery, depriving his country of a good soldier, and the world of his masterpiece—Don Quixote. In any case, it is more than probable that, had it not been for his dog's persistence in stimulating his friends, the efforts of these latter would have been exerted too late; for Cervantes was brought back almost in a dying condition, and his convalescence was long and painful.

Let it be added that the incomparable Patchon lived to a good old age, petted by everyone and perfectly happy,—as no doubt our young folk will agree with me in saying he thoroughly deserved to be.

Three Months Under the Snow.

BY J. PORCHAT.

JANUARY 15.

I have been sorrowing all day, but to-night a little circumstance cheered me. It was not a miracle, as it was perfectly natural; but it came to me as a message from above.

I was about to put out the fire and light, when I heard a slight sound in the chimney. It was caused by an ember which fell back, covered with soot. This caught fire and made a bright blaze for a moment. After it was all out, I put my head inside the fireplace and looked up, to see if I could see any more blazing soot anywhere. I saw none; but as I was gazing upward a bright star passed over the opening in the pipe. The sight filled me with pleasure, and I feel as if I had received a message of hope from the skies.

JANUARY 17.

I looked for my star of hope again to-night. Alas, it did not appear! Perhaps the sky is overcast. I was bitterly disappointed, and I crept to bed weeping.

JANUARY 24.

The days that have passed have been so dreary, so full of despair, that I found nothing to record. I am threatened with a new danger now. My goat gives less milk every day. What if it were to cease altogether! I tremble to think of it. As my dear grandfather often said, the only thing to do in such a case would be to kill her and eat the flesh. But that would almost seem like taking the life of a human being. I shall hope that such a thing will not be necessary.

FEBRUARY 1.

The quantity of milk is growing less daily. No matter how much salt I give Blanchette, it does not help things.

I am most wretched, and still I can not make up my mind to kill my friend and the companion of my solitude.

FEBRUARY 12.

My food is now almost gone, but Blanchette still lives. I have searched everywhere in the chalet to see if I could not find food of some sort, but nothing has come of it. The days drag by in darkness and wretchedness. I can look to God only for help, as I seem to have been forgotten by men.

FEBRUARY 18.

The weather has grown very cold again. I must have a fire all the time, to keep from freezing. I have been thinking of the wolves all day. They were about before when it was so cold, and they may come again. Then there is the danger of the avalanche. It seems to me that I am in the lowest depths, with nothing to hope for.

FEBRUARY 20.

At last a hope has dawned upon me. I have decided to leave the chalet. Yesterday morning I had a frightful dream. I thought I had killed poor Blanchette and was cutting her up, when her head began to bleat piteously. I awoke with a start. The goat was indeed bleating, but she was alive. How glad I was to see her! I resolved then that I would never kill her on any account.

I reflected that if the wolves could walk on the crust, I could do so, too. My brothers and I had often made rude sleds and slid down the mountain-side. I made up my mind to begin one at once. I found some good boards in the stable, and I think I can make a sled that will answer my purpose. It will take me some time, as I have no good tools. I must trust in Providence and do my best, as my grandfather taught me. These are the last words I shall write in my journal. I shall leave it on the table, so that if I perish it can be found.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE,
March 2.

At last I am safe in my own home. My father has just read my journal—which I did not have to leave in the chalet,—and has urged me to write its conclusion. My head does not feel very clear yet, after a week of comfort; but I will try to record what happened at the very last.

After I got my sled all ready, I opened the door and began to shovel the snow away. This was quite easy, as I could throw it inside the chalet. After I had worked at it a while, I made a good fire to dry my clothes. The smoke had hardly risen when I heard a noise outside. My first thought was of wolves, and I tried to close the door. Soon I heard some one calling my name. I shouted back in answer as loud as I could. Next I heard a confused sound as of some one digging, and soon I saw my father! He rushed in and clasped me in his arms.

"Where is your grandfather?" he asked, looking around.

I could not find words to reply, so I led the way to the milk-room and pointed to the cross. We both fell on our knees beside the grave. I then attempted to tell him what had happened; but, seeing how overcome I was, he bade me wait until some other time.

"We must start now," he said. "Time presses, and the descent will not be easy. We will come back after poor grandpa in the spring."

My father was accompanied by my two uncles and Pierre. Soon we were ready to start. All the men had guns, so we were not afraid of wolves. The descent was rapid but very tiresome. I was dazzled by the light of the sun shining on the snow, and I was very cold. I did not complain, for it was the cold that had saved my life.

When we reached the pass above the village, I was surprised to see how

much snow had been shovelled away by the men who had tried to get to us.

"We could have reached you by December," explained my father, "if the cold had kept up. The weather grew warmer, and the snow kept filling in as fast as we shovelled; so we had to give it up."

He then told me why he had not come back for us at once. He was caught in a snowslide on his way down the mountain and carried to the bottom of a ravine. Here he was found in an unconscious condition. He did not come to himself for three days, and then it was too late to reach us. He and all our friends suffered almost as much as we did, in their anxiety about us.

All the village turned out to welcome us. Blanchette came in for her share of admiration, for all knew that it was to her I owed my life. As long as I live I shall never cease thanking God for delivering me from my snow-bound prison in the mountains.

(The End.)

A Happy Boy.

About the best satisfied Sunday-school boy in the Catholic world at present is probably Master Rodolfo Funari, of Rome. He is the victor in a prize competition, the subject-matter of which was the recital, by heart, of Bellarmine's Catechism. Formerly the victor in the contest dined with the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, who afterward presented him to the Pope; and the Holy Father gave him a present and his blessing. In Pius IX.'s time sovereign honors were accorded to the boy by the Swiss Guard, but Leo XIII. did away with that custom. Pius X., however, has revived it with all its former brilliancy. And so young Funari has had what his small American Catholic brother would be apt to call "the time of his life."

With Authors and Publishers.

—A popular edition of Father Gerard's able answer to Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" will be welcomed by all who are interested in the efforts now being made by all denominations of Christians to stem the torrent of anti-religious literature.

—According to a writer in the *Chicago Israelite*, the original of Isaac of York's daughter in "Ivanhoe" was Rebecca Graetz. She was a warm friend of our Washington Irving, at whose suggestion Scott made her the living model of the Rebecca of the novel.

—"Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon" is the attractive title of a little book compiled by the Lady Amabel Kerr, from the correspondence of the saintly Archbishop of Cambrai. The selections include sayings of Fénelon on prayer, discouragement, death, solitude, etc.; and each selection has at least one thought that might serve as a spiritual bouquet. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The Rev. Laurence Moeslein, C. P., has woven a beautiful garland of song to honor the Blessed Virgin in this her Jubilee year. He has arranged fifty forms for the Litany of Lóreto, corresponding to the forty-seven invocations, and the three *Agnus Dei* which conclude the litany. Some of these musical forms are known to sodalities and choirs, but twenty-five are offered in the new edition for the first time. The collection is published anonymously.

—One should be prepared for all sorts of surprises nowadays; however, we confess to feeling a distinct shock on reading these words in a secular literary journal:

One discordant note will repel readers more than any gibes at their country,—a kind of thin blasphemy in references to "Providence" and the like, which has on most Englishmen a clammy effect, like the unexpected touch of a reptile.

The book under review is from the pen of a Catholic author! Coming from such a source, such a rebuke should be doubly effective.

—Of books and booklets dealing with the Immaculate Conception, this Jubilee year has been notably prolific; but nothing that we have thus far seen is more artistic in make-up, or more interesting in the excellence of its subject-matter, than Desclée, De Brouwer & Co.'s "Ave Maria!" a sixteen-page brochure in folio, eighteen inches by twelve, illustrated with four chromos and twenty-two photogravures. The richness of the chromolithographic cover is suggestive of the choicest specimens of illuminated manuscripts, and the text is worthy of its splendid setting.

As a souvenir of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee this publication is well worth preserving,—the bulk of it on one's library shelves, and the front cover in a frame upon one's study wall.

—"What about Hypnotism?" An excellent article, that appeared in our pages some months ago, has been brought out in booklet form with this title by the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago. It deserves the widest possible circulation.

—*The Little Folks' Annual* for 1905, published by Benziger Brothers, is for small children what Benziger's *Home Annual* is for the grown-up children. It is a calendar first of all, and then it is a treasury of interesting stories in prose and verse, not to speak of the pretty tales told in the pictures.

—To their cheap edition of some of Newman's best known works Messrs. Burns & Oates have added "Loss and Gain," that charming story of Oxford life and a conversion. As there are thousands of persons to whom this fascinating book is known only by name, a popular edition of it is likely to find a host of new readers.

—A portion of the first edition of the "Mirrour of the World," printed with woodcut illustrations and diagrams in 1481 by Caxton, was offered for sale last month in London. The diagrams in this fragment have, as usual, explanatory words in manuscript, and the initial letters and the paragraph marks are inscribed in red.

—The nine lectures delivered by Cardinal Newman in the Corn Exchange, Birmingham,—the series described by Dr. Barry as "the raciest and least difficult of Newman's lectures," and by George Eliot as being "full of clever satire and description"—are published by the Catholic Truth Society. The low price, one shilling, should secure a ready sale for these specimens of the great Cardinal's trenchant logic, literary grace, and cultured wit.

—It is a pleasure to recommend the New Century Series of readers for Catholic schools published by Benziger Brothers. In general excellence and attractiveness the books compare favorably with the best in use in public schools, besides having special features which render them altogether preferable. Paper and type, printing and binding are all that could be wished for. The numerous illustrations in colors and in black and white are all good, many of them very excellent. They will be a delight to young folk. On the whole, the work of the editor is well done; though we think there should have been

a fuller representation of Catholic authors in the selections. Why should not Brownson and Shea, for instance, be quoted as well as Bancroft and Cooper? In fact, we miss most of the foremost Catholic writers. A thorough acquaintance with the best literature is not often in evidence. The poem "St. Zita and the Pilgrim," only two stanzas of which are quoted, was not written by Ruskin, to whom it is attributed—but we are not disposed to find fault with these books. They might be much better than they are in certain respects; but they are still very good, especially creditable to the enterprising publishers.

—The death, in his ninety-third year, of Sir Stephen de Vere is the loss of a great philanthropist and a true poet. His devotion to fever-stricken Irish emigrants forms one of the brightest pages in the history of our times, and the example of his simple faith and tender piety has become almost traditional in the land of his birth and his love. In the world of letters Sir Stephen will be forever honored for his masterful translation of the Odes of Horace. He was the second son of the second Baronet, Sir Aubrey de Vere, and brother of the late Aubrey de Vere,—*par nobile fratrum*. Both became converts to the Church at the time of the Oxford Movement. R. I. P.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

An American Missionary. *A Priest of St. Sulpice.* \$1.

Toward Eternity. *Abbé Poulin.* \$1.60, net.

Sequentia Christiana. *C. B. Dawson, S. J.* \$1, net.

Catholic Ideals in Social Life. *Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.* \$1.25, net.

The Way that Led Beyond. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.

Manassas. *Upton Sinclair.* \$1.50.

The Mastery. *Mark Lee Luther.* \$1.50.

Songs of the Birth of Our Lord. 50 cts., net.

An Irishman's Story. *Justin McCarthy.* \$2.50, net.

A Short Cut to Happiness. *Author of "The Catholic Church from Within."* 75 cts.

The Pearl and the Pumpkin. *W. W. Denslow, Paul West.* \$1.25.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. *James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus.* \$3, net.

Welcome! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1, net.

Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.

Kind Hearts and Coronets. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.

Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.

The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.

Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.

Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.

The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.

The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. *Don Antonio dei Capmany.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Henry Albers, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. M. J. Kelly, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. William Morrissey, diocese of Salt Lake; Rev. J. T. Campbell, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. James Brennan, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. J. J. Healy and Rev. J. Radziejewski, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Edward H. Welch, S. J.

Brother Joachim, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Mother M. John, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Olympe, Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word; and Mother Mary Edward, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. John Spellman, of New York; Mrs. A. N. Howard, Rockport, Texas; Mrs. Mary Cregan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. William Curry, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. F. S. Steinle, Castroville, Texas; Mrs. Mary McManus, Clayburg, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. James Barry, and Margaret Ahen, Norfolk, Va.; Mr. William Pelletier, Boston, Mass.; Miss Katherine O'Brien, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Richard Schooley, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Peter O'Farrell, Rock Island, Ill.; Mr. Louis Rogge, Santa Cruz, Cal.; Mr. J. L. Russell, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. William Garrity and Miss Anna Garrity, Johnsonburg, Pa.; Melchior Chaplin, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. Herman Jansen, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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For Words Unsaid.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

FOR bitter words who has not cause to mourn?—
Unkindly arrows sped upon their way

To wound a trusting soul, perchance to slay
A tender love whose strength had else outworn
Neglect and coldness long with patience borne;

Sharp gibes that fostered many a fierce affray
In circles where sweet Charity held sway
Ere yet our reckless tongue her robes had torn.

Not less regret for stifled words we owe,—

The meed of praise withheld, the tribute due
To worthy effort, friendly speech aglow

With warmth that might have kindled hope anew
In breaking hearts. Aye, mourn we for our dead—
The kindly words we oft have left unsaid.

Our Lady Honored the World Over.

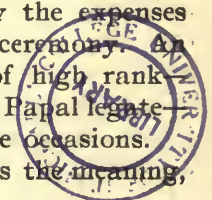
A BRIEF account has already been laid before our readers of the coronation of Our Lady of Dolours at Telgte, Germany,—a festival of no common order, ever to be remembered by those who took part in it. These favored individuals were very numerous: it is computed that as many as one hundred thousand pilgrims, from the surrounding towns and villages, visited the sanctuary during the fourteen days of the festival. What pious petitions, what fervent prayers were sent up to the Queen of Heaven during that period! Many pilgrims—nay, groups of pilgrims—were seen to remain for hours on

their knees before the shrine, absorbed in offering their tribute of love and praise, pouring forth their hearts in earnest supplication. What graces were besought, what favors, spiritual and temporal, were obtained through Mary's intercession!

Not a few of the pilgrims had trudged many miles, along dusty roads, over rugged moors, in the scorching rays of a July sun. Still more numerous were those who journeyed longer distances in hot, crowded cars,—no very pleasant experience, for it is well known at what a snail's pace the Münster railway travels. But the pilgrims were unmindful of heat, weariness and fatigue; their countenances beamed with holy joy, with pious delight, when they assembled to witness the solemn crowning of the time-honored image of their beloved Queen,—affording incontestable proof of the place Our Lady holds in the true, faithful hearts of Westphalian Catholics.

The solemn coronation of images of the Mother of God with costly diadems of gold and jewels is no new custom. The authorization to perform this ceremony must be obtained from the Chapter of St. Peter's in Rome, with which rests the disposal of a considerable sum, bequeathed by a devout client of Mary to defray the expenses of the crown and the ceremony. An ecclesiastical dignitary of high rank—a bishop, a cardinal or a Papal legate—usually officiates on these occasions.

It may be asked what is the meaning,



the *raison d'être*, of this ceremony. The coronation of our Blessed Lady in heaven is one of the mysteries commemorated in the Rosary: was she not crowned by the King of kings, by her own Divine Son? This question is answered in the admirable pastoral letter of June 7, 1904, in which the Bishop of Münster invites his clergy to attend the Jubilee at Telgte on the 3d of July. He thus writes:

“When all her sorrows and sufferings on earth were ended, and the incomparable Virgin passed through the celestial portals into the realms of eternal bliss, her Divine Son conducted her to the throne prepared for her at His right hand, crowned her Queen of Heaven, and gave her a share—an immense and rich share, a share proportionate to her dignity and greatness, her merits and virtues—in His glory, power and majesty. Since the day of her glorious Assumption, heaven and earth pay homage to her as their Queen, the angels and saints extol her in jubilant song, and we poor children of earth, pilgrims in this vale of tears and woe, salute her daily as our sovereign Lady—*Salve Regina!*”

Yes, the Immaculate Virgin was crowned long ago, and needs not the crowns we offer her. The gold and gems of earth can not enhance her splendor. What good can it do us to place a diadem upon her head? Is it for us to bestow this sign of royalty? Nevertheless, when we crown the miraculous images of Our Lady, it is no empty, meaningless ceremony. Every true believer and devout servant of Mary implicitly, if not explicitly, understands its signification.

“I was touched to hear,” the Bishop continues, “of a poor child who cherished a deep, heartfelt devotion to his Heavenly Mother. Never did he let a day pass without visiting her statue in the church, and placing fresh flowers at her feet. But the beauty of the

flowers was transitory: they quickly faded, and the child felt them to be too poor a gift for so exalted a Queen. He grew sad; and when asked the cause of his sadness, he said it was because his poverty prevented him from purchasing a crown of pure gold, which alone he deemed worthy of his beloved Patroness. That child in his simplicity teaches us what we should think of Mary. We must not consider any sacrifice too great, any gift too costly to show her honor; for this is demanded of us both on account of her sublime dignity and greatness and because of the gratitude we all owe to her. Therefore, when the Cardinal takes the crown to place it on the head of the venerated image, let us give into his hand the thankfulness, the love, the fidelity of our heart, that he may offer it to our Immaculate Mother.

“What Mary no longer can be or needs to be for the redeemed in heaven she continues to be for us: the clement, gracious Queen of Mercy. All the power, the dignity she possesses on high she devotes to us, for our welfare and salvation. How sweet a solace it is for us, poor banished children of Eve, for all unhappy sinners, to know that our Blessed Lady has the right and the might to console, to help, to save us! Her rule is not one of severity nor of justice: it is one of benignity and loving-kindness, of pity and mercy. Her compassion causes her no grief: it awakens in her ardent zeal, stimulating her to succor and to save, to relieve and release those who are in necessity or distress, or who are enslaved by sin. Wheresoever misery and woe prevail there the sceptre of her compassion and goodness extends. She can feel for the suffering, for she herself has suffered beyond measure. Does she not say to the afflicted soul, ‘Attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow?’”

We have yet to speak of another coronation of an image of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the other hemisphere, on the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean. "It was in Andacollo," writes one of the Salesian missionaries, "that the faith of our Chilian Catholics shone with the fairest light, the brightest lustre, in the early part of the present year. Forty thousand pilgrims, with five bishops and over a hundred priests at their head, were to be seen there, giving a public and noble manifestation of faith such as I never before witnessed. The devotion displayed for four centuries toward the miraculous image of the Virgin Mother which we have here has gained for our people the honorable privilege of crowning her, by a decree of the Vatican Chapter. The ceremony, now seen for the first time in Chili, was performed by the Bishop of La Serena."

The fact that in Mexico and South America there are a great number of shrines dedicated to the Mother of God, where special graces have been and are yet obtained, may strike one as somewhat singular, when one considers the deplorable neglect of religion on the part of many of the people in those lands. But the faith of their ancestors, the Spanish and Portuguese colonists, is still deeply rooted in their souls; and, however far the irreligion and even godlessness of the South American may go, the love of Mary still exists, though dormant perhaps, in a secret recess of his heart.

Andacollo seems, however, to have been originally a settlement of Indian converts. A pleasant village of the Chilian Republic, it lies, a narrow strip of land, between the Cordilleras and the Pacific Ocean. "On approaching Andacollo, which stands some two thousand feet above the level of the sea," the missionary continues, "the traveller will observe that, while the

whole surrounding district is destitute of vegetation, the valley in which is situated the place of pilgrimage, the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary, is comparatively fertile and well wooded. The journey to it is difficult and fatiguing,—the greater number of pilgrims, out of devotion, travel thither on foot. The dust on the roads adds to the inconvenience; everyone arriving there is covered with and almost blinded by it.

"When, on our way from the town of La Serena, we arrived within about four miles of Andacollo, we were met by a company of several hundred horsemen, who came to strew flowers on our path, and to conduct us, passing beneath triumphal arches, to the church where the statue is enshrined. The foundations only of the edifice are of stone: the rest is entirely constructed of wood, brought for the purpose from California. The cupola, which rises to a considerable height above the nave, is of Byzantine style and has an imposing effect on the spectator. The church affords space for ten thousand worshipers; it cost about two hundred thousand dollars.

"The word *andacollo* signifies 'gold in sand.' This name was given to the spot because in former times gold was found in the bed of the rivers. Tradition says that an Indian named Collo, cutting wood on the height whereon the church now stands, suddenly threw down his axe. In hewing a tree he had unintentionally injured a very beautiful statue of Our Lady, about four and a half feet high, which was concealed in the hollow trunk. That statue is now the object of veneration to all the country round. The direct descendant of the finder acted as *kazike*, or master of ceremonies, on the festive occasion of which we speak.

"The figures of Our Lady and the Divine Child are arrayed in rich and really costly robes; rosaries of massive gold and silver are hung about them;

diamonds and other precious stones sparkle on every side. No Indian, however poor he may be, thinks of leaving the shrine without depositing some gift.

"About two thousand Indians, distinguished by the appellation *cini* (clients of Our Lady), divided into several bands, took turns in playing musical instruments, dancing, and singing psalms, before the venerated image, which from a very early hour was exposed above the principal entrance. The *cini* were dressed in the most peculiar habiliments: they wore the brightest colors, with quantities of silver or gold ornaments, and a profusion of small mirrors. In their hand they held a stringed instrument which emitted only two notes, and this monotonous music was kept up for the whole of three days.

"The festivities were conducted in the most orderly manner. It was evident that all present had no other thought or desire than that of honoring the Blessed Virgin, and looking on at the dance of the *cini*, who moved in rhythmic measure to the sound of their monotonous music, whilst they waved on high the banners they carried. At first the performance appeared childish and ludicrous; but, after looking on at it for some time, it moved one almost to tears. It was impossible not to be touched by so simple, single-hearted a manifestation of genuine love.

"When the dance was ended, one of the *cini* advanced to the foot of the statue, and, standing there as the spokesman of his comrades, he recited an address to our Blessed Lady in rhyme, in which he gave an account of the discovery of the image, deplored the injury inadvertently done to it, besought grace, and promised faithful devotion; finally, he implored our Immaculate Queen to keep them from sin and have compassion on those who had strayed from the path of justice. The feeling the speaker threw into the verses was so earnest and pathetic

that one could not listen to them without emotion.

"During the nine following days the best orators of the Republic delivered discourses on the glories of Mary. There were sermons by several bishops, amongst them Mgr. Costamagna, who spoke with his accustomed eloquence of the grand prerogatives and privileges of the Mother of God.

"When the chief prelate, assisted by four bishops in full pontificals, ascended the platform to place the glittering crown on the head of the miraculous image, a deafening shout of joy and exultation arose. In my capacity as master of ceremonies—being at the side of the officiating prelate,—I had an excellent opportunity of observing the deep impression made upon the assembly; their enthusiasm knew no bounds; the hearts of the pilgrims evidently overflowed with joy and happiness, while their voices were raised in one long, jubilant shout of applause.

"Then Mgr. Jara, the Chilian preacher, ascended the pulpit. He tried to speak, but tears choked his utterance. His sermon, he said, had been prepared but he could not recall it: he had offered it as incense upon the altar of the Queen of Heaven. He could not control the outpouring of his heart. Nothing, no words could have spoken more forcibly to the multitude. His emotion was contagious and communicated itself to them as they gazed fixedly, rapturously, on the countenance of their newly-crowned Queen.

"In the evening a solemn procession took place. The two thousand *cini* obeyed, as one man, every sign given them by the white banner of their leader, the *kazike*,—dancing and playing their instruments in perfect order and unison as they went along, waving meanwhile their gaily-colored banners. It was a singular and impressive sight, strange to the eyes of Europeans, but one not soon to be forgotten."

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART IV.

I.—A STAY IN ROME.

THE idealist, the lover, is the only true seer; and the sentimentalist is his counterfeit. To this last, Truth is a plaything tricked out to suit his frivolous desires. He will admit no fault in the object of his choice; for if it be faulty, his frail faith must abandon it as unworthy of his patronizing worship. Unlike the materialist, who, if he be honest, sees a certain measure of the truth, false only when it is mistaken for the whole, the sentimentalist reaches neither a material nor a spiritual reality. He lives in a false world of his own creation, timed to the tune of his fancies and his whims. He calls it perfect, but it is the dwarfed perfection of a niggardly heart and brain.

He dare not let in upon his tawdry theatre the searching daylight of truth, lest his self-imposition should become apparent, the stage puppets be known for what they are. So he is of all men most subject to the dreary disillusioning of time; for his puppets are dead dolls, and when he is tired of pulling the strings they fall flat upon his mimic stage. His lights, not nourished from the sunrise and the sunset, have a terrible tendency to burn themselves out, leaving the dusty boards bare to his disappointed sight. And so of the sentimentalist is born the cynic.

But the true lover is serious and infinitely sincere. Whether he will or no, he must needs look upon the entire reality whose perfection he would embrace. Others may ignore or disguise the flaws and shadows which darken the house of his love: he can not; for through these must he pierce to the inhabiting beauty that dwells

within, and which alone can satisfy him. In the glory of his spiritual dream, the flesh is transfigured through knowledge,—realized, not dissolved. He is never disappointed; for what he loves is not a fact, but an infinite possibility,—a life wherein his life is enlarged and set free. When some particular apparition fails him, he knows it is because he himself has failed, has turned aside to love a shadow: and his undaunted faith makes of error a footing place for his advance upon reality.

So his life is a continual wrenching away of the props and stays to which most men cling for their safety. He loses them that he may go down deeper and build the more securely. Only the lover can afford to front the whole truth of life; for he alone can distinguish truth from show and semblance. He alone can truly separate and unite matter and spirit—the soul and the body; can dis sever the temporal from the eternal, and find eternity in time—God in the world. Not Love, but Sentiment is blind: Love is pure vision.

Humphrey had dreamed of Rome all his life; and now that his eyes were at last to behold it, he was in mortal dread of a disenchantment. It had been more to him than to others,—not its ancient, traditional glory alone; not the vision of its palaces and temples sleeping the sleep of ages undecayed; not its vanished dream of a world-wide sway, nor its undying intellectual supremacy. All this had held his imagination captive. But there was more than this. To him it was the living fountainhead of his religion, the centre and the symbol of the world of faith.

As the days of his journey toward it diminished, and he drew hourly nearer to the moment of its appearing, he felt literally afraid to put his expectations to the test of experience. He need not have feared; for he who now

travelled to the city of his dreams was the same who had dreamed of the city. The imagination which had moulded its unseen splendors in his heart and brain, journeyed with him toward it, and enlightened his watching eyes. The love which had been a power to draw it from its darkling distance and set it in his heart, while still afar, would be a talisman, now that he was close upon it, to shield from a material desecration its visioned beauty; to preserve it forever a mystery, though known and handled. He was safe. He was, as Abbot Anselm had said, invulnerable. Yet still he was afraid; for he was conscious of the imminent proof, unconscious of his soul's invisible armor.

But when the last day came, and he woke to the thought, "To-night I shall sleep in Rome," all remembrance of the actual place fell away from his mind: his enfranchised hope sprang forward to the spiritual promise of his opening life. It was not Rome he was nearing now, but the Eternal City of God and of the saints. It was the gate of his religion that was opened to him at last; at last he might enter into the life of his longing expectation. The towers and the temples might crumble and fall; or, worse, might stand to mock his disillusioned eyes: the spiritual home, not built with hands, but rising continually from the love of consecrated souls,—this would abide forever. A long pilgrimage still ere he might reach it; but his feet were upon the road, and his heart full of happiness. So he came to Rome, the Holy City.

It was such a new life to Humphrey that for a while, at first, he felt lost and strange. To have the secret background of his thought brought into supreme prominence, its hidden hope made the deliberate end of each hour's direction,—this was surpassingly strange, and no less because he had imagined it to himself so long before-

hand. Fulfilling rigorously the normal process of preparation for the priesthood, his position was, nevertheless, unique; for it was known that this newcomer had spent twice the time of an ordinary probation in general and yet special preparation, so that he was already far in advance of those who were ostensibly his equals. They were, naturally, younger than Humphrey; and, though he liked them, and formed among them some slight friendships, it fell out that his more close and intimate association was with those elder men whose lives, already in a sense completed, were yet on a level with his, which had hardly begun. These, too, tacitly recognized the unique destiny, conscious that such a slow beginning implied a distant goal.

So also with his superiors. From the first he was admitted, in so far as it was possible, to a participation in the sacred offices of the Church; or, if not to take part, at least to be present. Here not the facts alone had influence: Anselm's word had been added. "This son of my heart and of God's choosing," he had written to the Vicar of Christ, "will one day achieve a great work for you in the world. He needs not humiliation or penance, but encouragement and recognition. It is a finely-wrought weapon, and must be delicately handled. So handled, it will pierce the webs of the world and of the Evil One like silk. I speak from long knowledge and from patient watching, and I think my words may be believed. Trust in him absolutely. Use him as you will and where you will. Only do not let him lie idle."

Humphrey never knew that his friend had so written. But he felt that the genial, invigorating atmosphere of his present life was in some way due to Anselm's love and care; and whatsoever benefits he received from new and unknown hands he traced to their source in the heart of the forest.

His intellect, already so finely trained, already so perfect an instrument for his spirit's use, drew him, naturally, to learn from and follow the intellectual chiefs of the Church. His ready reverence bowed before priest and cardinal, bishop and doctor. His eyes beheld, with an almost childlike wonder, the Father of all the Faithful, prince of no separate country or people, but of every believing soul,—that old Pope, frail and sere as a shaken leaf, yet invested with the sublime tradition of his throne and office. He was even admitted to talk with him in private several times. But, through it all, the unspoken service of his heart returned continually to Anselm, that first and greatest master of his religious life.

The life suited him. Its mingling of self-development and self-consecration, of effort and repose, of action and contemplation, gave his eager mind the freedom and the change it needed. Probation in one sense it was not. Neither in his own mind nor in the minds of those who watched and guided him was there any sense that he was undergoing a test. His vocation was too plain to admit of a doubt, in himself or others, as to its possible relinquishment or his final unfitness. He was novice in name alone, and in the fact that the external submission was still before him; and if certain acts and offices were denied him for the present, there was granted him instead a generous, sometimes jealous, personal consideration,—an instinctive tribute to his far-reaching hopes and certain future. To him was entrusted the direction, and much of the teaching, of philosophy in the seminary; his scholarship and experience were often consulted on some doubtful point in training or education; and in the course of his stay in the Eternal City he was appointed more than once to a foreign embassy of a delicate and critical kind.

Meantime his own training was not neglected. That great realm of theology which Anselm had veiled from him so carefully was open at last; and as Humphrey began to explore it he realized, with thankfulness, how wise his master had been. Had he entered sooner upon this world of truth disguised in dogma, had he attempted to walk in it submissively before the wider breath of philosophy had filled his life, he might have been stifled. But now it was different. He could extend a reverent love and a tolerant regard to those many mansions in which truth has sometime dwelt; and even, in his tired moments, could share the longing to build for it a permanent habitation which should not crumble or change with time.

Anselm had set no actual limit to the length of the preparation, but it had been tacitly understood by Humphrey that it would extend to about ten years. During the first half of this time Humphrey's life appeared to have forgotten what sadness meant. It was so full of combined effort and realization, so rich in action and interest, he was so continually taken out of himself by claims which yet developed his most intimate and personal aspirations, that it was almost impossible for him to remember those moods of dejection which of old had so often hampered and clogged his activity. But at the end of that time came a change.

Whether he had unconsciously put too grave a strain upon his faculties, and was now to experience a reaction, or whether by the law, forever unexplained, of Time's revenges, he could not tell; but in the midst of a life still answering perfectly to his nature and its needs, in so far as he was aware of them, he began to suffer from long periods of great and inexplicable depression. Doubtless it was in part that sadness which is inseparable from the religious life,—that life at

least which is religious without being narrow, and fervent without being superstitious: the searching sense of self-abasement consequent upon great spiritual hopes and efforts. He longed after perfection with a lover's longing; and, lover-like, knew his lady to be eternally beyond his reach.

But this sorrow, however deep, has always springs of sweetness in itself, and waits with uplifted face. Far worse were the times—and they began to be frequent in the sixth and seventh years of his stay in Rome—when the very hope and effort after perfection turned to dust within him; when self-development and his desire for a perfect life seemed no other than a highly-trained egoism; when the longing after perfection itself seemed dead, and the spiritual life to which he had pledged his faith became, for him at least, an illusion and a mockery; when his whole soul was invaded and possessed by a dull, dry melancholy: heavy-eyed, looking ever upon the ground, unexpectant and unappeasable.

At these times it was his only comfort that his allegiance was given to a visible and authoritative power, which claimed continually to direct his conduct, however far his mind might wander from its inner light. No doubt the same power would have been ready to direct his mind as well, had he cared to submit to her its state; but it was not in Humphrey's nature to be communicative about himself. He knew that no words could represent to another mind than his own the obscure suffering under which he labored. It is possible, too, that, failing Anselm, no other guide, how wise soever he might be, could encourage him to a complete confession; and even to the kindly Abbot he had never spoken directly his inner thoughts.

These moods, while they robbed his life of all meaning, were not perceived, not even suspected, by his companions

and associates; his manner, quick in outward sympathy, being insignificant of his inner state. It had been in his mind to write to Anselm, suggesting that he should enter the priesthood sooner than he had originally hoped,—in seven, perhaps, instead of ten years. Now, at times, he felt all but hopeless of entering it at all.

All these years he had never been to Oldenburg. The journey was long, and his days fully occupied. There was always some immediate reason for putting it off. He knew that all was well; for he heard regularly from his father, often from Irène, rarely from Mirvan. The letters from Mirvan and Sebastian seemed almost to carry Humphrey back to the castle and the forest. Not so with Irène's. She wrote freely and often, but her writing never brought a breath of herself; and he was thrown wholly upon his remembrance and his faith for the abiding reality of their friendship. It was as if, having chosen the life of religion, having vowed himself to the invisible realities of faith, here, too, he should be dependent upon them alone.

Irène herself was unconscious or uncritical of the want. She wrote easily; simply,—too simply it may be; for the written form is, like all expression, a translation of the soul into a partially alien tongue, and he does not always use it best who is unaware of its difficulties. Humphrey laid down her letters with a sense of unreality and disappointment hard to explain. He was reminded of her uneasy failures of expression when he knew her first; but now he had not the visible presence to make good the want, and he could not convince himself that the Irène he knew had so written. "I have lost sight of her altogether," he said to himself, and blamed his want of imagination. He fell into the trick of thinking of her as he had been during their first time together,—then

when she was most real to him; and though, to his thought, Mirvan and Irène were indissolubly connected, he could not realize their continuous relationship; and when he tried to see their lives he met a blank.

In the third year of his absence he heard of the birth of a child. It was a dream within a dream,—a delicate nothing, bearing all gifts of beauty and of hope, all properties save that of actual life. He wrote of it and heard of it, but did not believe in its existence, after all. He said so in a letter to Sebastian: "It seems to me quite impossible that this child is real. I believe you have all dreamed him into life."

Sebastian's letters were everything to Humphrey. Knowing by instinct that Humphrey needed them, he wrote often and fully, becoming for his son's sake what he was not by nature—a pictorial and ready scribe.

Still the years passed, and Humphrey did not go home. It was the autumn of the ninth year since his departure from Oldenburg, and his ordination was definitely fixed for a twelvemonth hence. It had been his idea to spend the whole of the intervening summer at home; but as the winter quickened into spring, something—he knew not what—persuaded him to delay it until after this change in his life, so long expected and now at last so near.

The years of depression were over, and he had come out into a clear, unclouded atmosphere of spiritual calm; less eager, less hopeful than before, but quiet, unbroken, and secure. Perhaps he was afraid to disturb it or lose it again, and so postpone once more the long-desired completion. Perhaps he felt that to those whom he loved he could give himself more entirely, with less restraint and less of restless pre-occupation, when he should be wholly and irrevocably a priest.

A keen impatience possessed him for

the consummation whereof for a time he had despaired. Yet he would not hasten the day of its coming. More than ever he was filled with the greatness of this life he had chosen, and his own inadequacy and unreadiness. It was no return of the former sadness that had wasted his life, but a triumphant and glad humility, ecstatic and yet fearful in its self-oblivion. He craved to be alone; and at the beginning of this last summer he obtained the freedom to go away from Rome, and make ready his heart in solitude for the final consecration of his life.

II.—OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS.

Humphrey had decided to pass the summer out of Italy altogether. He went northward and eastward, seeking wildness and solitude among the mountains. He travelled alone, protected by his holy habit in places where arms and numbers would have been no protection; and when religious hospitality was out of reach, he lay down to sleep on his cloak under a tree, feeling fully as secure and unalarmed as in his Roman chamber. Elzevir, cropping his meal at a little distance, and whinnying to the evening breeze, relieved without dispelling the sense of solitude.

Coming from the old, tyrannous civilization of the Roman world, he found, in these lonely mountain places, a new life, unlike any he had ever found before,—a life which seemed to draw its strength and its meaning direct from the God of Nature; careless of learning and of art, and far older than they, eternally simple and self-sufficing. It brought Humphrey the relief he needed. He had spent to its bottom his spiritual force, and replenished it now from the inexhaustible treasury of earth and air. His mind and heart were inactive and at rest, drinking deep of the infinite beauty of outward things.

It was early summer, the air dry, the nights clear and cool, but not cold.

He would sleep soundly under some overarching rock, and wake at dawn to watch the glimmering sheep move forward over the mountains. Then he would travel on, as they did, through the day, to sleep again at dusk. At first he avoided all human intercourse, sharing his meal sometimes with a shepherd-boy, who watched him, while he ate, with innocent eyes, as empty of speculation as the browsing lambs he led, but shunning rather than seeking the companionship of his own kind.

As the closing summer brought shorter days, however, and weather broken in rain and wind, his wandering life became less endurable, and he was often driven to seek shelter for the night, and sometimes for days together, in a wayside monastery or hermit's cave. These simple men, vowed, as he was, to the life of religion, yet in a manner so different, made Humphrey welcome to the scope of their rugged hospitality. Their houses, hewn rather than built out of the upland rock, solitary and self-sufficing as the eagle's eyrie, gave him shelter. Their faith, like to his own, yet so much more primitive and barbaric, attracted him strangely.

To such a religious house, nested in the steep side of the mountain, he came late on an evening in early September. Its face, lifted precipitously from the ravine below, and flanked by a narrow terrace of rock, looked far out over hill and plain to the ultimate glimpse of the sea's horizon. Humphrey rang the bell, and stood a moment looking seaward. The after-light of the sunset still lingered on the distant waters; and the moon, a silver circle, mounted above the monastery towers.

"You are welcome, stranger!" said a voice; and Humphrey turned to see a singular face and figure framed in the deep gateway,—a face it might have been of mediæval shepherd or forest chief, more like some untamed

barbarian convert than the head of a Christian community. The eyes, of a great brightness, gleamed out like lamps from the shaggy setting of the hair. The wild strength and massive frame of the man were revealed rather than hidden by the religious dress.

"I would ask shelter for this night," Humphrey said; and as the prior preceded him across the narrow courtyard, he smiled to remember some of the fastidious priests and silken prelates of his Roman acquaintance, and to imagine them the guests for a time of this simple father.

He supped with the prior and the monks—few in number, short and simple of speech,—prayed in the rock-hewn chapel, and slept that night in a cell overlooking the mountains and the sea. And all night long he dreamed of Oldenburg.

Here he lingered many days, subdued and entranced by the charm of the place. Its inhabitants were not given to much speech, nor was Humphrey prone to questioning. Not by their rule a silent Order, they seemed to have chosen silence as the fittest expression of their daily thoughts; or perhaps they neglected speech with the scorn of those who need it not. They watched their guest with looks of grave wonder, which, somehow, reminded Humphrey of Mirvan when he first came to Oldenburg, and of the two shaggy friends of his friendless childhood. These monks were like some family of mountain creatures, here in their mountain lair, dumb and kindly, yet fierce at need. But they extended to him a gentle and generous hospitality, and seemed to take a certain pleasure in the companionship of one who was in so many respects unlike themselves.

It was a fitting close to his summer's rest. The beauty of the place, its complete isolation from the outer world; the serious contentment of this community of brothers, so unconscious of

themselves, so simply and entirely devoted to a life in which they had faith; the sense of difference between them and himself, not a thought, hardly a feeling, in common, and yet a realized participation in life, religion and love; their sturdy, silent ways, and the monotonous, discordant music of their ritual and worship,—all this quickened Humphrey's faith, and drew him closer to his own chosen realities. He was healed of his despondency, and turned his face again to Rome and his coming consecration, in the hope that he could make his offering now, as these did, with a glad and humble heart, and could leave to his God and theirs the care of fulfilment in the years beyond.

He was thinking this, one evening, his feet softly pacing the rocky platform, his eyes upon the meeting line of sky and sea, and resolving to begin his backward journey on the morrow, when the sharp clatter of a horse's feet upon the stone causeway far below arrested his notice. It was so rare a sound in this remote and pathless place that he leaned over the ravine, listening keenly. This, the first token to reach him from the world beyond—the world to which he belonged,—struck upon his ear as an almost ominous echo to his heart's resolve.

Horse and rider were invisible as yet in the dense, overhanging leafage; but the sound of them betokened urgency and a rapid approach. This was no drowsy peasant or halting pedlar on his way to supply the monastery's wants. This steed had travelled far, and was good for a farther journey at need. Humphrey could hear his short, vigorous breathing as he strained up the sheer ascent, and from time to time his rider's voice urging him to a sharper effort. In the still evening air each sound came to him undisguised. He listened, with an ever-increasing certainty that something which concerned himself was pressing toward him; and

as the rider breasted the last steep passage and emerged visibly to Humphrey's eyes, he saw his own Italian servant whom he had left behind him in Rome.

Horse and man were hard ridden, and exhausted. Dismounting, the man approached his master. With breath too short for speech, he held out a packet of letters. Humphrey took it.

"Why do you come in such haste?" he asked.

Then, seeing that his soonest answer lay in his hand, he began to open and to read.

The letters were four—three from Irène and one from his father,—all brief, all bearing the same tidings. The first was dated a month ago. In a few minutes Humphrey had read them all, from the opening of Sebastian's, "Mirvan is dangerously ill," to Irène's last words, "I am alone with death. Can you not come to us?"

Humphrey tore off a slip of paper, wrote on it some words for his servant to carry back to Rome, and dismissed him to seek a night's hospitality from the monks. Then, for one moment, he turned to the unchanged beauty of sky and sea. To his sight they were empty, hollow, and dark. There was nothing left of what he had looked upon with such joy an hour since.

He took farewell of his kindly hosts, and immediately after was gone.

(Conclusion next week.)

In Sight.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

THE path is gone: I've lost my way
 Far from the light.
 Grant me, O God, strength—day by day—
 To walk aright!
 In pity cast a feeble ray
 Across my night;
 O Father, be my guide, my stay,—
 Keep me in sight!

The Big Market.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH; OR, PRIEST AND PEOPLE IN DOON."

THE only village really deserving of the name in the parish was Cluntymore, in which were situated the principal church and the residence of the parish priest. It was a much more important place than Killanure, and the people of "the Clunty side" prided themselves on being more enlightened and up-to-date than the "mountainy men," as they called my flock. The latter, in turn, did not rate "th' other side o' the parish" as highly as they rated themselves, and generally spoke of them as "the Clunties." As the standard of comfort was estimated in that poor part of the country, where tillage was the principal industry, the people around Cluntymore were, however, better off than the mountain people, as their land was much the richer and more fertile.

There was a weekly market in Cluntymore on Tuesday; but it was generally a miserably small one. There would be a few crates of turf, with the owners lounging listlessly against them, apparently quite indifferent as to whether they got a purchaser or not; a few carts containing bags of potatoes or corn, the proprietors of which, should a buyer appear, would be found in one of the neighboring shops. In the one street of the town you might see a few women having on their arms big baskets containing fresh eggs or butter, which they swopped with the shopkeepers for groceries. Or there would be a few donkeys' drays, on the straw coverings of which would be spread out either rows of bright-eyed, quacking ducks, looking as if they momentarily meant to take wing; or else a struggling mass of alarmed,

squeaking chickens, tied by the feet and lying helplessly.

But the Christmas market was the big market of the year, and deserves a special description. It so happened that the big market I shall attempt to picture synchronized with the eve of Christmas Day itself, and on that account was unusually thronged with people who came to bring home the "Christmas things" as well as to sell their wares.

I was at Cluntymore that day from an early hour up to noon, helping the parish priest with the numerous confessions; and I had an opportunity of noting some of the features of the animated scene. Indeed, on my way home I passed through the thick of the market, and purposely lingered a while to enjoy the contagious gayety and good humor that prevailed everywhere. It was a truly typical Irish scene; and, in the very imperfect picture I give of it, many, no doubt, will recognize homely traits and incidents with which they were once familiar. Maybe they will bring back in imagination some child of "the sea-divided Gael" to the little sleepy village, far away in a quiet valley in Eirinn, where in youth's halcyon days he or she mingled in the throng of familiar faces at the big Christmas market.

Perhaps I may make some exile sad by reviving well-nigh forgotten recollections of the Old Land; and I shall not regret it if I do. When the captive children of Israel "by the waters of Babylon sat and wept when they remembered Sion," I have no doubt they were all the better and braver under trials, all the more hopeful, for having that good cry. In like manner, should the memories of "home, sweet home," of happy boyhood or dreamy girlhood, bring but one tear to the eye of an exile of Eirinn, or even so much as moisten its far-off gaze across the vista of years, then, indeed, the spells of

home, in my belief, will have worked a holy, a sacred, and a salutary charm.

The contrast between the everyday aspect of the village and its appearance on that occasion was a marked one. On an ordinary weekday a shopkeeper might be observed lounging over his half-door, exchanging comments with a fellow-trader across the street, either directly opposite or obliquely, or next door to right or left, and retreating behind his counter only when a customer appeared. So quiet, usually, was the sleepy village that even the bark of a dog would bring people to their doors to see what was up. Should any strange sound break the stillness of the place—a side-car going fast, or the ringing of a cyclist's bell,—rows of heads would appear from door and window all along the street. I once saw a dog-fight fetch almost the entire township out of doors,—the smith with a red-hot iron in his pincers, the tailor with a paper of pins in his mouth, the shoemaker with a much-mended "brogue" in his hand, the grocer's apprentice in the act of shaping a conical paper bag.

Whenever a well-dressed stranger appeared in the village, the question would pass on from door to door who he or she was, and the public mind of Cluntymore would be ill at ease until some plausible explanation was offered of the why and wherefore of such a one's presence in the vicinity. But on the day of the great Christmas market there was no time for small talk or small curiosity like this. The sleepy stagnation that usually prevailed gave place to a scene of bustle, noise and activity that was new and strange.

The appearance of the shops, too, was a pleasing improvement on their everyday, uninviting aspect. Even the smallest "huckstery" put forth some appearance of Christmas cheer and seasonable festivity. Nearly every shop in Cluntymore purported to be a

universal provider, ready to supply everything from a needle to an anchor,—if I might use the expression in so obviously incongruous a connection. To an expert in the art of window-dressing in a mammoth store or bazaar, the appearance of a shop window in Cluntymore would seem very ludicrous indeed. But, show-space being limited, incongruous combinations of goods could not well be avoided. Thus, one might see such a display as the following: in the window of a small store, bottles of castor-oil, of ginger-wine, of sauce, of hair-oil, or fine old malt, would be ranged side by side, with clay pipes to fill the interstices. On a lower shelf might be seen such a heterogeneous and ill-assorted collection as this: bars of soap, oranges, boots, children's toys, starch, dried herrings, delf, biscuits, or ginger-bread, sweets, religious objects, boys' balls and tops, jam, candles, and stationery.

Besides such a show of goods as this, the Christmas display on the occasion referred to included great, sodden, luscious-looking masses of currants and raisins, Christmas cards placed in every available nook, and the well-known long Christmas candles resting, maybe, on a concertina or standing in a teapot. With sprigs of holly and ivy scattered over all this array, the shop windows of Cluntymore on the day of the big market presented a variegated and gay appearance indeed. I saw not merely children, but grown-up boys and girls, and even staid old people, that Christmas Eve, standing before such windows, in perfect raptures of astonishment and delight at the sight of so many wonderful and surprising things.

When I reached the village, in the early morning, the market-people were just beginning to arrive. A woman seated on a well-stuffed bag of straw, and with a big basket of eggs in her

lap, would come along, tugging and straining at the rein of her provokingly slow donkey, that would insist on stopping at every shop door in the expectation of its being his mistress' destination. Fearful of breaking her eggs, she could not use to effect the ash plant she held for purposes of assault and battery; and hence it was only by coaxing and wheedling "Neddy," with many an insinuating "Musha, can't you go on out o' that?" that she succeeded in forging her way ahead to her real destination in the east end of the town.

I noticed that when the donkey's fair burden was a young girl rather too shy or too nice to use her stick or her tongue on him, he would take a sweet revenge for the harsh treatment he most probably had received on the way, by making a laughing-stock of her as well as himself. He would trail his nose along the ground, like a beagle taking up the scent, stop to rub noses with a sympathetic fellow-sufferer, and finally set up a terrific braying in unison with some other ass whose prolonged note of jubilation he had just heard. This, of course, would afford much merriment to the village corner-boys, and great shame and confusion to Neddy's fair driver. Likely enough, she would revenge it on him going home, as many a loud-sounding whack with her ash plant could amply testify.

In passing, I may mention that I often thought people were cruel in thus needlessly and unmercifully, as it seemed, belaboring this patient, useful animal; and, indeed, I sometimes protested against such treatment. But, as the result of frequent observation, I am inclined to think that experienced donkey-drivers—as these market people were—nicely temper the seemingly cruel blow to the pachydermatous animal so as to avoid inflicting grievous pain; for a mere switching of the tail or a declension of one ear, I often remarked,

was the utmost sign of displeasure he would show.

The scene presented when the market was fully gathered was an animated one. Every shop was crammed to the door with people purchasing the Christmas goods, haggling over Christmas boxes, or waiting their turn to be served. The sidewalks were crowded with men in frieze coats and women beshawled and becloaked to such a degree that they seemed like conical-shaped moving bales of soft goods. Gayety, laughter, and good wishes were the order of the day. When two old friends met, such a conversation as the following would take place:

"Musha, Mary alanna, is that yourself that's in it? And how are you? I wish you a happy Christmas!"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you, Nellie asthore! I wish you the same and a great many of them. And how is yourself and all your care? But sure I needn't ask; for you're looking grand and elegant, so you are, thanks be to God! But didn't you go home yet?"

"No, avourneen. Did you? But I soon will. I'm looking everywhere for that thieving gossoon of mine, that's off gallivanting somewhere after them ballad-singers."

They would then talk away confidentially, with a volubility and command of language that was truly wonderful, giving each other many a friendly and emphatic nudge that would, in all probability, upset the equilibrium of less stable bodies.

If the old friends happened to be two men, an invitation would probably emanate from either to "come in," in honor of the Christmas time,—to partake, of course, of the cup that cheers. Sometimes an altercation would take place before the invited party consented; and then you would see one gripping the other's coat collar as if with the intent to do grievous bodily harm, and finally drag him in to taste

of his hospitality. Such generosity was not always true kindness, indeed; and of late years the "treating" custom is one more honored in the breach than in the observance, thank God! However, the two friends, who seemed bent on breaking the peace a few minutes before, would return to their carts in perceptibly better humor, shake hands warmly at parting, separate, and return presently to shake hands again; and at last go their ways, shouting observations to each other with back-hand gestures while within hearing distance.

The buying and selling, especially in the fowl market, was a source of much amusement to one who would watch and listen for a while. The part of the street devoted to fowl was lined with crates of scarlet-necked, gobbling turkeys, plump and fat. These are, as a rule, the peculiar property of the women of the household; and the price of them is generally expended in dress, that must last in most cases until that time twelve months. It is dearly earned, and represents much anxious time and care since these same turkeys, six months ago, moped about squeakingly, in helpless babyhood, exposed to a thousand dangers from "pick," hawks, magpies, and puddles.

How often they had to be counted; rescued from ruts and cow-tracts; coddled and tended in attacks of the gapes, or after too severe a shower-bath! How much time was spent in cutting stinging nettles and boiling them for food, and compounding the same with other ingredients; in preventing the adolescent birds, at a later period, from trespassing on the ripening corn; in quelling fierce fights among them; and finally in stuffing the fully matured fowls two or three times a day until they at length acquired that epicurean rotundity and plumpness that pleased the buyers at the big Christmas market of Cluntymore! Taking all this

labor and trouble into account, the women and girls earned the price of their turkeys dearly enough. Nevertheless, when the hard-won gold was converted into a brand-new gown, hat, shoes or gloves, the counting and coddling and stuffing and nettle stings were all forgotten in the triumph of the parish belle when on a memorable Sunday she blazed forth in all the glory of her finery.

Were I to describe all the incidents that came under my notice that afternoon, I should spin out this sketch to an undue length. I must not forget, however, to say that most of that large gathering paid a visit to the church that day, whether to go to confession or merely to say a prayer. There was a constant stream of visitors during the time I was there. The Crib, although poor enough, was continually surrounded by a crowd of devout worshippers; and as they riveted their gaze on the touching scene, I noted how the first look of gentle pity and compassion passed successively into one of awe, reverence, and adoring love. They who knew from experience what poverty and privations meant could appreciate to the full the dire wretchedness of the surroundings in which the Infant Saviour was born.

On my way to my mountain home I looked back on the spot from the vantage-ground of a slight eminence overlooking the village, and I thought of the time long ago when I was an actor in such a cheering and "kindly Irish of the Irish" scene. It seemed an age since, an unnoticed boy, I mingled in the throng of a Christmas market like this. But although, in God's inscrutable designs, raised up from the people to be one above, beyond, and apart from them, I could still feel a boy's relish for the humor, the gayety, and the pathos of that little panorama which I was stealthily watching. There it was, just as of yore. The tinmen—or,

in common parlance, the "tinkers"—were shouting their wares among the women folk; the ballad-singers were drawling their "Come all ye's"; the men smoked and talked loudly; the matrons chatted confidentially; the girls chattered and laughed their merry, silvery laughter, that rang above the din like a bell; and the children shouted with glee as they ate their gingerbread or sugar-stick, that tasted delicious as Hyblæan honey or ambrosia.

Mayhap some exile pent up in a sweltering city, far from the breezes of his native hills, may, on reading these lines, sigh regretfully over the associations they recall of that happy, roseate time long ago, ere the locks were silvered or the brow care-lined. Ah, for the days when

... life went a-Maying

With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,—

When I was young! Ah, woeful when!

Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!

Il Bambino.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

I.

"**S**AY to me, mamma mia, why do your tears fall so fast? Do you still think of my sweet father?"

At the last word the child's voice sank to a reverential whisper. She had climbed onto her mother's knees, and now pressed her lips to the pale wet cheek, striving so to stem the torrent of tears which fell unheeded from the young signora's brown eyes.

"Yes, my child: my heart is ever with my lost love, and my days are days of pain. But go, Lila, and play with Tessa: it is sad for thee here."

"I shall go, mother, but not now; for I want to talk to you. Say to me, mother darling, why are you so sad when you think of daddy? He is happy with God and has no more pain; and after a little while we shall go home to

God and to daddy, and then we shall forget these dark days."

The mother strained the child to her breast, but her tears fell faster than before. Her heart was in the bygone years, and in that grave, under a Northern sky, where she had buried her hopes and youth, with him whose passionate devotion had made of their short wedded life a dream of bliss. How far away now seemed that bliss,—now, that she stood alone, facing life and life's vulgar needs, a stranger in her own country, and pressed by want close to her childhood's home!

"Mother,—my own mother!" the child went on, "tell me have you some new trouble? Why does the little Agnese come to you no more, and where have those proud English girls gone?"

"They have all left Rome, my child. They need me no more. We have no friends now, Lila mia! We are alone and poor. My last gold piece is gone, and I have no one to help me."

"You have God," whispered the child.

And in her voice was such earnestness that for the moment her words dried up the fountain of her mother's tears. In the presence of this heaven-born faith and trust, care could find no place; and as the young signora looked into the face of her child, with its strange, unearthly beauty, she knew that beyond this world of sorrow is healing for every wound.

Meanwhile Lila remained pensive and as if wrapped in some new idea. At last she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and, kissing her, bade her "good-bye."

"Now I shall leave you for a little while, sweet mother! But you must not cry. God will take care of us. He will not leave us alone in our need."

The child slipped away, and, passing out of their narrow flat, hurried down the stairs,—but not to-day in search of Tessa as was her wont. No: she had a far different project in view;

and the great venture of which her little heart was full lent wings to her feet. One moment she hesitated before opening the door of the court leading onto the street: she had never gone so far alone before. But, remembering her mother's pain, she darted forward, and an instant later had passed from their quiet little street into the broad and much frequented Via Vittor Emmanuele, where, the noise and traffic bewildering her, she paused; but, meeting the gaze of two men who stood chatting at the corner of the street, she pressed forward on her way.

"Per Bacco! what a lovely child!" cried one of them. "I would give up my year's work to paint such a face as that. Come let us follow her."

"No, no, friend Bernini," answered his companion: "that is hardly good enough. I leave such quests to you."

Meanwhile the little feet sped faster; and the child, as if led by some unseen guide, threaded her way through the crowded thoroughfare. With one hand she held the long white dress, which otherwise would have fallen in folds about her feet; her fair hair streamed behind her, unconfined by hat or riband, gleaming in the sunshine like an aureole round her face; her eyes, blue as the sky above them, and denoting an origin far distant from the soil on which she trod, seemed fixed on some heavenward goal. Her whole appearance called for comment and surprise, yet she passed unmolested on her way.

At a little distance Signor Bernini followed,—for it was none other than Rome's great artist who had first noticed the child, and now pursued her in the hope of finding a new model, and perhaps of immortalizing a type of beauty but seldom seen under Italian skies. He followed her through the Via Vittor Emmanuele, past the Gesù, and under the Capitol, and saw her mount the long flight of steps which leads to the church of Ara Coeli. This,

then, was the goal of her pilgrimage, the object of her search!

Bernini saw her lift with difficulty the heavy curtain which hung over the door and pass into the church. He still pursued her, but in the darkness of the interior she was lost to him. Had she, then, vanished in this atmosphere of incense and mystery? He almost lost heart for his quest; but, passing up the left aisle, he caught sight of her again in the little chapel of the wonder-working Bambino. The chapel was in gloom, but for the yellow flare of candles round the image, and for one shaft of pure sunshine from an aperture above, which flooded the spot where the child knelt. As Bernini caught sight of her he stood half transfixed. Was it an apparition or a mortal child—that little white figure bathed in light, the upturned face fair as an artist's dream, the blue eyes as if looking into some world beyond, the mystic atmosphere of faith and love? Here was a theme worthy of his skill; but could it be painted? He moved nearer, and, seeing the red lips part, he listened and heard the words of pleading which rushed from the little heart:

"Jesus my own, my dearest, I love You more than all—more than sweet daddy, who sleeps far away under the cold grass; more than dear mother, who is so good to me;—more than all. And now I come to You, because I know You love us and that You will help us in our pain. Mother is sad because You have taken daddy away, and now she is poor and has no one to help her. But you will help her, sweet Jesus. You will care for her and send her this money that she needs...."

The words died away; but the child still knelt, unmindful of the tears which were trickling over her baby cheeks, oblivious apparently of everything but of the presence of Him with whom she pleaded.

As Bernini watched the child, the portals of a new life, until then closed to his vision, seemed to open before him; beliefs long dormant awoke once more, and a chord of his being until then silent was suddenly touched into sound. But here was no time to analyze his feelings. This little flower might perish by the wayside under the callous feet of the crowd. He thought of many wild schemes for her relief, but waived them aside as unpractical. To lay before her some gift which she might believe heaven-sent,—this appeared his only chance.

He remembered with joy a purseful of gold pieces which a nobleman had given him that morning in payment for a portrait. He searched for it in his pocket; and, finding it, he crept stealthily toward the child; stooping, he placed it on the priedieu at her knees, where it lay half hidden in the folds of her dress. She had not seen the shadow of his hand, her eyes were still raised to Heaven, her thoughts seemed far away, and Bernini stole once more into his corner to resume his watch.

Other worshipers came into the chapel and the child rose to leave. As she did so the little bag fell from her dress onto the wood of the priedieu, and she saw it lying there, the gold gleaming through its silken meshes. Half frightened, she raised her eyes once more to her dear Bambino. Was it His gift? Convinced apparently that the gold was the answer to her prayer, she raised the little bag, and, folding her hands over her treasure, she left the church and started on her homeward way.

The artist followed her, and saw her disappear through the door of a rather humble house in the Via Monterome. Close by was an old woman roasting chestnuts over a little brasier—an apparent habitu  of the place,—and of her Bernini asked concerning the child.

“Ah! *la bella angela!* She is the

daughter of the sad signora who lives up there in the third flat; but her name is an English name, they say, and Italian lips can not speak these hard words. But the signora, she is not a stranger: she went away from Rome, for love, they say; and now she has come back in sorrow.”

Bernini dropped a coin into the hand of the garrulous old woman, and walked on,—weaving as he went, a little romance from these bare threads of information,—a love tale pure and ideal as the child’s face which still shone as a vision before his eyes.

Meanwhile Lila had mounted the long flight of stone stairs and was once more by her mother’s side.

“See, mamma mia, what I have brought you!” she said, as she laid the purse on her mother’s knee.

“My child—my Lila, what hast thou done? Where hast thou been? What means this purse of gold? I know thou hast not stolen it.”

“No, sweet mother, but the Christ-Child gave it to me. I went to the great, dark church where you once showed me the dear Bambino, and I prayed to Him, and this is His gift.”

“Thou art raving, Lila! How could a statue give thee gold? And hast thou been to Ara C li all alone?”

“Yes, mother; and I told the good Jesus all about your trouble, and how you are poor and have no one to help you—it is so easy to speak to God, because He knows everything,—and when I got up to come away I found this purse before me on the priedieu.”

“But, child, it is impossible! It must have been there when you knelt down.”

“No, mother: there was nothing on the priedieu; and, besides, it fell out of the folds of my dress. Why will you not believe that the good Jesus sent it? He can do everything.” And tears of disappointment welled up into the child’s blue eyes.

“Nay, cry not, little one! I *do*

believe," replied her mother, drawing Lila almost reverently to herself. "God has put so much faith and love into thy little heart that I think He would grant thee any favor. And I know, my sweet one, how much thou lovest me, to venture so far alone."

That evening when Lila slept her mother went to Ara Cœli. She dared not take the gold without inquiring whence it had come; yet something told her that it was, as the child had said, heaven-sent. The sacristan, to whom she told the story, advised her to keep the money; he said it had evidently been laid on the priedieu by some one who intended it for the child's use.

II.

And so Lila's prayer was heard, and want was banished from their poor home. She saw her mother's days brighten, and new courage come to her, enabling her to work for their support; and in work to find healing for her sorrow. The young signora began once more to take an interest in her surroundings, and to impart to them something of that refinement to which she had been accustomed. Their rooms, no longer dingy, but bright with flowers and sunshine, were arranged with taste, displaying many little objects of art saved, for association's sake, through their days of direst poverty.

On one of these bright spring mornings, as the mother sat working under the sunlit window, her six-year-old daughter by her side, a stranger knocked at their door. The young signora bade him enter and rose to greet him, wondering what the import of his visit might be. He advanced—but paused before speaking, for his eye had fallen on a familiar object. Standing on an easel, in a place of prominence, was a small portrait. Its original had been his own friend and pupil, and the picture was his own

work. This surprise caused him to hesitate a moment, but it supplied him with a ready excuse for his visit.

"You will pardon me, signora," he said at length. "But I have come to ask a favor of you, as your husband's friend."

As he spoke he lifted his eyes from the portrait and let them rest on the woman before him. She was beautiful, this young madonna, with a beauty that sorrow could not mar; a lily broken but unfaded. And as the man looked at the frail form before him, he felt strangely touched, guessing the tragedy of the girl's blighted life.

"Pray be seated, signor," she answered, calmly; though at his allusion and a flush had mantled over her pale face. "You are right: I will gladly grant any favor asked in his name."

"I would only ask of you," he went on, "to come with me to my studio and to look at some of my work. Did you ever hear your husband speak of Pietro Bernini, who had been his master in Rome?"

"So you are the great artist!" exclaimed the lady, in surprise.

While they were speaking his eyes had been seeking Lila, who, half frightened at the stranger's entrance, had hidden behind her mother. She now came forward, stretching out her hands and bidding him welcome; and he saw once more the face which had stamped itself in his memory forever.

For some time they sat talking together,—he trying to clear up what appeared to him a mystery, remembering as he did the husband and father: a young man full of strength and promise, rich in gifts and in this world's goods, and his own favorite pupil. He could dimly recall some love story—how the Englishman had wooed and won an Italian girl of noble family, who, cast off by her relatives, had gone with her husband to

his Northern home. The mystery was soon solved. The young artist had been stricken down by an attack of fever; and the girl, who had sacrificed everything for him, awoke from the despair which followed this blow, only to learn that she was penniless. Her husband's family had been ruined and her settlement counted for nought. This was the secret of her poverty. She had returned to Rome in the hope of being able to support her child.

Later they visited the studio. As they mounted the marble stairs leading to Bernini's apartments, the lady contrasted sadly the atmosphere of wealth and luxury with her own humble surroundings, and she wondered why the artist had sought to interrupt the seclusion of her poverty. He gave Lila in charge to a servant, and led the mother into an inner sanctum. The room was darkened in the foreground, but at the lower end a flood of light fell from above on a picture which occupied a large portion of the wall.

The widow in her retirement had heard nothing of *this*, Bernini's latest triumph; nor how Rome had gone mad over *this*, the last phase of his genius. She had heard nothing of the world's sarcasm: that Bernini the scoffer, the realist, had suffered himself to be led by a child into some transcendental paradise, and that Rome might look no more for the warm images of human life and human sin which had smiled heretofore from his canvases. The young signora knew nothing of his life or of his work. She saw before her a picture, or rather a vision, of a child in prayer,—and the child was her own Lila,—but Lila, as she might hope to see her in paradise, transfigured in the light of the Eternal Love!

She knelt before the picture as before something holy; and, oblivious of Bernini's presence, she wept, as she had not wept since the first days of

her sorrow. But in these tears joy was reborn in her soul. The picture was to her as it had been to its author, the revelation of a new life,—a glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven 'as it is revealed to these little ones.'

The artist had the joy of knowing that his work had brought healing to the mother's heart. And from henceforth these three were united, first in friendship and later in love. Lila became in truth Bernini's good angel, and to her he owed the highest inspirations of his genius. It was she who had brought home to him once more a faith long lost; and as in faith he found the highest fulfilment of his life, so in casting aside the fetters of realism his art attained that development which was to make his name immortal.

A Moderate View.

HABITUAL readers of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* do not need to be told that its present editor is an exceptionally well-equipped Catholic journalist. Many of the leading articles that from week to week appear in its columns display a comprehensiveness of view, a soundness of scholarship, and a dialectic skill which render them of more than ephemeral value to our apologetic literature.

Recent issues of our able Indian contemporary have given considerable prominence to the question of the use and abuse of alcohol. A strenuous advocate of total abstinence, Major O'Gorman, has contributed to the paper a series of articles on "Moderate Drinking: Is It Innocent and Salutary?" which have now been reprinted in booklet form. Like a good many other pleaders for teetotalism, the Major has taken positions more or less extreme; and the *Examiner's* editor, while recommending the reprint for wide circulation, takes occasion to

state wherein his own views differ from those of his recent correspondent. Without going at any length into the merits of the discussion, we purpose reproducing a few paragraphs from the *Examiner's* leading article: "Does Science Condemn the Moderate Drinker?"

Let us begin by stating clearly our object and aim in this paper. First, we have no quarrel with any person who likes to be a total abstainer—whether because he thinks alcohol unnecessary or useless or noxious or dangerous for himself. Secondly, we have no objection to total abstinence being preached as a remedy for the Drink Evil. We know that for many persons total abstinence is necessary both for health of soul and of body, on account of their propensity to run to excess. Thirdly, we are ready to allow that many so-called moderate drinkers may really be taking more than is good for them, and would be better for total abstinence. Fourthly, we understand that there are races for whom alcohol is almost invariably dangerous, and among whom the power of taking alcohol with impunity is a rare exception. Nevertheless, we maintain that there exists a large class of persons who are strictly moderate drinkers in the accepted sense—such as those who habitually take say a glass of beer at dinner and supper, and incidentally a glass of wine during a visit—who claim to get good from it and find it to agree with them. Their usage is in possession; and the only one question is, ought they to put a stop to it?...

Our argument will run more or less as follows: Science has not so far demonstrated the total abstinence thesis. Its data are such as to leave the question within the range of divided opinion, to say the least. If there are some who claim that science pronounces against alcohol, there are others who claim science in its favor.

We are speaking of men who are apparently conversant with the data of science on the subject, and who profess to discuss the matter on those data. And the clinching point of our argument is, that if science were so definite in its indictment against alcohol as the total-abstainer party wish to make out, then we should not find competent medical scientists and writers taking the other side and asserting the flat contradictory. By this line of argument we are not pitting authority against authority, but merely emphasizing the state of things current in learned medical circles. The writers we make use of may have no special reputation for original research; but they are at least conversant with the science of their own branch, and therefore competent to show us exactly what the condition of science is. . . .

The questions on which we seek the verdict of science are these: (1) Is alcohol beneficial as a food, (2) or as a stimulant, (3) or as a preparation for work, (4) or as a restorative after work, (5) or in the extremes of heat or cold, (6) or as a help to digestion? Having answered these questions as to whether alcohol is beneficial, we finally ask (7) whether it is harmless in moderate quantities.

Answers to each of these questions are quoted from Davies' "A Handbook of Hygiene" (London, 1895), and Herter's "Lectures on Chemical Pathology in Its Relation to Practical Medicine" (London, 1902); and the *Examiner* adds:

These quotations will have answered their purpose. They certainly exhibit alcohol as a thing which needs to be used, not only in great moderation but also with due regard to the peculiarities of each individual's constitution. They represent alcohol as beneficial in many ways—as a food, as a help to digestion, as a stimulant, as a mainstay under fatigue or under special stress. They certainly do not encourage its use as a matter of course, or as a necessity in any case. Nevertheless, they clearly reveal the absence of any sweeping condemnation of alcohol by science, and leave the position of the so-called moderate drinker as it was before—with perhaps a note of advice to be if anything more moderate still.

In conclusion, we can sum up in the following terms the impression at which we have finally arrived: All clear evidence of the injurious effects of alcohol is derived from the study of its excessive use. The question remaining open is, whether these injurious effects also occur (though in a less degree) even when alcohol is taken in small quantities, and when the effects are not actually perceptible. Davies seems to argue that, if not perceptible, they may be presumed not to exist. Herter, on the other hand, is apprehensive that they may exist even where imperceptible; but it is only an apprehension, not a proved fact. Had alcohol always been used by everybody in moderation, it seems to us that we should never have heard any outcry against it. And even when the alcohol question has become one of the most burning topics of the day, we still find science unable to pass a categorical verdict against its moderate use, and incapable of refuting those who maintain that its moderate use is innocent and even positively salutary. Did such a scientific demonstration really exist, it would be impossible for men like Herter and Davies, with the data of science before them, to write as they do.

Notes and Remarks.

One American institution which might with considerable propriety, we think, be introduced into some portions of his Majesty Edward VII.'s domain, is the Children's Court. The report of the Prisons Board in Ireland emphasizes the urgent need of such a tribunal. There is in force, we believe, a Juvenile Offenders Act giving magistrates in Ireland considerable latitude in the way of punishing children otherwise than by committing them to gaol; but the statistics show that the magistrates are decidedly remiss in availing themselves of that privilege. No fewer than eight children between the ages of nine and twelve years were sent to gaol in Cork, during 1903, for the unpardonable crime of—"obstructing the footway"! In Galway, a little girl of ten was kept in gaol seven days for another heinous misdemeanor,—trespass. With all proper respect for British justice and its legitimate dispensers, this sort of thing is little less than ridiculous, as well as utterly disgraceful. No reader of average sanity will doubt that of the two—the Galway child and the magistrate who punished her—the latter was by far the more guilty. We have heard in our time not a little about "crime in Ireland." The Prisons Board's report throws an X-ray on the true inwardness of that much-abused phrase.

The current *Cosmopolitan* contains a paper, "The Present Upheaval in France," contributed by David Graham Phillips. With this gentleman's somewhat exaggerated estimate of M. Combes' profound political sagacity—an estimate considerably at variance with that of most writers on world-politics—we have no particular fault to find. To the following statement, however, we make the pertinent objec-

tion that it is not so: "But, curiously enough, the most of his [Combes'] lieutenants, and of his followers too, have been and are Catholics; and from no quarter has he received more aid and sympathy than from the parish clergy of the established church, whose poverty and work among the masses are in sharp contrast with the wealth of the Orders..." The falsity of this second clause has been so repeatedly exposed during the past three years that one wonders nowadays at its reiteration by any careful writer, and its appearance in any reputable magazine. A somewhat close study, during the past decade, of several organs of the French parish clergy had convinced us, even before they themselves vigorously protested against the insidious calumny, that, as a body, they were utterly devoid of sympathy with Combes. Isolated cases apart, the French parochial clergy have uniformly denounced the Law of Associations, in which they foresaw the beginning of their own persecution.

The President's message to Congress deserves the attentive reading of every American citizen. It is an important document, of special interest on account of the variety of subjects discussed, and of real value because of the thoughtful consideration bestowed upon each. Of exceptional importance is the section dealing with Capital and Labor, the following passage of which will have the hearty approval not only of all law-abiding wage-earners, but of all fair-minded citizens as well:

I believe that, under modern industrial conditions, it is often necessary, and even where not necessary it is yet often wise, that there should be organization of labor, in order better to secure the rights of the individual wage-worker. All encouragement should be given to any such organization, so long as it is conducted with a due and decent regard for the rights of others. There are in this country some labor unions

which have habitually, and other labor unions which have often, been among the most effective agents in working for good citizenship and for uplifting the condition of those whose welfare should be closest to our hearts. But when any labor union seeks improper ends, or seeks to achieve proper ends by improper means, all good citizens, and more especially all honorable public servants, must oppose the wrongdoing as resolutely as they would oppose the wrongdoing of any great corporation. Of course any violence, brutality or corruption should not for one moment be tolerated.

Wage-workers have an entire right to organize, and by all peaceful and honorable means to endeavor to persuade their fellows to join with them in organizations. They have a legal right, which, according to circumstances, may or may not be a moral right, to refuse to work in company with men who decline to join their organizations. They have under no circumstances the right to commit violence upon those, whether capitalists or wage-workers, who refuse to support their organizations, or who side with those with whom they are at odds; for mob rule is intolerable in any form.

Nothing in the President's message is more deserving of widespread perusal than these words; and nothing, in our opinion, is more creditable to his head and heart.

☛ The *Living Church*, an organ of the Protestant Episcopal Society, has the following comment on a letter from an Anglican clergyman, recently published in these pages:

We shall not challenge the veracity of our Roman contemporary by expressing doubt as to the genuineness of this letter. Some twenty-five clergy of the American Church are deposed each year for one cause or another, and it is by no means impossible that some unworthy "P. E. clergyman" may have been so lost to honor as to write this letter, and so devoid of ordinary prudence as to entrust it to the editor of AVE MARIA. But we do say this: If the editor of AVE MARIA received that letter, and had reason to believe it to be genuine and from one who was really in great mental distress as to his ecclesiastical position, and to his sustenance if he should "join the Holy Roman Church to-morrow"—an expression which it is very improbable that a "P. E. clergyman" in that mental state would use,—then in publishing the letter the editor of AVE MARIA has done an act so dastardly, so utterly beyond justification, so diametrically contrary to what a Christian

gentleman ought to do with a confidential communication of the kind, as seriously to strain the principles of courtesy and Christian comity which prevent us from characterizing it in plain language. And he must know that there are Anglicans who could use some rather prominent names in the Roman fold in a counter-statement, if Anglican ideas as to the sacredness of confidential communications did not prevent them.

We have only to say in reply to these unwarranted strictures (1) that at the time of writing our correspondent was in charge of a parish of his denomination; (2) that his letter *was written for publication*, and for this reason entitled "An Open Confession"; (3) that the communication was printed *verbatim et literatim*; (4) that it was accompanied by a private note giving the writer's name and address. There was nothing in our comments on that communication calculated to excite the anger or resentment of any reasonable person, much less any one whose heart is ruled by charity,—the charity that thinketh no evil. The excuse for the *Living Church* is that it may have got its information second hand, or that it was so wrought up over the letter in question as to forget for the moment the requirements both of good morals and good manners.

In the current *Messenger* we find the following summary of what Mr. H. F. Dale, inspector of schools in England, had to say of convent schools, in his official report on educational conditions in Ireland:

The order and tone of the convent schools are excellent; and the instruction as a whole is distinctly superior to that given in the ordinary National Schools, and in various subjects—especially reading, needlework, singing, and physical exercises—compares very favorably with that given in large English schools. It is impossible to doubt the admirable influence which the teachers of these [convent] schools have over their pupils, or the training which is given in the habits of order, neatness, and ready obedience. I have had already occasion to comment on the admirable cleanliness and neatness of the premises and the excellence

of the equipment; but these are only a few among many evidences of the careful supervision and management which are indispensable conditions of the success of an elementary school. I was impressed in every convent school that I visited by the knowledge and interest shown by the conductors, even when not actually teaching in the school, with regard to all the details of school work and organization; and by their readiness to consider, and if possible to adopt, any changes in the curriculum or organization which the Central Office might consider would render their schools more efficient.

The curriculum of the convent schools has for many years been wider than that of most ordinary National Schools. Singing and drawing were commonly taught long before they were made compulsory by the new programme. Of the proficiency in singing it would be difficult to speak too highly. In some of the convents it was equal to any that I have heard in the best English schools. The convent schools to which State aid is given in the form of a capitation grant on the attendance, are both less expensive to the State and better managed than the ordinary National Schools.

Our own convent schools may not all deserve this high praise, but it is unquestionable that the vast majority of them are distinctly superior in some respects to the public schools; and, as everyone knows, the convent school has great advantages all its own.

A correspondent of one of our French contemporaries in the Indian Ocean—the *Croix de Dimanche*, of Mauritius,—has been visiting London, and gives his readers some data on which to build an idea of the Empire City's size. Among other facts, he notes that London contains more Scotch than Edinburgh, more Irish than Dublin, more Jews than Palestine, and more Catholics than Rome. The superficies of the city is five times as large as that of Paris; and the number of its houses, nine times as great as in the French capital. The combined length of London's eight thousand streets equals the distance from Moscow to Gibraltar, or four times the distance from Paris to Marseilles. The *Croix's* correspondent does not add, but we may as well

supply the information, that the whole population of Mauritius is less than one-sixteenth of that of the English capital. Greater London, in 1901, had six and a half millions of inhabitants.

Near Anagni, in Sabina, a mountainous region to the northeast of Rome, there has lately been discovered a hypogee, or underground construction, very similar to the Roman catacombs. The accessible portion consists of a gallery about sixty-five feet long, with *cubicula*, or sepulchral chambers, opening therefrom. In the niche of one of the recesses an inscription painted in minium (red lead) is preserved in its entirety, and its text proves that the hypogee was clearly a Christian burial-place. About a hundred yards from the catacomb there formerly stood a very ancient Christian sanctuary, shafts of whose columns have recently been disclosed by excavation.

Severe criticism or faint praise of the champions of the Church, on the one hand, and mild censure or even laudation of her avowed enemies, on the other, are not what one would expect to find in a professedly Catholic periodical, nor do we know of any such with so disloyal a temper. The *Northwest Review*, however, discovers "the double aspect of Liberalism" in a review appearing in a well-known American Catholic magazine. The writer, it would appear, went out of his way to defend Renan against the charge of immorality and egoism. Our Canadian contemporary says in rebuttal:

That Renan was profoundly immoral many of his own writings testify. When a man in his old age boasts of having abolished sin, extols the holy rights of the flesh, and publishes under his own name so lascivious a book as "*L'Abbesse de Jouarre*," his critics are perfectly justified in suggesting that a "lurking immorality" was one of the dominant motives of his literary life. To call him a peacock is simply a terse portraiture of the

egotism, vanity and colossal pride which form the warp and woof of all his so-called philosophical works. Brunetière, Eugene Tavernier, and quite recently Georges Longhaye (*Etudes*, Oct. 20, 1904) give ample quotations from Renan, showing him up as a learned trifler, who despises the common herd, sneers at everything holy and true... His supposed learning is flouted by those German pundits before whom he kowtowed in vain. His only merit is his graceful style; but even there the best critics say he is at fault in that he has foisted upon plain French words a double meaning which is the inevitable reflex of his natural duplicity.

The truth is that the private life of the great infidels and heresiarchs will not bear inspection. Henry VIII., Luther and Calvin, for instance, were moral monsters, and are so called by non-Catholic authors. William Cobbett, who knew Tom Paine intimately, refers to him as "an atrocious, infamous miscreant." As for Renan and Voltaire they need no accusers: their writings are their most damaging witnesses.

We had expected to find in the President's message an extended reference to Panama, and should have read with lively interest what he might have had to say about the infant republic down there, and the policy of our government in its regard. But perhaps Mr. Roosevelt thought the Panama affair had better not be touched upon just at present. It would be unlike him not to tell the whole truth if he told anything at all; and there is more than a suspicion that the whole truth would not reflect much credit on the administration. The fact is Colombia was badly treated. The insurrectionists of Panama were encouraged, as we encouraged the Cubans; and treated as patriots in arms against a tyrannous government, whose rulers were denounced as a pack of half-civilized Latin-Americans with whom it was folly to hold diplomatic relations. But the patriots have turned out to

be a bad lot; and, though they are quiet just at present, they are likely to assert themselves at any time in their own lawless way. The republic which they formed with the aid of American guns isn't much of a republic; however, it may cause a heap of trouble yet. "The truth is," as the *New York Evening Post* remarks, "that we have christened a lot of chronic conspirators, and betrayers of conspiracy, a 'republic,' and must now take the consequences. The ridiculous antics of the men whom we were but a few months ago acclaiming as heroes and patriots are indeed a laughing matter, but the laugh is distinctly at our expense."

In an appreciation of Ferdinand Brunetière by Th. Bentzon, reproduced in the *Outlook* for December 3, it is stated that "not long ago some one who has been intimately acquainted with George Eliot was asked what church George Eliot would have chosen for herself had she been sentenced to make a choice, and the answer came without the slightest hesitation: 'The Catholic Church, because it is the most logical.'"

What is called "the logical power" of the Church has appealed to many other non-Catholics. Monod, an eminent Protestant divine, writing in the *Revue Historique* (August, 1895), refers to the Catholic Church as "an institution whose history has developed itself, through the revolving centuries, with a logical power that at once confounds the reason and ravishes the imagination."

One of the most interesting official year-books issued in 1904 is that of New Zealand; and one of its most surprising pages is a "Statistical View of Fifty Years' Progress." The half-century covered constitutes New Zealand's life as a constitutional colony of Great

Britain, the act creating it such having been promulgated in 1853. The first representative assembly was opened in 1855. Exclusive of Maoris, the population fifty years ago was thirty-two thousand; at present it is twenty-six times that number. In 1853 less than one hundred and twenty-two thousand acres of land were under cultivation; to-day more than thirteen million acres are being farmed. The railway mileage has grown from two hundred and nine to two thousand three hundred and twenty-eight. And so in other matters. The progress of the colony has been marked, and we are happy to add that the development of our holy religion has fully kept pace with that of the industrial arts.

"I came into this country [Italy] strongly prejudiced against the religion of the South. Rome represented for me the perversion of the religious instinct. I expected to laugh at my ease at the foolery of the Gesù and the superstitions of the country. Well! old friends! the Madonnas have vanquished me. I have found in this people, in their faith, in their civilization, a grandeur, poetry, ideality, which are incomparable." Ernest Renan, from one of whose letters the foregoing is an extract, was not the first or the last traveller to discover that preconceived notions of Rome and the Italians are very apt to be reversed by personal contact, and first-hand knowledge of the real Eternal City and its people.

A correspondent of the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Aires, writes to that paper: "A discussion arose recently as to the sending of cards to funeral Masses. One party affirmed that it is a custom here, in Buenos Aires, of which many avail themselves when, in the ordinary routine of business, they can not be present at divine service." Without wishing to criticise, at this

distance from Argentina, the practices of our coreligionists in that federal republic, we suggest an amendment to the custom mentioned. Let the friend or acquaintance whose business prevents his attendance at the funeral service, send to the mourners a card upon which there shall be written some such consoling message as this: "John Smith will have a Requiem Mass celebrated for the repose of the soul of Thomas Jones." That would accomplish the twofold purpose of showing sympathy with the mourners and effectively aiding the deceased.

Commenting on Sir William Van Horne's statement that he had "not seen a Cuban town or city which did not compare favorably with any American town or city," the *New York Sun* remarks:

If some American whose own city is not half as clean as the dirtiest city in Cuba sees a mud puddle in a Cuban thoroughfare, public attention is promptly called to Cuba's violation of the sanitary laws imposed during the American rule; and the critic proceeds to unearth the Platt amendment and sound a warning.

The tendency here noted—that of generalizing from insufficient data—is one which is altogether too common among hypercritical (and, often enough, hypocritical) American visitors to other lands. It is strikingly evidenced in the inconsequent strictures of transient travellers on the manners and customs of peoples they have seen only superficially, and in the rampant bigotry which engenders the unpardonable slurs scattered through such books as "Castilian Days," by the Hon. John Hay. One of the surest indications of restricted education and lack of general culture is the oracular style of denouncing conditions with which one is unfamiliar, and delivering dogmatic judgments on matters of which one is crassly ignorant. It is a tendency of little minds and narrow souls, and deserves repression wherever found.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Pair to Beware of.

BY E. BECK.

OH, old Mrs. Gossip and Miss Tittletattle
Are a pair who can more mischief do
Than is oft done in battle, when big cannon rattle
And the smoke dims the sky's white and blue.
Through town and through city, o'er grass and
o'er heather,
With unwearied footsteps they stray;
Apart or together, in all kinds of weather,
They're seen both by night and by day.

Dear friends have been sundered by nod, glance,
or story,
By laughter or sigh of the twain;
And youth in its glory, and age grey and hoary,
Have alike at their hands suffered pain.
These ladies discourse in the tongues of all races,
The garb of all nations they wear.
If you e'er see their faces in high or low places,
Of them and their mischief beware.

"The Little Brown Jesus."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

SHE was a very little thing
when her mother brought
her to the mission; and both
mother and daughter wept
as they parted at the big gate near
the foot of the garden, outside of which
the wagon was waiting.

"Adios, *querida mia!*" sobbed the
poor woman, clasping little Chica to
her breast as closely as she could for
the tiny brown baby on her arm.

"Adios, *madre!*" sobbed Chica in
reply, at the same time imprinting a
kiss on the cheek of the baby brother.

And then, not looking back, the
mother had taken her place beside the

neighbor who was to drive her to her
home in the mountains.

Sister Cecilia had lifted Chica in
her arms to carry her to the house;
and the child, wistfully following the
retreating vehicle with her eyes, sobbed
aloud as she heard the voice of the
baby rising in a feeble wail.

"Oh, he is very sick, *el chiquito!*"
she murmured. "If he dies mamma
will not have any one,—not Chica,
not any one!"

"But he may not die, my child,"
rejoined the Sister. "And very soon
Chica will begin to learn English, and
to read and sew. After a few months
vacation will be here, and Chica can
go home to the mountains again."

The child ceased sobbing, slipped from
the arms of the Sister, and, taking her
hand, trotted on bravely by her side.

"Yes, that will be good,—to read,"
she said. "That is what *la madre*
told me. But why?"

The Sister was silent. Very often
indeed, during the years of her sojourn
at the mission, she had asked herself
the same question, though perhaps in
a different form. Her own experience
had been that, in the main, education,
as it is learned from books, had not
always improved the condition of her
young charges.

Chica did not wait for an answer.

"To learn English,—that is good,
maybe, for the stores and for the
stranger. And to sew,—*la madre* could
teach me that."

"How old are you, Chica?" inquired
Sister Cecilia.

"I have seven years."

"You are a bright little girl. Soon
you will learn to sing."

"And maybe to dance?"

Sister Cecilia laughed.

"Maybe—on holidays."

"And to play the drum?" said the little girl.

"That is what boys do."

"Yes, I know. My cousin Pedro has a drum. He is here at the mission. And my father once did beat the drum at the *fiestas*. Oh—oh!"

"And you like that?"

"Yes. We have one hanging on the wall. But I think *la madre* will sell it to Carlos Duro."

"Yes, Chica. That will be better."

This conversation took place in Spanish. But a month from that day, wonderful to relate, Chica understood nearly everything that was said to her in English, and could say a great many things. As the youngest child in the house, she became a favorite with everybody.

Her homesickness was rapidly wearing off when a newcomer to the school brought word of the death of the baby brother. Poor little Chica was plunged in grief, not so much at the loss of her brother as because she knew her mother would be lonely. One evening Sister Cecilia came upon her in a corner. She was crying.

"You are not ill, my Chica?" asked her teacher.

"No, Sister. But I weep for my little brother."

"He is in heaven, he is with God."

"Why there?"

"God wanted him."

"But why not take one of the children of Mary Grande, who has ten? She does not want them. She beats them. She does not give them anything to eat. She does not love them. When she works she spends all her money for liquor."

Again the Sister was silent.

"I weep for *la madre*. She is all alone in the house now. I wish that she could come here. She can wash,—she can wash well. She makes the clothes, oh, so white!"

"But we have so many girls to wash the clothes, Chica."

"Yes, I know. But if *la madre* could come to help, you would not have to get up at three to watch them, Sister."

"I am afraid that can not be, my dear Chica."

"No?" sighed the little one. "You only take children. *La madre* is a woman. And I can not go to her; for I must learn to read and sew and sing. And now I like to learn."

"Come, Sister!" called a bevy of girls from the study-hall. "A beautiful statue of the Infant Jesus is here for the Crib. It is of wax,—a kind lady has sent it; and now we do not need 'the little brown Jesus' any more."

Childlike, Chica rose from her corner and followed the crowd to "Mother's room," where, displayed on a table, lay a beautiful waxen figure of the Child Jesus, clad in a fine robe of white lawn with lace at the throat and wrists; a real baby, one would have said, so lifelike and natural it was. Chica clasped her hands in admiration and delight.

"What will they do with it?" asked the little one, who had never seen a Christmas Crib.

And then they told her—her companions, gathered about the statue—how they always had the Stable of Bethlehem arranged in the chapel at Christmas time, with the Infant in the Crib. She listened gravely.

"And what shall we do with the little brown Jesus now, Sister?" asked one of the girls.

"We can put it away. Sometime, perhaps, we may give it to a poorer mission than ours,—one that has no Christmas Crib."

"I think the little brown Jesus has done its duty. It is rather too old-fashioned for our young Americans," said Mother Michael.

"May I get it, Mother, please?"

asked Dolores Duro. "I want to see how it looks beside this."

"Yes, if you like," said Mother.

The girl flew out of the room, returning presently with a large pasteboard box, in which the figure had been lying since the Christmas preceding. Her companions gathered about her as she opened it. Quaintly fashioned out of wood, of a light mahogany color, with hair painted black, and unmistakable Indian features, it looked remarkably like a papoose.

"The man who carved that was a saint, children," said Mother Michael. "He was an Indian like yourselves, and did many other things equally clever. He made a set of Stations which, I have been told, are very beautiful."

"Where are they, Mother?" inquired one of the girls.

"In the chapel of Santa Paula, I believe."

"We came from there—Chica and I," said Dolores. "I have seen them."

"I have seen them too," interposed Chica. "He was the uncle of my father, and he made this little brown Jesus like our baby. It is almost my little brother. Oh, if only *la madre* could see it!"

And Chica broke forth into loud and pitiful wailing, which it took all the efforts of her schoolmates to subdue.

Quietly one of the girls removed the wooden statue, replaced it in the box, and laid it under the table,—the large black eyes of Chica following her every movement. Then, at a sign from Mother Michael, Dolores led her from the room, consoling her a few moments later with a stick of candy from her own store of simple treasures.

The child was unusually quiet the next day and during the rest of the week. But she did not seem to be grieving; and Sister Cecilia was glad to see that she was becoming reconciled to the inevitable.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Three Great I's.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

The boy had started out into the world to seek his fortune. He trudged sturdily along, whistling as he went to keep his courage alive. Over his shoulder was slung his knapsack, in which he had tucked away just enough food for one day. Work must be quickly found, or he would be in a sorry plight.

The path he had taken was a stony one, and led through a dense thicket. He was sorely pricked by the brambles, and it was not long before his clothes hung in tatters about him.

At length he came to an open space, through which trickled a crystal stream. Here the boy thought he would rest a while. As he was about to help himself to a bite of food, he saw a forlorn-looking beggar-man in front of him, watching him with wistful eyes.

"Give me a morsel to eat, for sweet Charity's sake," said the beggar.

"I have only enough for three meals," replied the boy, "and I have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"I faint for food and have none," continued the beggar.

"Well, then, there is no help for it," said the boy. "I must share with you."

So the two sat down together. Water was fetched from the spring, and the meal divided. The boy could not tell how it was, but, somehow, the lion's share fell to the beggar. When the meal was ended, the poor child was almost as hungry as when they began.

"You have done well by me," said the beggar. "Perhaps one day I may be of help to you."

With this he disappeared, and the boy could not tell what had become of him.

Again the road led over stones and through briars and brambles. A second

clearing was not reached until noon.

Everything looked so inviting, the boy thought he had found a good place for his noonday meal. As he dropped down beside a stream, there appeared before him a beggar who looked older and leaner and more hungry than the first.

"Give me a morsel to eat, for sweet Charity's sake!" cried the beggar.

"All the food I have is barely enough for two meals," said the boy, "and I have a long journey before me."

"My journey is longer than yours," said the beggar, "and I carry no food."

As he spoke he looked so hungry and wretched, the boy quickly made ready to share with him the second portion.

"Thank you for the meal, my son!" said the beggar at its close. "It may be that I can help you one day."

With these words he was gone, and the boy could not tell which way he had taken.

The path was now stonier and more tangled than ever. When the next clearing was reached, the boy was ready to drop from sheer exhaustion. For the third time, as he was about to eat, a beggar stood before him. A worse-looking object you could not imagine. It did not seem as if he could long keep body and soul together. When he asked for a morsel of food for sweet Charity's sake, the boy handed him the entire last portion without a word.

In the twinkling of an eye the beggar was changed. His rags fell away, and he stood there in shining garments, his face aglow with eternal youth and majesty.

"I am your Guardian Angel," said he to the boy. "In three shapes I have been sent to you to try your mettle. Food shall be given you now, and when you have eaten you may have three wishes."

Presto! before them was spread a table laden with good things. The boy had never fared so sumptuously in all his life.

When he had eaten his fill, the Angel said to him:

"Now for the three wishes!"

"Well, I wish I had a staff that was such a staff it would make my hands willing and my feet swift."

"That is not a bad wish," said the Angel; and he bestowed upon the boy the Staff of Industry.

"What is your second wish?"

"If I may wish for what I please, I should like a thinking-cap that is such a thinking-cap I may always have my wits about me when I wear it."

"That is not a bad wish, either," said the Angel; and he gave the boy the Cap of Intelligence.

"Now let me hear the third wish."

"I wish I may have a garment that is such a garment when I wear it I may be honest and faithful in all that I do and all that I feel," said the boy.

"That is the best wish of all," said the Angel; and he clothed the boy in the Garment of Integrity. "Without Integrity," he continued, "Industry may lead into false paths where even Intelligence may only tend to increase the powers of evil. Industry, Intelligence and Integrity are the three great I's. When genuine as these given to you, they contain within themselves the essence of the three greater R's—Right-thinking, Right-doing, Religion. Use them wisely and well, and you will be fortified for all life's duties and joys and cares."

So saying he was gone, but he left behind him an illumination that would not soon fade.

Reverently gathering together his newly-gained treasures, the boy set forth once more. It was not long before he reached the town, where work in plenty awaited him. Armed and equipped as he was, he made the most and the best of his life.

Seek these three great I's, boys and girls, and you will surely find them.

With Authors and Publishers.

—This inquiry and answer are from *Printers' Ink*: "What do statistics show on this question?" asked the politician.—"That all depends," said the statistician; "what do you want them to show?"

—The centenary of the dedication of the Church of the Holy Cross, Boston, Massachusetts, was celebrated last year, and the New England Catholic Historical Society has published an interesting and handsomely illustrated memorial volume of the festival.

—What should prove a valuable addition to the general, as well as to the specifically Catholic, history of our country, is announced by the United States Catholic Historical Society. It is "Forty Years in the United States of America," by the late Rev. Augustus J. Thébaud, S. J.

—The attention of our readers is directed to the announcements for 1905, to be found in our advertising pages. We feel sure they will be read with much interest. An attractive and extensive programme has been prepared for the coming year. It is to be hoped that "A Word from the Publisher" will not be unheeded.

—A correspondent of the *Bookman* writes that a classical professor in the University of Syracuse habitually says "You was," and holds to it that this form is preferable to "You were." That's nothing. A bright young typewriter whose attention was recently called to the fact that "fourty" is not the proper way to spell "forty," placidly remarked: "Oh, yes! I forgot to put in the *gh*, didn't I?"

—"The Catholic Manual," compiled by the Rev. Tilmann Pesch, S. J., is offered among Herder's latest prayer-books. This *vade mecum* is designed especially for those who, wishing to "present to God a reasonable service," feel all the power and beauty of the liturgy. The work is a translation from the German, but the English version bears no trace of stiffness, and is recommended by the pious laity.

—Commenting on the need of a greater number of popular books dealing with the relations of science and religion, and the difficulties raised by modern thought and historical criticism, a writer in the *London Tablet* refers to certain kinds of books of which there is no need—he might have said of which there is already a superabundant supply: "For instance, we do not want any pages of pious rhetoric on the vices and follies of unbelievers. We do not want any treatises from men who are unable to feel the force of modern difficulties. We do not want any belated

attemp's to reconcile theology with the science of yesterday. Still less do we want any works in which the great teachers of science are assailed with ignorant ridicule." Memorable words are these.

—A late issue of the *Journal de la Grotte, Lourdes*, reproduces an engraving of the Library of the Bull *Ineffabilis*, installed in the Hall of the Immaculate Conception, at the Vatican, in 1877. The Library contains versions of Pius IX.'s celebrated Bull in all known languages, and is surmounted by a silver statue of Our Lady as she appeared, in 1858, to Bernadette Soubirous.

—We are pleased to learn that a volume is now in preparation, under the auspices of Archbishop Farley, which will give a full report of the proceedings of the Third Eucharistic Congress of the United States held in New York last summer. The work will contain all the sermons delivered at the solemn Masses celebrated during the Congress, as well as the papers prepared for it. Several of these latter are of great value and timeliness.

—Those entrusted with the grave responsibility of preparing novices in the way of the religious life will find much of practical help in a late translation of Father Gerard's "Catechism of the Instruction of Novices," published in this country by Benzger Brothers. This new edition is abridged, but treats of the virtues which make for perfection, and is sufficiently comprehensive. We are not sure that we approve the catechetical form of presentation.

—The *Literary World* (English) declares "it has given us a shock of surprise on more than one occasion to find a Biblical quotation of the simplest kind elicit an inquiry as to its source." And the *Glasgow Herald* states that Bibles, almost invariably as clean as when they left the printers' hands, form a considerable portion of the pawnbroker's stock. The Bible Societies undoubtedly distribute, gratis, a far larger number of copies of Holy Writ than are read by their recipients.

—That a publisher should give to a book which he himself brings out a somewhat higher meed of praise than a strictly impartial critic may consider merited is natural enough; but that he should exhaust the superlatives of eulogy in exploiting a work that is in reality commonplace is a species of inordinate puffing which neither reviewer nor disappointed reader feels inclined to excuse. Such unwisdom on the part of one Catholic firm, in the case of a volume recently put on the market, has provoked a magazine of acknowledged weight to tell the disparaging

truth about the volume's blemishes in a way that is more frank than gracious. The keynote is struck in this opening sentence of the review: "Miss Blank, the authoress of 'Blank Leaves,' is not responsible for the fulsome praise with which her publishers have done their best to make her new book ridiculous." Miss Blank is not the name of the authoress, but that substitute for her real name will do for our purpose, which is to suggest that unmeasured laudation of even one's own publications is, in strict truth, flagrant dishonesty.

—In the *Critic's* Christmas number instalment of Laurence Hutton's "The Literary Life" there is mention of a number of amusing typographical errors. Brander Mathews, having once written that a certain collection of short stories suggested "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," found himself declaring in print that they suggested "the tail of a wayside hen." Mr. Hutton wrote, apropos of the Lenox Library, that New York had been greatly "enriched by the receipt of the vast bequests of James Lenox," and was not a little astonished to discover later that the enrichment was attributed to the "receipt of the vest buttons of James Lenox."

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- An American Missionary. *A Priest of St. Sulpice.* \$1.
 Toward Eternity. *Abbé Poulin.* \$1.60, net.
 Sequentia Christiana. *C. B. Dawson, S. J.* \$1, net.
 Catholic Ideals in Social Life. *Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.* \$1.25, net.
 The Way that Led Beyond. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.
 Manassas. *Upton Sinclair.* \$1.50.
 The Mastery. *Mark Lee Luther.* \$1.50.
 Songs of the Birth of Our Lord. 50 cts., net.
 An Irishman's Story. *Justin McCarthy.* \$2.50, net.
 A Short Cut to Happiness. *Author of "The Catholic Church from Within."* 75 cts.
 Welcome! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1, net.

- The Pearl and the Pumpkin. *W. W. Denslow, Paul West.* \$1.25.
 Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. *James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus.* \$3, net.
 Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.
 The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.
 Kind Hearts and Coronets. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.
 Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.
 The Great Captain. *Katherine Tynan Hinkson.* 45 cts.
 Pippo Buono. *Ralph Francis Kerr.* \$1.50, net.
 Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guerin. \$2, net.
 The Young Priest. *Cardinal Vaughan.* \$2.
 The Principles of Moral Science. *Rev. Walter McDonald, D. D.* \$2, net.
 The Philosophy of Eloquence. *Don Antonio dei Capmany.* \$1.50, net.
 The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.
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Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Monsig. Roope, D. D., of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. John O'Farrell, diocese of Davenport; Rev. M. M. Grady, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. John O'Brien, O. S. A.; and Rev. Ignatius Grant, S. J.

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Requiescant in pace!



THE MADONNA OF THE OLIVE.
(Niccolò Barabino.)



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

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NO. 26.

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At Yuletide.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE city's full of life; there careless goes
 The golden girl; here walks the merchant grave,
 Eyes on the future; there poor children brave,
 Ill-clad, the rigor of the driven snows.
 The world is filled with life. Who is't that knows
 The myriads numberless that joy or slave
 In palace or in mart? The One who gave
 Them life that all the long day ebbs and flows.

For them He came—the God of mercy came!—
 For that bronze hunter where fierce monsters are,
 For that blind miser, of whose life the sum
 Is gain and gold,—for him whose heart can flame
 Only for luxury: for all His Star!
 And yet were there but one, He would have come.

Our Lady in the Christmas Carol.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

THE joyous spirit of the blessed Feast of the Yuletide is nowhere expressed more beautifully than in the old carols, and the feeling of the Church toward Our Lady is shown by the place she takes in these folk-songs. Coming from the hearts of the people these *chansons* have for us all an especial interest as evidence of the early and mediæval devotion to the Mother of God,—a devotion which some would have us believe is merely a parasite upon the stem.

Since the first carol—true celestial

strains which the Blind Bard of England describes as

Such music as, 'twas said,
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,—

we have many strains taken from the miracle plays; but the earliest carols, unless the simpler of the Latin hymns may be termed such, have not been handed down to us.

In nearly all carols there is some reference to the Blessed Virgin; and even when this is but slight, it shows the trend of popular devotion. That Our Lady is always mentioned in connection with her Divine Son gives the lie to the oft-repeated charge of "Mariolatry."

Among the earliest of the carols preserved in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum is one taken from the Angels' song, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, the first verse of which reads

When Christ was born of Mary free,
 In Bethlehem, in that fayre cite,
 Angels sang with myrth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

At this date Latin (at least what was called "Church Latin," phrases taken from the Mass) was commonly known; and the people often interlarded words and phrases into their folk-songs. These songs were, of course, sung much earlier than the date of their transcription.

A few of the carols have little or no reference to Our Lady, as in that quaint one of old Thomas Tusser, which begins,

Was not Christ our Saviour
Sent from God above,
Not for our good behavior,
But for His grace and love?

Others are sung as if written by Our Lady, and these are most beautiful. In the form of lullabies, many of them are found in the French, Spanish and Italian folk-songs. Of these one of the sweetest is the Madonna's Lullaby, from the Spanish of Lope de Vega. Another is taken from "Tenor Psalmes, sonets, and songes of sadnes and pietie made into musicke of five parts, et cetera, by William Byrd, in London town, 1587"; and this holds a tender fragrance of motherly devotion, touching and pathetic:

Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby!

My sweet little Babe, what meanest Thou to cry?
Be still, my blessed Babe; though cause hast Thou
to mourne,

Whose blood most innocent the cruel King hath
sworn.

And lo, alas, behold what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Jesus, for
Thy sake!

A King is born they say, which King this king
would kill.

O woe, and woful, heavy day when wretches have
their will!

Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lullaby!

My sweet royal Babe, what meanest Thou to cry?
But Thou shalt live and reign, as sibyls have
foresaid,

As all the prophets prophesy, whose Mother, yet
a maid,

And perfect virgin pure, upon her breast upbreed,
Both God and Man that all have made the Son
of heavenly seed,

Whom caitiffs none can 'tray, whom tyrants none
can kill.

O joy, and joyful happy day when wretches want
their will.

A carol which is valuable for its intrinsic beauty and also for association, is one by the Jesuit martyr, the Rev. Robert Southwell. It was one of the poems he wrote when he was confined in the Tower of London, tortured and racked ten times. Father Southwell was of a good old English family, educated for the priesthood, and admitted into the Society of Jesus in

Rome. Returning to England as a missionary, for eight years he lived to do good, escaping, often with difficulty, the machinations of those evil-minded enemies who had poisoned the minds of the authorities against his Order. At last he was betrayed to his persecutors, imprisoned and tortured that he might recant his faith and reveal the names of Catholics and the hiding-places of other priests. This he steadfastly refused to do, but even upon the rack prayed for his torturers, and called for help upon "Our Lord Jesus and His moost sweete Ladye Mother." He was executed at Tyburn as a common criminal in February, 1595; and this poem is one of the last things he wrote, supposedly the Christmas before his execution:

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

Behold a silly,* tender Babe,

In freezing winter night,

In homely manger trembling lies,—
Alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed,

But forced is He with stupid beasts
In crib to shroud His head.

Despise Him not for lying here,

First what He is enquire:

An Orient pearl is often found
In depths of dirty mire.

Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor the beasts that by Him feed;

Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of state,

The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate;

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;

The Prince Himself is come from heaven,
This pomp is praised there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight!
Do homage to Thy King,

And highly praise this humble pomp,
Which He from heaven doth bring.

A very sweet carol of the same date is one beginning:

Come behold the Virgin Mother
Fondly leaning o'er her Child!

* Artless.

Nature shows not such another,
Glorious, holy, meek and mild.

But one of the quaintest is taken from the Swedish. It is called a macaronic carol, from the composite language employed, and has all the swing of the Scandinavian ballad:

Christ was born on Christmas Day,
Wreath the holly, twine the bay—
Christus natus hodie,—
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary!

He is born to set us free,
He is born Our Lord to be,—
Ex Maria Virgine,—
The God, the Lord, by all adored forever!

Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show—
Christus natus hodie,—
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary!

An old Warwickshire carol thus speaks of Our Lady:

She was a blessed Virgin,
And pure from every sin;
She was the handmaid of Our Lord,
And Mother of our King.

She is referred to also in the ancient Scottish ballad, "On Christmas Day in the Morning"; and the Breton carol, "The Angel Gabriel Came from God"; and among the Birmingham peasantry we hear even to-day:

A Virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, sin and hell.
Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside:
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born at this tide.

Another carol much in favor with the Irish is "All you that are to mirth inclined,"—the word mirth being used in the ancient sense, meaning religious joy rather than mere merriment:

All you that are to mirth inclined,
Consider well and bear in mind
What our good God for us hath done,
And to redeem our souls from thrall,
He is the Saviour of us all.

The night before in happy tide,
The spotless Virgin and her guide,
Went long time seeking up and down
To find them lodging in the town.

But mark how all things came to pass:
The inns and lodgings so filled was,

That they could have no room at all,
But in a silly oxen's stall.

That night the Virgin Mary mild
Was safe delivered of a Child,
According unto Heaven's decree
Man's sweet salvation for to be.

Within a manger He was laid,
The Virgin Mary by Him stayed,
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Being both mother, maid and wife;
And to redeem our souls from thrall,
He is the Saviour of us all.

A very pathetic carol, with its refrain of monkish Latin, contains the story of the birth and death of our Saviour, so often sung as a lullaby by those mothers of olden days who realized the importance of early impressing the childish mind with the great truths of religion:

There is a Child born of our Blessed Virgin,
I heard a maid lullaby to sing,
Peace my sweet Child of Thy weeping,
For Thou shalt be our heavenly King.
Now sing we, now sing we,
Gloria tibi Domine!

O Mother, O Mother, your wishes are naught!
It is not for Me peaceful carols are wrought.
For come you here, Mother, and you shall see
My hands and My feet nailed to the Rood tree.
But sing we, now sing we,
Gloria tibi Domine!

But of all these Christmas carols, perhaps none has more tenderness or gracefulness in its feeling toward Our Lady than a very old one entitled "The Virgin and her Child":

This winter's night
I saw a sight—
A star as bright as day,
And ever among
A Maiden sung
Lullay, by by, lullay.

This lovely Lady sat and sang and to her Child she said:

My son, my brother, my father dear, why lighest
Thou thus in hay?
My sweet bird,
Though it betide,
Thou sure art King veray,
And nevertheless
I will not cease
To sing by by, lullay.

The Child then spake, in His talking He to His
Mother said:

It happeneth, Mother, that I be King, in a crib
though I be laid;

For angels bright
Did down alight,
Thou knowest it is no nay;
And of that sight
Thou mayst delight
To sing by by, lullay.

Mary, Mother, I am thy Child, though I be laid
in stall;

Lords and dukes shall worship Me, and so shall
kinges all.

Now shall we see
That Kinges Three
Shall come on the Twelfth Day,
For this behest
On thy pure breast,
Sing Me, by by, lullay.

Tell me, sweet Son, I pray Thee, Thou art my
love and dear,

How should I keep Thee to Thy pay* and make
Thee glad of cheer?

For all Thy will
I would fulfil
Thou knowest full well in fay.†

My Mother dear, when time it be, take thou Me
up aloft,

And set Me fair upon thy knee and handle Me
full and oft;

And in thy arm,
Thou wilt keep Me warm,
And keep Me night and day.
If I should weep
And may not sleep,
Sing Me, by by, lullay.

Now, my sweet Son, since it is so all things are
at Thy will,

I pray Thee grant to me a boon, if it be right
and skill,‡

That child or man,
That will or can,
Be merry on Christmas Day,
To bless them bring,
And I shall sing,
Lullay, by by, lullay.

* Satisfaction. † In truth. ‡ Reasonable.

The Castle of Oldenburg.

BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

PART IV.

III.—SHADOWS.

HUMPHREY travelled day and
night, not touching Rome, and
sparing no outlay of strength
or money to shorten the road.
On the fifth day he was at Oldenburg,
spoke briefly with his father, and
pressed on to Fontenelle. It was morn-
ing when he reached it.

The Baron was the first to meet
him. His face lighted with relief when
he saw Humphrey, but at first neither
could speak.

"We have lost our son," the Baron
said at last.

"I can not ask about it," Humphrey
responded. "I would rather she told
me."

A spasm crossed the Baron's face.

"To you she may speak," he said,
"and you may bring her comfort.
We can not. She does not speak, nor
weep unless she is alone; but something
in her face fills me with fear."

"We must not fear death for her
now," Humphrey replied.

"It is the death of the mind, if the
body should live on, that I fear," was
the Baron's answer. "But you are
come to save us from despair."

A sense of his own weakness came
over Humphrey. What was he to be
trusted in as a rescue from death or
madness? He sought with his hand
for some support.

"Can I see her now?"

The Baron led him upstairs, and
left him.

"I will tell her," he said.

It was the same room where
Humphrey had seen her so often. As
he waited for her to come, his whole
mind was bent to try to believe in this
fact, which stood in front of him still,

CHRISTMAS BLOCK, or Christmas Log,
sometimes called also the Yule Log,
was in olden times, and is now in
countries where the old-fashioned open
fireplaces are still used, a large section
of a hewn tree, forming the backlog
of the Christmas fire.

a naked impossibility. Mirvan dead!

He noticed, with that acuteness of outward perception which sometimes accompanies keen mental suffering, that the room was in desolate disorder. So too, when Irène entered, he saw that she was all in black, with a kind of veil falling round her head and shoulders, but swept backward from her face. Something calmly cloistral in the dress was in strange and haggard contrast with her face, which was all hollowed and worn away by weeping. But her eyes now gazed at him from their sunken places as though they could never weep again. There was no recognition in them.

She came to him without a word. And there she would have fallen, but he caught her, and she leaned against him in silence.

"I am come," was all he said. And even these words he knew not that he had uttered.

When she spoke, her voice was unknown to Humphrey. The music he remembered was broken and lost, and he had to stoop his head to catch the toneless whisper.

"You drove it away. I am safe now until it comes again. Stay, don't move, or it will come back."

"I am here," Humphrey said again.

She took no notice, nor seemed aware of his presence, though she rested wearily against him. Again she spoke, but this time no articulate meaning reached him, albeit he strained every nerve to understand. The Baron's fear came and dwelt in his heart. Perhaps this was not Irène, but only the ruined shell; and the voice, but the lost echo in its hollow heart. Still the ghostly whispering continued; and Humphrey prayed, as he had never prayed before, that she might die wholly and not in part. It ceased, and she was so still that Humphrey thought his prayer had been answered. But suddenly she raised her head, and now Irène's eyes

looked at him for the first time, and it was her own voice that spoke.

"When did you come? Did you know I was alone?"

"I knew nothing," Humphrey replied. "I want you to tell me."

She moved backward a little, examining him earnestly. She spoke:

"How you are changed! When I saw you first you seemed the same. I suppose I saw only your soul. But, oh, how changed you are, and how sad!"

"Irène," Humphrey said, "why have you been silent all these weeks? Why have you not spoken to the Baron?"

"My father never loved him," she answered.

"You do him a deep wrong," Humphrey said. "He came to love and reverence him long before the end; and he is in sore trouble and fear about you now."

Perhaps the touch of reproach did more to restore Irène than anything else could have done. She answered simply:

"Poor father! I am selfish, and hurt everyone. I don't mean to be cruel. It is because I feel nothing any longer. I will talk to him."

Humphrey watched her, wondering whether speech or silence were best. He spoke:

"Tell me how he died."

"He died," she answered.

"Did he suffer?"

"Yes." Her face contracted. "I can't remember that now. You know suffering never seemed a part of him. At last he was quiet, but by that time I knew that he was gone."

The old spell of Humphrey's nature upon hers had taken effect for a moment, and she spoke quietly. But suddenly and without warning she broke out, her bodily stillness seeming to lend her spirit's protest a more passionate force.

"How could he leave me? How could he die if I loved him? Has Love no

power but to hurt and slay us? God is cruel to put love in our hearts at all. We could live without it, and die. But He sends it, and all for this!"

She was seated now, Humphrey still standing.

"There was no hope from the first. The others spoke of hope, but I knew I should be left alone; and he knew it. He knew he was dying, and his heart was broken for me. Death was nothing, but he knew that I should live when he was gone."

Her next words were spoken under her breath, but they reached Humphrey.

"How could it be wrong to do violence to the empty house?—to strike once, and be free to follow him?"

"You might not find him."

They were Humphrey's words.

She nodded as though he echoed her own fear.

Humphrey spoke:

"Tell me of anything he said."

"That is the worst of all," she answered. "I have forgotten. I have forgotten his face. I can not hear his voice. Soon I shall forget our love. I grope in the dark, out of reach of anything human that can hear or understand; my own mind turning back upon itself, searching through realms of emptiness and finding nothing. Do you know we lived together, one life, one soul, for ten years? He was in this room each day. Can you believe it now? He was never here. It was a cheat from the first."

She laughed.

"Dead and buried,—that is the only reality. No love, no remembrance, any more."

Humphrey was silent, and she began again:

"When you first came in I found him again for a moment, and then I thought I should die. Surely if I loved him enough, it would give me strength to die. It seems so simple, and yet the bars of life are round me on every

side. How can I live this that is called life? If I could even go mad! But I only wander for a while, and come back again to this world of terror. God and Religion go on, but Love dies. The one thing I knew is gone. How can I live without it?"

She looked at him in desperate entreaty.

"You came to help me. If you can not help me I am lost."

But from Humphrey no word came. He felt as one might who has drawn a drowning creature onto a rock in mid-seas, to whom it clings as its last and only hope. "You are come to save us from despair," the Baron had said. "Unless you help me I am lost,"—Irene's last words were still in his ears. She knew not what she asked; but she asked it of him and of none other, and his soul rose up in answer to the call. He knew that in this deep trouble where she wandered her only living hope lay in him.

"I am going to the monastery to think and pray alone. When I can, I will come to you again."

She hesitated, and then said:

"I trust you. I know you will not desert me. I will wait."

"God be with you!" he answered, and went away.

IV.—VOCATION.

Humphrey went straight to the monastery chapel and tried to pray. It was a little after noon, and he remained kneeling for hours. He remembered afterward that he had heard the chanting of the monks at Vespers and Benediction, as one hears a distant river in a dream. About midnight the Abbot came to him and touched him on the shoulder. Humphrey looked up.

"I am tired," he said. "I can not find God."

"My son," Anselm answered, "you must rest, and find God to-morrow. He is never tired of waiting."

He led Humphrey to a cell, where refreshment and a comfortable bed had been prepared; and, with the accustomed blessing, but no word more, he left him alone.

Humphrey lay down, still in a kind of trance. The cold, vaulted cell only deepened the sense that he was dead, and lay in the tomb awaiting God's call to lift him again to life. Then his eyes closed.

It was still very early when he returned to Fontenelle, and the peace of the morning lay upon the woods and in his heart. As he wandered in the garden, he tried to realize the life that now lay before him, and before Irène, but he could not. Instead, his mind was thronged with thoughts and visions of the dead. He saw him again as he had seen him last, his eyes darkened and beautified by the mystery of his love. Humphrey could not picture him as suffering or fading or dying. In Irène's presence he could remember it; but here, in the forest, the image of Mirvan refused to take on the hues and shadows of death. It came to him brilliant, and unconquerably alive, making his own existence seem shadow-like and strange. He closed his eyes and let it have its way, while the wind and the sunshine wandered over his hands and face.

There was a rustling of the leaves, then a stillness, and he looked up. Was it the risen spirit of the past? At a distance of a few paces stood a child, in a black tunic, with folded hands, and eyes set upon his in an earnest and scrutinizing stare. Humphrey could only look in silence. So vividly like Mirvan in its form and feature and the sylvan shyness of its gaze, so expressive of the spirit of Irène in its delicate, fugitive bearing, that for a moment Humphrey could not believe it to be mortal, and thought their love had taken visible shape before him for his comfort, to prove the nothingness of

the grave. But as he looked, the resemblances and similitudes fell away, and he saw the child himself, frail, helpless, solitary, and yet instinct with the majesty of individual life. Humphrey covered his eyes. A sharp pain, which all his faith and fortitude could not quell, pierced him with a sense of the forlorn mystery of human life, and its pitiless progression from beauty to decay, its unanswered questions, its doubtful, flickering hopes.

Something softly plucked his sleeve. The child had drawn near, and was looking in his face.

"I thought you were a saint," he said. "Only now you are sad, and they were always happy."

Humphrey laid his hand on the boy's head.

"Some of the saints were sadder than you can imagine," he answered. "Yet they were happy too. There is a sadness that is better than joy, and holds joy in its heart."

"Will she be always sad?" he asked. "Will she never sleep at night now? I try to keep awake so hard, to pray to God for her; but while I am trying it is morning."

Humphrey said:

"Pray for your mother, my child, before you sleep, and be as happy as you can."

"Do you pray for her?"

"Yes," Humphrey answered. "I have prayed for her since before you were born."

"Are you come from paradise to call her away to God? Oh, take me too if she is going!"

He burst into bitter sobs.

Humphrey tenderly folded the child in his arms.

"Don't cry, darling!" he said. "We will stay here together. God is good whatever He does."

But the child sobbed on, repeating in desolate tones:

"God is good! God is good!" until

his crying quieted into an exhausted sleep.

As Humphrey looked down upon him, and saw his delicate face, marred with weeping, and listened to his restless, broken breathing, he realized, for the first time fully, that this was the child of Irène and Mirvan. The knowledge came to him with a shock. From the time of his leaving the mountain monastery up to the moment of this spirit-like appearance in the woods, he had not once remembered this new life. Through the haunted haste of his unresting journey, in his yesterday's meeting with Irène, in his last night's vigil, he had always thought of her as alone. The child he had utterly forgotten.

Looking up, he saw Irène approaching over the grass. They walked in silence toward the rising sun, Humphrey still carrying the little one, now in a deep sleep.

Her first words were of the child.

"You have found my son," she said.

Humphrey looked down on him, with a smile.

"He came to me," he answered. "You must guard him well, if you would keep him. It is a frail bird to have felt the tempest so early."

"It will be sad for him to live with sadness," Irène said.

"You have found the help I could not find for you yesterday."

"It came from you," she replied.

"I had lost everything—love and faith and memory, my power to live and strength to suffer. Even my love was dead, and yet I could not die. You came, and it was as if Love's very self were drawing me back to life through sorrow and remembrance. I could live because I could remember him. You left me, but your spirit stayed. Your spirit—that is Love's spirit—watched by me all the night, while the vision of his face grew clearer hour by hour. It seemed you guarded it lest it should

fade away. But the morning came, and it was still there. Love like yours is like God's."

She had spoken without haste or passion, with an even intensity most unlike her manner of yesterday.

Humphrey turned his face away to hide its thankfulness.

"My child," he answered, "hold fast and passionately cherish your love for the soul that is gone. Let him continually live on in you,—in your thoughts, in your life, in your constant hope. If you lose the vision for a time, believe that it will return, and do not let yourself despair."

"When you are gone," Irène said, "I will remember those words. I will try to live like that."

Humphrey looked at her keenly.

"You will not fail," he said. "But I am not going away. I shall be always near, to add my strength to yours."

She waited for him to say more, and he continued:

"I am going to seek admission as a monk to the brotherhood in the forest, there to live and die. This dress I wear to-day will soon be mine always. In prayer and contemplation life will not seem long; and when you need me, I will come."

"And your great future? And the long training now wasted?"

As he hesitated for an answer, she said, almost to herself:

"It is a great sacrifice."

Humphrey was silent, wondering how far he might speak.

"Irène," he said at last, "God can lead the soul sometimes by strange paths to the home of its longing, that through dark ways of hope and effort it may travel to reach a goal it never dreamed of at the first. So has it been with me. This long training you speak of is not wasted. It has, though I knew it not, prepared me for the resolution of to-day. All my life long I have looked onward to some final

act of devotion and of love. Now it has come, and the manner of it only is changed. When I left you yesterday I was blinded and confused. Now, to-day, I see clearly."

V.—CONCLUSION.

When Humphrey told Anselm of the change in his resolution, the Abbot accepted it without comment. If he felt disappointed on this sudden fall of his long hopes, he did not let it appear. He had seen Humphrey's face in the chapel, and could not question his decision. Moreover, the Abbot was growing old. It was thirty years since the day he had first seen the child Humphrey, and prefigured for him a great destiny,—thirty years spent in an increasing indifference to appearance and opinion, and a deepening faith in the invisible realities that move the soul. His only words to Humphrey on the subject were:

"You are quite certain about this sacrifice of your vocation?"

"It is no sacrifice," Humphrey replied. "This, too, is a vocation."

So Anselm's words to Sebastian were fulfilled, not as he had meant, and Humphrey became one of the brotherhood in the forest. There, where his religious life had first taken wing, it came to its final resting-place. He never repented the cancelling of his worldly career. Judged by that world's standards of efficiency, he had failed, even of the purpose for which he cancelled it. There was room in his heart for gladness, but no room for regret.

And beyond this, and over against the nominal losses the world counts great, there was one great, one incomparable gain.

In telling his father of the change in his future, Humphrey had said:

"So now I shall be always near you."

And Sebastian had not answered him in words.

(The End.)

The Lamb of God.

BY DENIS ALOYSIUS MCCARTHY.

"SHEPHERD, shepherd of the wold,
Whither dost thou hasten thus?
Shepherd, we command thee, hold!
Tell thy errand unto us!
We of Herod's household are,
And we seek within this wild,
Tidings of a mystic Star
And a new-born kingly Child.
Thou shalt be rewarded well
If of these thou hast to tell!"

"What know I of lofty things,—
I a shepherd of the wold?
What know I of courts and kings,—
I a shepherd poor and old?
But I hasten ere the day
To a stable lone and lorn,
On a hillside far away,
Where a little Lamb is born.
Sirs, I pray you, let me on,
That I find it 'fore the dawn!"

"Out upon thee, shepherd gray,
Babbling of thy calling thus,—
Babbling in thy dotard way
Of a little lamb to us!
Hie thee on thy way apace,
Lest we lose our patience, and
Scourge thy back and mark thy face
With thy Lord King Herod's brand!
Not of little lambs we speak—
'Tis a king, a king, we seek!"

So the shepherd onward sped
(Gray old man of scanty wit)
Till he found the lonely shed
(Flamed a bright Star over it).
Entered through the doorway rude—
While his being thrilled with awe,—
And beheld a crib of wood
And a Babe upon the straw;
There he bowed him to the sod,
Worshipping the Lamb of God!

THE more sublime and profound the gaze with which the Mother of God contemplates the face of the Eternal King, the greater her compassion and tenderness of heart for the unfortunate.

—St. Amadeus.

How Carter Spent the Holiday.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

IN an unlovely frame of mind, Billy Carter reported at the city room of the San Francisco *Morning Standard*, at one o'clock on Christmas afternoon. The streets were thronged with merry-makers in holiday attire, luxuriously idle. Along the curbs the flower-sellers were doing a flourishing business, wreaths of scarlet toyon berries strung on their arms and heaped high beside them; their baskets filled with violets, pinks, and roses of bewildering beauty.

"Bunch of flowers, sir, for your best girl?" and one of the roguish Italian vendors had thrust the fragrant Christmas blossoms in his face. "Only a dime, sir!"

Billy had recklessly handed him a quarter, selected a bunch of pink carnations, and, with a courtly bow, handed them to the old newswoman at the Fountain. Like himself, she was a worker, compelled to be out on all occasions and in all weathers. He had lifted his hat and escaped from her surprised thanks into the entrance hall of the *Standard* Building, where one elevator cage was out of commission, and he had to wait for the other to return from its skyward trip. The elevator boy was an affront in himself, wearing a smart new suit of blue serge, and a brilliant new scarf and pin, which smacked of Christmas tree or stocking, and the holiday spirit beamed offensively from his face.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Carter!" he said, as he opened the door of the cage. "And do they make you work on a day like this? Well, well! A reporter's life is a dog's life, isn't it?"

Billy responded shortly to the salutation. He had put his Christmas greeting in Jack's pocket the night before.

"Seems to me you're on deck yourself to-day, Jack."

"Aw, that's nothing!" replied the boy, closing the door and starting on the upward run. "The three of us are dividing duty to-day. I chose the morning shift; for that lets me off for the ball game across the bay this afternoon,—see? This is my last trip."

Billy imagined that he heard his name called as he started down the narrow hallway. All room for imagination fled as, standing on the threshold of the "local," he heard it roared. To be a quarter of a minute late at detail hour, on a metropolitan newspaper, savors of defection on the eve of battle; and he hastened into the glass office, conscious of pitying glances that followed him.

The city editor was off for the day; and his assistant, after putting the afternoon's work in shape, had betaken himself to a club luncheon, leaving book and desk in charge of the second assistant, a shifting functionary, in this case represented by Barker, the City Hall man, with the ambition of a general and the capacity of a martinet. He frowned heavily as the young man entered.

"You are late, Mr. Carter," he said severely, glancing at the clock face above the door.

"Really, Barker, you ought to have the man bounced who regulates these clocks," replied Billy calmly, opening his own watch and displaying hands that, by a little harmless manipulation in the elevator, had been made to point precisely to the hour.

Barker angrily felt for his own watch, remembering just in time that it had been left with a commercial friend as security for a slight loan,—a condition perennial, upon which Carter had reckoned. Defeated, he relapsed into a semblance of urbanity.

"There's a rather promising Christmas scrap up at No. 9 Black Alley, Carter, that I want you to look after.

Drunken row, one woman stabbed, a man's jaw broken, another one with an eye gouged out. Get the story; there's not much in it for us. And before you come back, take a run out to the Children's Hospital and see what kind of a day they're having. Oh, by the way, Carter, you sketch a little, don't you? If the woman's going to die, bring me something I can use by way of illustration,—a diagram of the place, if you can't get anything else. I'm short of artists to-day. Get in your copy early and you can have to-night off. There isn't much doing."

Carter stopped at his desk a moment to pocket a pad of drawing paper. The staff was noticeably short; for all who could had secured leave of absence, and some of those who could not secure lawful authority to celebrate, had taken an unlawful leave. Those he passed hailed him dispiritedly. Just why holiday greetings should be tabooed in newspaper offices, even the case-hardened seem unable to explain. Perhaps they are too poignant reminders. It was because Carter was young, and new to the work, that he missed them.

"Great Scott!" he said to himself. "Black Alley and a hospital of little maimed children! A cheerful assignment for Christmas Day!"

Out in the street he pursued his gloomy reflections. Much good the "night off" would do him! Across the bay, over on Piedmont Heights, there was to be a big, old-fashioned house-party, beginning that afternoon and lasting until the morrow. To have been bidden to it at all was a very special honor; but to Billy Carter the import of the invitation was that it would give him the opportunity to meet a certain beautiful girl, whose orbit and his own seldom crossed, and who was a particular friend of the hostess. Billy fully realized that to him this beautiful girl was as unattain-

able as a star; but to have joined the party at Piedmont on this most memorable day of all the year, would have been some slight solace. He fell to calculating whether it would be possible to finish his work, snatch a bite to eat, get into evening attire, make the hour-and-a-half journey to the Piedmont house, and arrive there at a conscionable hour; but was fain to dismiss the idea as unfeasible. Instead, Black Alley and the Children's Hospital! Then, because, although he was young, he was very much of a man, Billy squared his shoulders and marched on.

Black Alley lies well within the bounds of that delectable district of San Francisco known as Barbary Coast. You will not find it put down in the directories, for the reason that the name is one of compliment, bestowed upon it by reason of its long and consistent record in the annals of local crime. Time was when it housed tenants of the highest respectability, and its quaint high-hung balconies were gay with flowers. A young art student once went forth from its modest shelter to achieve a world-wide fame. But the days of its decadence came swiftly. A deadly pestilence of crime seized upon it, and people of good repute could no longer afford to give an address there. Abandoned by the decent and law-abiding, it grew notorious from one deed of violence after another, until Shame, Poverty and Crime became its recognized tenantry. Such quarters as Black Alley have no right to existence in the most beautiful city of the world; and they are being wiped out as fast as honest citizenship, struggling against official corruption, can efface them.

Carter had no difficulty in finding Number 9. About its door the crowd was thickest, and blue-helmeted officers were enforcing order. The morgue wagon waited ominously at the end of the Alley, and the clang of gong and

rattle of wheels around the corner proclaimed the approach of an ambulance.

"You can't get in. Nobody ain't 'lowed in the house," jeered the outposts scornfully, as Billy elbowed his way toward the entrance. The young man succeeded in laying hold of an officer's sleeve, addressing him with easy familiarity, and a way was at once opened for him.

"It's the doctor!" whispered one.

"'Tis the coroner!" said another.

"Get out with doctor and your coroner!" cried a tall fellow, who, looking over the heads of the throng, beheld Billy scribbling down memoranda as he talked with the policemen. "It's a reporter. It'll all be in the papers to-morrow!"

The word was taken up and repeated with a relish: "It'll all be in the papers to-morrow!" "An' their pictures!" "An' the knife he cut her wid!"

The room Carter entered looked as if a cyclone had raged in it. The few articles of furniture it had contained were smashed to kindling wood; and the floor was littered with broken bottles, crumbled plaster, tattered garments, playing cards, and fragments of food, with a baby's nursing-bottle in their midst. Three battered individuals, wearing iron bracelets and in various stages of inebriety, were ranged along one wall, with a couple of policemen standing guard over them. On a ragged comforter in one corner lay the woman, their victim, unconscious, breathing in the short, infrequent gasps that tell of approaching dissolution. Coarse featured and middle-aged as she was, with the marks of dissipation written over her countenance, Carter bared his head. The blood that dripped from the wound in her side had formed a little scarlet rivulet which was making its way toward the nursing-bottle. Scarcely knowing what he did, Billy put out his foot and sent the bottle flying across the floor.

"Pretty tough, ain't it?" said a voice in his ear, and he became aware that the policeman to whom he had spoken at the door had come in and was standing beside him. "It's the babies that get me. Let the grown people go hang for their sins, I say; but the little children born into this sort of thing, starved, kicked about, forgotten, unfed—they're too much for me. There's a little fellow here you ought to see—"

But here the arrival of the ambulance cut the dissertation short.

There was a brief conflict between the drivers of the morgue wagon and the driver of the ambulance, ultimately decided in favor of the hospital.

It was truly a gala day in Black Alley. Excitement followed excitement, and sensation followed sensation. First a rabble of men and boys hooted the morgue wagon out of sight. Next a procession of women and children, some of them with wet eyes, quietly followed the ambulance in which they had seen their friend and neighbor tenderly placed, until the driver, reaching the levels, lashed his horses to a gallop and out-distanced them. The patrol wagon had its attendant train of older men, many of whom had previously availed themselves of its transportation; and some of these, climbing upon the rear step, shouted friendly words of advice to its muddled passengers. A few of the elder women dispersed quietly to their homes.

"And where's Josie?" Billy Carter heard one of them ask.

"The old maid at the corner, who took the baby, took him too," replied the other.

"Poor little kid! I'm thinkin' 'twould be a mercy an' he lay by his mother's side, an' the morgue wagon had 'em both," said the first speaker; and their voices faded away down the Alley.

Carter ran back into the house to make a rough diagram of the rooms.

They were three in number, each more squalid than the preceding; the one at the rear little more than a dark closet, lighted only by a single pane of glass high in the wall. As he stepped across the threshold something moved in one corner, then was still. Carter dimly saw a dark object huddled there. Was it a dog,—some forlorn cur that had attached itself to the degraded household, but had gone into retreat at the approach of strangers? He advanced toward it, speaking reassuringly, and holding out his hand. With a queer, crab-like movement, the animal fled from him, until it reached the point where the square of light fell upon the floor, and Carter saw that it was a child. Never had he seen a more forlorn little being. Matted dark locks hung over its restless black eyes, which darted looks of suspicion and fear, like some wild creature caught in a trap. The emaciated face might have been comely were it not that it bore the distorted aspect of suffering. The secret of the crab-like movement was explained when a pair of crooked legs came into view. The little fellow looked famished. He could not be left there.

Carter remembered the speech of the woman at the door, concerning the child who would be better off in the morgue wagon along with his mother. Could he turn him over to the tender mercies of the neighborhood, with his little crooked body?

All this while man and child had not once taken their eyes off each other.

"Josie," said Billy Carter gravely, "I think you and I have an assignment at the Children's Hospital."

Tenderly he lifted the elf in his strong arms; and, searching about for something to throw over the nondescript garments in which Josie was clad, he could find only a tattered plaid shawl hanging on a nail. This he wrapped about the little one, and started for the street. Some vague idea

crossed his mind of making a stop at a neighboring candy shop and relieving the child's famished condition; but, happily, doubts as to his own discretion in matters of juvenile diet assailed him. With the newspaper man's habit of going straight toward his purpose, he made a bee line down Montgomery Street toward California, on whose line the hospital was situated, three miles out, in the direction of the ocean.

The crowds were thinning in downtown districts; and near California, in the heart of the office district, the streets were almost deserted. If he expected to find the cars in a like condition, he was booked for disappointment. They were gathering their loads at the Ferry, and the first one that stopped was crowded on platforms and dummy. But there was seat-room at the front end of the car, and Billy made his way thither, through an atmosphere freighted with the fragrance of flowers. Until that moment it had not occurred to him that upon this particular line of cars he was most likely to encounter some acquaintances, and to be caught Van Bibbering on a street car was not at all to his taste. Therefore he held his head very high and tried to get into his seat unperceived, but stumbled over something and very nearly perforated the glass in the front door with his head. A groan told him that he had done serious injury.

"I beg your pardon, Madam!"

"You well may, sir!" said a stout elderly lady, glaring at him.

"Really, I could not very well help it," began poor Billy, his face crimson after an unpleasant trick it had.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that there wasn't room on the floor for you to pass, with my feet there?"

"Not at all, not at all!" said Billy hastily, plumping down on the seat, with Josie in his arms, and thereby snapping off the end of a superb bunch of "American Beauty" roses the

lady beside him was holding. He had meant to explain that he could not see the floor by reason of the burden he carried, but could not well apologize further while under fire.

"Will you be good enough to let me pick up my broken roses?" said the lady beside him.

"I'm really very sorry!" exclaimed Billy, recovering the crushed flowers and handing them to her.

"It's of no importance whatever," was the icy reply. "I was merely carrying them to a sick friend, and can not possibly replace them."

By this time the attention of the entire car was concentrated upon the unhappy Billy and his charge, who, tiring of long inaction and his restraining covering, began to contort himself, and to kick with all the power of which his crooked legs were capable.

"Let's look out of the window, Josie," said Billy, with outward composure, but an inward ferment of terror. "Look at the pretty houses, Josie!" They were gliding past the "Nob Hill mansions." "See the rosebushes covered with flowers, and the big bird on the lawn. Look at the great white lions. See the auto! Would you like to ride in an auto some day, Josie?"

"An auto!" sniffed the old lady, contemptuously, to her companion. "With the child all in rags, and its hair looking like it ain't been combed for a month! He's got himself up all spick and span, but I think I'd wipe the tear marks off the little creature's face before I'd bring it out on Christmas Day."

"Look at the big dog and the little boy running across the street, Josie. See, the little boy is patting him on the head."

Billy was trying to maintain an air of dignified unconsciousness. Was the child deaf and dumb, that he remained insensible to all his efforts, refusing to look out of the window, and gazing

stony across at the stout woman? The young man tried a new tack, and thrusting his hand deep into his trousers-pocket, brought out a handful of miscellaneous curios, which he silently held before the little fellow. Pencils, penknife, a silver dollar, a match-case, some wooden toothpicks. Josie regarded them indifferently for several moments, then made a sudden dive for a toothpick, and immediately demonstrated his knowledge of its use by thrusting it into his mouth and closing his lips over it.

"Man! Do you want to kill the baby?" shrieked the stout woman, leaning across the car and seizing, not untenderly, upon Josie's shoulder with one hand, while she held the other under his mouth. "Spit it out, there's a good child! Don't you know if he runs the sharp point agen the roof of his mouth, it'll go through into his brain and be the death of him, young man?"

But Josie had proved his possession of eardrums by obediently discharging the deadly implement into the stout woman's hand. He was about to prove his possession of a tongue. Stiffening his spine with a suddenness that almost flopped him out of Carter's arms, his pent-up anguish found expression in a long-drawn-out howl.

"Dad licked me!" he announced, with startling distinctness.

Billy Carter felt like one indicted with crime in open court. Could the passengers imagine that he stood in a paternal relation to the youngster? He felt all eyes fixed upon him? Why would not some kindly fate confer upon him the boon of annihilation then and there?

There was a movement at the end of the car, a rustle of silken petticoats, a slender figure bending over the child, the sweetest voice in the world speaking in his ear. To Billy it was as if a star had fallen from heaven to console him in his hour of need. The "beautiful

girl" stood before him, her arms extended.

"Mr. Carter, let me take the baby!" she pleaded. Then, as the shawl fell away, uncovering the deformed legs in their ragged stockings and shoes: "Oh, you poor little cripple! Where did you pick him up, Mr. Carter?"

She had taken his seat, and the baby had cuddled up contentedly against her soft laces. Carter, holding on to the strap above, bent over her and spoke low. It was easy to explain himself to those friendly, expectant eyes, but quite another matter to take his belligerent neighbors into his confidence.

"Up on Barbary Coast. His mother had been hurt. She was in rather a bad way." (He would not shock the girl with any faintest hint of the doings of Black Alley.) "There didn't seem to be anybody in particular to look after the youngster, and I thought maybe they could straighten his limbs at the Children's Hospital. Do you think they'll take him in? I've heard they're always overcrowded, with a long waiting list."

"Oh, I'm sure they will! Won't you let me go with you and help? You know I'm one of the Young Ladies' Auxiliary, and I know the management very well."

Would he let her? Could mortal man object to permitting the chief star of the heavens to shine upon his way? He thanked her with a look. A hand came between them,—a large hand, fat and strong, that had done hard work. It held out a cookie, which the child clutched eagerly, munching it with infinite satisfaction. The stout woman spoke, and her voice was singularly sympathetic and conciliatory.

"You're right, young man, about the Children's Hospital. They'll give the baby a pair of good legs, if they can be made good in this world. This is my getting-off place, and I wish you two

young people a merry Christmas and many of them!"

When they too left the car they discovered that Josie was carrying a bunch of "American Beauty" roses, with all the thorns carefully removed.

For a half-hour they waited in the quiet room of the hospital matron, while their small charge was receiving the attention necessary before he could mix with the other children. From the end of the long corridor came echoes of a minor pandemonium and the tinkle of childish laughter. A long silence fell between them. It was broken by the girl.

"I think this is the real Christmas of it," she said, and the eyes she lifted to him were wet and shining. Then somehow her hand fluttered toward his, and for one precious moment he held it in his own.

It was a new Josie, refreshed by a bath, combed and fed and clad in dainty cambric, who came back to them on the matron's arm; and the two shared the bliss of the child's initiation into a new and kindly world, where the crippled and deformed and convalescent made gay with holiday playthings; and Joy, for the time being, stood conqueror over Pain.

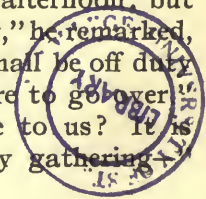
They parted at the door of her home on Pacific Heights.

"So you did not go to the house-party," he said, as they stood for a moment looking out beyond the Golden Gate, through which a great ship, with white pinions outspread, was sailing out upon the infinite waters.

"No. Father does not like to have any of us away from home on this day of the year. And you?"

"Oh, I felt pretty sore over being chained to my work this afternoon; but I don't think I mind now," he remarked, quite impersonally. "I shall be off duty to-night, but I don't care to go over

"Then, will you come to us? It is to be only a little family gathering."



She was oddly embarrassed, nervously stripping off the leaves of the climbing Gold of Ophir rose that curtained the porch, a pink flush mantling the lovely averted face.

"Wearing your colors? Gladly!"

His heart pounded so hard that it shook his voice, but he reached out his hand, and she dropped into it a rose with all the tints of sunset glowing in its heart.

A Memory of Penal Days.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.



HE turf fire had burned down to a heap of luminous ashes, and the frost was forming fantastic pictures on the panes, as Patrick O'Boyle sat in the wide window-seat and peered anxiously into the night. All day heavy showers of snow had fallen, and the track across the valley was long and rugged for the feeble feet of Father John; but in the eyes of the boy who came with his dying mother's request upon his lips, there was such passionate entreaty that the tender heart of the old priest went out to both in their trouble. When had he turned a deaf ear to an appeal, or let a sick call go unanswered, though the journey were far, and the danger he ran enough to make a strong man quail? He was worn with age and many sorrows; with secret hiding, and the ever-present dread of bringing disaster upon those who gave him shelter; for these were the days when lawless men walked abroad, and valued the head of a priest at the same price as that of a wolf.

That was why the deadly fear made Patrick O'Boyle's face grow pale as he watched Father John setting forth with his young guide,—the loving haste of the boy keeping him some paces in advance;

while the old *soggarth*, thrusting his stout stick into the snow at every step, limped painfully and slowly after. He had held a station that morning in Hugh Hagan's of Derrybeg; and down in the herdsman's cottage at the Cross-roads the room was being prepared for Midnight Mass. There were so many avenues of escape in case of alarm that that humble abode was chosen in preference to others more commodious; and up in the rafters among the thatch the sacred vestments lay hidden. In a little while the pious people would be stealing along by hedge and river-bank to share in the blessing they must seek by stealth. The priest-hunters had been unusually active of late; and in the town that forenoon, Sam Young, the yeoman captain, was heard to boast as he swaggered through the market-place, that there was rare sport waiting on him and his merry fellows whenever they chose to follow it, and prime news might be looked for before another daybreak.

Patrick O'Boyle recalled this as he leaned forward in the window-seat, his strained gaze fixed on the white road winding away in the distance. He dared not light the Christmas candle on the birth-eve of the Redeemer, lest the glare should bring a suspicious eye upon the house; nor venture beyond his threshold, lest the open door should tempt some belated yeoman reeling homeward from his revels. Once under his own roof he had no fear for the priest's safety. Down below in the cellar, that had been a stillroom, Father John's prayers could rise to Heaven undisturbed; and his sleep there, as he had often assured his host, was sweet and peaceful,—blotting out all memory of his persecuted old age, and leaving him a happy child again in his dear mother's embrace. Now he wandered unprotected in the valley, and the sleuth-hounds were upon the trail of such as he.

To the watcher at the window the moments dragged drearily enough, and drowsiness threatened to overcome him, when, to his relief, he noticed a figure, thrown into bold prominence against the background of snow, creep cautiously up the loaning, and knock softly on the pane. In haste Patrick rose to confront his visitor. He had recognized the herdsman from the Crossroads, and one question only could be first between them.

"What is your news, Phil,—good or bad?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Bad, I'm afraid," said the herdsman in a whisper; "for word's gone the rounds that the yeomen are out an' after Father John. I've sent all the neighbors home, an' now I'm goin' with my wife to her father's place; there's a fear on her, an' she can't stay. Maybe it's a false alarm, but God help us an' the poor country these bitter times! They say Captain Sam's at the end of his tether, an' his men are callin' for more pay; so he swore to them that he'd have a fine string of shaven heads for their Christmas sports. Some traitor must have told about the station an' the Midnight Mass."

Patrick O'Boyle ground his teeth and raised his strong, clinched hands on high.

"Is this never to have an end, my God?" he cried. "Do You hear me, this holy night, that is turned by wicked men into a night of evil and terror? Or is Your heart so turned against Your own people that You will not listen? Oh, why, my God,—why? Are our sins so red that You can not forgive? Then punish us as we deserve; but the old priest—he is sinless and in the snare of the torturers. Ah, save him, save him, merciful God!"

Tears streamed down his cheeks, and heavy sobs stopped the sorrowing supplication.

"Amen!" said the herdsman, as he turned to go. "But, O my *soggarth!*

it's you were kind and good always, an' the heart in you never hardened to the poor sinner. *Mavrone! mavrone!* that it's hunted down you should be an' you so frail an' lonely! What use is our heart's blood, that is yours, when we can't spill it to save you?"

"God is everywhere," said Patrick O'Boyle in changed tones, unlike his wild utterance of a moment before. "He knows best the soul that is fitted to enter His kingdom. Life and death are in His hands."

He went back to his post again, and gazed forth with an added eagerness, until his breath melted the festoons of frost, and transformed them into tiny rivers of moisture.

Suddenly he started. Was that a faint, far-away tinkling, or perhaps the throbbing of his own leaping pulse? No: the sound rose and fell in rhythm, like the swinging beat of a bell; and as he marvelled, a light shone out from the herdsman's cottage,—a steady light, not that of a candle nor the flickering glow of a fire, but a clear, all-pervading radiance that seemed to shine from every corner of the house at once. What could it be, he queried, crossing himself devoutly. Had Father John returned in safety to prepare for the Midnight Mass? He would go and see.

So he stole gently from the house and crossed the hard, white road as noiselessly as a shadow, until he stood under the low little window from which the haunting chime seemed to come most clearly. An uncontrollable cry burst from him, and he fell on his knees in the snow. He could look quite easily into the room where stood the deal table decked as an altar, with the covered chalice resting thereon. But Father John, standing with bent grey head in the *Confiteor*, seemed changed somehow. The torn vestments were the same, the slender figure and trembling tones had the old pathetic familiarity; but the face, which, as the

priest turned round, he could see distinctly, had a high look of holy joy too pure for earth. It was full of a rapturous glory, trustful and serene; and as he knelt outside in the cold night, all fear and bitterness passed away like a dream from the heart of Patrick O'Boyle. Half-unconsciously he answered the Mass, as he had been wont to do in secret; and through it the sweet, soft chanting of angel voices hovered in the air—

Gloria in Excelsis Deo,—
Gloria, gloria!

His own voice sounded clear and unfaltering; and at the lifting of the Host, the Mass-bell rang in a silvery monotone that made a music earthly ears were unworthy to hear. As Father John gave the last blessing, the watcher saw him look toward the window with a smile as loving as it was fleeting; for in a second the light that filled the whole house died out, leaving the place in darkness.

Patrick sprang to his feet, and rushing to the door, knocked sharply. There was no response.

"Father John! Father John!" he cried, "come with me quickly! The soldiers are out!"

Still the silence and darkness brooded around him, and far off could be heard faintly the sound of hoarse shouting.

"O Father John, do open the door and let me in, I beg of you! They're coming along the highroad. I hear them singing,—can't you hear it, too? But we have time, if you will make speed."

He leaned heavily against the door, waiting until it should open. And it opened gently and slowly. He stepped into the kitchen, where his imploring call echoed back from emptiness. He groped his way through the room over to the window, outside which he knelt so short a time previously, still begging the old priest to hasten. A faint glow from the road showed him that the

house was without occupant save himself, and he strove to understand what had happened. Nearer and nearer came the wild singing of the yeomen. What quarry had they found to-night that their jubilation was so assured? He closed the door securely and stooped low, beside the window, to watch them pass.

They were almost upon the house now, and his eye caught the gleam of their swinging lanterns. Two of them, shouting loudest and most vilely, drew along the road a hurdle which heaved from side to side as it met the rugged, snow-covered stones. A huddled black figure stretched upon it swayed with the jolting,—a black figure that seemed neither to hear the insults of its persecutors nor feel the keen lash of the whip that quivered above it. It almost rolled off as they passed the herdsman's cottage, and a halt was made to rearrange the order of procession into the town. The quiet form on the hurdle was rudely seized and flung once more into its former position. Then the lanterns were flashed upon it with many curses; and, to secure it better, a rope was roughly tied across.

To his horror, Patrick O'Boyle saw the wasted, blood-stained face of Father John—whose Mass he had served but a short while before. He gave a gasp and sank back unconscious. When he awakened the gold streaks of dawn were shooting across the eastern sky, and Christmas Day had again borne its message of peace and good-will to the world. As he rose, dazed and weary, the recollection of the tragedy he had witnessed flashed upon his mind; but his heart cried out that it could not be, this cruel, cruel deed, and refused to believe.

His wife met him beyond their doorstep, her eyes full of tears and anguish.

"Is the priest safe below, Mary?" he called as she neared him; but she shook her head in speechless grief. By

degrees, as he strove to soothe her, he learned the fate that had befallen the poor old *soggarth*. He had been overtaken by the yeomen as he tried to cross Hamilton's Meadow, a short cut that would save him a mile's tramp by the road. They had seen him moving along in the shadow of the hedge, and gave chase. It was an easy capture; and then they tied him, buffeted and scourged, to a hurdle and dragged him over ditch and roadway. His soul had escaped before they reached the Crossroads; so it was no imaginary spectacle Patrick O'Boyle had looked upon, but the dead priest himself—dear old Father John,—beyond all earthly hurt or harm.

"I shall not pray bad prayers on them," said Patrick O'Boyle, when the sad recital was ended; "for I served his Christmas Mass last night, which he stopped here to say on his flight toward heaven. I saw the forgiveness in his eyes, and I'll never forget it; and, for his sake, I can only cry with him, 'Forgive *them*, Father; for they know not what they do!'"

When the herdsman returned to his home on St. Stephen's Day, he found it just as he had left it. There was no sign of a chalice anywhere, and up in the rafters the old priest's vestments lay safe and undisturbed.

Oh, keep those days, those Penal days!
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

CHRISTMAS FERN is a plant whose fronds remain green throughout the winter. Christmas rose, or Christmas flower, is so called because the open rose-like flower of the plant blossoms during the winter months.

CHRISTMASTIDE, or Christmas time, is the specific name for that part of the Liturgical Year that extends from Christmas Day to the Feast of the Purification, February 2.

A Midnight Mass in Brittany.

NO one who has ever attended Midnight Mass needs to be told how greatly the usual impressiveness of the Holy Sacrifice is then enhanced by the solemnity of the hour and the silent calm of the exterior world. Whether it be celebrated in some humble village chapel without grandeur of ceremonial or jubilant bursts of music, or in the vast cathedral of a Catholic city with all the pomp and splendor which the Church's liturgy recognizes as congruous to the observance of perhaps her greatest festival; whether it be the ordinary low Mass, or the most solemn pontifical high one,—all the attendants thereat experience unwonted devotion and fervor and religious joy.

As star differs from star in glory, so may Midnight Masses, according to circumstances, vary in the degrees of their power to move; and one of the most impressive that has ever perhaps been witnessed was celebrated by a priest of Brittany something more than a hundred years ago. It was during the period of the French Revolution, when the frenzied soldiery denounced all religion as superstition, and prevented both the celebration of the august Sacrifice of the Altar and the gathering together of priests and people for any form of religious service.

At one seaport Breton town, the revolutionaries had for weeks been holding high revel, and oppressing the people with especial rigor because of their unflinching devotedness to their Faith. Brittany has always been the stanchest Catholic stronghold in France, whether king or emperor or president ruled the country, and whether the Church was prosperous as in the olden monarchy, or, as is the case to-day, oppressed and persecuted.

Christmas Eve had come, and the hour was growing late. Noisy shouts

and bursts of uproarious laughter could be heard from the soldiers' quarters; but elsewhere in the town all was still. Still, but not motionless. Silent groups of two or three or four men and women—yes, and little children—passed quietly from the darkened houses and made their way beneath the frosty stars to the shore. By eleven o'clock hundreds had gathered and all were looking seaward. Suddenly, about a mile from land, appeared a twinkling light; and, as if it were an awaited signal, the crowd took their places in a fleet of fishing-boats and sailed away. From other points along the coast came other fleets with further hundreds, all converging toward the signal lantern.

As they drew near the light, it was seen to be fastened to the rigging of a good-sized schooner, and boat after boat took up its position on that side of the vessel farthest from the port. No one boarded the schooner, but all knelt in their places; for, raised on a platform above the vessel's deck, was an altar arranged with protected candles, missal, and Mass cards; and at its foot stood a venerable white-haired priest about to begin the Holy Sacrifice.

Surely never celebrant had a more devout congregation, and never did even St. Peter's majestic dome seem a title so grandiose as the star-gemmed canopy of blue above him. The solemn service went slowly on; the wind that was blowing freshly an hour before had sunk to a mere zephyr; even the natural heaving of the ocean seemed stilled to the placid immobility of a landlocked summer lake.

Many a heart in the attendant throng felt well assured that this was the last Mass they would ever hear: the cry of the Revolution was not only "Death to religion," but, with increasing frequency, "Death to all who profess religion"; and their turn would surely come. The thought intensified their

fervor, as it confirmed their fortitude; and when the good old priest, at the conclusion of the service, bade them suffer, and, if need were, die for the Christ at whose mystic death they had just assisted, their spirits were wrought up to the martyr's tension. True, the dawning Christmas Day would bring them once again in contact with fierce oppressors, strangers to Bethlehem's peace and good-will; but, strong in faith and of confident hope, each lowly soul would welcome the opportunity to give, at the cost of life itself, glory to God in the highest.

With calm, grave eyes and even-pulsing breath,
They dipped their still oars in the darkened space;

Strong now the hands fast rowing back to death!
And strong the simple hearts, new clothed in grace,—

The hushed and quiet souls, ere long to meet
Their Saviour face to face!

The Observance of Christmas.

THE abolition of the Christmas festival in England by the Puritans and Nonconformists of the Long Parliament, in the middle of the seventeenth century, has been noted by all English historians, but by no other so graphically as it is recorded in this paragraph from Macaulay:

"Christmas had been from time immemorial the season of joy and domestic affection; the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable on account of the shortness of the days

and of the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders, in 1644, that the 25th of December should be strictly observed as a fast, and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their fathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head and drinking ale flavored with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more."

In this country, the Puritan founders of New England doubtless agreed with their coreligionists in England that any religious observance of Christmas was a "human invention" savoring altogether too much of "Papisty" and prelacy to suit their tenets; so they rejected all such observance. Some writers attribute the establishment of the American Thanksgiving Day to the desire of the Puritans to find a substitute for the Christmas festival. The Anglican and Lutheran churches, however, have always celebrated the feast of Our Lord's Nativity; and at present there are few, if any, Protestant denominations that do not observe December 25 as a religious holiday.

Is there any happiness so sweet as that which comes from making others happy? God blesses such happiness; for those who find their own pleasure in giving pleasure to others are surely imitating, as closely as His little created children can, the example of that Father-Creator who has called us into existence to give us eternal happiness.

—Henry Potter.

Notes and Remarks.

In a valuable paper on school libraries read at the last Conference of the English Catholic Truth Society, Mrs. Virginia Crawford wisely remarked that, "although no harm may be derived from any individual Protestant book, a prolonged course of reading in which the Catholic view of life never finds expression, and Catholic ideals are never held up before the reader, undoubtedly tends to weaken the hold of a young mind on its faith,—at least on the intellectual side." Not only youthful minds, but matured ones as well. It is impossible for any one not to be affected somewhat by the non-Catholic books he reads. And there is a double danger to be dreaded. If Catholic doctrines are often misrepresented and ridiculed by Protestant authors, they are sometimes minimized and misstated by Catholics themselves. Especially to be dreaded is the New Theology—a compound of rationalism, liberalism, and irreverence. It crops out in many books and is taught in more pulpits than the unobservant and easy-going dream of. There is no question that the importance—the necessity even—of surrounding ourselves with the help against error, irreligion and indifference, to be found in Catholic literature of the right kind, was never greater than at the present time.

There is much encouragement for missionaries to non-Catholics in these words of a Protestant gentleman, contained in a letter recently addressed to the editor of the *Missionary*: "For my part, I do not care how soon the Catholic Church absorbs every non-Catholic in the world, if that Church has the 'true faith.' If your Church has the 'true faith,' and you know it, then by all means let all the people know it." This is now the attitude

of an increasing number of intelligent, sincere, straightforward Protestants of all denominations toward the Church; and the obligation of 'letting all the people know that our Church has the true faith' is more than ever incumbent upon every Catholic. It is not necessary to be always declaiming that our religion is the best one, but to live in such wise that outsiders may become convinced of the fact. If all who profess the True Faith were to live up to its teachings strictly for a single week, it would be hard to find an unbeliever the week following.

At the recent consecration of the Rt. Rev. James Davis, Coadjutor-Bishop of Davenport, Iowa, the sermon was preached by Peoria's eminent prelate, Bishop Spalding. From among many noteworthy paragraphs in the printed report of this thoughtful discourse, we select the following as a timely contribution to present-day symposia on personal religion:

When men turn from knowing to doing, they attain the only real understanding; for, in fact, we understand nothing except by doing—by ceaseless doing and striving. It is only by constant practice, by repeated efforts alone, that the workman, the artist, acquires that thorough grasp and mastery of his vocation that constitutes his knowledge of it. And where there is question of religious, vital truth, we do not understand except by making it part of our being,—not by critical inquiry, not by historic research, not by theorizing or dissecting, but by doing! Not every man who *professes* but he who *does* the will of the Father, he shall enter the Kingdom; his faith shall never be destroyed.

A pregnant paragraph, is it not?

In an editorial tribute to the late Father Edward H. Welch, S. J., who passed to the reward of a singularly devoted life, in Washington, on the 3d inst., the Boston *Pilot* says: "No one who ever had the good fortune to know this model priest, this ideal of courtesy, charity and kindness, can

ever forget him." Lay and clerical Catholics in many parts of the United States, and Protestants as well—rich and poor, young and old of both sexes and all classes—will feel the truth of these words. Although a convert to the Church at a time when converts were few and far between, and a member of a wealthy and prominent family, besides being a gifted speaker, a favorite confessor, and a successful teacher, Father Welch's life was so hidden and his bearing so meek that his name rarely appeared in print. But it was on the lips of all who knew him, and ever in benediction and praise. The lives of such men are seldom written, and yet perhaps no priest or prelate in this country has done more to promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls than Father Welch. One, who when a boy, first saw him in a crowded street of Boston, got the impression, still remembered after more than forty years, that he must have had the Blessed Sacrament with him, so recollected was his whole demeanor. How great must have been the influence of such a priest, exerted in untold ways, for half a century!

Those who, like ourselves, have been puzzled over certain wild utterances contained in Lord Acton's letters to Gladstone's daughter will be somewhat relieved to learn on the authority of Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff, who knew the great Englishman intimately, that "one of his characteristics was a kind of playful cynicism, which by no means spared himself, and with which he was apt to treat many things and persons he very highly esteemed." It is regrettable that some such statement as this was not made in the memoir prefixed to the Letters. Those who knew Lord Acton are able to appraise his words at their exact value, but how shall others distinguish between his

semi-jocular sayings and his deliberate opinions and judgments? "Sharp sayings are quite in place in letters to an intimate friend," as Sir Mountstuart remarks; "but they change their aspect when they are printed and pass into the hands of persons who never set eyes on the writer, conveying thus a totally wrong impression of his views upon many subjects."

An eminent ecclesiastic of our time had the singular habit of denouncing, sometimes in unmeasured terms, his most intimate and valued friends; but whenever any one else ventured to criticise them he at once took their part, contradicting everything that he had previously asserted, lauding their good qualities and condoning all their faults. "I reserve to myself the privilege of abusing my friends," he was wont to say. Surely a strange way of manifesting affection. Lord Acton, who is said to have been a "walking problem" to his acquaintances, had an equally strange way of showing his love and reverence for persons and things sacred and dear to every Catholic. He declared that he had not the "slightest shadow of doubt about any dogma of the Church"; he was reputed "a most devout Catholic," and died in the most edifying dispositions of faith and piety; nevertheless, the fact remains, that his recently-published letters contain many expressions which at their face value are shockingly uncatholic.

All too seldom do those who "come into money" by the death of relatives display such generosity and enlightened charity as was manifested recently by a lady in Boston. Miss Ellen Murphy, of that city, dying intestate, her savings were divided between her two surviving sisters. One of these, although not a wealthy woman, has given two thousand dollars of her share to the Society for the Propagation of the

Faith, and another two thousand to the Catholic University of Washington. The gifts were spontaneously made in memory of her deceased sister, and the giver, of course, looks for no temporal reward; but, even from the viewpoint of worldly prosperity, we doubt not that her investments will prove fully as good as though she had purchased shares in the best-paying stock on the market.

The regular meeting of the Nassau Presbytery (Presbyterian) last week at Jamaica, New York, was rendered notable by a speech of the Rev. Samuel T. Carter, D. D., earnestly renouncing his faith in the doctrines of the Westminster Confession, which has been the creed of the Presbyterian faith since the days of Calvin. Brother Carter is reported to have said, among other things:

There is no such God as the God of the Confession. There is no such world as the world of the Confession. There is no such eternity as the eternity of the Confession. It is all rash, exaggerated, and bitterly untrue.

There is something deeply pathetic in the sad, patient look of the common people—the plain people—who fear that these dreadful things may be true because their leaders have never said that they were false. If no one else is ready to say it, I say it. The hard, cold, severe God of the Confession, with the love left out, is not our God.

There is no such God as the God of the Westminster Confession. This world, so full of flowers and sunshine and the laughter of children, is not a cursed, lost world; and the "endless torment" of the Confession is not God's nor Christ's nor the Bible's idea of a future punishment.

We have sent out an evangelistic committee to stir the Church. Let them begin here by getting the right God. If this God is the God of the Westminster Confession, they will never convince or convert true or thoughtful men; and all their music, meetings, collections, will be empty wind.

Not less notable than Dr. Carter's speech is the fact that his brethren, without a dissenting voice, voted to retain him in the Nassau Presbytery,

notwithstanding that every minister and elder of the Presbyterian denomination must still accept the terrible Westminster Confession as being the system of doctrine taught in the Scriptures. But the Institutions of Calvin are doomed, and will soon be formally rejected by all his followers. We suggest that henceforth our Presbyterian brethren in this country call themselves Carterites. Dr. Carter deserves the honor, and Carterites is as good a name as Calvinists any day.

A writer in the current *Harvest* (London) comments on the pleasure which a Catholic from England finds in witnessing the religious life of Catholic cities on the Continent. His reflections on the beauty of the oldtime religious practices recall an item recently published in the *Moniteur Acadien*, of New Brunswick. A Memramcook correspondent of that paper, writing of a surprise-party given to a worthy couple on the occasion of their china wedding, tells how the evening was spent in mirth and music; and then adds, quite as a matter of course, that after refreshments had been served, the gaiety continued until the hour of night-prayer, *which was recited in common* by the family and their visiting friends. As an indication of the genuinely Catholic spirit which regards religion as something inextricably interwoven with every affair of life, the little incident is illuminative.

Sixteen years is no very lengthy period for a priest to spend as incumbent of an important parish or director of an arduous work; but that it may be amply long enough to accomplish much for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, long enough also to constitute a well-rounded sacerdotal career, is clear from the record of the late Rev. James J. Dougherty, Superior

of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, New York. Succeeding the founder of the Mission, Father Drumgoole, in 1888, Father Dougherty set himself strenuously to work, and literally spent himself in the service of God's little ones and His poor. There remain, as lasting monuments to his zeal and energy, the beautiful Church of SS. Joachim and Anne, an asylum for blind girls, a trade school for boys, and the magnificent St. Elizabeth Home for girls, all situated on the square mile of territory known as Mt. Loretto. "During his incumbency as Superior of the Mission," says the *Sacred Heart Review*, "Father Dougherty also assumed the management of a home for colored children at Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. About four years ago he established, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a summer home for the children of poor working people of New York, at Spring Valley. He founded working boys' clubs in East 55th St. and West 16th St., for which he purchased and remodelled fine club houses at a cost of \$30,000."

Only fifty-five at his death, Father Dougherty's good works would have honored an octogenarian laborer in the Lord's vineyard. With the fullest confidence that it will be granted may his sorrowing friends repeat the prayer *Requiescat in pace!*

The Marian Exposition in Rome was one of the most interesting features of the celebration in honor of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. The collection included all sorts of objects illustrating devotion to the Blessed Virgin—pictures, statues, books, relics, vestments, coins, medals, manuscripts, photographs, maps, seals, tapestries, crowns, paintings, carvings, cameos, etc. Four banners captured from the Turks at the Battle of Lepanto were of particular interest to all who visited the Exposition.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Best of Holidays.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.


WHEN school's last lessons are finished, when the end of the term is come, And we've all been examined in grammar, and worked out the very last sum; When teacher remarks—though she needn't, "No school till a fortnight hence,"— Oh, I say, but isn't it jolly? I tell you 'tis simply immense!

Of feast-days, of course, there are others—there's Washington's Birthday for one; And the Fourth of July is a *daisy*, chock-full of excitement and fun; Then Thanksgiving, too, is quite joyous; but I take it when all is said Of the rest of the class, it is Christmas best deserves to go up ahead.

Our holidays, true, are much longer at the close of the summer term; And of course we find them delightful, as our parents will confirm; But the rest of the folks are busy then, whereas at Christmas time The world's just one big belfry with its joybells all a-chime.

A Legend of the Fair Child.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

 IN an old monastery in far-off, sunny Spain, the Brothers, when their day's toil is done, love to sit and talk over the legends connected with the history of their Order; and among all these stories, some perhaps embroidered with the silken threads of affectionate memories, all quaint and tender and fraught with holy lessons, there is a special favorite—the legend of "The Two Little Novices." Two little lads, thus it runs, lived

near to; the monastery and became early acquainted with its inmates; and so when the time came when it seemed proper for them to have other knowledge than their parents could impart they said, "Let the good Brothers teach us."

The Brothers, you may be sure, made no objections; for they loved the lads, who, young as they were, seemed to have been smiled upon by angels, so gentle and obedient and devout were they. After they had been pupils at the monastery for a short time they were allowed to wear the white habit of the novices; for, although yet too young to know whether God called them to leave the world and serve Him, there was a belief among the Brothers that as soon as they were old enough they, too, would be of the band who said their Offices and performed their tasks in the quiet of the ancient walls and peaceful garden.

The walk between the monastery and the home of the children was a long one for such small feet; and so the lads took a luncheon with them, eating it in the garden or upon the steps of the chapel, or anywhere about the place. Brother Bernard, the good sacristan, was their especial friend and teacher; and during the noon hour it was their delight to watch him at his duties—replenishing the lamps with oil, dusting the altar and burnishing the sacred vessels. After a while, in order to stay as long as possible in his company, they began to eat their dinner in the vestibule; and, although to us this seems a strange thing to do, they were so innocent and still that it did not appear out of place to the kind Brother, who even heard their lessons there when it was more convenient.

Then something very strange and beautiful happened. In one of the side chapels was a wonderful carven statue of Our Lady, with the Divine Child in her arms; and the little lads, from seeing the Babe so often, came to love Him and to wish to know Him better. "The Fair Child," they called Him.

"Fair Child," they said one day, "we would be nearer to You. Will You not come and share our food?"

At those words, so the legend runs, the Child left His Mother's arms and came down to the vestibule where the food was spread, and ate with the little lads. This He did the next day and the next, and the children were made so happy that it was never any cross for them to learn the hardest lessons. Indeed it was hard for them to wait for the hour when they could be seated by their heavenly Playmate; and at home their parents said: "The children are changed. They do not seem to belong to the earth."

When questioned they answered: "A Fair Child comes down from His Mother's arms and eats with us and talks with us."

"Do not tell this foolish story to any one," said their father.

"But we have already told Brother Bernard, and he believes."

"Well, tell no one else," answered the father. "And I think I shall take you from the monastery. You are getting strange notions into your heads."

"Away from the monastery! Oh, how can we go," said the children, "and leave the Child?"

Yes, Brother Bernard believed; and one day he said:

"You should give God thanks."

But he did not tell them who the Child was, for fear, being so young, they might not understand.

They said to him: "Good Brother Bernard, we ask Him to eat with us, and why does He not bid us to His Father's house?"

"Ask Him," said Brother Bernard, softly.

"Sweet Child," they said the next day, "may we one day eat in your Father's house with You?"

The Child smiled. "In three days," He answered, "you shall be bidden to a feast where My Father abides."

The little novices were jubilant, and told the sacristan, who thought: "Oh, if I might go with them! I have served God a long time on earth, I would go to Him." Then to the children: "Ask the Child if I may not go with you. It is a rule of our Order, you know, that novices go not out alone."

"Our master and teacher, the good Brother Bernard, would eat with us in your Father's house," said the children when next they saw the Child; and He was pleased and told them that their teacher would be welcome.

Brother Bernard was rejoiced when he heard the news, and set his affairs in readiness for a long, long absence. Then on the appointed day, it being the Feast of Christmas, he and the little lads, having received Holy Communion and offered their hearts and souls to God, knelt beneath the statue of Our Lady who was holding in her arms the Fair Child. There the brethren found them, and all three were dead, and on each face was a peaceful smile.

And this is the story that the Brothers tell in the far-off monastery in sunny Spain.

Christmas Box.

Christmas box, although now exactly synonymous with Christmas gift, was not always so understood. Originally it *held* the gift; for it was a money-box with a slit through which coin could be dropped. It was carried by apprentices, porters, servants, and others at Christmas time, for the reception of money presents.

"The Little Brown Jesus."

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

IT was the day before Christmas Eve. School had been dismissed for the holidays, but everyone was busy preparing for the gladsome festival.

The chapel, a bower of greenery, had for its central adornment the beautiful crib in which was already reposing the lovely waxen figure of the Infant Christ.

In the largest school-room a small altar had been made ready, by the request of the older girls, who, reproaching themselves for having so willingly discarded the statue which had served them so long, had asked permission to place it in an improvised crib, where they would see it during recreation and at night prayer.

Everything was now in readiness for its reception.

"But where *is* the little brown Jesus?" asked Dolores in surprise, turning from the closet where the box containing it had always been kept.

"Not there, Lola?" queried Sister Cecilia. "Did you ever bring it back after that night in Mother's room?"

"Oh, no! I laid it under the table."

"It will not be there then," said Victoria Maula. "Mother would not have left it so long under the table."

"I will look," said Sister Cecilia.

In a few moments she was back again in the school-room.

"It is not there," she said. "Mother has not seen it. It has been mislaid."

"But so big a box, Sister! How could it be mislaid?"

"We shall find it, never fear," replied her teacher.

But they did not find it, although the house was searched from top to bottom, and the impromptu crib remained tenantless.

It had been a very dry year. Not a

drop of rain had fallen since March, and the valley and foot-hills were parched and dusty. Everybody was praying and hoping for rain. And now, on Christmas Eve the sky became covered with light clouds, not storm-clouds, in that region where storms seldom come, but nevertheless indications of a change in the weather. And then, though the stars were shining when the dwellers at the mission retired to rest suddenly about midnight, the soft trickling drops began to fall on the roof, soon becoming a shower and at last pouring down, down incessantly for a couple of hours.

When the children rose in the dawn of Christmas for the first Mass, there was a pleasant smell of damp earth and foliage in the air. As here and there they peeped through the white-curtained windows, they knew by every sign that the delightful California winter had arrived on the wings of Christmas, and that soon there would be carpets of wild flowers under their feet,—blue, purple, white, crimson and yellow, with which to adorn the chapel and the hillside shrine of the Lady they loved so well. Altogether it was a beautiful Christmas morning. After breakfast Chica disappeared.

"I saw her crying," said one of the girls. "At breakfast she did not eat, even of the currant bread she likes so well."

"Some one must go in search of her," said Sister Cecilia. "She must not be unhappy to-day."

"I will go," volunteered Dolores. But even as she spoke the door was slowly opened from without, and after a short delay Chica appeared, her face soiled with tears, holding close to her bosom with one hand "the little brown Jesus," and dragging behind her with the other the large pasteboard box in which it had lain for so many years, between one Christmas and the next.

But it was a fragmentary box to-day—torn, muddy, and soaked with water.

“But, Chica!” cried the children, “where did you find it?”

The child did not answer, but pursued her way to the centre of the room where Sister Cecilia sat, surrounded by the girls.

“But, Chica!” again they repeated. “Where *did* you find it?”

“Where I put it,” responded the little one, tears still rolling down her cheeks as she placed the statue in Sister Cecilia’s lap.

Then turning her grave brown eyes upon the assembly, she sobbed in low, but distinct tones.

“I have done a wicked sin. I *stole* the little brown Jesus. But now—I bring it back—and I am sorry.”

“You stole it, Chica?” asked Sister Cecilia. “What do you mean, child?”

“I *stole* it for *la madre* instead of the little brother. It was like him, and I thought she would be lonely—and I did not think any one wanted it here—again.”

“And when, Chica?” asked Dolores, coming forward to put an arm about her small compatriot.

“The next morning—from under the table. I thought I would save it till summer.”

“But where did you put it?”

“Under the guava bushes, in the garden.”

“And did you know that you were stealing when you did it, Chica?”

“Oh, yes! But I wanted it for *la madre*, and I put it there.”

“And were you not very unhappy, Chica?”

“No: not till the rain came, and I sat up in my bed and remembered that ‘the little brown Jesus’ was under the guava bushes.”

“And what did you do then, *Chica mia*?”

“I said to Our Lord: ‘If You will

keep Him from getting wet and spoiled I will get Him in the morning and tell my sin. I will bring back “the little brown Jesus,” I prayed, ‘if You will take care of Him in the rain, dear Lord, dear Lord!’”

“And Our Lord answered your prayer, Chica,” said Mother Michael, who had come in and heard the pitiful tale.

“Yes, Mother,” replied the child, humbly. “The box is no good—you will have to find a new one, but ‘the little brown Jesus’ did not get a drop of rain. See!” She lifted the statue from the lap of Sister Cecilia and held it up, turning it round and round, so that every one might behold it.

“And now you can send me away,” she continued, “like Francisca Moreno, who was also a little thief. But first, please let my mother come and get me.”

“No, no, Chica, we shall not send you away,” said good Mother Michael, taking the weeping child in her arms. “You did wrong, of course; but you are very sorry, and have confessed your fault, and repented of it. We shall not send you away, because you are going to be our good little Chica again. And *la madre* may still have the *bambino*, for it was only yesterday that Padre Gregorio said we might as well give it to her, the next time she came, for the chapel at Santa Paula, as your great-uncle had made it, and it once belonged there.”

“Oh, how beautiful! oh, how blessed!” sobbed Chica, nestling close to Mother Michael’s shoulder. “She will spend much time in the chapel now, *la madre*—looking at the *bambino*, and praying before it. Oh, how blessed—how blessed!”

“And, Chica, *la madre*—” continued Mother Michael, but the sentence was never finished. Once more the door opened, and Chica saw her mother standing on the threshold, with two great boughs of manzanitas laden with bright red berries in her hands.

Snatching the statue from Sister Cecilia's lap she ran with it to her mother crying:

"Here, here it is, *madre mia*, 'the little brown Jesus,' instead of the baby, and you will take it home to Santa Paula—forever. And I have been a bad girl—and I stole it—and now I am forgiven—and it is yours, because Uncle Pablo made it."

And so, amidst explanations, tears, reproaches, comfortings and kisses, Christmas Day was made happy for poor Chica, as she sat enthroned in her mother's loving arms, her own clasped tightly about the scarlet and golden-robed figure of 'the little brown Jesus.'"

(The End.)

Tommy Walcott's Golden Deed.

MONEY was not very plentiful in the Walcott family—that is to say, though there was enough for actual needs, the luxuries of life had either to be earned or to be done without.

Six-year-old Tommy knew this quite as well as did the elder members of the household, and therefore as he felt that he really could not do without the miniature motor car that, when wound up, ran all along the counter of the big toy shop in — Street, he plainly saw that he must just set to work and earn the money that was the price of the coveted toy.

But a dollar is a large sum for a six-year-old to earn, even when father and mother do their best to help. The cents came slowly to swell his little hoard, for it was only by running errands in his playtime, and by helping his mother and sisters in the house, that he could earn anything, and it was with cents and dimes that his money box was filled.

So the fall passed by, and one day when the shops had on their Christmas

faces, for it was the eve of the Nativity, Mrs. Walcott told Tommy that the time had come to break the little china dog that for so long had guarded his treasure. For a moment the thought of this damped all his pleasure as Tommy's heart was very tender, and he had little faith in the use of glue; but when he saw the dollar bill that his father was ready to give him in exchange for the contents of his poor doggie, he gave way, and at last,—at long last—his desire was on the point of being accomplished, and he had the price of the toy for his own.

It was a proud moment for Tommy when he stood all ready to start on his shopping expedition, wrapped up in his thick coat and woollen muffler; and the cold, muddy streets seemed part of a very happy world to the little lad as he trudged manfully along at his mother's side.

The tram-car that they entered at the corner of their own street carried them right away into the city, and for some time Tommy's attention was taken up watching the passers-by. Then, when the light outside began to fade, he turned his eyes on his fellow travellers, leaning up against his mother's warm cloak as he did so. There were the usual mixture of people sitting on either side of the conveyance, but it was a boy of about his own age that he found the most interesting. Unconsciously his hand tightened in his mother's and he sat straight up and stared at the child opposite.

The threadbare suit that the other boy wore was torn and patched and torn again; a cotton rag of a shirt, collarless, buttonless, left the thin neck bare to the bitter wind that blew through the doorway; the blue-red hands were stuffed into the ragged pockets in vain hopes of getting a little warmth into their numbness; and through the gaping holes in the tattered remnants of boots the toes were plainly

visible. The mother seemed no less wretched, and one wondered to see them in the tram at all.

But Tommy only looked at the poor boy, and as Mrs. Walcott stole a glance at the baby face that she knew so well she felt what was passing in her son's mind as clearly as he did himself. The color deepened in the soft rounded cheeks, the eye grew big and pitiful; every detail of the street Arab's misery seemed to be slowly impressing itself on Tommy's mind.

He looked down at his own strong leather boots; then at the tattered footgear opposite. Hesitatingly he opened the fingers that clasped the dollar bill which he had earned, which he had given his playtime for weeks and weeks to earn. The sight of it brought back the remembrance of what it was to buy, and every attraction of the toy came back to him. Once more his hand closed, a little stubborn line showed round his mouth and he raised his head half defiantly, but in so doing he met the sad, hungry look in the child's eyes opposite, and again his expression changed. His eyelids quivered and his lips began to tremble; then, with a sudden rush, as though afraid of his resolution giving way, he scrambled from his seat, and darted to the poor boy's side.

"Buy boots," he said; and, thrusting his cherished bill into the grimy hand, he was back in his seat again before any one but his mother realized what he had done. But he did not lean against her now, he had acted by himself and he must bear the consequences alone. And something seemed to engross his attention out in the street, for he turned his head right away and pressed his face against the glass; yet, if the truth were known, he saw nothing of all that passed, for the sight in his eyes was blurred and misted with tears. He had fought and conquered, but the victory had its sting.

Mrs. Walcott had watched the struggle and its sequel with a beating heart and a choking in her throat, but she said nothing, only she put her arm round her little hero, and held him tight.

She was not the only witness of the act: the other passengers had seen it too. A big, prosperous looking man stood up and spoke aloud.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and his voice was rather husky. "Shall we let that baby shame us?" And diving down into his capacious pockets he pulled out a handful of loose change, and putting it into his hat he passed it round to his fellow-travellers who all followed his example, and added more or less to its contents.

The little cold boy, not following what was going on, received the money in a half-dazed silence, and even the mother to whom this meant a little rest, a little comfort, one happy Christmas at least for herself and her child, could not put her thanks into words.

Then as the church with the wonderful crib was not far distant, and the attentions of their fellow travellers began to grow embarrassing both to Mrs. Walcott and Tommy, they left the car and once more were alone together in the streets.

Even then they did not speak, only when at last they knelt side by side, still hand in hand before the representation of Bethlehem's manger, Tommy whispered tremulously:

"I gave it for Him, mammy."

And his mother thought he had given the Christ Child something that must please Him.

CHRISTMAS carol is the name of a popular religious song treating of the great festival and emphasizing its joyous spirit. In many parts of England, parties of men and boys known as "waits" still go about the villages for several nights before Christmas, singing these songs in the open air.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Following the reproduction, in the December issue of the London *Month*, of Wordsworth's famous sonnet to Our Lady, there appears a Latin translation of that beautiful tribute to the Immaculate.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have published a cheap edition in paper covers of Cardinal Wiseman's "Fablola." It is on good paper, fairly well printed from clear and not too small type, and sewed with thread, as all such books should be. Popular editions of standard works are always welcome, and we hope our publishers will give us more of them. The price of the present volume is only 25 cts., though it contains more than three hundred pages.

—The Macmillan Company have issued a reprint of "The Men who Made the Nation," an outline of United States history from 1760 to 1865, by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. Published, first, four years ago, the work has apparently vindicated, in the eyes of the people, its author's contention that "a recital of the events in the nation's career without the persons connected therewith is to the untrained reader an empty stage," and hence that "the making of the nation is the story of the men who made it."

—Our Anglican contemporary the *Lamp* promises its readers, for 1905, "a series of papers upon the subject of the Council of Trent, contributed by the distinguished Roman Catholic writer, the Very Rev. Mgr. Barnes." That these papers will be widely circulated is evident from a statement which the *Lamp* makes concerning itself: "It is known and read not only in the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland and Canada, but in South America, South Africa, India, China, Japan, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, the Philippine Islands, Ceylon and Alaska."

—Only twelve copies are known to exist of the famous Latin Psalter (Fust and Schöffer, 1459) lately sold at auction in London; and it is supposed that only twenty copies were printed at the expense of the Carthusian Monastery of St. James, outside Mentz. They were all (presumably) printed upon vellum, and extend to 136 leaves folio. Of the present example a writer in the *Athenæum* says further: "It was discovered by M. Alois Berger in the library of Count Wilhelm von Westerholt-Gysenberg, in the Castle of Freienthura, near Klagenfurt, Carinthia, whose stamp occurs in three places. It appears to have come into that family's possession on the dissolution of the monastery in 1781. The last leaf bears the MS. inscription, Carthu Moguntine 1656. The volume

has a MS. calendar on vellum (6 ll.) at the beginning, as well as a leaf from an ancient vellum missal. Some Offices have been partly erased, and new ones inserted; and there are several new antiphons, written on vellum, throughout the volume, which is generally in excellent condition, the leaves being very little worn and quite complete."

—"A good novel—in spots" is the heading given in a literary journal to the review of a recent work of fiction; and, while not unduly complimentary, the phrase pretty accurately describes both the particular volume noted and the average novel that comes to our desk. The trouble is that the spots in question are not only few in number but woefully diminutive in size.

—A literary magazine, reviewing a recent novel, says that the author's plea is for "progressive democracy, the laws of sanity, and common-sense; and in his story he presents the strongest possible case—justifying divorce from every point of view. Indeed his case is so strong one loses respect for the judgment of the characters arrayed in opposition to a satisfactory ending of the tale." Nothing further is needed to warrant the denunciation of the book as thoroughly pernicious. Bigamy is already far too common in this country; plausible pleas for its further propagation ought to be hissed out of court.

—Readers who appreciate the good work of our Catholic Truth Societies will be glad to see and possess a copy of "A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms," by the Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, S. T. L. This neat pamphlet contains a great deal of information about the ceremonial and liturgy of the Church. A brief explanation is offered for nearly every word of historical and doctrinal interest to Catholics. There is nothing of the heavy encyclopedic character about this commendable little dictionary, and a valuable bit of information could be gleaned from its pages while sipping one's morning coffee. Catholic Truth Society, San Francisco.

—The teaching of the Council of Trent on perfect contrition is thoroughly explained in a recent pamphlet entitled "Perfect Contrition: A Golden Key of Heaven." The author, Rev. J. Von Den Driesch, has treated his subject in an admirably practical way. These are welcome words: "I maintain that you often have perfect contrition without knowing it or thinking of it; for example, while devoutly hearing Mass, while making the Stations of the Cross, while piously contemplating a crucifix or a picture of the Sacred Heart, while listening to a sermon,

and so forth." Various ways of making an act of contrition are suggested in the closing pages of this excellent publication. B. Herder.

—"Some Reactions of Acetylene," a dissertation submitted to the faculty of the Catholic University of America for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, by the Rev. Julius A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., is published by the Notre Dame University Press. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the hydrogenation, the second with the chlorination, of acetylene. In an appendix the author treats of the reaction of acetylene with acidified mercuric fluoride.

—"An Elementary Course in Mammalian Osteology," by the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., is another recent issue of the Notre Dame University Press. Instructors as well as students will find this text-book of great assistance to them on account of the careful gradation of the lessons and the clearness of the definitions and descriptions. The practical exercise on the skull (pp. 60, 61) shows how thoroughly Father Kirsch has done his work. A type series of mammalian skeletons, with other useful information, is given in an appendix. The book is excellently printed and bound and of the most convenient size. It is a long time since we have met with a more attractive text-book.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Men who Made the Nation. *Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D.* \$2.

Catechism of the Instruction of Novices. *Father Gerard, D. C.* 85 cts., net.

A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms. *Rev. Thomas Brennan, S. T. L.* 10 cts.

Perfect Contrition: A Golden Key to Heaven. *Rev. J. Von Den Driesch.* 5 cts.

An American Missionary. *A Priest of St. Sulpice.* \$1.

Toward Eternity. *Abbé Poulin.* \$1.60, net.

Sequentia Christiana. *C. B. Dawson, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Way that Led Beyond. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.

Catholic Ideals in Social Life. *Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.* \$1.25, net.

Manassas. *Upton Sinclair.* \$1.50.

The Mastery. *Mark Lee Luther.* \$1.50.

Songs of the Birth of Our Lord. 50 cts., net.

An Irishman's Story. *Justin McCarthy.* \$2.50, net.

Welcome! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1, net.

A Short Cut to Happiness. *Author of "The Catholic Church from Within."* 75 cts.

The Pearl and the Pumpkin. *W. W. Denslow, Paul West.* \$1.25.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. *James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus.* \$3, net.

Scarecrow and the Tin-Man. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

The Church and Our Government in the Philippines. *Hon. W. H. Taft.* 10 cts.

Kind Hearts and Coronets. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.

Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.

The Philosophy of Eloquence. *Don Antonio dei Capmany.* \$1.50, net.

The Burden of the Time. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Wanted—A Situation, and Other Stories. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* 60 cts.

In Fifty Years. *Madame Belloc.* 80 cts.

Sabrina Warham. *Laurence Housman.* \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Lee, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. William Kroeger, diocese of Sioux Falls; and Very Rev. John Hickey, diocese of Pittsburg.

Mr. William Deane, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Lavinia Wimmer, St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. P. Mulcahy, Santa Clara, Cal.; Mr. Lewis Grant, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Mulcahy, Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. M. T. McLaughlin, Clearfield, Pa.; Mr. George Brammer, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Frank Barenche and Mr. R. D. Dumphy, Vallejo, Cal.; Mr. Edward Sheahan, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Mrs. Eliza Clarke, Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. John Lilly, North Adams, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Tuhey, Youngstown, Ohio; Mr. James Croft and Mr. Julius Schwertner, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Patrick Lyons, Mr. Michael Mead, and Miss Mary Hewson, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Angelo Zerbarini, Westerly, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Madden, Mrs. N. Peschang, and Mrs. E. Feely, Galena, Ill.; also Mr. Thomas Howard, Waterbury, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



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

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The Twilight of the Year.

THE way is hard, dear God, and yet there nears
Another milestone in the long, long years;
The hill is steep, I can not see the crest,
My weary spirit faints and longs for rest;
The shadows hang so dark upon the way
I can not see the gleam of Hope's bright ray.

And yet, as fades the twilight of the year,
I know and feel, dear God, that Thou art near.
Forgive my murmurs! Yes, I will be strong,
What though life's journey seemeth hard and long:
The Star of Hope shines in the far-off West,
Where soon my spirit shall find Thee and rest.

The Shrines of St. Edmund, King and Martyr.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A.



NOVEMBER the 20th of each year brings to us the beautiful memory of East Anglia's martyred monarch,—of one who stands foremost even in our English Kalendar. St. Edmund had succeeded to King Offa's throne when a boy of fifteen, and was crowned on Christmas Day, A. D. 856, either at Sudbury in Suffolk or at Bures, near Colchester, where a ruined chapel still remains on the hill above this small village. The story of our saint's life has been well told by Dom J. B. Mackinlay, and most of the following details as to his successive shrines have been taken from this Benedictine's interesting biography.

In person tall and majestically handsome, in personality a man of God, St. Edmund won the devoted affection of his subjects, and during nearly fifteen years ruled his little kingdom to its lasting benefit. Then came the disastrous inroads of pagan Danes from Scandinavia, followed by the gallant resistance of this Saxon King, who was every inch a soldier and a "sportsman" as well as a saint. After vainly endeavoring to expel the ever-increasing hordes of invaders, our patriotic young hero at length surrendered himself to save his people. Nothing could shake his devoted allegiance to the Divine Master, whose Passion his own self-sacrifice somewhat resembled. Condemned by the impious Hinguar, this truly royal Christian was first of all cruelly scourged, and then, bound to a tree, slowly pierced with arrow after arrow, aimed with diabolical skill at the non-vital parts of his frame. Finally this awful agony was ended by the anointed head's severance from that mutilated body at Hoxne in the year 870. The "kyng, martyre, and virgyne" had entered paradise crowned with his triple diadem, afterward East Anglia's proud heraldic arms.

The royal martyr's corpse was reverently interred by his own Christian people, while his head is stated to have been wondrously discovered, guarded by a wolf. Curiously enough, during excavations at Bury St. Edmund's long centuries afterward, there were found in

a stone depository some bones which were pronounced by experts to be those of a *wolf*! In 903 the holy body, quite incorrupt and as if asleep, with the head miraculously reunited to it, was translated by Bishop Theodred to Beodricsworth, a royal town twenty-five miles off, thenceforth called St. Edmund's *bury*, or dwelling-place. Here a simple wooden church, adorned with costly tapestries, arose as its first shrine, and the innumerable miracles began.

A Benedictine monk named Ailwin had already for twenty years constantly guarded the mutilated remains in case of invasion, when, in 1010, the dreaded Danes reappeared. This devoted custodian, in wise precaution, fled with St. Edmund's body through Essex via Stratford to London itself. Here, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, he placed it in the little Church of St. Gregory—its second shrine,—where our saint reposed for three years. On the restoration of peace, this faithful monk resolved to give back to St. Edmundsbury its precious treasure. The Bishop of London, however, was scheming to secure it for his own cathedral; but when his priests endeavored to seize the bier, it remained immovable. London accordingly bade a regretful farewell to the Blessed Edmund.

The return journey now became a triumphant progress. Pious folk crowded along the decorated route, which lay through Ongar, Chelmsford, Braintree, and Clare. In this connection peculiar interest attaches to the venerable wooden church of Greenstead, near Ongar, in which the sacred treasure rested during the second night, and which still exists almost intact.

Following this new deposition in 1013, at St. Edmundsbury, the third shrine was very appropriately erected by the royal Danish convert, King Canute, in reparation for his father's enormities and for the initial crime of

Hinguar, his forbear. The mysterious death of that tyrant Sweyn is supposed to have been due to St. Edmund himself, to whom the people had turned in despair. Tradition says that the martyr appeared to Sweyn and struck him with a spear. An ancient carving commemorating this incident is now preserved in the Catholic church at modern Bury. In any case, his son Canute believed this account of his father's fate, and, completely changing his character, founded the famous Abbey of St. Edmundsbury in atonement for the past. He forthwith began to erect a monastery of solid stone, and afterward replaced the secular canons by Benedictine monks. Next we find good King Canute and his Queen munificently endowing their new foundation with many a broad acre, and also confirming the Blessed Edmund's demesne with important "liberties," or privileged franchises.

The basilica itself was completed in twelve years; and on October 18, 1032, amid splendid pageantry, St. Ethelnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury, first consecrated this new minster, and then placed therein the holy body in a gorgeous shrine. King Canute in person now offered his crown to St. Edmund, as afterward did nearly all his English successors down to the Reformation. Then and thus, at length, the glorious martyr had triumphed; the cause for which he died was won, his country was Christian and free, while the Dane himself had been the final instrument. It is touching to note that the monk Ailwin, who for nearly fifty years had continuously watched over St. Edmund's relics, was now himself Bishop of East Anglia.

Meanwhile the popular devotion to our saint had reached an extraordinary height, even for mediæval times. His festival became a holyday of obligation, and countless pilgrims thronged to his own Bury, where this greatest of

England's royal martyrs, now virtually her patron saint, lay enshrined. Soon after our land's conquest by the Normans, the zealous Dom Baldwin was elected abbot; he forthwith determined to erect over the holy body a still more superb structure. Canterbury, Durham, Norwich and other stately fanes were then being raised for Catholic worship, but that of St. Edmundsbury was to excel all. For over thirty years the work progressed apace. At length, with the consent of both Pope and King—solemn vigils having been observed,—the Blessed Edmund was translated to his fifth shrine by Bishop Wakelyn, of Winchester, and the saintly Baldwin on April 29, 1095 (henceforth to be kept as an annual festival); while the great abbey church was dedicated to Christ, St. Mary the Virgin, and its own regal saint.

A little over a century afterward, under the famous Abbot Samson, St. Edmund's body was again translated. This time it was only to a far more magnificent shrine, which remained *in situ* until, alas! "the great pillage" began. This memorable function took place during the martyr's festival in the year 1198, amid further scenes of ecclesiastical pageantry so vividly described in Dom Mackinlay's pages.

Meanwhile a privileged few had gazed with thrilling emotion once more on St. Edmund's features; for all this time the holy body had remained absolutely and miraculously *incorrupt*. Even in our age of universal criticism, this fact can not be denied without gain-saying all history. Numerous witnesses provide quite incontrovertible evidence. That of Abbot Leofstan in 1050, and of Abbot Samson himself at midnight on November 26, 1198, when the actual coffin was opened, is decisive.

St. Edmundsbury now became the birthplace of our proud and common Anglo-Saxon freedom; for the royal martyr was ever his people's protector;

and around his shrine in the year 1214, on his own feast-day, gathered the patriot peers of England, led by a cardinal primate—Archbishop Stephen Langton, of Canterbury,—who eventually secured Magna Charta, the foundation of both the British imperial and the American republican constitution of to-day.

This pilgrimage to Bury had become a national devotion, while many also came hither from the Continent. The countless pilgrims included both rich and poor, high and lowly, sovereign and peasant. Here had frequently journeyed his devoted client, St. Edward the Confessor, who, curiously enough was afterward to take his place as England's patron saint. Henry I. came in thanksgiving for a miraculous preservation from death; while Henry II. was crowned here, and afterward appeared as a penitent for the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket. That stalwart Christian soldier, King Richard I., had visited the shrine in suffrage for his forthcoming Crusade; even the iniquitous John came once, immediately after his coronation.

The next royal visitor was the Dauphin of France, whose advent was indeed fateful of results for St. Edmund and his holy relics. In 1272 King Henry III. assembled Parliament here, and subsequently, in the spacious abbey refectory, our first English Edward secured the famous legislation upon ecclesiastical subsidies. The latter monarch visited this favorite shrine no fewer than thirteen times; his hapless successor, Edward II., spent Christmas here in 1326; and both Edward III. and Richard II. also made the pilgrimage.

The saintly King Henry VI. was another zealous client of St. Edmund, and, for instance, celebrated Yuletide at Bury in 1433. Its last pilgrim monarch appears to have been Henry VII.; though we should not forget the special devotion in exile of the deposed King

James II., centuries afterward, to the Blessed Edmund of Saxon East Anglia. Famous pilgrims among England's hierarchy were St. Thomas à Becket himself, St. Anselm and the Venerable Lanfranc, Cardinal Langton or Archbishop Arundel, who came in great state in the year 1400,—all these from Canterbury alone. Prelates and simple priests, nobility and country folk, came each year in large numbers; though after the thirteenth century this shrine's predominance ceased.

St. Edmundsbury had become a stately city, a place of world-wide renown; the route once traversed by the saint's body was the favorite "pilgrims' way," trod annually by hundreds. Over this splendid Patrimony of St. Edmund, my Lord Abbot ruled supreme, and few spots in Christendom could have equalled it. An embattled wall with four great portals surrounded the abbatial precincts. The monastery covered thirty acres of land, and was perhaps the finest in "Our Lady's Dowry,"—verily a miniature city. Its massive fourteenth-century gatehouse and the splendid Norman tower, built by Abbot Baldwin as a befitting entrance to the basilica, still remain like sentinels of the distant past. There were several quadrangles and sets of cloisters, while within the huge courtyard (entered through the gatehouse) rose the abbot's palace, with its large hall, the splendid refectory, a capacious guesthouse, and the infirmary. Here also was their own mint, where since St. Edward's days they had enjoyed the privilege of coining money, and stabling for a hundred horses!

To the right of all this no less than three parochial churches, themselves of good size and beautiful workmanship, together with certain chapels, clustered round the superb abbey minster itself, in the great "churchyard." This ranked with St. Peter's, Seville, Milan, and a few other basilicas,

as one of the largest churches in Europe. With the exception of old St. Paul's, its nave was then the longest north of the Alps, and Norwich cathedral could easily have been placed inside St. Edmund's. The western façade, with three lofty portals, must have resembled that of Peterborough; while in its centre rose an enormous tower, flanked by two smaller ones, which those of Ely would recall. Three more towers, with a lofty central spirelet, adorned the transept crossings, and completed a vision of stately external grandeur,—an earthly *urbs cœlestis Jerusalem*.

The wondering pilgrim would pass through the brazen western doors of the minster into that grand nave, over five hundred feet long, with its twelve bays of massive Norman columns, its painted timber roof, and gleaming jewelled glass. An elaborate screen of stone, probably adorned with tiers of sacred imagery and surmounted by the Holy Rood, separated the nave from the monks' choir, situated behind the high altar, which stood in front of this screen and almost under the central lantern tower. This altar was of silver, with a porphyry *mensa* presented to the abbey by Pope Alexander II. Above, in a golden pyx called the *majestas*, a gift from King Henry III., would repose the Holy of Holies—the Most Blessed Sacrament. On either side were doors leading to the monastic choir beyond, with its series of oaken stalls beautifully carved.

In the centre of this eastern apse stood the resplendent shrine itself and St. Edmund's altar; a Gothic substructure of carved stone, with marble base, supported the feretory, or outer coffin, of solid gold, gleaming with priceless jewels and numerous lights, and surmounted by a rich canopy. All around were numerous chapels, with their altars where the eighty priests of this great Benedictine monas-

tery could say Mass. Here also were enshrined St. Botolph's and other relics. Numerous, too, were the chantries, such as those of Abbots Leofstan and Baldwin, or the tombs of illustrious dead, down to that of Mary Tudor, Queen of France for a few months in A. D. 1514. Underneath there was an enormous crypt dedicated to our Blessed Lady—a veritable basilica in itself,—with twenty-four marble pillars and another series of altars.

This abbey's treasures, such as plate and vestments, must have baffled description; almost every abbot's tenure of office had been marked by new gifts, and the accumulated result can only be imagined now. There were hundreds of copes and chasubles, often adorned with jewels, or of historic interest,—one cope alone had cost £400; the large chalice of gold presented by Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II.; jewelled golden crosses given by Abbot Samson, Hugh the sacrist, or Earl Lacy of Lincoln; the exquisite abbatial staff of Dom Curteys, rebuildier of the central tower, and so forth. The library contained a valuable collection of nearly three thousand books, while Papal Bulls or royal charters would be carefully preserved across the centuries. This monastery's annual revenue was very large, so the abbot and prior were enabled to exercise Christian hospitality or almsgiving on a noble scale; moreover, even Henry VIII. could find no charge save fidelity to bring against the good monks of St. Edmundsbury.

Ah, what a sublime vision this venerable basilica must have presented on great festival days, especially on November 20 each year! The merry pealing of dozen of bells in the various towers heralded the first Vespers, for which the huge building was brilliantly illuminated. During the *Magnificat* the Blessed Sacrament and St. Edmund's shrine were solemnly censured. At mid-

night the bells once again summoned the community to Matins and Lauds, which were also rendered with elaborate ceremonial. In the morning the abbatial High Mass itself was preceded by a gorgeous procession.

For centuries St. Edmundsbury thus remained in all its glory, and then came that terrible year of 1538. Its monastic guardians had weakly betrayed their sacred trust; but, despite schismatic acceptance of the royal supremacy, their day of doom arrived. Four of Cromwell's agents plundered the great minster and dispatched an enormous hoard of gold and silver to that abominable Tudor melting-pot: the costly jewels now enriched a royal instead of an ecclesiastical treasury. We read with horror their report that "at Saynt Edmond's Bury we found a riche shrine, which was very comberous to deface." Not even the fact that his own fascinating sister lay buried there could prevail upon the unspeakable Henry VIII. to spare the minster itself—now, alas! *useless*. The lead was soon stripped from its roofs, and then even gunpowder utilized to destroy the venerable fabric, which actually became a quarry for apostate Catholics or Anglo-German Protestants. Moreover, when the sacrilegious wreckage was complete, its last abbot died of a broken heart in Bury itself.

Within a few years only some mutilated stonework remained of what was once Northern Europe's largest church and Catholic England's special glory; for it was not even to survive its dissolution as a beauteous ruin. Green grass waves over the site of St. Edmund's glorious shrine, and literally "the abomination of desolation" reigns supreme in this sacred spot. Incredible as it would have seemed to its devoted builders, only a defaced fragment of the western façade (now a house) and a few shapeless masses of stone remain of that august basilica. Two of its

smaller attendant fanes were spared for parochial purposes, and are still objects of admiration,—especially the superb timber roof of St. Mary's.

Neither does anything beyond similar fragments remain of the vast monastery; most of its land is now a public park, and the rest, including St. Edmund's former sanctuary, a private garden. Quite recently excavations have been in progress, with very interesting result: under the pavement of the chapter-house were discovered five stone coffins, containing the skeletons of abbots, including that of Dom Samson (1180-1211).

There is considerable reason to believe that St. Edmund's incorrupt body really was, in A. D. 1217, secretly removed by Louis the Dauphin to the Augustinian Abbey at Toulouse—always famous for its wondrous collection of relics,—and therefore now, after a lapse of nearly seven centuries, has been restored to Catholic England.

Old Joe's "Adeste."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE place was as cosy as lamplight, firelight, deep chairs, and the backs of many books can make a den. The occupants of the chairs were almost invisible; but, through wreaths of smoke, a pair of good eyes might have discerned Father Tom Kennedy and Arthur Trelaine, Esq.,—the one pastor of Little Middledy, the other master of these domains. They had been college chums; the term covers much ground.

"Now, as I was saying," pursued the older man, "if you want to do a good work—"

"I don't,—I really don't! I can't see why you always have to spoil my pipe-dreams by suggesting matrimony or good deeds. It's unkind of you."

"You needn't protest so vigorously. You always perform the good deeds, and some day you will—"

"Commit matrimony? Heaven forbid!"

"You can't go on living this kind of slipshod life forever: you—"

"You are wandering from your point, Father Tom; it was good works this time."

"So it was. Well, you are hereby petitioned to buy a new fiddle for old Joe Riordan."

Trelaine groaned. "Does anybody else in the congregation want a drum or cymbals, or perhaps a sackbut?"

"I'm not joking, Arthur. The poor old man is broken-hearted because he was to play the *Adeste* at Midnight Mass, and his fiddle has sprung a leak or something and won't play any more."

"A rift in the Riordan lute. Alas! fair ladies, who will now discourse sweet music at your sylvan feasts?"

"Do be serious, Arthur. It really would be a great charity."

"Don't you think we should rather thank the gods for having delivered our nerves from a very great trial?"

"Bother your nerves, you over-cultured, hyper-sensitive Sybarite and Epicure!"

"Do go on, dear Father Tom! You are so interesting."

"I will not go on. I am going home. No rational being can talk to you in your present mood, Arthur Trelaine. The symptoms are familiar."

"I'll be as grave as a tomb. Have another cigar. But fiddle me no fiddles; for my last sixpence is in that letter you perceive on the desk, and it's going to Moxon's to-morrow for the octavo Pindar."

Father Kennedy piously lifted his eyes: "Did I not say that he was a Sybarite and an Epicure?"

"Oh! well,—it's my Christmas present. Nobody else gives me any, and

its against my principles to abrogate good customs."

"I am dumb. Any man who will buy himself an *édition de luxe*—"

"Instead of nerve-wrecking fiddles for all the blind beggars of Little Middley—"

"Exactly: fiddles for odes! But you mark my word, Arthur: old Joe will get his, just the same."

"Not from me, Father."

"Yes, from you."

"Not if I know it."

"I will not attempt to define in what precise psychological mood of unconsciousness, semiconsciousness or subconsciousness. But he'll get it. Good-night, old man!"

Trelaine returned to his armchair and put his slippers on the fender with an, "All the same, he will *not*; and just for once you are going to be wrong, Father Tom! I see myself dropping the Pindar for the sake of a squealing violin!"

He did see it, as such men invariably do, and that before he retired to rest. The embers had sunk low on the hearth, the wreaths of festooned smoke were dissolving in the air, and Trelaine lifted his head from certain long, long thoughts. They had not been of Little Middley or even Oxford. Arthur Trelaine had travelled, and in his travels something had happened to him that had left its mark on him for life. It made the sweetness and the bitterness of the long, long thoughts that came to him with his pipe. When he rose up and knocked out the ashes, he caught sight of the closed envelope upon his desk. He paused a moment in meditation, shrugged his shoulders, tore it open and put the cheque in his pocket. The crumpled note made a little fleeting flame.

One consolation he had. It was a good violin, that neither rasped nor jarred the nerves. Old Joe, excited and tremulous, brought the boys up one

afternoon, that Mr. Trelaine might have the first hearing of the *Adeste*; and it struck Mr. Trelaine, sitting with eyes shaded from the light, that the young voices and the swing of the obbligato made a rather beautiful combination, after all. There were reminiscences of boyhood in the music, too: the Christmas tree, his mother; memories of a Beaumont chapel where he seemed to come very near heaven; a Midnight Mass in Naples that he would never forget. Old Joe detected a note of emotion in the voice that thanked him, and went home glad.

Though many years have passed since, the snowstorm on the night of the 24th of December is remembered still in that district as the "Christmas of '86." Trelaine, pulling on his coat in the hall, pitied the people who would have to come long distances to attend Mass. The snow pelted down in thick masses with that peculiar, insistent, relentless hurling of its heaviest falls; the wind howled dismally and savagely, driving the quick flakes into drifts that, in some places, already towered shoulder-high; and through all this palpable, awful, irresistible unchaining of the elements, no smallest ray of light was seen to pierce.

Trelaine had refused the seat offered him in a neighbor's carriage, preferring to walk; but he had expected a pleasant tramp in the frost and starlight, not a body-to-body struggle with the storm. He had provided himself with a lantern and a stout stick; but the moment the door closed and the hurricane struck him, he knew it would be a severe fight. One moment he thought he would turn back; but he had never failed to attend Midnight Mass in all the Christmases he had spent at Little Middley, since the first wondrous night of his sitting in the family pew between father and mother, wide-eyed urchin of three.

He bent his head against the wind's

fury and pressed forward. The way lay partly along the familiar highroad; and, though milestones and landmarks were buried, he made fair progress, in spite of the acute pain of the cold and the labor of walking in snow that reached his knees. He was glad he had started early: it was his only possible chance. Where his path struck the woods, he hesitated again. The blinding curtain of white flakes shut out all view, and only by lifting the lantern and peering a few feet in front of him could he advance at all. To continue even on that familiar footway appeared insane.

Still, where Arthur Trelaine had a purpose, few difficulties could induce him to relinquish it. Again he moved forward, carefully picking his road. There were trees on one hand, trees on the other hand,—white-sheeted forms starting out of obscurity; but the path was lost in the deep pall of snow, and to-night those gaunt forms of birch and elm and oak were as spectres of terror. They seemed to be lifting fleshless arms in some strange incantation, or imprecation of vengeance from heaven.

Scraps of Greek song stole into Trelaine's recollection,—weird thoughts from the tragic poets of antiquity. He began to forget why he was here, what he was doing, and only some supreme instinct of self-preservation kept him struggling on against the lash of the storm. Presently he tripped in a root and fell, striking his face against the lantern. As he regained his feet, blinded from the blow, he found himself wondering about that root. There were no roots in the path. In summer it was a path full of leaves and bird songs, trodden smooth by generations of nut-hunting, school-going children. Had he left the path? He staggered forward a few paces, and the tree trunks came directly in front of him, marshalling themselves

into ranks that opposed him in every direction. Again he stumbled over some obstacle hidden in the snow; and the wind seemed to howl in glee, exulting over any harm Nature could do him.

Trelaine's teeth shut harder, and, step by step, feeling his way, he advanced from trunk to trunk. The groups of trees seemed to grow thicker and thicker. This way and that he endeavored to retrace his footprints to the path. There was no clearing anywhere: the wood seemed to circle around him like a slow-revolving maze. He could penetrate nowhere farther than a few yards: then the trees met him and he knew the direction was wrong. In vain his eyes searched the distance for a light or beacon: the darkness had closed in and engulfed him. In vain he strained his ear for the hopeful sound of bells: by this time, he thought (for some large measure of eternity seemed to have dragged itself wearily past), the bells must have ceased ringing. Probably the snow had deadened the sound, and the howling wind served to carry it away.

Trelaine stood still. He was lost: there could be no further doubt of it. To face the fact was easy enough, but could he endure the bitter cold until morning? His limbs were stiff now: it was agony to hold the lantern—useless as it had proved,—and he was sick with a peculiar sickness that he could not explain, unless it were the foresign of frost seizing upon his body. Should he again attempt to go forward? Any direction, he reflected, must necessarily bring him to the margin of the wood: but could he keep it? That curious phenomenon of trees appearing directly in front of him and driving him helplessly hither and thither, the blackness he could not penetrate, and the close, pelting storm that seemed heaped over his head for him alone, isolated him from the world

at large. Then the feeling of faintness grew upon him, his sight blurred, he felt that he staggered, seized at a tree trunk—and then fell. It merely gave him a sensation of astonishment for a moment; then consciousness went, like a candle snuffed. He seemed to have seen a butterfly rising with a fluttering of colored wings; he watched it and knew no more.

The feeling of relief when he came to himself was that he was lying down instead of struggling against overpowering odds. He was drowsy and comfortable; the snow appeared to warm him, and all sense of danger and desire were past. Deliberately he closed his eyes. He would rest a little while and then—and then! He started, and pulled himself quickly out of the drift. Quite distinctly, though very far away, he heard the dim, glad notes of the violin beating out with its peculiar, weird rhythm: "*A-des-te — fi-de-les,— læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes...*" It had the very swing and cadence of the boys' voices as they trolled it, fresh and lilting,—the Christmas hymn that meant to them so much of blended joy in earth and heaven.

"Old Joe's fiddle, God bless him! Mass must have begun."

Then the wind roared, the branches shook down the sugary masses that overloaded them, and the night grew very deep. The music had ceased, and a sudden wonder filled the lonely wanderer. How could he have heard the music, since he could not see the glow of the church windows? He rubbed his eyes: no, not a sign of a light anywhere. Could Uncle Joe be playing his violin on the way to church? Trelaine laughed at himself for the idea. Joe blind, and in such a storm!

"Bah, nerves!" he muttered. "I'm glad I'm awake, at all events. That last fall nearly finished me."

As he stood, bewildered and numb, the notes rose again faintly on the

wind; the very same bars repeated over, with the very same jar in them, so distinctive of the old man's playing, but so expressive of strong joy. They soared on to the "*Venite, venite ad Bethlehem.*" The direction had changed: they seemed to be now here, now there, and again farther in the sport of the wind.

Trelaine knew very certainly that it was no delusion, and that he heard them; but he began to be afraid. If only he could see the church windows! If only somebody would come along; or a conveyance of any kind, a companionship of any kind draw near! In the stress of his own thoughts he did not notice that the music had ceased. He had begun once more to walk steadfastly forward with lowered head, and it seemed to him that he moved with a new vigor, as though he had found a hope. Attentively, with strained ear, he listened for the music.

"*A-des-te fi-de-les.*" The violin was very near this time, apparently playing somewhere in the wood and moving in a certain direction,—now clear, now faint, bar upon bar, staccato, with the zigzag motion of a gipsy song to it.

Trelaine shouted:

"Joe! Uncle Joe, wait for me!"

It was instinctive: he did not expect a reply. He attempted to run, and found then that he was in the path and that it lay clear before him. How he got there he never knew. Far in front of him, and going farther, violin-notes were in the air: "*Et nos ovanti gradu festinemus.*" So faint he could scarcely catch them, the words sang themselves out—strange, sweet, melting. He followed on. The mind in him, critical and analytic, had come to a standstill. He was distinctly conscious: he knew he was not dreaming; he thought he was not deluded: but, as certainly as he possesses any fact in this world, he holds that he walked in the wake of a

violin playing before him in the night: "*Venite, venite ad Bethlehem.*"

To his dying day Trelaine will not be able to hear without shuddering the rise and fall of those familiar bars. In all the organs that peal it and in all the voices that sing it there will be the rare, shrill, thinly sweet piping of a fiddle, playing staccato, with all sorts of thrills of joy and ringing of high, sure hope through its wayward tones, across the thick darkness of a midnight wood.

At the border of the forest the music died away, lingering and plaintively. Trelaine by moments imagined he heard it still; but, thinking over it later, knew he had lost it at the last tree trunks he passed.

As he drew toward the church, he perceived that the windows were not lighted: only a faint crimson radiance showed where the sanctuary lamp was burning. With a deep sense of thankfulness he pushed forward, wondering at the same time if Mass could be over. But no; for as he looked the first window sprang into light.

Never had the holy place seemed so beautiful, so still, so much a haven and a heaven, as when the poor storm-beaten human atom crept within its shelter. The sweet, pungent aroma of spruce and evergreen filled it with the incense of God's woods. Trelaine dragged himself to the nearest pew, and some minutes elapsed ere he could gather strength to look at his watch. Twelve, to the minute. Only one hour and a quarter since he left home! To him it had seemed three or five, possibly seven hours,—virtually the agony of a whole night. He had the curiosity to lean over and ask a neighbor if the bells had rung.

"No," was the answer. "Father Kennedy is away on a sick call, and they don't know if he'll be back in time."

A sudden fear smote Arthur Trelaine.

He went out to the organ gallery and questioned the boys. None of them had seen Mr. Riordan. No, they were quite sure he had not come.

"Father Kennedy'll likely stop for him and take him along in the buggy," volunteered one of the choristers.

The look of anxiety at the bottom of Trelaine's eyes grew deeper.

"We won't get started till one o'clock, at this rate!" grumbled a snubnosed soprano.

"If we have Mass at all!" echoed another.

Trelaine went down and sat in the vestibule. Twelve minutes past twelve. He was a university man, and inclined to the realist school of thought rather than to the idealist; but he was beginning to feel sure that it was to the deathbed of the old violin-player Father Kennedy had been summoned that night.

Suddenly a horse whinnied out in the snow, and the pastor of Little Middley burst into the vestibule.

"Arthur!" he said, and for a moment stood still. Then he turned back to the door. "Joe! I say Joe, here's Mr. Trelaine for you!"

The old man stumbled in with both hands outstretched, and gasped: "Thank God!"

Trelaine took the hands and shook them. A peculiar strong emotion was upon him that prevented speech. It was the voice of Father Kennedy, sane and jolly, that broke the silence.

"Now, Joe Riordan, aren't you ashamed of your foolishness? There's Mr. Trelaine, large as life and twice as natural, and you frightening the wits out of me with your tales! You wouldn't believe, Arthur, that I found my one and only violin fast asleep in his chair—lazy beggar!—instead of getting ready for Mass. And when I got him awake, he rewarded me by telling me that he had merely dozed while fingering over his '*Adeste*,' but

that he had had an awful dream of you lying dead in the Reddon Wood, with the snow falling on your face. And it was so real he knew that it was true. He made me so uncomfortable I've been praying for you, alive or dead, ever since. You just try that on me again, Joe Riordan — will you? Goodness, there's the quarter! Hurry and light the candles, Tommy!"

Te Deum.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

THEE, Lord, our God omnipotent, we praise;
 To Thee, confessing, songs enraptured raise,—
 Th' Eternal Father, by all earth adored,
 Whom all the angels reverence as their Lord.
 Thee and Thy glory, through undying hours,
 Proclaim the heavens and all the heavenly powers.
 Thee, Cherub hosts, in songs celestial, hymn:
 To Thee the choirs of burning Seraphim,
 Owing the sway of Thy omnific rod,
 Cry ever, 'Holy, Holy, Holy God!
 Lord of Sabaoth, Majesty most high,
 Whose boundless glory filleth earth and sky.'
 Thee doth the glorious Apostolic band
 Resounding pæans from the orbs demand.
 Thee do the Prophets praise with choral song,
 Like thundering clarions rolled the heavens along.
 Thee white-robed Martyrs chaunt, each flinging down
 Before the Great White Throne his golden crown.
 Thee, through the earth by feet divine once trod,
 The Holy Church confesseth as her God.

Almighty Father, Lord and Source of Light,
 Stupendous in the glory of Thy might;
 And He, th' Incarnate Word, the Holy One,
 Thy true, adorable and only Son.
 And Thou, of both the Effluence complete,
 Most Holy Spirit, God the Paraclete.
 Thou King of Glory, Thou, O Christ the Lord,
 The Father's Everlasting Son adored,
 Who, come to raise our fallen nature's crest,
 Didst not abhor the lowly Virgin's breast;
 Who, having vanquished Death before Thee driven,
 Flung to believers, wide, the gates of heaven;
 Who, at Thy Father's right hand fully owned,
 Sittest in glory in that heaven enthroned,—
 Thou wilt, we know, the judge's rôle assume,
 With power omnipotent to seal our doom;
 Thee, therefore, we implore, that grace may flood

Slaves Thou hast ransomed with Thy saving blood.
 Make them in glory, by Thy power divine,
 Through endless ages with Thy saints to shine.
 Thy people save from jaws of hell, O Lord!
 And bless, as Thy inheritance restored.
 Rule them and raise these creatures of Thy choice,
 Till in th' eternal courts their souls rejoice.

Thus, day by day, while yet our mortal frame
 Survives on earth, we sing Thy Holy Name;
 For ever, ever, thus our praises bring;
 For ever, ever, thus Thy glories sing.
 Deign then, O Lord, to grant us our reward—
 This day from sin our suppliant souls to guard.
 Mercy, O Lord,—Thy heavenly mercy show;
 Pitying forgiveness, gracious Lord, bestow.
 Send, in compassion, Lord, Thine aid benign,
 Ev'n as our hopes have sought that aid divine.

Let not my hopes, O Lord, all vain be found,
 Nor let my soul th' eternal doom astound!

White Roses.'

BY JANET GRANT.

AT the present date if the shade of one of the ancestral residents were to walk down Beacon Street, Boston, on a moonlit night, he might have difficulty in adjusting his ideas to the changes time has wrought. For he would find that a number of the old families have vanished off the face of the earth, giving place to others, less blue-blooded perhaps, but also less anæmic; and, but for the fact that the age of name-plates is past, he might discover written in burnished silver upon many a handsome door the evidence that Kelticism is becoming the fashion in walks of life other than those of art and literature.

But twenty-five years ago Beacon and Marlborough Streets, and the new, park-like Commonwealth Avenue, were still the centre of the exclusive and self-conscious aristocracy of the City of the Puritans. Descendants of passengers of any emigrant ship later than the *Mayflower* were, supposedly, not admitted within its narrow boundaries.

In a wider ring about the latter, indeed, extended the circle where famous men of letters ruled as laurel-crowned kings. Society admired them, read their books, and entertained them when the lions could be caught. It went abroad, but returned with a more assured conviction that there was no place like Boston. As a witty Frenchman said of John Bull, "it took even its pleasures seriously."

On a certain morning the sun shone into the airy breakfast room of a house "on the water side of Beacon,"—a room rich in old furniture but devoid of the bric-a-brac and deep window-benches, with their many-colored pillows, that make the cosy corners of to-day.

Miss Lucia Pinckney seemed to fit her surroundings as she sat opposite to her father at the table, whose appointments, from the fine damask to the gleaming tea-service, proclaimed her to be an excellent housekeeper. For she it was who ruled, not only this pleasant home, but its owner. Josiah Pinckney idolized his only and motherless daughter, and never crossed her wishes so long as they did not interfere with his individual comfort.

Judging from her youthful appearance and the record in the family Bible, Lucia might have been called still a girl. Her face was round and dimpled, her figure slight and graceful, her grey eyes looked out at the world through black-rimmed *pince nez*, and her pretty fair hair was brushed back smoothly from the white brow. In dress, however, she was at all times severely simple; and this fact, together with her primness of manner and tendency to "views" on a variety of topics, caused many people to forget that she was still in her early twenties.

"Well, Lucia, what do you find in that letter to vex you?" inquired Josiah Pinckney, looking up from the perusal of the *Daily Advertiser*, when the servant had withdrawn.

Lucia, who had been absorbed in her mail, turned to him with a tragic air.

"Father," she said, dramatically, "it is a message from Mrs. Wendell; and I hardly believe the written words, yet they are set down plain enough. She tells me she has become an *Irish Catholic!*"

The old gentleman gasped with astonishment. But he had a sense of humor that was wholly lacking in his daughter.

"I hardly think it can be *quite* so bad, my dear," he corrected; "since to do that she would have to be born again."

"At least she is the same kind of a Catholic as Anne and Maria, and all the servants of the neighborhood," persisted Lucia, biting her thin lips. "Just think of it, and her great-grandfather fought at Bunker Hill!"

"Humph! I always thought Wendell would regret letting his wife travel so much," mused Josiah Pinckney, sententiously. "I dare say she took up this idea abroad,—contracted the Roman fever, one may say. As her son Horace has just returned from the Grand Tour, I suppose he has changed his religion too."

"I never heard that Horace had any," replied Lucia, with a blush and a sarcastic little laugh. "But his mother does not mention his name."

Rising from her place, she crossed the room and stood looking out of the window, from beneath which the swift current of the River Charles stretched across in a bright expanse to the green meadows of the Cambridge shore.

Two hours later on Miss Lucia was seated opposite to her elderly friend, Mrs. Wendell, in the morning-room of a house on Marlborough Street that John Wendell had recently built. Notwithstanding the disparity in the years of the two women, there had long been a bond of affection between them.

To-day the girl was excited and argumentative.

"O Mrs. Wendell, how *could* you do it? How do you manage when you go to church and are jostled by anybody and everybody?" she broke out. "At the New-Old South meeting-house there is always plenty of room, the people are so cultured; and of course you must remember how excellently the sermons keep one posted on current events. How *could* you go back from all this to medievalism?"

The older lady listened with indulgence. She had a refined, thoughtful face and a gentleness of speech scarcely native to New England.

"My dear, I am broader than you; for I have gone back to Christianity which embraces the whole earth and spans the centuries," she answered quietly. "Besides," and she smiled with amusement, "I do not at all mind being jostled and pushed into heaven."

The girl sought a digression.

"And Horace?" she asked, flushing in spite of her attempt at *nonchalance*.

Mrs. Wendell's sweet countenance grew a trifle wistful.

"Horace has not seen the light as I see it," she admitted, regretfully.

Lucia brightened. Horace and she had known each other from childhood, and before he went away they had been so much together that rumor said their friendship was like to end in a warmer attachment. A wedding in "the New-Old South," with a throng of aristocratic guests, was the day-dream that appealed most strongly to Lucia's idea of romance. She and Horace had not corresponded during his absence abroad: Lucia wanted to ascertain how separation would affect her feeling toward him. Now, however, he came to see her often, as before, and escorted her to the theatre and to concerts. But the discussion of his mother's religion they tacitly avoided.

If Lucia's visits to Mrs. Wendell grew

less frequent, the ladies still kept up a show of intimacy. Thus it was that one day Miss Pinckney received another note written hastily out of the joy of a mother's heart, and without a thought of how it might affect the recipient.

"Dear Lucia," it ran, "perhaps Horace has already told you. God has granted my prayer. To-day my son brought me a bouquet of white roses; and as he put them into my hands he kissed me, saying: 'Mother, I know these flowers will be dear to you, because they were before me on the priedieu in the convent chapel where, by special permission, I was this morning baptized a Catholic.' My dear girl, may the eyes of *your* mind be soon opened also, that you may share in our happiness!"

Fortunately for the peace of the Pinckney household, its nominal head was not at home when Lucia received this letter. Fortunately, too, she read it alone in her own room. For the same spirit that in colonial days caused fiery old Governor Endicott to tear the Cross from the standard of the mother country raged in the breast of the little descendant of the Puritans. Is there anything that so changes human nature as the blind, unreasoning anger of prejudice?

Lucia had promised to marry Horace Wendell; but now, on the spur of the moment, she sat down at her desk and wrote a few words to him, saying that all was over between them; and asking him as a favor not to seek an interview, because she did not wish to see him.

Poor Lucia deceived herself with the idea that she was acting according to her conscience: in reality she was but following the dictates of her pride. But if in her heart she hoped that, notwithstanding her prohibition, the young man would insist upon explaining his reasons for the step he had taken, she was destined to disappointment.

Horace Wendell accepted her decision as final. They did not meet again. A few weeks later he went away to take charge of his father's business interests in New York, and in course of time news reached her that he had married. Lucia soon married too, her choice being a distant cousin, who was also a Pinckney. Twenty years later Wendell heard that she and her husband were both dead.

It was at Harvard's Class Day in the year 1902 that Horace Wendell, Second, a handsome senior, was introduced to a very pretty girl of the New-England type—delicate complexion, brown hair, clear grey eyes, and eye-glasses. Upon being presented, Wendell bowed conventionally; but at the mention of the name he started, and with a new interest looked down from the commanding height of his "six foot and a half inch" into the charming face before him.

"Why, I have heard my father speak of a Lucia Pinckney who was once his sweetheart!" he exclaimed, impetuously.

Lucy laughed shyly.

"My mother told me of her friendship for Horace Wendell in her girlhood," she stammered.

The occasion, a students' reception, or "spread," in historic Hollis Hall, was a singular time for a conversation anent anything incongruous to the joys of the day, which to the happy seniors and their friends is the fairest of all days in June. And yet, ensconced in the picturesque recess of one of the diamond-paned windows, and with the consciousness of the old romance between them, Wendell and Lucy soon found themselves talking seriously.

"You are a Catholic?" asked the girl. Horace at once understood that, like himself, she knew how it had come about that the lives of the two lovers of long ago had been parted.

"Yes, of course," he answered. "And

you, I suppose, are as rigid a little daughter of the Puritans as your mother was?"

Their eyes met. His were frank and smiling, but to his surprise hers became troubled.

"No," she said, with a shake of her pretty head.

It was only about half an hour since she and Horace had met; yet, with the ardor of youth which chooses its friends so swiftly, they already felt that they had been long acquainted, and understood each other,—a sense that is half imagination and half mutual attraction. Perhaps it was the admiration in his gaze that caused her to add, earnestly:

"No, Mr. Wendell. Mother confided to me the story of her early love, and half acknowledged that she had made a mistake. From my childhood I have been drawn toward the Faith against which she intrenched herself in her Puritanism. I sometimes think my nature is the protest of her mind and heart against her prejudice and pride."

A new light came into the eyes of the young senior.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Miss Pinckney," he declared, as he led her away to witness the Class Exercises around the noted "Elm" in the Campus.

A year afterward Horace Wendell, Second, brought home a bride to his father's house,—a bride whose name was Lucia Pinckney Wendell.

"Father, I am so happy!" said the young wife, as the silver-haired gentleman greeted her with parental affection. "And, see, I have brought you my bridal bouquet of white roses. After all that has passed, perhaps you will hardly credit the fact, yet a week ago I, Lucia Pinckney's daughter, was received into the Church. You will be glad, for my mother told me of your conversion in the long ago. 'He

brought a bouquet of white roses to Mrs. Wendell and told her he had been baptized,' she said. Ah, father, I am sure you have never forgotten the fragrance of those roses!"

Horace Wendell the elder gallantly raised the little hand of his new daughter-in-law to his lips, and murmuring some platitude, turned away.

As he sat alone in his study that evening his thoughts went back over the busy past. So his son had not told Lucy that he, who gave up his early love for the sake of principle, had of late years fallen away from the practice of the Faith. Her bouquet stood before him on his desk. Those other roses,—ah, yes, he remembered the joy depicted on the face of his mother—God rest her soul!—when he told her what they signified. He recalled the hard words of Lucia's letter—that "henceforth white roses would ever seem to her as flowers of the dead, since he and she must now be as dead to each other."

His mother was gone and Lucia was gone, and he still mourned the wife whom he had loved better than either mother or early sweetheart. But now Lucia's child had come to him with her hands full of white roses, to be his daughter too, and to cheer his oneliness. Had she also come to lead him back to God?

Lucia's daughter had brought the flowers to one dead in negligence and worldliness; but, for the second time in the life of Horace Wendell, the white roses typified resurrection,—“a casting off of the old man and a putting on of the new,” which began from that hour.

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare.

Lili.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

“THERE are two things inexpres-
sibly dreary at this season of the
year,” sighed the Marquise de Saint-
Ives: “homes without fires and homes
without children.”

The old lady shivered slightly as she spoke, although a bright wood fire was crackling in the fireplace.

“You should have married, Marie Anne,” she continued, after a short silence, addressing her niece, who sat by the window crocheting. “Your children would have been mine, and perhaps—”

She did not have the courage to finish her remark, at sight of the pained expression in the face turned toward her. Marie Anne was a woman of thirty, plain of feature and prematurely faded. Still, with her fortune, there was no reason why she should not have married in her youth; she had remained single from choice, doubtless. She now bent her head over the little woollen sock she was crocheting, and made no reply to her aunt's remarks.

“Of course I know there is charity. I practise it, too: give to the poor, supply their children with clothing, toys, and all that. But that is not like having children of one's own to fill the house with sunshine, and to put their little shoes in front of the fireplace on Christmas Eve. The Christmas chimes will soon be ringing, and it fairly chills my heart to hear them. I can well understand why my old friend, Madame de Granval, adopted that little girl, her loneliness being equal to mine.”

These last words were spoken with an accent of bitterness that did not escape her niece.

* From the French for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

"By the way, Marie Anne, you have not told me very much about that strange affair. Did you say the child had just made a long voyage? Is she pretty?"

"Very: a blonde with golden curls and beautiful blue eyes."

"Blondes are not to my taste," rejoined the Marquise, curtly.

"But you know, aunt, nearly all children are fair."

"That is true. She is an orphan, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"How old is she?"

"Nearly four."

"What is her name?"

"Lili. Her other name is never mentioned; I think that, connected with the child, there is some secret they do not wish told."

"Some unfortunate affair, perhaps. But what does that matter, provided the child brings happiness into a solitary old age?"

A servant entered the room just at this moment, bringing a letter for the Marquise.

"Read it to me, Marie Anne, my eyes are so weak."

Marie Anne's fingers trembled as she opened the envelope.

"It is from Madame de Granval," she said; then she read the following:

"DEAR FRIEND:—I have a favor to ask of you, and I feel sure you will not refuse to grant it. I am obliged to be absent from home a week on business. I can not take Lili with me, and I dislike to leave the child, who does not feel quite at home yet, in the care of domestics. May I leave her with you instead? She is so sweet and gentle that she will not make you very much trouble. Do not hesitate to refuse, if you do not care to have her...."

"You will take her, I hope," urged Marie Anne, rather excitedly. "You could hardly refuse, and perhaps our Christmas will be a little less lonely."

II.

"Good-morning, Madame!" chirped a silvery voice, as Lili, looking like a fairy in her white fur-trimmed cloak and hood, approached the stately old lady, without the least fear.

The Marquise held out her hand and said in a kindly tone:

"Come here, little one, and tell me your name."

"My name is Lili," replied the child, putting her rosy, dimpled palm into the wrinkled one outstretched to her.

"What's your name?" lisped Lili.

"My name is not as pretty as yours. They call me Madame la Marquise."

"Madame la Martize," repeated the child. Then, after reflecting a moment, she burst out laughing, as if she found it all very amusing.

Meanwhile Marie Anne had removed the white hood, freeing the golden locks. With a sudden impulse, Madame de Saint-Ives clasped the little girl in her arms and kissed her white brow.

"Do you think you would like to stay with me for a few days?" she asked, stroking the bright silken hair.

"Yes, Madame, I want to stay here."

Then, leaning against the chair and lifting up her tiny feet, the child stated the important fact that she had on some "pretty white shoes."

Marie Anne watched the two, and tears, which she carefully concealed, dimmed her eyes.

On the night before Christmas the Marquise played the rôle of Santa Claus, completely filling the fireplace with toys and bonbons. Lili was delighted, as she wondered how Santa knew where to find her.

As the days passed on, the lonely old Marquise became deeply attached to the winsome child. She felt a dread which surprised her of seeing her friend appear to claim her charge. By a fortunate combination of circumstances, the visit had to be prolonged; and Madame de Saint-Ives had the

pleasure of indulging Lili again at New Year's, making the happiest holiday season she had known for years.

III.

"Thank me!" exclaimed the Marquise, when Madame de Granval at last came to claim Lili. "It is I who should thank you instead. I must confess to being jealous of you, too."

"My poor friend!" replied Madame de Granval. "You see what your calling is: it is to be a grandmother."

"Julie!" said the Marquise, turning pale. "Do you think I could consider as my grandchildren the fruit of that—odious union? I hope you will never again speak to me of that."

"Not of your son, my dear friend?"

"No, Julie; I have had no son for eight years. When I think of him, the face of Evelyn, my former companion, rises before me. She knew how to act her part. To think of the respect and deference she showed me, and the care she took of me, all to win my confidence. She was beautiful, I will admit, with her blue eyes and golden hair. She was older than my son, and of course he fell into the trap set for him. You know what happened, and how he broke the heart of Marie Anne, whom I intended for his wife. Poor girl! She fairly implored me to sanction the disgraceful union. Sanction it, indeed! I could never, never do such a thing!"

"Yes, but René repented so sincerely that you might have read his letters instead of burning them unopened."

"It is easy enough to repent after having had one's own way."

"But he loved you."

"He showed that he did!"

"Are you so sure that Evelyn was an intriguer? René was surely capable of inspiring genuine affection, and the girl probably loved him."

"Julie! Not a word more, please, about those unfortunate creatures or anything connected with them."

Madame de Granval sighed deeply

and said no more. The sound of pattering feet was heard, and Lili came running into the room, a huge doll in her arms. The face of the Marquise lighted up for a moment, then grew sombre again.

"I hope you will lend me the child sometimes," she said, sadly. "I am really very much attached to her."

It followed that Lili was often with the Marquise, remaining at her house for weeks at a time. One day, after one of these visits, the child complained of feeling ill. A fever developed, followed by delirium. The doctor, who had been summoned in great haste, pronounced the disease typhoid fever. Madame de Saint-Ives and Marie Anne went at once to assist Madame de Granval in caring for the little sufferer. In spite of all their care, however, she grew steadily worse, and the doctor did not conceal his anxiety.

"And must I lose this one, too!" groaned the Marquise in her despair.

"Ah, if you only knew!" said Madame de Granval. "You love Lili, but you would doubtless repulse the fruit of that 'odious marriage.' Those are your own words, uttered a year ago. Lili is the child of René and Evelyn. Her real name is Emilie de Saint-Ives."

"O heaven! Can it be true?" cried the crushed woman. "Lili my son's child? But why did he give her to you? Where is he?"

"I told you that Lili was an orphan," replied Madame de Granval, gently.

"What! Dead? Both of them?"

And the proud, unforgiving mother bowed her head and wept bitterly.

"O Father in heaven, save Lili, my child! Do not punish me beyond my strength to endure!"

After the dreaded crisis was past, Lili's condition began to improve. The Marquise assisted in the care of the child during her convalescence. As soon as she could resign herself to listening, she was told all the sad particulars

concerning her son. He had taken his wife to South Africa, where a position of civil engineer had been given him. Scarcely had he entered upon his duties when a malignant fever carried off both of them. On his deathbed René had begged a friend to take his child back to France,—not to her grandmother, who doubtless would refuse to receive her; but to his old friend, Madame de Granval, who, he felt sure, would find some means of reconciliation. The Marquise wept freely as she listened to the sad story. No wonder she had instinctively loved the little orphan, who was destined to bring joy and consolation to the declining years of her life.

While mourning deeply for their lost love, the two women clung fondly to Lili, the little flower of hope blooming, as it were, above a tomb.

The Wine of Vouvray.

ONCE upon a time—a long time ago, since it was in the days of the glorious St. Martin,—there lived on a hill near the Loire a poor man who cultivated a tiny vineyard, which was his sole possession. Every morning at break of day he set out for his work, accompanied by his sons; and so long did they labor, and with so much industry, that not a vineyard in all the country round could be compared to theirs.

But one year misfortune seemed to pursue them. Rain flooded their field, hail broke the tenderer shoots, black rot and mildew destroyed the remainder. Yet when October came the family went out to gather the grapes,—for everyone knows that, after Michaelmas, such is the custom in Touraine.

One fine morning, therefore, the goodman left the house, and, with his wife and his seven children, entered the little vineyard. In vain, however,

they searched through the rows; and as they moved onward their faces grew longer and longer, their hearts sadder and sadder, until, about noon, they met on the side of the road, their pails empty. One little child alone, the youngest and most beloved, held a single bunch of grapes in her tiny hand.

Poor folks! It was piteous to see their grief, for the mother and children wept; while the father—may God forgive him!—swore under his breath. He was so unhappy, so extremely absorbed in his grief, that he did not notice a traveller who was passing that way, mounted on an ass. The traveller wore a long black cloak, and fasting had made his face pale and thin; but his eyes shone, from beneath a broad-brimmed hat, with a holy and tender compassion.

“Now, now, my good man,” he gently remarked, “it is very wrong of you to swear: first of all because it is a sin, and then because God is full of goodness and mercy.”

The poor man reddening under the reproof, the stranger continued:

“And now tell me the cause of your unhappiness.”

It was indeed a tale of woe: the crop of grapes lost, the vines destroyed, the family without bread for the approaching winter.

And yet, when he had heard it, the traveller smiled.

“Is it only that?” he said. “Were there no grapes at all on your vines? There were three bunches on mine at Marmoutier.”

He glanced as he spoke at the youngest child, down whose rosy cheeks two tears were rolling. With a gesture full of kindness, he wiped the tears away and placed his hand on the little girl’s head.

“Have you no casks?” he inquired of the father.

“Why, yes, my Lord Bishop,” replied

the vine-dresser, who by this time had recognized the great St. Martin.

"You have also a vat?"

"Of a certainty, my Lord. But what use is it to me?"

"Now, my child," said the saint, turning to the little girl, "how many grapes can you count on your bunch?"

The little girl counted. There were green grapes and rotten grapes among the ripe purple ones, but she included them all in her addition.

"Twenty-one, my Lord Bishop," she answered at last.

"Now," said St. Martin to the vine-dresser, "pour water into your vat and into twenty-one of your barrels. And do it quickly, for I have yet far to go."

He took the bunch from the child as he spoke, and, breaking off the grapes, dropped them separately into the bung-holes of each of the twenty-one barrels. And when he had finished he threw the empty stalk into the vat. Then he said to the vine-dresser:

"Listen to me! Three weeks from hence, when you tap your casks, let me know what has been the result."

And, smiling once more, the saint blessed them and rode away.

The very next morning the goodman rose early and, hastening to his cellar, dipped his finger into one of the casks and lifted it to his mouth: but he found the liquid to be pure water,—the water he had himself poured in. On the second day, however, a slight foam was visible, bubbling up through the bung-hole of the casks; and at the end of a week this foam overflowed, while a smell of fermentation filled the cellar. And you may be sure that the happy vine-dresser praised God instead of swearing. Hope had revived in his heart.

Three weeks had passed in this state of expectation, when upon the twenty-first day the man took to the cellar a gimlet and some faucets, and his silver

cup,—an old cup all dented, which had been used by his father before him.

"Will there be wine in the barrels?" he wondered; and while he tapped the nearest cask his heart beat so loud that it might have been heard.

But when he had seen the rosy liquid and inhaled the fragrant odor, when he had tasted the delicious new wine and had smacked his lips with delight, then indeed he was almost beside himself with joy, and he ran back to the house with the tidings.

"What beautiful wine! How excellent it is!" Such were the exclamations of the household. But when they went down and examined the vat, their wonder knew no bounds; for a golden liquid flowed, sparkling and mossy, into the cups.

Then was there great rejoicing in that humble cottage by the Loire. St. Martin, however, was not forgotten. Two casks were slung upon the ass and taken up to the monastery. St. Martin accepted the vine-dresser's offering and stored it away in his cellar.

"Now, you see, my good man," he remarked, "that God's goodness can always be relied on. Serve Him faithfully; and if you do, your vineyard will continue to give you of this vine."

And it is a fact that since that day, on the slopes of the Loire, near Tours, in Touraine, the good wine is made which takes its name from the little village of Vouvray.

ALAS! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm
And fill the burial sod,—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God!

The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it was never in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

—Hood.

Sayings of the Curé of Ars.

WE may almost say that we are fortunate in having temptations. The period of their duration is, in truth, the season of the spiritual harvest, in which we are garnering stores. It is like the harvest time, when men rise early and labor hard, but make no complaint, because they gather much.

The devil tempts only those souls who are in a state of grace or are trying to arise from sin. The others are his own: he has no need to tempt them.

How many unknown souls there are in the world whom we shall one day see rich with the spoils of victory they have gained moment by moment here!

Hatred is like a dart which returns into the bosom of him who hurls it.

Crosses are, on the road to heaven, like a fine stone bridge over a river.

We ought to run after crosses as the miser after money. Nothing else will give us confidence on the Day of Judgment.

If we were to ask the lost souls why they are in hell, they would reply: "It is because we resisted the Holy Spirit."

Troubles melt away before a fervent prayer like snow before the sun.

The pure soul, which is now hidden from the eyes of the world, shall one day shine before the angels in the sunlight of eternity.

There are people who do not love the good God, who never pray to Him, and yet who prosper. It is a bad sign. They have done some little good amid

a great deal of evil, and God is repaying them for it in this life.

In the soul which is united to God it is always spring.

The good God makes greater speed to pardon a penitent sinner than the mother to snatch her child out of the fire.

We must wait for our reward till we shall be at home in our Father's house.

No one has ever been damned for having committed too much evil to be forgiven, but many are in hell for one mortal sin of which they would not repent.

If the poor lost souls had but one half-hour for repentance given to them, it would depopulate hell.

The sins which we hide will appear again. If we want to hide them well, we must confess them well.

When men die, they are often like a bar of iron covered with rust, which must be put into the fire.

We should look at our conscience continually, as we look at our hands to see if they are clean.

When death comes, our possessions are only in our way. We carry nothing with us: we leave everything behind.

A single act of renunciation of the will is more pleasing to God than a thirty days' fast.

Our will is the only thing which God has so placed in our own power that we can make an offering of it to Him.

We have always two secretaries: the devil, who writes down our bad actions

to accuse us; and our Guardian Angel, who writes down our good ones to justify us at the Day of Judgment.

**

We should never repulse the poor. If we can not give them anything, we should pray to God to inspire others to do so.

**

There are no people so much to be pitied as rich men who do not love God.

**

A good Christian sends all his good works before him to heaven, as a dethroned king sends his treasures before him into the land whither he is going.

**

Let us labor on. A day is coming in which we shall find that we have not done a whit too much to gain heaven.

**

Our greatest cross is the fear of crosses.

**

We may know the value of our soul by the efforts which the devil makes to destroy it.

A Consolation and a Warning.

CATHOLIC readers of secular and sectarian periodicals must sometimes get the impression that there is a gradual lessening of the hold of Christian principles upon individuals and nations. One writer descants on the failure of all existing modes of religious education to meet the conditions of modern times; another contends that the Commandments are wofully inadequate as a guide to the complex life of to-day; yet another claims that the teaching of St. Paul is in contradiction to that of Christ. And so forth and so on. One is apt to forget for the moment that rejoinders to all such contentions are sure to come from the camps of orthodoxy and conservatism. We had

just finished reading last week an article bemoaning alleged failures of Christianity to meet modern needs, when we met with a "lay sermon" in the *December Century* combating all such pessimism, and maintaining that more of genuine Christianity is what the world needs. We quote some striking passages:

It is more, and not less, Christianity that the world needs as between peoples and between people, in diplomacy, in public and private business, in all affairs of the State, the family, and the individual. Unselfish kindness, helpfulness, courtesy, gentlemanliness, honorable dealing among men,—these are all practical versions of the Golden Rule, and genuine products of the Sermon on the Mount.

In the secret soul there are apprehensions and appreciations of the hidden truth, the deep humanity, of even the dogmas which are so often spoken of nowadays with scornful and superior criticism by those who have not studied their philosophical significance or felt their meaning in spiritual experience. The doctrine of atonement, by so many deemed outworn,—how many souls it has helped to cast off an impairing and degrading past, some incumbering sin of the inherited flesh! How many, in dashing aside the shell of form and tradition, despoil themselves of some inner treasure, fit and needful for the spirit's food!

More, and not less, of genuine Christianity is the need of this world. Every intelligent religion may have something to impart to those born to Christianity; but those so born, and the nations thus cradled, will arrive at nobler destinies in the increasing endeavor to follow the spirit of the teachings of the world's one inimitable Prophet.

The consoling fact is that much of what is written against Christianity nowadays is of as little real influence as the *p* in pneumonia. There is an antidote for every intellectual poison. A person who reads in one periodical an article calculated to weaken his Christian faith is almost sure to find in another something to strengthen it.

At the same time, by far the better plan would be to avoid imbibing the poison at all. There are a number of periodicals published in this country, ostensibly as exponents of broad Christian doctrine—organs, so to speak,

of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man,—magazines and papers with which a good Catholic has no more business than with avowed antichristian books nominally and specifically condemned by the Holy See. It is well to remember that we are obliged to avoid imprudent running into temptation of any kind; and indiscriminate reading may lead to sins of the intellect as readily as to thoughts and desires contrary to the most beautiful and most fragile of the virtues. Prevention is a good deal easier, and in every respect incalculably better, than cure. An untrained mind may receive what to it will prove a staggering blow from an article or a book that in its last analysis is mere pretentious puerility. Much of the literature of the day is an edged tool, so far as orthodoxy is concerned. The great mass of readers are, in the matter of ability to weigh and judge, mere children; and the literary edged tool is more dangerous to the grown-up child than is the material one to the little folk.

Who has explained the inborn wisdom of the birds of passage, in whose migration the young birds, hatched and nested in the North, who have never seen the South unless in their dreams, lead the way, over leagues of land and sea, age and experience following humbly behind? Or that more individual and impressive return of the carrier-dove, borne hundreds of miles by the road he knows not, in a dark and miserable confinement, and there set free? Let it be noon or night, cloud or mist or tempest, he rises, circles once, and departs straight for the place he knows and loves but can not see; delayed by no doubtful wanderings, by no devious and searching failures, but direct and unerring as the soul's flight to God in death. Who has explained this?—A. C. Farquharson.

Notes and Remarks.

The November issue of the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly* contains an unusual quantity of most interesting and practical reading. As a substantial report of the recent International Convention, at St. Louis, of the magnificent charitable society whose organ the *Quarterly* is, this number will well repay leisurely perusal and subsequent reflection. Of the twenty-four thoughtful papers read at the Convention, ten are published in the present issue; and the other fourteen, as well as nine additional papers, prepared for the St. Louis meeting but unread owing to lack of time, will eventually be given to the public. The mere titles of a few of these papers illustrate the ever-widening field of Catholic charities and afford an insight into the beneficent action of the Society's Conferences. Juvenile Court Work, Visiting the Poor in their Homes, Securing Employment for the Idle, Spiritual Needs of Inmates of Penitentiaries, Boys' Clubs, Distribution of Catholic Literature,—these will serve as the specimens of illuminative studies to which the members of the Convention listened. The perusal of the November *Quarterly* makes quite intelligible this paragraph from the appreciative letter sent by Archbishop Farley of New York to the Convention of September last:

It is needless to say that my whole heart is with that organization and its members, whom I have always regarded amongst the best aids to the clergy, and as the lay priests of the poor. During the sixteen or seventeen years which I have passed with them in the sacred and confidential relation of ecclesiastical superior, I was edified more than I can tell by their whole-hearted devotion to the interests of the "needy and the poor." The spirit of him who is the whole world's special and favorite saint—St. Vincent de Paul—seems to have the power of passing into the membership with a fulness rarely found in any other similar society. Their motto, that "no work of charity is foreign to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul," qualifies them to

be the almoners of all ages and peoples. Hence I always found them, in this cosmopolitan city of ours, equal to every new condition of need arising from the three great sources of human misery—want, ignorance, and need.

The Catholic idea of the Blessed Virgin is admirably explained in a recent pastoral by Bishop Hedley. Combating the objection so frequently urged by ignorant Protestants that the Church looks upon Mary otherwise than as a creature, he declares that if proof were needed to the contrary it is only necessary to turn to ecclesiastical history. "For in the fourth century when a certain sect called the Collyridians paid an undue honor to Mary and offered a kind of sacrifice to her, they were confuted by St. Epiphanius, who was a most ardent defender of the honor of the Blessed Virgin; and, what is more, their conduct was condemned by the Church, which declared that sacrifice belonged to God alone, and can not be offered to a creature. Hence it is the firm teaching of God's Church that although Mary was called to fill a great and wonderful office, still she is a creature of God and in no sense divine."

At the recent meeting of the hierarchy of Ireland it was unanimously resolved to introduce the "Roman" (Italian) pronunciation of Latin into all ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries. The wonder is that a measure so desirable on many grounds was not adopted long ago. One great advantage of this change is that, when visiting the Eternal City, Irish ecclesiastics will be enabled to hold converse with their Roman brethren. The barbaric pronunciation of Latin prevailing in many countries is like Choctaw to an Italian. Some young priests from the United States who were admitted to an audience with Leo XIII. a few years before his death were cautioned not to speak

in Latin, on account of the difficulty his Holiness experienced in understanding the "foreign" methods. Perhaps if Pius X. were to hear the so-called "Roman" pronunciation affected in certain of our Catholic colleges, he would think that the time had come for at least all Catholic countries to follow the example of Ireland.

Writing from Hsien-Hsien, China, Mgr. Maquet, Vicar-Apostolic, gives gratifying news relative to the progress of Christianity since the Boxer outbreak. The five priests of the mission then massacred have been replaced by ten others from France, and by five native priests ordained last spring. The five thousand faithful who preferred death to apostasy did not die in vain, either; for as soon as peace came, catechumens sprang up on all sides, and the baptisms of adults during the present year have filled the ranks decimated by the persecution. In Mgr. Maquet's vicariate there are more than fifty thousand baptized Christians, and ten thousand catechumens under instruction. Increase in numbers means, of course, the urgent need of additional churches, schools and seminaries; and these in turn mean that the generosity of the Catholic world in behalf of the Propagation of the Faith requires stimulation.

A sin of omission for which a good many Catholic parents will one day be held to strict account is their failure to exercise careful supervision over the reading matter of their children. The negligence in this respect of some fathers and mothers who in ordinary matters are normally sane and prudent is almost incredible. Think of the comic (save the mark!) supplements of some of our unspeakable Sunday papers, sheets fairly reeking with the grossest vulgarity,—think of them being sent by Catholic parents to their sons and

daughters in college or convent! A certain class of readers may perhaps think that we entertain exaggerated ideas on this subject; so we welcome the opportunity of quoting a non-Catholic layman on the evil in question. Says Mr. Edward Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

The colored cartoons in the Sunday papers should be investigated by a society for the prevention of vice or a commission in lunacy, rather than by people interested in art. They are not art nor even decent caricature, but a low order of horseplay, fitted to the barroom rather than the family circle. Children should not be allowed to "watch eagerly for these papers." The blame rests with the parents. They can keep the yellow journals out of their houses as readily as immoral books or immoral people, if they wish. The truth is, the grown-ups like this colored rat-poison of the mind, and watch for it more "eagerly" than the children. Its effect upon "the artistic conceptions of the young" is, of course, not good; but, art aside for the moment, it corrupts good taste, good sense, and common decency; it teaches the language and the manners of the streets, and it begets a flippancy of mind of which we have enough and to spare in these United States.

Excellently said, and well worth thinking about.

A few weeks ago we noted the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in California of the Sisters of the Presentation. Still more recently a similar Golden Jubilee has been solemnized with congruous rejoicing in San Francisco. The Sisters of Mercy, too, have finished their first half-century; and no one at all familiar with the magnitude of their work since 1854 will be surprised to learn that the ecclesiastical authorities lent willing co-operation in worthily celebrating the event. The Sisters of Mercy—at least that band of them who in 1854 went from the Convent of Kinsale, Ireland, to the far-away Pacific coast—were particularly fortunate in having for their superioress a woman so extraordinarily endowed with mental and moral qualities as Mother Baptist

Russell, sister of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and of the editor of the *Irish Monthly*, Father Matthew Russell, S. J. Under the direction of so capable a head, any laudable enterprise could not but come to a successful issue. Dying only a few years ago, she left behind her others formed in her mould and inspired with her spirit, thus assuring the continuous and beneficent development of an Order that has contributed very materially the progress of the Church on the Pacific slope.

The venerable Bishop Phelan of the diocese of Pittsburg, who passed to the reward of his apostolic labors on the 20th inst., was a native of Ireland, but came to the United States when still a young man. On New Year's Day he would have been seventy-seven years old. He was ordained in May, 1854, and had been Bishop of Pittsburg since 1879. The first years of his priesthood were marked by sore trials for himself and the scattered flock to whom he ministered; however, in spite of oppression, that flock wondrously increased—from forty to four hundred thousand, becoming one of the largest and most cosmopolitan in this country. Bishop Phelan contributed more than can be told to the progress of the diocese of Pittsburg; and the double honor of which St. Paul speaks is due to him. He ruled well and fought the good fight. Now that his course is finished, he should have the fervent prayers of all who have been helped by his ministrations. *R. I. P.*

The following timely paragraph on the opportunity of Christmastide is from the *Woman's Home Companion*:

The poor are especially to be commiserated in midwinter, when their penury is in sharp contrast with the affluence of their neighbors. Whether they are "worthy" poor or not, if they are cold, suffering and forlorn, Christmas is a good time for extending them a warm hand-clasp and giving them a substantial lift:

not mere charity, but something more—a loving human kindness. If possible, Christmas should bring our unfortunate friends something that is not mere almsgiving,—that partakes rather of that large tenderness which prompted her who broke her jar of precious perfume over the head of Our Lord.

One of its Canadian exchanges having spoken somewhat disparagingly of the measure of assistance given by French-Canadians to the Propagation of the Faith, the *Semaine Religieuse* of Quebec repeats an explanation which it made some three years ago. From this it appears that there exists in the Province of Quebec an independent “Work for the Propagation of the Faith,” quite distinct from that whose headquarters is at Lyons, France. The contributions of French-Canadians to the fund for evangelizing the heathen are accordingly to be looked for, not in the *Annals* of the Society at Lyons, but in the *Quebec Annals*, published thrice a year. As generosity in this matter of aiding the spread of the Gospel is justly regarded as a good barometer of a people’s faith, we take pleasure in spreading the information that the Canadian French are by no means so niggardly in this respect as their poor showing in the Lyons organ have led some people erroneously to believe.

Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Tarentaise, has recently made public the spiritual testament of Cardinal Lavigerie. Read in the light of present-day developments, there is something both pathetic and prophetic in the following extracts:

The peace, the glory, the very life of France are closely bound up with her Catholic Faith and consequently with her fidelity to the Holy See.... I have done everything, in the compass of my feeble efforts and of my intelligence, to maintain this concord that is so desirable. I may say with truth that I am dying in consequence; for the disease that is taking me to the grave is the direct result of the superhuman fatigue I imposed on myself last summer, at Rome and at Paris, to prevent a violent rupture which everything

appeared to render inevitable. And in doing so I was working in one sense more for my poor dear country (*pauvre chère patrie*) than for the Church; for the Church has the assurance of immortality.

If she is persecuted, or even suppressed by violence, she transfers her beneficent action elsewhere, and waits. But it is not thus with France. *She* has no other promises than those which Providence has made to all the nations of the earth. She is subject also to the same threat: “And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom can not stand.”

Cardinal Lavigerie is happier, even as a patriot, in the other world than he would be were he on earth to-day; for we may well believe that it is given to him to behold with certainty the future Christian glory of the France he loved blotting out the baleful record of contemporary evil-doers.

A thought worth pondering over at the present season is that the end of our life will very likely find us in much the same spiritual condition as does the close of each successive year. We can not too often reflect upon the momentous truth that “as a man lives, so shall he die.” The year just passing has been well or ill spent by us according as, throughout its progress, we have kept in the foreground or the background of our belief and practice, the main purposes of our presence on earth at all,—the glory of God, and the sanctification of our immortal soul. Our whole life, just as each individual year thereof, is intrinsically happy or miserable in proportion to our closeness to, or distance from, our Father who is our God.

In the light of Mr. W. D. Howells’ recent paper, in the *North American Review*, on the feeling with which Englishmen regard Americans, the following paragraphs are not uninteresting. Says a Bangor journal:

Relations between these two great nations—America and Great Britain—are so friendly that

King Edward says he does not need any fleet on our entire coast. Our great oceans are friendly waters, and it would be a waste of money and effort to keep a great naval fleet here.

What a splendid lesson is this toward goodwill and comity between the powers, from which other nations might also pattern an excellent example!

Commenting on this roseate hands-across-the-sea statement, the unemotional *Sun* of St. John, N B, prosaically remarks:

It may be that the people of Great Britain have more faith than formerly in the disinterested friendship of the United States. If so, that feeling is not shared in Canada. There is no hostile sentiment more than at any other time in recent years. But the current belief and hope of the United States is now, as it always has been, that Canada will become a part of the United States. On this side of the border there is exactly the same determination which has always prevailed—that the Dominion of Canada will work out her own destiny within the British Empire.

If the *Sun* correctly interprets Canadian sentiment—and the presumption is that it does,—the Dominion is willing “to be a sister” to us, but objects to any closer relationship.

Recent deaths in New York, due to the adulteration of liquor with wood alcohol, have created a general alarm as to the measure in which this poisonous wood-spirit is employed in the preparation of foods, drinks, and medicines. Says the *Sun* of that city:

The use of wood alcohol in the manufacture and adulteration of potable spirits is sufficiently alarming, but this is by no means the extent of its use as an adulterant. Not only have preparations intended for use in the arts, as varnishes, or for external use, as witch-hazel, been made with wood alcohol as an ingredient, but even medicinal or flavoring agents, such as essence of Jamaica ginger, lemon, peppermint, etc., intended for internal use, have been found to contain it.

When one reflects that wood alcohol costs less than one-fifth the price of grain alcohol, it will be readily understood how unscrupulous manufacturers are tempted to substitute the one for the other; and when one knows that

the cheaper product is a very prevalent cause of blindness and death, it ought to be needless to advise the greatest prudence in the purchase of such preparations as are likely to be adulterated therewith.

A person may buy a medicinal remedy with the hope that it will do him good, and may be either killed or blinded. Again, in the case of individuals susceptible to the effects of the poison, the application, after shaving, of witch-hazel or bay rum containing wood alcohol, the rubbing in of a liniment or of alcohol, may, by means of absorption or by its fumes, result in grave injury to health.

We are not surprised to learn that, at the June meeting of the American Medical Association, it was declared advisable to have wood alcohol placed on the list of poisons, and to impress upon both Federal and State authorities the necessity of severely restricting its sale.

Within a year the membership of the newly-formed Catholic Union of Ceylon has increased from three hundred to over one thousand. It is now proposed to establish in connection with the Union, a Catholic literature society, the object of which will be to publish and distribute popular books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., in Singhalese, Tamil, Portuguese, and English. A translation into Singhalese of “The Devout Life,” by St. Francis de Sales, and of the “Key of Heaven” will be the first publications. Needless to say, the project is an excellent one, deserving the fullest success.

The name of the new Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines is being pronounced in four different ways, all of which are wrong. His Excellency himself states that Agius is a dissyllable, with the accent on the A, which has the long sound, and with the soft sound of *g* in the last syllable. The following is a perfect rhyme:

He was wont to engage us
To pronounce his name Agius.



The Old Year.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SADLY tolls the midnight bell
With a slow and rhythmic swell,
As we drop a sorrowing tear
For the drooping, dying Year.

It is drifting to that bourne
Whence no travellers return,
Bearing with it many a tear,
Many a smile too,—poor old Year!

But a little time it seems
Since we dreamed its bright young dreams,—
Since, hope-freighted to the prow,
We sailed forth with it,—and now?

Sadly tolls the last, long bell,
“All is over—all is well!”
And we drop a silent tear
On the frost-bespangled bier.

The Cost of a Missed Lesson.

BY MARGUERITE G. REYNOLDS.



ONE bright December afternoon Gladys Arthur burst into the library, where her mother was writing letters. Mrs. Arthur looked up and smiled at the sight of her little daughter's happy face.

“Well, dear?” she said, as Gladys threw her arms around her neck with the kiss with which she never failed to greet her mother; and, quite out of breath and very much excited, Gladys told her story in a rather incoherent fashion.

It was several moments before Mrs. Arthur grasped the fact that Miss Palmer, whose school Gladys attended, had offered a prize to be given at the end of the year to the girl who excelled

in French. As Gladys was undoubtedly the best scholar, she had no fear as to her ability to win the prize.

Her father was informed of the wonderful news when he came home to dinner; and, to add to the general excitement, he promised Gladys that if she won the prize, she might accompany him to Europe the following autumn.

While Gladys was gifted with great intelligence, she had some serious faults; among them that of leaving until another time things which should be done at once. This failing was the source of great unhappiness to her parents. If she failed to prepare her lessons, she invariably trusted to luck and to her own quick wit to carry her through a class. She usually succeeded in making a creditable recitation, although with careful preparation she might have made a brilliant one.

Her father and mother were by no means pleased with this halfway style of doing things, and Mr. Arthur had an object in view when he made Gladys so generous an offer; for he was a busy man and had very little time to himself. He was going abroad partly on business, and circumstances rendered it impossible for him to take his whole family to Europe at that season.

Gladys was delighted with his proposition, and determined to win both the prize and the trip. Her mother had a very serious talk with her that night, showing her that she must conquer her fault, to be able to win either reward. Gladys promised faithfully to study hard and to overcome her habit of procrastination.

For several months she succeeded admirably; but as Spring advanced with her many pleasures Gladys grew careless. The change was gradual, but

it was none the less real. Her recitations were only passable sometimes; and, although the following days would bring her marks high above those of her companions, she was steadily losing ground. Still she was far in advance of most of her schoolmates, and not one of them thought that Gladys would fail to win the "French prize," as it came to be called.

There was, however, one exception to this rule,—a girl who was a great student, and who, although lacking much of the natural talent which Gladys possessed, was more persevering and studious. While Gladys was engaged in tennis or boating, Ethel Morgan spent the long summer afternoons in hard study. She did not learn easily and quickly, as did most of the girls in her class; but what she did learn she remembered. At the time of reviews and examinations her retentive memory stood her in better stead than did the somewhat superficial knowledge of her brilliant classmate.

Ethel was not so great a favorite as Gladys, and as soon as the prize was offered she spent even less time than usual with her companions. The girls took very little notice of her; and, in fact, she was sometimes openly slighted, as she had the appearance of being excessively cold and proud.

Warm-hearted Gladys had more than once discovered that Ethel was hurt by the unconscious ill-treatment she received from the very girls who should have been her friends; and her impulsive little champion keenly resented it as cruel and unjust. How Gladys discovered the warm heart beneath that cold exterior it would be difficult to say; yet she, and she alone, pierced through the cloak of reserve with which the sensitive girl concealed her real feelings; and Ethel was undoubtedly grateful for the kind attentions of this lovable schoolmate.

Ethel was a boarding-pupil, but

not one of the day-scholars had ever invited her to dinner or to tea at their homes, although these permissions were sometimes accorded. Even Gladys had not gone so far as this; and Ethel was often sad and lonely,—or would have been but for her books which she loved dearly. Her recitations were faultless, although she had none of Gladys' bright animation. Still Gladys did not fear a rival in this quiet, unobtrusive girl.

One morning in early May Gladys accepted an invitation to a picnic; and, thinking it best not to interfere, Mrs. Arthur left her daughter to her own decision. Although Gladys knew very well what her mother's wishes were, she decided to miss school,—“just for one day,” as she said lamely, in an attempt at self-defence.

Now, it happened that on this very day Mademoiselle Monpert had discovered a serious error in the text-book; and as she had explained it carefully to her pupils, the French lesson was especially important. The next day Gladys had a severe cold, and, in spite of tears and protestations, her mother insisted upon her remaining at home. Gladys made up the missed lessons, but remained in complete ignorance of the error Mademoiselle had so carefully explained. It was but a few weeks before Commencement, and no one in the graduating class remembered to tell her.

When the morning of the 22d of July dawned, and Gladys, arrayed in her pretty white dress, with her essay, tied with white satin ribbons, held tightly in one hand, walked down the broad avenue, she had no knowledge of the blow which was about to fall. Nor could her cousin and most intimate friend, Louise Chalmers, enlighten her on the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, with Gladys' younger brother Hal, were to drive to Miss Palmer's later, to meet the invited

guests at two. Before that time the ranks of the different classes were to be read, for much depended on the year's work. It was to count fifty per cent with regard to the "French prize."

A short oral examination was then held in that all-important subject, the girls standing in line, and each having a question asked her in turn. Gladys, who was particularly anxious to have perfect marks in this, as Ethel had come out a little ahead of her in the year's standing, stood at the head of the class, and Ethel just below her. The former, in spite of her intense anxiety, maintained an air of studied indifference; a bright red spot in either cheek alone betrayed her repressed excitement. Ethel made no attempt to conceal her feelings, as she nervously fingered a drawing-pencil she had found at the blackboard; yet there was no outward sign of the inward tumult raging in the girl's heart. Her love for her friend, her natural desire to win the prize, struggled for supremacy; and the victory over self is not an easy one.

Both girls answered every question which was put to them, but at last something was asked which related to the lesson Gladys had missed. The question was put to a girl halfway down the line; but she shook her head, and the question was passed. The girls had either been very inattentive or they had forgotten Mademoiselle's explanation.

Gladys was thunderstruck. She did not know the least thing about the subject, and would be unable to answer the question. As she stood there, half frightened and not a little puzzled, Ethel's struggle with self suddenly ended. She hastily scribbled the answer to the question upon a piece of paper lying at her feet, which she picked up without attracting attention, and slipped it into her schoolmate's hand.

Visions of her trip flashed before Gladys' eyes, and she thought of how

much it meant to her. She looked down at the scrap of paper and read the words. The color rushed to her face, then faded away, leaving her deathly pale. Poor Mademoiselle was anxiety personified; and as she turned to Gladys for support, she was too relieved to notice the white, set face, or that the girl's voice was low and tremulous as she answered the question.

The examination was soon over, and the girls walked back to their seats; but, although they were now free to do as they wished, Gladys' heart was too heavy to allow her to join in the fun. Miss Palmer had invited the day-scholars to luncheon, but Gladys' food remained untouched upon her plate. She carefully avoided Ethel's eyes, and was so genuinely uncomfortable that the elder girl wondered if she had made a mistake. She was too generous to regret what she had done, so far as she herself was concerned; but Gladys' misery was too obvious to be gainsaid. Ethel felt that her hard-won victory had done more harm than good, and she was right.

As the guests came in, Gladys, for the first time in her life, was ashamed to meet her father's eyes; and Hal's boyish "Wish you luck, sis!" hurt her more than he could ever know.

The exercises went on, and soon the distribution of prizes began. Gladys was not forgotten, but she barely glanced at the handsome books on her desk.

At last Mademoiselle Monpert came forward with a small velvet case in her hand. After a few complimentary remarks in her pretty, broken English, she called out the name of the winner: "Mademoiselle Gladys Arthur!" And the name was heard all over the room.

Gladys hesitated a moment. Every eye was fixed upon the fair young face, now flushed with shame. Hal gave her a slight push. "Brace up, old girl! Don't be a chump!" And the boy's slang aroused her.

Gladys recovered her self-possession and walked quickly forward. She barely glanced at Mademoiselle; but her voice, although very low, was heard by everyone.

"I do not deserve the prize, and the girl who does is Ethel Morgan. It does not belong to me, for I—I cheated. I was prompted, and I took advantage of it; for I was absent when Mademoiselle explained the points I failed on. I'm sorry, and—oh, don't look at me like that, Mademoiselle! I know what I am saying. The prize belongs to Ethel Morgan."

Poor Gladys! Her voice faltered, but her father's arm was around her, and he gently drew her to a seat.

There was a buzz of excitement, and the little velvet box was given to its rightful owner—Ethel Morgan. But the sweet-faced little girl in white was the object of all eyes; everyone admired her for so bravely and frankly confessing her fault.

Gladys saw her father start out on his European trip alone, but she never forgot the long talk in his study the night before his departure. As she waved her handkerchief when the carriage drove off, she remembered his words on the evening of that dreadful day: "My brave little girl, I'm proud of you!" And she seemed to feel again the warm pressure of his hand.

Gladys and Ethel grew to be fast friends, and Ethel had no longer cause to complain of loneliness. Late one afternoon, several weeks after Commencement, when the two girls and Hal were sitting together in the twilight, Ethel asked suddenly:

"Are you never sorry you told Mademoiselle, Gladys, and so lost your trip abroad?"

"No, Ethel dear, I am not sorry, because it would have been acting a lie if I—I had done anything else. I would not have enjoyed the trip—or

anything else, for that matter—with a lie on my conscience." And Gladys' voice was low and earnest.

"She's a true Arthur!" whispered Hal, softly, with an admiring glance at his sister, and also a determination to imitate her in every possible way.

Gladys Arthur had missed a lesson, but in its stead she had gained two, of far greater importance than the French lesson; and, knowing this, her father and mother were content.

A Forgotten Rhymer.

Not many of our young folks, it is safe to say, have ever heard of Thomas Tusser. Very probably, indeed, to the majority of our young folks' parents the name is equally unfamiliar; for Tusser is practically forgotten in our century, and, for that matter, was never very famous even in his own. And yet for more than three hundred years English-speaking people, young and old, especially about this season, have been quoting one of Tusser's rhymes as freely as almost any other couplet in the language. In one of this sixteenth-century writer's poems, "The Farmer's Daily Diet," occur the lines:

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Since Tusser's day—he died in a debtor's prison in London, about 1580—there have been many variations and amplifications of his popular couplet. One that was much in vogue in the present writer's boyhood was:

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer;
And when it goes 'tis never near,—
I wish 'twas Christmas all the year!

ON one of the old seals of London the Blessed Virgin is represented with St. Peter at her right and St. Paul at her left, with the official arms of the city beneath her feet.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Readers unacquainted with Dickens must fail to appreciate many an allusion found in current literature. "Synopsis of Dickens's Novels," recently issued, has probably been brought out for their especial benefit.

—Miss Myra Kelly, whose "Little Citizens" has charmed both the reading and the critical world, is Irish by birth as well as by name. She was born in Dublin. Her father, Dr. J. E. Kelly, is a well-known New York surgeon.

—In one of a series of articles on "The Literary Life," appearing in the *Critic*, we find this eminently sane statement: "It is the duty of the editor to accept or reject. That is what he is an editor for; but it is not necessarily his business to tell the reason why. If the submitted manuscript is printed and paid for, the 'reason why' is self-evident; if it is declined, no 'reason why' ever given would be satisfactory. And the editor is always to blame!"

—The Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D., has a happy faculty of presenting the Church's doctrines in a succinct and pleasing manner. The proverb, "Good things are done up in small parcels," finds its verification in his little book entitled "Hereafter, or the Future Life," just published by B. Herder. The opening words of this instructive volume illustrate the aptness of the author's citations. He quotes from St. Augustine: "Of all things of which you are ignorant, what do you desire to know before all others?—Whether I am immortal or not."

—The Golden Jubilee of the definition of the Immaculate Conception was fittingly observed by the editors of several Catholic college periodicals, notably the *Redwood* (Santa Clara College), the *Georgetown College Journal*, the *Holy Cross Purple*, and *St. Mary's Chimes*. Each of these publications contained creditable tributes to Our Lady in prose and verse, with one or more appropriate illustrations. The December *Redwood*, which was entirely devoted to the Blessed Virgin, reflects credit in many ways on all concerned in its production. We felt proud of the Santa Clara boys in turning over the pages of this number of their periodical.

—The summary method of book-reviewing—that of the reviewer who glances at a volume's title-page, and, seeing there the name of an author of acknowledged worth, proceeds to string together a number of complimentary generalities—is not invariably safe. Simply as a precautionary measure, the book ought to be at least skimmed, if not read throughout. One Catholic book that is still comparatively new

has received, on general principles, a number of appreciative notices, which it is tolerably safe to assert, few discriminating readers of its pages will deem at all justifiable. You can't always judge a book by its author any more than by its cover.

—A pamphlet that merits wide circulation in France at the present time has for title the question, "To Whom Belong the Churches and Other Ecclesiastical Property?" The author, l'Abbé Verdier, takes up the right of the Church to ownership; her actual ownership in 1789, in 1801, and to-day. A very timely booklet.

—In the American Year Book Encyclopedia for 1903, Algernon Lee, editor of the New York Socialist organ, the *Worker*, has a summary of Socialistic doctrine as it is held in America. In a brochure of forty pages, "Socialism in America," Father Boarman, S. J., discusses the various statements of Mr. Lee, and by the simple device of quoting from recognized authorities among Socialists—authorities mentioned by Mr. Lee himself—shows that the *Worker's* editor has misrepresented the doctrines in a variety of ways, and has made out a much better case for his economic creed than a fair examination of the facts will warrant.

—"Scraps of Verse" is a daintily-bound volume containing something more than one hundred lyrics by the Rev. Joseph Nunan of Pomona, California. The author's preface rather disarms the downright critic who is wont to be conscientious even at the cost of ungraciousness. The proceeds from the sale of the book are to aid in the erection of a church. Says Father Nunan: "If the verses give delight to the friendly reader, or curdle the bile of the unpoetic critic, the author's labors will be amply rewarded." We beg to enroll ourselves among those to whom the verses—some of them—have given a measure of delight.

—A French writer in the *Athenæum* has this to say of an art in which his countrymen have generally been more than usually proficient:

A fact which we never weary of stating here [Paris] is that literary criticism is either dying or dead. In the second half of the nineteenth century it exercised an important influence on literary production. It no longer held up to writers a fixed ideal upon which they were to model their efforts; but it formed rather a channel through which flowed the results, the hypotheses, or the methods of history, philosophy, and science. Literature looked to criticism for the means of putting itself in touch with the latest requirements of the mind. This kind of criticism had its hour of glory, but is now at the point of death—I dare hardly say it is dead.

Perhaps the explanation of this moribund condition of literary criticism in France is to

be found in the urgency of moral, social, and politico-religious issues in that distracted land. Literature is, after all, only the reflection of a people's life; and the critics may be more usefully employed in endeavoring to better that life itself than in artistically discussing its reflection. Brunetière the apologist of religious liberty and equal rights is, for instance, more needed in France just now than Brunetière the erudite littérateur.

—Last April some hundred experienced missionaries convened in Washington, D. C., to discuss problems pertaining to their work. Catholic home and foreign missions received consideration, but most of the twenty-seven papers read at the conference dealt with questions arising out of mission-work among non-Catholics in this country. Each paper was followed by a free-for-all discussion, and some of the best things said in the conference came out in these informal interchanges of experience. We have been struck by the vital and practical quality of the subjects selected for treatment. The full report of the Washington Conference makes a book of 200 pp., and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most important publications of the year. Published by the *Missionary*.

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 bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of works issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Hereafter, or the Future Life. *Rev. J. Laxenaire, D. D.* 30 cts.

The Men who Made the Nation. *Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D.* \$2.

Catechism of the Instruction of Novices. *Father Gerard, D. C.* 85 cts., net.

A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms. *Rev. Thomas Brennan, S. T. L.* 10 cts.

Perfect Contrition: A Golden Key to Heaven. *Rev. J. Von Den Driesch.* 5 cts.

Toward Eternity. *Abbé Poulin.* \$1.60, net.

Sequentia Christiana. *C. B. Dawson, S. J.* \$1, net.

The Way that Led Beyond. *J. Harrison.* \$1.25.

An American Missionary. *A Priest of St. Sulpice.* \$1.

Catholic Ideals in Social Life. *Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.* \$1.25, net.

Manassas. *Upton Sinclair.* \$1.50.

The Mastery. *Mark Lee Luther.* \$1.50.

Songs of the Birth of Our Lord. 50 cts., net.

An Irishman's Story. *Justin McCarthy.* \$2.50, net.

Welcome! *Mother Mary Loyola.* \$1, net.

A Short Cut to Happiness. *Author of "The Catholic Church from Within."* 75 cts.

The Pearl and the Pumpkin. *W. W. Denslow, Paul West.* \$1.25.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary. *James McSwiney, Priest of the Society of Jesus.* \$3, net.

Memoirs of Francis Kerrl Amherst, D. D. *Dame Mary Francis Roskell, O. S. B.* \$2, net.

Obituary.

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

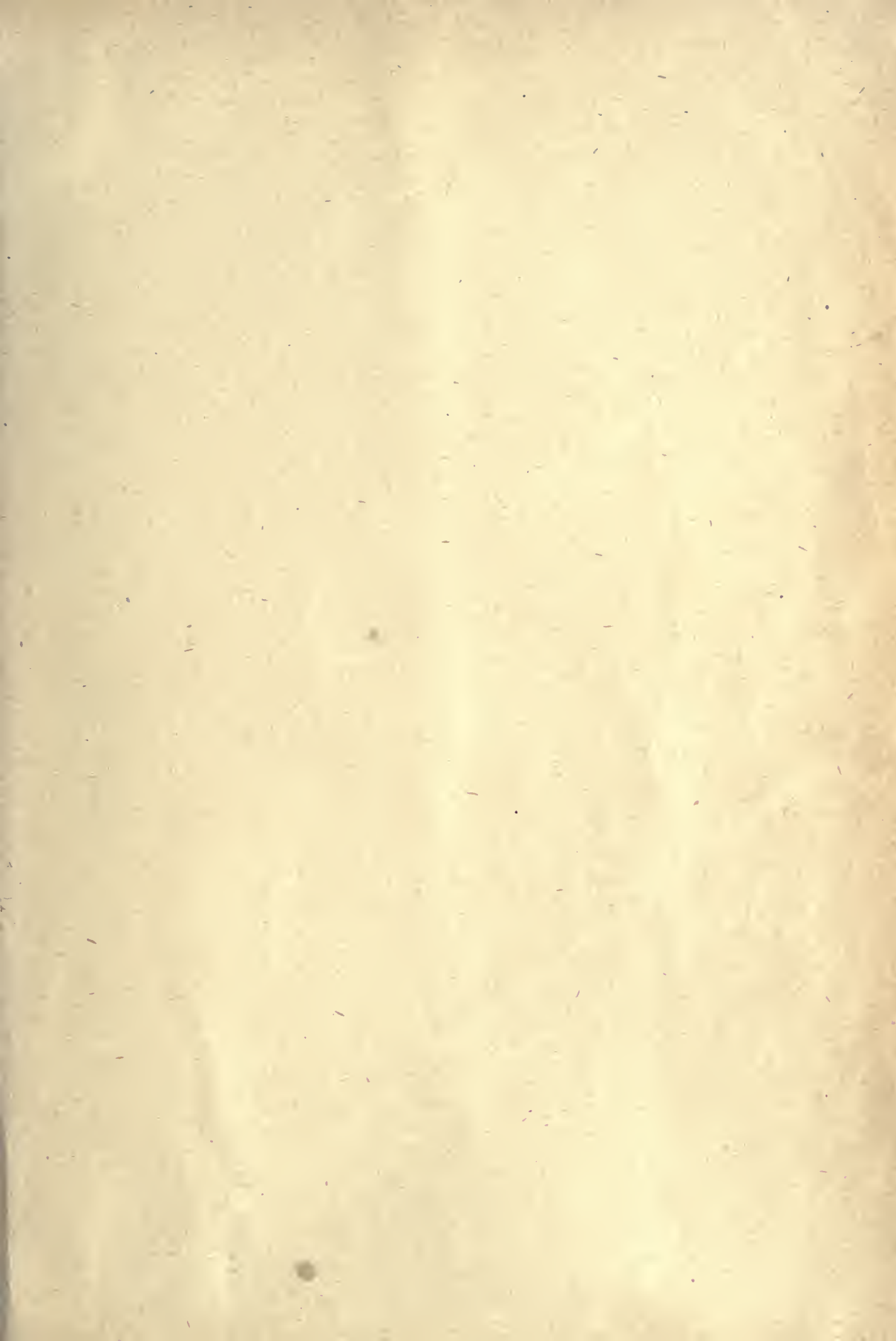
Rev. John Soemer, of the diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Michael King, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. William Currie, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. W. B. Brownrigg, S. J.

Brother Arnold, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; and Brother William, C. S. C.

Mother Evangelista, of the Order of Mercy; Sister M. Antonia, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Ehrentrudis, O. S. B.

Mr. John Ryall, of San Francisco, Cal.; Major A. T. Bouregard, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. Anthony Scanlan and Miss Nora Kearns, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. John Barnes, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. Mary McGraw, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Mr. James Waul, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Michael McDermott, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. John Stewart, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Denis Creeden, Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. Julia Smith, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Drumgoole, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. Christopher Halbritter, Canton, Ohio; Miss Mary Walsh, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Robert Fleming, Franklin, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Conaty, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Huhn, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Lena Henke and Mr. James Doolan, Galena, Ill.; Mr. William O'Brien, Latrobe, Pa.; Mr. W. B. Pouch, Norwich, Conn.; Mr. Daniel McCarthy, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. William Frisbee and Mr. James Moss, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Joseph O'Neil, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Dais, New London, Conn.; Mr. Paul Sharp, Mr. John Dumphy, and Mrs. Mary Gibbons, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Finnegan, Conemaugh, Pa.; and Mr. Alexander Bouche, Antigonish, N. S., Canada.

Requiescant in pace!









Dec 1964
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Ave Maria.

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